

Economies of Scale

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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The Queue

1

Justine rubbed her eyes before returning her attention to her tablet. It was only fifteen minutes before the end of the day and she was anxious to head over to the gym for a few hours of misery just to keep her figure.

She flipped the screen over and scanned down the numbers. They were all within the acceptable ranges but she went over them again to verify before putting her thumb on the corner of the page and sending her approval.

The page disappeared with an annoying animation and a toaster notification popped up to show its next step: into the inbox of her manager, Duncan.

She swiped the notification away and regarded the next item on her queue. She had only been at the company for a few months, but they operated on a different scale than any of her previous jobs. Universal Exchange was both far more efficient and impersonal than any job she had before. Her tasks came through the tablet in a list of items that never seemed to clear out. She either rejected each one or passed it to Duncan for his secondary approval before moving to some other workflow.

Janice hovered her fingertip over the next item for a few seconds before pulling back. As much as she was behind, she wasn't ready to look at more numbers, she needed a break even so close to the end of her day.

Standing up, she stretched. Her back and ass hurt from sitting in the expensive chair for too long. When she took a deep breath, the bottom of her silk blouse tugged free from her skirt waist and she

felt the hem rising up along her taut abdomen until pulling away with the drape of her breasts.

Blushing, she looked around to see if anyone was looking. There wasn't, of course, she had a closed office with a solid door and drawn blinds. She turned and stretched even harder, lifting herself up on her toes until the fabric of her blouse strained over her nipples.

Relaxing, she tugged the fabric away from her now hard nipples and smoothed it across her belly until she could tuck it back into place. She wasn't her sister, she didn't have to flaunt her body to get ahead in the world. She also didn't make nearly as much money as Marion, but that was also okay.

Justine made her she was presentable and headed down to the break room. When she passed nameless coworkers, she ducked her head and gave quiet smiles. She didn't really know most of them, even after four months.

Like the rest of the building, the break room was expensive but impersonal. Several Keurig machines sat on the counter with almost every variety of pod available. The fridge was always stocked with plenty of drinks and food. At lunch, they had a cook come in for custom orders but, at the moment, it was dark and still. Fortunately, there were always left-overs.

Janice headed over to the fridge and opened it up. She spotted a platter of cold cuts and grabbed a few before loading up a small plate. Grabbing a handful, she dumped them on a paper plate before taking her spoils to a table.

She ate in silence for about fifteen minutes before the door to the break room opened. Glancing up, she saw her manager come in.

"Oh, I didn't expect to see you here," Duncan said. He has a low, smooth voice. He walked past her to the fridge. "You want something to drink?"

Janice glanced at him and then back to her meal. "Bubbly water?"

"Strawberry lemon or... blueberry?"

"Strawberry, please. I can't stand that blueberry stuff."

He chuckled. "Judging from the number of bottles in here, no one does. I'll have Gail in supply take it out of rotation for a while."

Somehow knowing that Duncan would have a hand in the supplies didn't surprise her. He seemed to be everywhere in the

company: at her interview, her manager, and even the one who did her background check for security clearance.

He set down the bottle next to her. "Mind if I sit?"

She looked up at him. He was handsome with a squarish chin and broad shoulders. Unwittingly, she glanced down to his crotch. Her pussy fluttered with an errant thought of what was underneath his trousers but then she looked away sharply. "No... go ahead."

It had been a while since she had gotten laid. And with with her period coming in two weeks, the itch to get laid was always the hardest to fight. It must be her body's reminder that she was twenty-five and desperately needed to get pregnant.

Janice pushed away those thoughts. She needed to establish her career first. Four or five years, then she can start looking for Mr. Right and into having a family. But right now, it needed to be TPS Reports and climbing the corporate ladder into a more secure financial future.

"I saw you had a slow day."

She tensed.

He shrugged and took a swig of his drink. She noticed he didn't have a wedding ring. "Don't worry about it, we all have those."

Her stomach twisting, she finished swallowing her snack. "I'll catch up tomorrow."

"I have no doubt, but—"

Here was the bad news.

"Tomorrow we have a new batch of numbers coming in, a analysis from Dynamics. Rush job across a couple thousand sets for some military project. We said we'd have it by Friday."

Inwardly, she groaned. She was looking forward to Netflix and chilling.

"I know, the boys in sales are idiots, but there is a hefty bonus in for all of us if we get it done."

That was probably the only bright side of rush jobs. "How much?"

"For you? Probably another five thousand in your paycheck," Duncan said with an absent-minded way of his hand.

Her mouth fell open. Five thousand? That would double her paycheck for the month.

He grinned at her. "What do you say? Stay a little late to clear out your queue and then hit it hard tomorrow? If you want, you can head over to my office and I'll order dinner."

Janice closed her mouth with a sinking sensation. Somehow Duncan had stumbled onto the same reason she left her last few jobs, the "working late at night with the sexy coworker" fantasy.

She knew she was attractive. Her younger sister was a Cover Girl model and no doubt the target of lust for more than a few men. Even without having her body plastered on billboards and fashion magazines, most men already spoke to her breasts or stared at her ass.

She sighed and considered her options. If she said no, then it would hurt her chances for promotion or raises later. If she said yes and he ended up pawing her, she would be looking for a job by Friday.

She had hoped Duncan was different. That the job would be different. There was something about the impersonal job queues and isolation that was almost peaceful that she had almost forgotten about sexual harassment.

But, she couldn't tell her boss no to this. She slowly nodded and spoke in a voice he hoped he would notice as reluctance. "I can do that."

"Good," he said with a grin. "I'm sure two hours of hard work and we can bang this out."

Inwardly, she winced.

Working Late

2

Almost three hours later, Janice sat in one of the comfortable leather couches with her tablet resting on her thighs. She had one shoe off and gently kneaded the material as she scanned through the endless lines of numbers and tolerances.

“Have you ever noticed that Cameron’s numbers almost always end in three?” Duncan asked. He was behind his desk, far away from her.

To her surprise, he made no overture toward her. In fact, he seemed to be carefully staying on the far side of the office and behind the desk.

She wondered if he was going to hit on her later. Usually it only took ten minutes before her boss would have been sitting next to her or commenting on her blonde hair; it was almost platinum except for the roots.

“I just noticed it. Here, look at this...” He tapped something and a large monitor in front of both of them flipped away from the showing the status of the company to Cameron’s reports arranged side-by-side. “See, look down the columns.”

She frowned as she looked at the number, then tapped through her own sent queue. After a few minutes, she confirmed what Duncan had found. “Yes, looks like going back about a month and a half ago. Since June... 14th.”

“That’s interesting, it happened right after he took a three day PTO.”

Duncan was also in the Human Resources network? That surprised her. She shrugged and then began to idly page through the other reports for a few minutes.

"I'll have someone verify his numbers for a little while. If he's faking it, I'll put him on a plan. We can't have these numbers faked, not with how they are used. Someone could die."

She glanced over her shoulder at him. He was frowning as he tapped through a second tablet—he had three—before setting it aside and returning to his reports.

"You have the next one for me?"

"Oh, sorry." Janice returned to her queue and pulled off the next item. There were only seven items left.

Duncan made a low sound in his throat.

She tensed.

"I forgot to order dinner."

Here it came.

"You don't have many items left. Do you want me to order something or just send a little something so you can pick up dinner on the way home?"

She froze, stunned. He was honestly not hitting on her.

"Janice?"

"I can pay for it. I want to head to the gym first and it's better to work out on an empty stomach."

"Nonsense, I said I'd get you dinner and I meant it."

A second later, a notification popped up. "Duncan Saile has sent you \$100.00."

Surprised, she turned around. "You don't have to... that's too much."

He waved his hand. "I have plenty of money. Knock off those last few items and enjoy." He smiled. "Work hard, play harder, right?"

It was one of the catchphrases of the company, or at least on the employee handbook that showed up in her mailbox when she was hired.

"Thank you," she said before she saw up and turned so she could watch him as she finished the last few items.

Duncan was attractive, more so that he wasn't pushing for her. She found her thoughts drifting back to her initial questions, of what he looked like under his trousers. It seemed inappropriate but she was already horny because of her imminente period and he was turning out to be a gentleman.

Twenty minutes later, she sent the last item for approval.

“Got it. Good job.”

She smiled.

Duncan opened it before looking up at her. “You should head out and relax.” He turned to his window, the sun was almost below the horizon and dark shadows loomed out from the trees that surrounded the building. “Do you want me to walk you to your car?”

“I’ll be okay.”

“Just ask the guard at the door to walk you to the car, okay? Melody should be coming on shift about the time you get down there.”

Did he memorize everyone’s name? And their schedules? She smiled and stood up. “Thank you.”

“I don’t want to lose a prized employee.” He favored her with a smile. “You have a promising future, you know. I just want to protect it.”

For some reason, her pussy grew damp. Flushed, she stammered thanks and hurried out of her office.

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The Night Shift

3

Janice walked along the nearly empty parking lot. It was a beautiful evening with the sun's last color smeared across the crowds. Her thoughts were half-distracted by Duncan's actions. She felt wanted but wasn't treated as a sex object. It was nice. She smiled to herself as she envisioned a future at the company.

"Good thing late hours are pretty rare at this company, huh?" Melody was an older woman, probably in her late thirties or early forties with a portly body and graying hair. She still wore her sheriff's uniform because Janice had caught her before she had a chance to change into the security guard's uniform.

Janice didn't know that sheriffs could moonlight but having a competent woman with a gun and taser next to her alleviated any fear she had of walking to her car.

She glanced at her car and then back to Melody. "Yes, first time I had to work late."

"Duncan always asks us to walk the ladies to their cars at night. Company policy." Melody grinned. Her eyes briefly flickered down and Janice felt a shiver of discomfort, while Duncan gave no impression of wanting her sexually, Melody had given the vibe of treating her as a sex object from the first look.

"He's good guy."

"Treats us employees really well."

Janice came around the back of her car. She glanced into the back seat just in case before unlocking it. "He seems to be everywhere."

"Well, he is the general manager. He's going to have his fingers in every pie."

Glancing over her shoulder, Janice took in the large, three-story office building behind her. From what she knew, Universal Exchange owned all three floors but it didn't look like a small business that one guy could manage by himself. She frowned for a moment and then shrugged. She just earned a five thousand dollar bonus and a hundred to splurge for dinner.

Turning back, she smile at Melody. "Thank you for walking me to the car."

"No problems. I'll hang here until you get out of the lot, but just call the front desk if you need anything. Remember, Duncan pays for the road service benefit." Melody shoved her hands into her dark blue trouser pockets. Her holster shifted slightly with the moving to reveal the black handle of her taser. "I know I've used it a few times."

A Night to Relax

4

Janice leaned into the hot water that sprayed against her skin. It felt good as it washed away the sweat from her workout and massaged the sore muscles underneath. Faint wisps of chlorine rose up through the streamers of water. Jumping into the gym's hot tub was one thing, but it was nothing compared to the shower in her condo.

Rivulets of water traced along her body, teasing the edges of her breasts and dribbling down the plane of her abdomen to tickle her pussy hairs. Just as pale as the ones on her head, she was a natural platinum blonde and proud of it. If she wasn't obsessed with earning her job with skill instead of looks, she could have been up on the catwalk with her sister.

Marion had suggested it more than once. As twins, they would have made a killing in fashion. They would be the stars of the parties for years.

But looks fade and Janice knew that Marion wasn't saving up nearly enough to handle the inevitable fall from the public eye. Janice had tried to the modeling gigs when she was a teenager but when she had been encouraged into self-destructive behavior, she managed to pry herself free and find a real job using real skills.

Sighing, she ran her hand along her hard nipples. A real job made it hard to get laid. No doubt Marion would be cock-deep in some underwear model right now. The stories she told were enough fuel to keep Janice wet for months but there was something about the drunken recollection about a threesome with a senator-elect than actually experiencing it.

Holding up her long hair over her forearm, she finished rinsing it out before letting it splat against her back. With two hands free, she

lowered her fingers down to the valley of her sex and ran her fingertips along the furrow. The tiny hairs clung to her digits as she stroked back and forth, clearing it out so she could rub her sensitive clitoris with slow, steady strokes.

Pleasure flooded through her. She moaned. With one hand stroking her nipple, she dug deeper into her sex until her finger was wetly sliding around the curve of her sex and plunging deep into the tight depths of her sex.

The errant thoughts of Duncan rose up. More specifically, his large hands that she spotted while he was holding his tablets. He had beautiful fingers, ones that would feel good sliding into her pussy. She could almost imagine him curling them up inside her to bump against her g-spot.

A gasp echoed against the walls of the shower. Smiling, she stroked harder as she imagined Duncan in the shower with her, on his knees with one finger plunging into her sex while his other held her buttock tightly.

Pleasure surged inside her. She stamped one foot to the side and focused on plunging into her cunt, driving her fingers knuckle-deep into her sex until her imagination-fueled orgasm sparked inside her.

Gasping, she gripped the side of the shower as she shook violently. Each wave of pleasure cracked against her senses, a hard wave of sensation that took control of her limbs. Shuddering, she moaned and clawed at her breast, digging her fingertips into the sensitive flesh to prolong the pleasure.

Too soon, the orgasm faded. She leaned against the shower to catch her breath. Lifting her finger up, she sniffed at the slightly tangy smell before washing it carefully. Her pussy lips were sore but she made sure to soap and clean them carefully before getting out.

She pulled up her hair, applied some moisturizer, and then headed toward her bedroom to find her favorite sleeping shirt. Already the smells of the lasagna in the oven flooded through the condo and her stomach rumbled with anticipation. She just needed a sexy movie and a glass of wine and her night would be complete.

"... and probably a good man to fuck," she muttered to herself.

Something sharp smacked into her back, right above the small of her back.

Janice let out a gasp and tried to reach it.

Her world exploded into agony as electricity surged through her body. Her jaw clamped shut, nipping the tip of her tongue with the force. With blood flooding her mouth, she lost all control of her body and collapsed on the ground with a painful thump.

“You’re in luck,” Melody said as she stepped over Janice. She had a hard voice as she pulled the trigger on her taser again and sent another bolt of electricity tearing through her victim. “I might even have some men in mind.”

Janice tried to scream out but her body wouldn’t move. Only the rapid clicking of the taser and her shaking body seem to make any noise over her rapidly beating heart. Tears poured from her face as she tried to reach out but her muscles kept clenching into painful hardness.

“Don’t worry, the pain will fade soon enough.” Melody chuckled as she knelt down next to Janice. She wore thick boots and had on rubber knee pads. In fact, it looked like she was wearing tactical gear.

Janice saw a flash of a syringe in the corner of her eye. She tried to roll back but her slim body only trembled.

A sharp pain blossomed in the side of her neck, then another. “Don’t worry, it’s going to be all better now,” Melody said with another chuckle. She reached down and clamped her mouth over Janice’s. Her fingers dug into the side of the poor woman’s jaw to hold it still.

“It just takes a few seconds for... to kick... in....”

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Packed In

5

Janice crawled out of unconsciousness in fits and starts. Her head ached in her skull and her heart thudded into her chest. She tried to press her hand against her forehead but her limbs didn't seem to be working right.

She shook her head.

It didn't move.

There was pressure on the side of her skull but she didn't feel her hair moving over her shoulders or even the air brushing against her cheeks.

She licked her lips and tasted a strange sour metallic taste on her tongue. Pulling a face, she worked her lips trying to work out the taste. Her tongue was sluggish and everything had a metallic flavor.

Panic rose up in the swirl of consciousness and unconsciousness. She twisted her other limbs, tugging and lifting and pulling but they didn't move easily. She wasn't even sure if they were moving at all.

With her limbs unable to respond to her thoughts, she concentrated on her eyes. Each lid felt like a thousand pounds as she strained to pry it open. Tears ran down her cheeks, working around the crusty seal that kept them sealed shut.

To her surprise, she was panting when she finally forced one open. There was a dim light around her, a red glare that seeped through the flecks that clung to her eyelashes.

She blinked harder, working her eyes open and closed until her eyes finally came into focus.

The first thing she could see was a bank of red LED displays. They were plain, like an old clock, instead of a digital display like everything made in the last few decades.

Frowning, she peered at one until she could make out a glowing phrase above the first number: heartbeat. The number was hovering in the 105-109 range. That seemed right for the pounding in her chest.

Figuring that the numbers were monitoring her, though she couldn't imagine why. Knowing the first, the others were easier to puzzle out: respiration rate, some sort of EKG, and oxygen levels.

Why was she being monitored. And why was it in her face. She blinked and tried to focus on the material next to the display. It was black and smooth, plastic.

She tried to turn her head to look around but her head still refused to move. She could feel something pinning her face. It was soft and gave slightly but still firm enough to keep her head and neck from rotating.

Whimpering, she tugged on her arm again but felt the same soft pressure kept her pinned in place.

Her breath turned into a pant as she tugged on it, exploring her bounds. There was pressure on her wrists, elbows, and shoulder. More pressure to her ribs and hips. She tugged her legs and found the same bondage.

She tried to reach out with her hands. Her fingers stretched and strained but they touched nothing. She couldn't bend them enough to claw at the restraints at her wrist nor could she find the sides. Her hands were free but she was completely helpless.

Janice whimpered and tugged harder, yanking with all her might. She strained at her legs, pulling until her muscles screamed in agony. When she couldn't, she slumped with a sob.

Every point of movement of her body was locked in place, keeping her helplessly pinned. Her thighs weren't even touching, she couldn't squeeze to bring them in contact.

She couldn't even tell if she was wearing clothes.

Twisting back and forth, she struggled to break herself free. She felt her muscles tearing like she pushed herself too much while lifting weights, but it still wasn't enough.

She couldn't free herself.

A sob tore through her throat.

Janice made one more effort to break herself free. The muscles in her legs strained painfully but she pushed herself to her very limits. A scream beat against the walls of her confinement as she strained.

Then, all the strength fled out of her. With a strangled cry, she slumped against her bonds. Sobbing, she listened to her panting as her chest heaved with the effort.

Desperate, she worked her lips for a moment. “H-Help!” Her strained voice sounded like she was in a shower with the walls too close. She cried out again but she didn’t think anyone could hear her.

Sobbing, she tried to pull her wrist free again but couldn’t. She alternated between pulling and screaming and twisting.

It was obvious nothing would work but she couldn’t give up. Not yet, not ever.

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Letting Go

6

Every time Janice woke up, she prayed it was to end the horrible nightmare that she had been thrust into. She didn't know how long she had been in the container, there was no clock other than the constantly fluctuating numbers monitoring her. It felt like hours if not days since she woke up.

She had managed to doze off, but each time it felt like she woke up sooner. She had caught up on her sleep and now there was nothing to pass the time besides waiting.

Trapped and almost blinded, she couldn't help but focus on the sounds and sensations of her body. Her stomach gurgled and ached with the desperate need to eat but her concerns were further below. The pressure on her bladder and sphincter had increased steadily since she had woke up.

At first, it was just a discomfort, but in the last hours, it felt like she was about to explode. Tears burned in the corner of her eyes as she strained her buttocks, flexing muscles with all her might to keep from expelling and fouling her container.

Her efforts to pull her arms and legs free had left her weak. They felt like limp noodles, aching with every attempt to flex or tug on them.

A dribble of pee escaped her.

She gasped and clamped down on her muscles even harder. She was losing her battle with her own body and despair colored her thoughts.

"N-No," she gasped with a hoarse voice. Screaming hadn't helped either plus the pressure holding her ribs in place made it difficult to take a deep breath.

A wave of pressure began its build-up inside her colon. She strained to shake her head. She couldn't hold back much longer.

What would happen? Would she be in a pool of her own feces for days? Could she drown in urine? What was going on? Why were they doing this to her.

"P-Please?" she whispered. "Please don't do this. Don't make me do this."

The numbers didn't change.

Another squirt of pee escaped.

She sobbed as she pulled back.

The pressure built up, increasing into an agonizing wave.

Janice couldn't do it anymore. She tried to release her bladder without relaxing her sphincter. The dribble of urine splashed along naked flesh before the searing hot liquid ran past her strained sphincter.

She clenched her stomach and it sprayed out from her body. The sound was loud in the container and the acrid smell flooded her senses.

Overwhelmed, she tried to stop but her need was too much.

Then she lost control of her sphincter. It exploded out of her, coating her legs and choking her with the smell.

Janice sobbed as she gave up, emptying her body until the pressure relented.

Humiliated, she sobbed as the flow ended and she was forced to realize she was trapped covered in her own shit and urine.

A wet gurgling noise filled the container, surrounding her with the first new noise in probably hours. With a wet churning sensation, the entire container shook faintly as water sounded like it was coming inside.

Tepid water jettted against her leg. It felt like knives at first but then into a pressurized shower as it started at her belly and moved down, blowing off her mess from her body.

The sounds of fans rose up and fresh air blew across her skin. The noise accelerated and turned into a heated stream that chased after the water sprayer.

Whatever was cleaning her came did three passes, washing her top and bottom in three passes with a final one sluicing out the valley between her legs.

The places where the cushions pinned her became more obvious and she could imagine her position. She was on her back, legs slightly spread apart so they weren't touching. The clamps were at each joint with thicker ones somehow pinning her hips in place so she couldn't even twist them.

The water jet stopped and she was surrounded by billowing air that danced across her skin, trying drying her.

She felt sad that it wasn't cleaning her face, at least to remove the crusty part of her dried tears, but at least her bottom half no longer felt disgusting.

When the fan stopped and the air cooled, she was plunged into a startling silence. It was deafening that she could only hear her heart pounding in her ears and her breath coming out in ragged gasps.

She clenched her muscles and relaxed. At least she didn't have to go now.

The relief didn't last long as the long darkness continued. She didn't know if it would ever end, but there was nothing for her to do, nothing to move or action she could perform. The only thing was moving her fingers and toes in the empty space and wait for her nightmare to end.

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Unboxing

7

Janice held herself still as she listened carefully the darkness. For the last hour, she had been feeling faint bumps that jostled her from side to side. It could be her imagination; she was beginning to hallucinate in the darkness with shifting images painted on the back of her eyelids.

Despite the cleaning after every humiliating time she peed on herself, the sprayers never moved above her waist. Her eyes were sealed shut by her dried tears and her cheeks burned from the salt caked on them. There was no relief from the persistent itches that covered her body either.

A shudder shook her body.

She inhaled sharply, feeling how her naked breasts wiggled with the impact. The pressure on her body held her tightly in place so only a few parts of her body could feel even a hint of movement: her hands, feet, and aching tits.

Another thud, this one more obvious.

Her heart beat faster. She tried to open her eyes to look around but couldn't. Days of suffering had blinded her.

She strained against her bonds for a moment but then gave up. She was weak, she could feel the torn muscles still aching from her earlier attempts to escape.

Light exploded around her.

"... let's see what's the big deal about this one," a man was saying. He had an accent, it sounded Polish or Czech to her.

Something moved ahead of her and then there was a hand against her cheek.

She screamed. Or at least tried to scream. The only sound came out was a hoarse wail. She reflexively tried to jerk away but she was held in place.

“Looks like just another cunt to me, Boss.”

“Yeah, yeah, they always look like that in the box,” said the boss.

Janice froze with confusion.

The man continued, “White Stallion has a good head on his shoulders and when he flags a capture, it means something. Here, give me her file and pull her out.”

Hands touched her, impersonal. Without human contact for a while, it felt like fire as they pressed against her breasts and down along her sides. More hands grabbed her shoulders.

She whimpered and cringed as much as she could. With effort, she tried to work her mouth to say something but she couldn't get her tongue to work enough to form words.

“This one is still awake. I think she's lucid.”

“Really? Don't get many of those after two weeks.” said the boss. His low, rumbling voice was closer.

Janice whimpered.

“Go on, pull over a chair and get her in it. No, get the one with arms. Those legs of hers aren't going to work well.”

A hand ran up her thigh, moving toward her pussy. She tried to pull away but couldn't as the hot fingers cupped her sex and pressed against her lips. The fingers curled against the opening. “Cleaner just had a run too, squeaky clean and she's probably empty.”

“Use Goose's chair then,” said the boss with a grin in his voice.

“Aw, man,” said a new voice.

With a chuckle, the man groping her pulled away. A moment later, there was a thunk sensation and the pressure around her left knee suddenly relaxed.

She flexed her leg but it was numb. Only burning muscles responded with a renewed ache.

Regret slammed into her. If she hadn't hurt herself trying to break free, she would have had the chance then.

The world shook around her as more of the restraints were removed, each one shaking her body as they popped open and freed her.

If she had the ability, she would have scrambled to her feet and sprinted away. As such, her weak body could only clench and relax. She managed to close her legs but it took all of her energy.

“Okay, you boys know how to handle these bitches. Each side and then pick her up.”

The worker’s hands caught her under her armpits and knees and lifted her free of her prison. Her skin peeled away from the cushions underneath her, setting them on fire as raw skin parted from fabric.

She sobbed as she was carried through the bright light. Then she felt her body being set down on an office chair. She tilted to the side until a plastic arm dug into her side and caught her. Grateful, she grabbed it and flailed for the other one, catching it after a few tries. Weakly, she centered herself to avoid the spinning sensation.

“Hold still, let me get your eyes,” said the boss before he pressed a cool cloth against her face. It smelled perfumed, a baby wipe. He worked quickly, working the crust from one eye and then the other before wiping her face.

He had to use three of them.

“Okay, open your eyes when you can. It’s going to be bright but just take your time. I’m going to see what Stallion said about you, I don’t get red flagged deliveries often.”

A woman screamed to Justine’s right. It ended abruptly.

She jerked and tried to look toward it, but the glare made it impossible.

Shaking her head slowly, she focused on her vision. Slowly blinking, she worked them open until the glare receded.

The first thing she saw was a large black container. About eight feet long, five feet across, and two feet high. A large lid cut it in half and she could see padded brackets around a human-shaped opening. There were hoses and machines on rails around it; the washing unit.

One man wearing orange scrubs had the other side opened and was shoving a hose into some place. He had brown smears over his clothes and he wore a full face mask and gloves.

Beyond the man was another black container where men in blue scrubs carried a brown-skinned woman from the container directly to a gurney. There was another orange scrub man opening up her container.

She spotted two more stations, each with men working in relatively quiet as they worked on the black containers, cleaning and what appeared to be resupplying them.

“Thirty-three,” said the boss.

Janice shivered as she turned to look at him. He looked like her uncle, a portly man with a thick head of gray hair and a salt-and-pepper beard. He sat on an office chair next to a table that had the contents of a red folder spread across it.

“W-What?” she rasped.

“Thirty-three women were in that thing.” He didn’t look up from what he was reading but he nodded to his side.

She glanced over. There was a blue shipping container, just like she saw on the backs of trucks. It was half empty but she saw at least four more of the black containers inside it, they were stacked almost to the ceiling.

“Thirty women, three men. All from the United States.” He frowned at the paper and then looked up.

Janice shivered at his look, it was cruel and objective.

She clutched her arms over her bare breasts, shielding them from his look. The cold air brushed over her and she glanced to her other side.

Her station was the last one. A white-painted wall before her, large rivets gleaming in the hard lights hanging above her.

One of the men walked past her and headed straight for a door in the corner. His orange scrubs smelled of shit and piss. She watched as he opened it and left the room. There didn’t appear to be any security codes. Filing it as a possible place to escape, she turned back.

Her throat hurt, but she was too confused to remain silent. “W-Who are you?”

He looked up, his green eyes piercing. “Call me Wasp. Master Wasp if you really want. We all use code names here because of the cameras.” He nodded up.

Janice looked up. Above her was a large camera on some sort of control system. It looked like it could easily move to track her as she moved around. There were other cameras around her also, large curved glasses focused on her from almost every direction.

Wasp shrugged and flipped a page. “The unboxing videos are profitable. Everyone wants to see the new bitches as the... hold on.” He held out his wrist and pressed his watch. “Oversight, take bay one off the automatic publishing. This one might be special.”

“As soon as I saw the flag, I did,” came the impersonal voice.

“Good job.” Wasp returned to his page and then up at her. With a frown, he lifted himself up and dug into his pocket for a cell phone. After a bit of tapping, he looked at her and then down at the page.

“Goose?”

“Yeah?” asked one of the men in blue scrubs.

“Who does she look like?”

Goose came around. He was muscular and blond, almost handsome except for a tilt to his jaw and the way he moved. His eyes took her in and she shivered.

They were going to rape her, she knew it. She glanced at the door and quickly back again. If she was going to run, they couldn’t know the way she was going to sprint. Pointedly, she looked along the wall for another door. She found one two stations down and focused on that instead.

Goose chuckled. “I’ve seen her, right? She’s famous?”

Janice’s stomach clenched. She wasn’t famous but her sister was.

The man in orange scrubs looked up. “She’s on those makeup commercials. Mary-something.”

Goose snapped his fingers and grinned. “Marion Zee!”

Janice whimpered. That was her sister.

“Holy shit, Stallion got a Cover girl!?” Goose grinned broadly. “I’m going to definitely have to fuck this one!”

She whimpered and pushed back on her chair. It squeaked as it rolled back. Her eyes glanced to the door. She had to run and soon. It didn’t matter if she was naked. She flexed her legs to bring some feeling back.

Wasp put down his phone. “Twin sisters. They reported her missing a week ago.”

He leaned forward and peered at her. “You are beautiful, yo know that. Uncommonly beautiful, the two of you. That means you have good genes. A lot of men have jerked off on your picture. Well, your sister’s but you look close enough their dick won’t care.”

“W-What are you going to do?” she asked as she gauged the distance to the door. Her feet and legs seemed to be recovering, she thought she could make it.

“You’ve heard of human trafficking, right?”

She almost threw up. “You’re going to rape me?”

Goose chuckled. “Oh, yeah.”

Wasp shrugged. “Maybe a little, but I’m not going to sell you, if that is what you mean. Prostitution isn’t profitable at all. Women like you burn out quickly. And if you get one rough customer, you’re done for.”

Somehow, that didn’t help Janice relax.

Wasp grinned. “I mean, you are going to get raped but only for a few days. In fact, probably—”

It was too much. Fear surged through her, pushing away the exhaustion. She launched herself out of her chair and stumbled toward the door. Her bare feet smacked against the steel floor as she ran as fast as she could.

Footsteps chased after her.

With a sobbing cry, she reached the door and flung it open. A cool wind blew into her but she charged through and slammed the door shut behind her.

Ocean.

She was on the deck of a ship, staring out into the blue field of an ocean. A chain link fence covered the space between her, no doubt to prevent her from jumping off.

Whimpering, she looked to her right where another fence blocked her from running that way. The other was across the other stations where an exit sign helpfully pointed back into the ship.

Gasping, Janice started to run toward the exit sign.

She made it only a few yards before a feeling stopped her. She gripped the fence tightly as she panted for breath.

It was too easy. Too simple. With the chains on the other side, they purposefully made it so she only had one way to go.

The door burst open behind her.

Sobbing, she turned around to face them.

Goose stopped in front of her, a disappointed look on his face. “Why aren’t you running?”

Wiping the tears from her face, she shook her head. "It's a trap, isn't it?"

"Ah, fuck, you're one of the smart ones." He rolled his eyes. "Fine, get back inside."

Stunned, she obeyed.

Wasp looked up at her as she passed and then grinned. "How far did she make it?"

"Three fucking feet," snarled Goose.

Wasp ran his hand through his beard. "How did you figure it out?"

Still sobbing, Janice sat down in the chair. "The chains. There was only one way to go."

Wasp shrugged. "Well, I guess the crew doesn't get to rape you for the night before we get started then."

Her eyes opened in fear.

He grinned. "Company benefit. Any runner that makes it to the crew quarters is free-ranged and fair game. Two or three days of having your holes violated breaks most bitches like you and makes them easier to manage later."

Janice threw up. Or at least tried too. Only dry heaves tore through her throat as she slid off the chair and to the ground.

The older man stood up. "Well, get her on the gurney and let's see if she survives surgery."

Janice froze. "S-Surgery?"

"Yeah, if we're going to turn you into a breeder, we need to make a few changes." He waved the red folder toward her and then headed for the door she had just tried to escape through.

She screamed and scrambled to her feet.

Men caught her, their powerful grips capturing her naked body. Her bare feet flailed helplessly until she remembered to kick them into balls. The first strike hit Goose's crotch before crunching against a plastic cup.

Goose grinned as he pulled her close. "We know how to handle bitches like you," he snarled before hauling her toward the waiting gurney.

There was nothing she could do except fight with her flagging strength as they threw her on it and pinned her down. In a matter of

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seconds, she was trapped and being rolled away while she screamed hoarsely as loudly as she could.

Hair Removal

8

Janice whimpered as she twisted her body from side to side. Her arms were pulled above her head into a strange set of cuffs. They were padded like the container but mounted on a thick plastic circle. Her movements cause it to rock back and forth but only a few degrees before it clicked and stopped her.

She also couldn't lift her legs. Her bare ankles were mounted into another set of padded cuffs but instead of a circular device, it was just a bar. It kept her legs spread so far apart she couldn't feel the skin of her thighs touching.

The sensation of being exposed and vulnerable made everything worse. She could feel Goose staring at her as they walked down a brightly-lit white hallway.

Goose casually reached down to press his palm against her pussy. She jumped and cried out.

He shoved his fingers into her dry pussy, pumping in and out until the friction burned against her sex. He looked at her and chuckled before thrusting harder.

Janice tried to twist away but she couldn't. Even a little pressure was enough to keep her helplessly pinned against the gurney.

"You may have missed out on the cherry run, but I'll get my chance at this." He rammed two fingers into her pussy.

She arched her back, straining to escape. Her hips couldn't move far enough away as he scraped her delicate walls with his hard thrusting.

"Talking to the meat?" asked a woman.

"Crane?" Goose pulled his fingers out. "When the hell did you get down here. What did you do, choke fuck one of the sluts again?"

The woman, she sounded young, made a disgusted noise. "Yeah, I broke one of the twelves. Wasp sent me down for punishment for six months."

"That mean you have some time for me?" Goose pulled his fingers out of Janice's pussy to rub his crotch.

"You don't have tits like this one." Crane walked up. She was in her mid- to late twenties with blonde hair and dark eyes. Her scrubs did little to hide her breasts as they swayed back and forth. "Damn, she's magnificent. Probably the best I've seen."

"Twin sister to a Cover girl."

Crane grinned as she reached over to stroke the side of Janice's cheek. "Yummy."

Janice pulled away, blinking at the tears. A thin whimper rose up but her throat ached from the effort.

The other woman smacked her face with her other hand. The impact snapped Janice's head to the side and her neck protested from the effort. Without a word, Crane shoved her fingers into Janice's mouth and pried her teeth apart. "Bad girl," she said with a grin.

Janice shook with fear.

Crane thrust her fingers deep into Janice's mouth, driving her fingertips into the back of the capture woman's throat until Janice gagged. With a grin, Crane pumped four fingers in and out with deep thrusts.

Janice continued gag, her stomach lurching as she started to dry heave. Sobbing, she tried to move away but couldn't.

After what felt like forever, Crane pulled her dripping fingers out of Janice's mouth and wiped them on her hair. "Yeah, she'll do."

"I got first shot, Goose."

Crane gave him a sardonic look. "Best employee gets first shot and you haven't been one since..." Her smile grew cruel. "... well forever."

A scowl twisted Goose's face. "Fuck you."

Crane gave him a hard smile. "Maybe if you're ready for some pegging."

Another scowl. He turned his head. "Where does this one go next?"

Crane looked down at Janice for a moment. "A Barbie, huh?"

Confused, Janice stared unsure how to ask.

“Well, congratulations, you are in the two thousandth shipment of cunts for our little farm and the seventh blonde hair, blue eye cunt I’ve seen. So you’re a Barbie. The seventh I’ve process today, so your designation naturally going to be...” She held up her hand and then brought it down on a label printer on her hip. “B-2000-7.”

As the printer began to vibrate, she leaned over. “You got a name?”

Janice cringed. “Jan—”

A slap. “No, you are B-2000-7. If I’m feeling generous, you little cunt, it’s 2000-7 or just Seven.” Crane slapped Janice again. “Not that you’ll be answer soon.”

Janice gestured with her chin to the side. “Take Barbie over to hair first.”

As a parting gesture, Crane slapped a sticker on Janice’s chest, right above her sternum, and then another one on the gurney. Stepping back, she called out, “Have fun, Seven! This is going to be the best day of the rest of your life.”

With a muttered growl, Goose wheeled Janice into a room.

Behind them, a woman screamed out in agony only to be silenced by the closing door.

Whimpering, Janice careened her head to look around. There was some sort of operating area with three men wearing yellow scrubs. There were cables dangling over the space obviously intended for her gurney.

Panting, Janice stared in fear as she was rolled into position.

One of the yellow scrubbed men held out his hand. “Label?”

“B-2000-7.”

“Should have gotten her tattooed first. You know the rules.”

“Talk to Crane.”

“Fucking bitch. Wasp should have snuffed her.”

Goose shrugged.

The man rolled his eyes. He lifted his head and spoke to one of the ubiquitous cameras that were hanging from the ceiling above her. “Fine, B-2000-7 being brought into hair removal. Rabbit, start with locks. Rooster, you’re on liquids.”

Janice's eyes widened when he started speaking but then relaxed slightly. Hair removal? That didn't seem nearly as bad as everything else that had been happening to her.

Then she saw one of the men picking up a pair of hair trimmers. The snap before it buzzed loudly set off a wave of panic that threatened to drown her. She screamed and thrashed her head, ripping it out from underneath her as she strained to push herself away as far as possible from him.

Rabbit grabbed her face, his thick fingers crushing her nose and his other hands sealing over her jaw. His grip tightened, clamping her mouth shut until her teeth ground into each other. With his other hand, he began to draw the clippers through her beautiful platinum hair, shearing it off with short, efficient strokes.

At the same time, one of the other technicians started to smear a foul-smelling paste on her legs moving up to her crotch.

Janice cried out, her voice muted by Rabbit's grip, and writhed but there was no escaping the probing hands as they dug into every joint and crevice of her body. Like Rabbit, Rooster worked efficiently and callously.

Even her pussy wasn't spared the humiliation. The technician yanked on each of her thick lips, pulling them taut to smear the paste on them. When he finished with the outer lips, he started on the inner ones.

Just as the first man in yellow was done cutting her hair to short stubs, the third started to grind something hard and smooth against her feet. It felt like a massage for only a few seconds before an intense burning sensation ripped through her senses.

The bars holding her legs apart rang out as every muscle in her body tensed but she couldn't escape any of the men's torture.

She screamed in pain.

Goose grinned and rubbed his crotch. "One of my favorite parts, hairless pussy."

Janice twisted but all three men held her down with powerful grips as they continued to their duties.

The man torturing her pussy let her lips go with a snap and moved up to her belly. Behind him, the man with the strange device brought it up to bring the burning tip against her pussy.

The smell of burning hair was suffocating.

Thankfully, it only took a few minutes for them to move away from her tortured pussy. The lingering pain seared at her skin but she couldn't escape it.

Just as they finished using the laser device to remove the hair from her scalp, she let out a single final sob. One of her best features had been permanently removed, destroyed by whatever horror that she had fallen into.

“Roll her over and let's get that asshole.”

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Silenced Forever



Janice shook with her silent sobs as she twisted helplessly on the gurney. Every square inch of her skin tingled and burned from the laser hair removal, but it was nothing compared to the fresh tattoos that had been put on each of her ribs, chest, and the small of her back. The process was thankfully short, but now it felt like there were a thousand bees stinging her along sunburned skin.

Just as she thought it couldn't get any worse, a different group of men had injected her with a local anesthetic and then cut into her neck before jammed something painfully large underneath the skin. A bandage had been put over it with some tape but that did nothing to the deep radiating pain that spread along her neck, jaw, and chest.

She whimpered at the pains assaulting her. It was hard to concentrate on which one was worse because each one seemed to magnify the misery of the others.

Not that anyone else seemed to notice.

They were in the hub between the work stations. After each one, Goose would push her to the center to talk to Crane for a while. Then one of the doors would open and another technician would wheel out a sobbing woman and they would trade places.

They were waiting for the next station after the catheter when they traded places with the former occupant of the dental station.

Janice only got a glimpse of the other woman. She was the dark-skinned woman from before. However now she was shaved completely and had a similar tattoo, C-2000-1. She was shaking in silence. Her head was turned away from Janice but it looked like there were tubes sticking out of her mouth.

“Give them a second, pussy.”

“Blow me, Crane.”

Janice squeezed her eyes closed for a moment and then looked up at the camera. She was cracking under the terror but she couldn't see any way to escape. Even if she could break free of the gurney—she tested her bounds to make sure—where could she go? They were on a boat in the middle of the ocean, far from anything that resembled salvation.

She wondered who was watching on the other side of the camera. The “unboxing” video of Wasp? Was he selling videos of her own humiliating degradation? She couldn't imagine why anyone would want to see her being shaved hair less and tattooed, but there were sick fucks everywhere.

“Okay, Goose, they are ready in dental for you.”

Goose leaned over Janice and smiled. “Ready for your last words?”

Janice tore her eyes away from the camera to look at him. What was going to happen?

Like every other station, the gurney was pulled into the center of a cluster of terrible-looking devices. Men in yellow, doctors at this point, surrounded her and surrounded her head. Two bright lights were aimed toward her face, blinding her.

“Okay, B-2000-7 is here for intubation and dental. We're going to start by prying open her mouth.

Knowing what would happen, Janice clamped down on her teeth and sealed her lips.

It didn't even phase the man who reached in. He forced his fingers against the seem of her jaw, rubbing back and forth and increasing pressure until she couldn't take it anymore.

At the same time, the other assistants placed a clamp around the back of her neck and side of her skull. The soft padding tightened around her and she found she couldn't move her head at all.

As soon as the dentist touched her teeth, he forced her lips apart with his fingertips and draw them widely apart as he worked down to the delicate gums behind her wisdom teeth. “Her teeth feel good. We have x-rays?”

“Yes, in her file. Here they are.”

“Good, her teeth are perfect.” The dentist increased the pressure, forcing her jaw apart.

With a sob, Janice couldn’t fight it. Her mouth was pried open and some sort of device was jammed into the back of her teeth that prevented her from closing them. She twisted and shook, trying to break free but she already knew it wouldn’t work.

“Okay, let’s get the nasotracheal in.”

When she saw a thick tube being lifted to her face, she let out a strangled scream. At first, she thought it was going to be jammed into her mouth but to her horror, they shoved the dripping end into her nose.

She started to suffocate, her body straining to break free as she felt the sickening sensation of the tube sliding deep into her skull before moving down into the back of her throat.

“Okay, twist counter... counter... more. There, push.”

The pressure along her sinuses blossomed into agony as the hose was shoved deeper. She felt it burrow deep into her lungs.

“Great, seal that and get the other one in.”

A second tube was shoved up into her other nostrils, completely filling her head with painful stuffiness. This one went down the other side, burrowing down into her gullet.

Her stomach heaved as she tried to throw up. Only a burning, watery liquid rose up for a moment.

A moment later, something filled her lungs, an unnatural pressure that sharpened her thoughts as if she had taken a deep breath of cold air.

It was followed by another wave of nausea that brought bile rising up into her esophagus.

They didn’t seem to notice. The dentist chuckled as he continued to work her teeth open. “Damn, I bet she gave good blow jobs.”

“Hoping?”

“Na, I get my fill of mouths these days. Bring the glue over here.”

Janice’s eyes widened.

The assistant held up what looked like to be a caulking gun. He aimed it deep into Janice’s mouth before pulling on the trigger.

At the first sensation of the thick, spongy material flooding her mouth, she thrashed violent.

“Tighten that clamp,” ordered the dentist.

Janice didn't care. She twisted as hard as she could, tearing her muscles as her mouth was filled completely with the adhesive.

The dentist grunted as he used his fingers to shove it around, filling it clear to the back of her mouth and down into her throat. The thick material continued down until she felt it settle past her vocal cords, silencing her instantly. Slowly, he drew his hands up as he spoke directions to the assistant.

"Okay, that's good. More to the right."

Janice's mouth felt clogged. It reminded her of eating too much peanut butter but it was far worse. She sobbed as the the dentist finally pulled the wedges from her jaw and withdrew his fingers.

"Now, clamp her shut."

Janice realized they were about to glue her jaw shut, maybe forever. She tried to force them open but she was too weak.

Two pairs of hands clamped her mouth shut and held it tight. Their fingers dug into her skin, cruel and heartless.

After two minutes, they released.

Janice tried to open her mouth.

It wouldn't give.

She tried to scream but no noise came out. Her lungs ached to breath but somehow she was getting oxygen. Panic surged through her and she trashed.

"Okay, she's pushing it. Sedative."

One of the assistants used a needle into the catheter at her neck. Almost instantly, her body grew slack and her mind hazy.

"Add two hours before starting the breeding protocol."

"She's been red flagged. White Stallion is using his privileged."

"White Stallion flagged her." The doctor smiled broadly. "Then she'll be a good one. She'll be awake for him and that will give enough for the sedative to run through."

Goose cleared his throat. "We good then?"

"Patience. Just waiting for her vitals to stabilize. Okay... everything looks good. Remember to double check the oxygen tank every five minutes. We don't want her suffocating." The dentist tapped something underneath the gurney and it gave a metallic ring.

"I know what I'm doing."

“You piss off Wasp and you are going to be seeing your intestines. Remember what he did to Crane’s father?”

All four men in the room shuddered.

The dentist straightened and pulled back. “Okay, send her to monitoring for an hour and then into reduction. She’s good to go here.”

Lost in horror and dazed from drugs, Janice lost consciousness as she was wheeled out.

t'Sade

Reduction

10

Janice rocked back and forth. She tried to cry out but no sound came out of her ruined throat. Her vocal cords refused to vibrate, the air didn't rush out of her mouth. Instead, it was just a steady pressure of wind filling her lungs and the countless aches that covered her body.

Around her was the deathly silence of more women. She lifted her head a few inches to look across the darkened room to see naked bodies stretched out along gurneys, tubes sticking out of their noses, and tattoos marking their sides. They all had the "2000" designator but the letter in front was different as was the numbers. The Bs were obvious, they were all large-breasted white-skinned women that were no doubt blondes in their previous lives. There were less Cs but they were all chocolate-skinned beauties with smaller breasts. She couldn't tell if they had curly hair or not, all of them were bald and hairless. The As looked like Asians but there were other letters but they were too far to figure out.

To her surprise, she saw a few penis along the edge. The only one she could read a tattoo. It started "K" but that was all she figure out.

A door creaked open. She gulped but her throat didn't seem to work. She twisted her head to look around until she spotted Goose coming her way.

Janice cringed as the fear rose. It must have been an hour since they silenced her forever. She concentrated on her body, trying to push past the surface agonies to the stuffed sensation in her lungs. She tried to open her mouth but her teeth refused to part. Her lips could split open but nothing else.

"How you feeling, cunt?" whispered Goose.

She glared at him.

He smiled warmly and rested his hand on her sex. The freshly depilated mound still ached. He worked one finger up and down her slit, working through the dry opening. "Aww, not getting juices up at the idea of being turned into a breeder? Why not?"

She twisted her hips and tried to escape but she couldn't move her bare pussy away from his fingers.

"Don't worry," he patted her pussy before he moved his finger to roll her clitoris back and forth. It wasn't a pleasurable sensation but cruel and painful.

After a moment, he pulled away and licked his finger. "Come on, you have your appointment with reduction." He chuckled cruelly. "You're going to like this one."

Somehow, Janice didn't think she was going to enjoy anything again. Tears burned in her eyes as she watched the cameras above her head while Goose rolled her out of the waiting room and down the hall.

"Oh, good. It's the pussy pushing another pussy," Crane said. "Reduction Two."

"Blow me."

They headed straight into another workstation. This one appeared to be more surgical station, like the dentist, but there were six men in yellow scrubs surrounded by a brightly-lit section.

She was pushed into the center.

One of the doctor's looked up to the ever-present cameras. "Subject B-2000-7 coming in for reduction surgery. This will take about two hours to complete and we are using a new biological glue for sutures that have proven to reduce infections of amputations without—"

At the word "amputation," Janice panicked. They were going to amputate her? She yanked at her bounds and strained at the bounds on her ankles. The padded links didn't give up and her desperate efforts only brought a faint clicking.

"Subject is beginning standard panic attack. Adminstrating a sedative into the catheter installed previously."

Her eyes were wide as she saw one of the doctor's reach over with a needle attached to a tube. He shoved it into the lump in her neck and then hooked the tube into a hook.

Almost immediately, her vision blurred and the tension in her legs went slack. She tried to sob but her chest heaved silently and no noise came out. She shook her head, pleading with her eyes and working her lips to mouth the word “please.”

The doctors didn’t even look at her.

“Okay, bringing into additional clamps.”

They worked in unison, swinging hooks from below the edge of the gurney to clamp down on her shoulders, hips, and chest. The soft padded restraints shoved down on her as they clicked into place.

She tried to lift her body to move the restraints but they didn’t even budge. Her body was firmly pinned into place.

“Removing gurney restraints and moving to station restraints.”

Somehow, hearing the man describing the actions made it worse. They freed her from the gurney restraints and spread her out spread-eagle. She fought with all her might but her torn muscles and the sedative made it a pointless task. They clamped her down and she couldn’t move.

“Today, we are going to start with the breeder’s right arm.”

Tears ran down Janice’s cheeks as she morbidly turned to look at her arm. The slender limb was stretched tautly away from her. A painfully bright light shone down on it along with cameras in all directions. Under the shine, her skin looked pale and fragile.

She clenched her hand helplessly, they had it pinned so she couldn’t free herself.

Someone injected a needle into her arm. It pinched at first but then quickly grew numb. Five more pricks surrounded her arm, cutting off all the sensation from her collar to the end of her fingers.

The doctor held a scalpel about mid-point of her upper arm. “And we’ll start with the first incision.”

He cut deeper into the skin, creating a flap of flesh. Blood oozed out from the cut but it wasn’t gushing like she expected. Instead, she saw the horrifying sight of her skin being peeled back to reveal muscle, fat, and tendons.

Janice almost passed out but something kept her staring. It was surreal seeing the blood-flecked knife cutting into her body.

The doctor spoke as he stripped away the skin from her arm, peeling it back until there was a good six inches being folded away.

Then he began to work into her muscle, working quietly and efficiently as he sliced into her body, cutting away everything.

At the sight of her bared bones, the world grew dark.

When Janice opened her eyes, they were working on her other arm. She could feel the sensation of the scalpel slicing into her flesh and she couldn't bare the sight of looking. Instead she focused on her right shoulder.

The first thing she saw with a large metallic disk where her shoulder and arm used to be. It was about six inches across and perfectly smooth. Underneath it, her skin had been folded neatly into a pad with some sort of purple, glue-like substance coating everything. Except for a few smears of blood and discoloration along her shoulder, there was no sign that she had an arm only minutes ago.

Her eyes blurred with tears as she stared at it. It was inhuman. She had lost her arm.

Morbidly, she tried to flex her fingers, using the memories of what it felt like, but only a sharp pain radiated from her limb. She would have whimpered except that no sound came from her silenced throat.

She flexed her shoulder, tearing at the pain that radiated. She could see some sort of large ring on the other side of the disk. She tried to lift her head but she was too weak. After a few moments, she slumped back and let out a mute sob of terror.

She would never be able to grab anything again, never be able to touch.

Sadness and despair flooded through her. She closed her eyes tightly as the tears ran faster. They dripped down her face and soaked her neck and shoulder.

Then she felt them pop the bone out of her shoulder. The crunching noise brought a wave of nausea and her stomach heaved with the horror.

"And now we are going to drill the mounting holes into the bone."

Janice did everything she could to clamp her eyes closed. Terror tore through her as she sobbed pitifully, trying to flex but her other arm was already gone.

The whine of the drill rose up, then the smell of burning. Her entire body vibrated; she could feel her breasts shaking back and forth as the doctor bore into her bones.

The high-pitched whine was agony in her ears as he quickly worked each hole. It felt like a thousand were cut out.

It was nothing compared to when they started hammering in the mounting screws. Each slam of a hammer shook her body violently as the vibrations tore through her senses. Her collar and shoulders were in agony as they thankfully finished.

“Now, fold the skin over the mounting bolts.”

More tears burned in her eyes and she kicked helplessly as the doctor’s wrapped the stub of her shoulder with her skin, impaling the folded flesh with a wet squelch.

“Oops, a little blood here. Blot that. Good, now a thick layer of the antibiotic glue.”

The glue was icy cold as it was smeared into a thick layer.

“And finally the shoulder bracket.”

She turned toward the look, her stomach heaving but she couldn’t tell if not looking was worse. When she saw the metal disk behind held up, she almost passed out again. It had a few small holes that went through it but it was the large, ridged ring on the other side that was terrifying. It looked like an eyelet used to hang things, but with it attached to her shoulder, that meant that she was going to be the one hung.

She sobbed and shook her head, trying to deny the fact that they were dehumanizing her with terrible efficiency.

The doctors threaded the bolts embedded into her shoulder through the holes on the disk and then screwed them down until it was painfully tight against her destroyed shoulder. After smearing more glue over the junction, they held it down firmly.

“Let it set.”

They held it for a few minutes before hesitatingly releasing it. The skin held in place.

Janice squirmed in pain. They didn’t seem to care that she was in agony, even through the anesthetic.

“Okay, moving to the left leg. We’re going to remove the left leg at the hip joint.”

Janice sobbed as they performed the same actions that they had done hundreds if not thousands of times: the prick of the local anesthetic, then cutting of her skin, and then the deep slices to remove muscle before sealing off the veins and arteries.

The smell of blood flooded over her. It mixed with the burning scent of drilled bones and the harsh taste of the glue. The stench choked her but there was nothing she could do. She was completely helpless, pinned like a butterfly getting its wings pulled off. She sobbed silently as she tried not to think about the doctor's prying her leg bones out of the socket.

When her joint popped and her entire body shook violently, she broke down again. The muscles of her body tensed painfully but there wasn't as much pain. She was arm-less and soon to be leg-less, helplessly reduced to nothing more than a torso and a head.

"Okay, folding the skin back. Get the glue ready."

The doctors were terrifyingly efficient as they sealed her leg and moved to her final leg.

Janice no longer tried to look around. She stared up at the cameras and let the tears roll down her cheeks. Her eyes focused on the inhuman lenses, knowing that countless men were going to be watching her dehumanization. They were probably stroking themselves, jerking off at the sight of her being reduced to a hunk of flesh, a torso that has no other purpose than to support a womb for a life of breeding.

White Stallion

11

They had placed her in a second recovery room to wait out the time from her horrific surgery. In the dim light and silenced forever, she could do nothing but twist from one side to the other. Without arms and legs, she didn't have to worry about having her wrists and ankles bound. Instead, the doctors had left the clamps in place; they kept her held down so she could only shift a few inches before being stopped.

The sounds of shifting bodies surrounded her. There were almost as many people in the room as the one before that, a hundred or so in gurneys surrounding her. Each victim had been reduced down to a torso like herself: metal brackets where their arms and legs used to be, tubes sticking out of their noses, and a haunting silence interrupted by not even a whimper.

She clenched her eyes closed for a moment and then blinked to clear the tears. She twisted her hips slightly and tried not to think about the strange sensations of having her bare pussy no longer framed by her legs.

Janice tried to squeeze her non-existent legs together. She knew it wouldn't work, but the lack of movement brought an overwhelming sense of surrealism to her. She was broken and ruined, completely vulnerable to whatever they wanted.

A door creaked opened. She knew it had to be Goose.

The man in scrubs said nothing as he wound his way around the other tables. After checking on her oxygen tank and a digital display, he shoved the gurney down a narrow aisle and toward a door.

His silence was almost worse than anything else. After hearing his insulting and crude comments for hours, it felt like one of the constants of her new horror had gone.

Janice careened her head to look up at him and got the faintest whiff of sex in the air. She tried to take a deep breath, but the air refused to draw into her lungs. She couldn't breathe out. With an uncomfortable twist, she shifted her head to the side and caught another whiff.

Goose glared down at her. "Yeah, I fucked her. You have a problem with that?"

Janice guessed it was Crane, but there was no way for her to agree or disagree. Afraid that he would do something, she slowly shook her head.

"Don't worry, you're going to finally have your own chance to get laid."

She tensed and shook her head more violently.

He grinned, some of the cruel nature coming back. "Sorry, cunt, now you're paying for your new life. White Stallion is here to try you out for a ride before we hook you up to your new life."

Goose reached down and patted her cheek. "The painfully stuff is over... at least for nine months or so. The doctors said you were nice and ripe, so you should be getting knocked up pretty soon."

Janice worked her lips, desperate to say anything. She was curious to meet the man who had done this to her but she was terrified to find out. Someone had picked her out, hired that cop to take her, and then ship her to be tortured for almost a day and returned into something less than human.

Her chest heaved with her emotions, the desperate need to cry out. She twisted back and forth as the only action she was capable of doing.

Goose sighed. "I wish I was the first one to pop your cherry. You know, the first fuck after being turned into a breeding cow?"

Tears burned in her eyes.

"Oh well, I'll get my chance later. Crane may be right, a chance at your pussy might encourage me to be a better employee. You know, a monster for breeding helpless women and then raising their children to be the perfect fuck toys."

Janice froze, her eyes widened with shock. She figured that they were going to breed her, but it was her children that were going to be raped? They were the ones who are going to have a life of terror?

She tried to sob again, this time for her unborn children.

“Didn’t figure that out already? Wasp even said that, a prostitute isn’t cost effective. You’d wear out. But with you popping out beautiful girls once a year? Now that is profitable. On the higher decks, it’s all barracks and schools, sleep and learn how to suck and fuck.”

No. Janice shook her head. The tears blurred her vision quickly.

Goose grinned as he pushed her into the bright hallway.

Cameras stared down at her, watching as her emotions boil in her eyes and her twisting, helpless body. She was beautiful once, they had recorded her dehumanization until a torso with a womb, a breeder.

“Here we go, the VIP room.” The gurney shuddered as he pushed it through the door and brought her into the center. “I’ll leave you here. Stallion will be here to pop your cherry.”

He walked around her and cupped her pussy. One cruel finger shoved into her dry lips. She could feel his other fingers to frame her labia and to press up against the metal caps on on her hips.

Goose leaned over her and smiled as he thrust his fingers deep. “I love the feeling of you cunts when you have no legs. I can’t wait to shove my dick into you, even if I have to wait until the next room.”

She stared at him, her body trembling with the horrors that she realized were ahead of her.

“I’ll be back in an hour. Have fun, Barbie.”

He left her quickly, shutting and latching the door behind him.

She was alone on a gurney in the center of a white-painted room. To her surprise, there were no cameras on the ceiling. None on the walls either. In fact, it was the first time she felt like no one was watching her.

Janice lifted her head and peered around. The room was completely empty except for a small dresser or table in the corner. She couldn’t move her head up enough to see it.

Other than the table, there was nothing else to look at except rivets in the walls.

She slumped and looked the other direction. The muscles in her stomach and thighs trembled as a wave of heat washed over her. Her hips itched but she couldn't itch it.

The feeling of helplessness rose up, suffocating and terrible.

The door swung open.

"The god broke the mold with you, did they, Janice?" said Duncan.

Janice snapped her head up, levering her shoulders off the gurney as she stared at the door. Her body screamed out in agony from the effort, but she pushed it back as she looked at the dark-haired man who entered the room.

Duncan looked almost exactly like the night she last saw him. He wore a suit and a button-down shirt. One hand rested in his pocket while the other closed the door behind him. "Good evening," he said in a casual tone. "You know, you haven't come to work in a few weeks. If we had actually hired you, I would have been forced to fire you."

He came around. With his free hand, he ran his fingertips along the side of her body. The touch was electric, heated and slick. He ran up over the curve of her hip before tracing the glued junction of metal and her flesh.

She watched him, her chest moving and stomach tensing. She clenched down on her inner walls, afraid of what was going to happen but knowing that he was going to be raping her soon.

Duncan came around and cupped her mons. "If you are curious what happened, this was planned from the beginning. I never filed your paperwork and your paychecks came from a shell company. As far as anyone is concerned, you were jobless when you disappeared."

He chuckled and ran his finger up and down her slit. His thick fingers were firm as he parted her labia and stroked against her clitoris. "Actually, it looks like there was no signs of break-in either." He stopped to wink at her. "There is an advantage of paying everyone in the sheriff's department ten thousand dollars."

His finger circled her clitoris. It was uncomfortable but there was still a faint memory of her attraction from earlier. Despite her horror, she felt it begin to harden.

Duncan smiled. “You were so beautiful when you sat down for that interview. You had a face I wanted to fuck for hours, just grab that head of yours, wrap that blonde hair around my fingers, and just rape your throat until you passed out.”

As he spoke, he used his finger to slid deeper into her body. She was getting moist despite the horror, it was a mix of his voice and the way he treated her before, it was as if her body couldn't tell the difference between her boss and the man who had kidnapped her.

“And the rest of your body,” he kissed his fingers and held out his fingers. “I knew that those men would pay thousands to fuck your girls. And at seven percent finder's fee, your genes are going to be making me a fuck load of money.”

She shook her head. It was only for the money? He had kidnapped her for a percentage of her babies? How could that be worth anything? It would take years of effort.

Duncan twisted his finger and slowly stroked it into her, opening her up. Her hips tried to pull away from him but there was nowhere to go as he slid in and out with slow, measured movement.

Then, he smiled. “I bet you're thinking about money now, right?”

With tears in her eyes, she nodded.

“Well, you're right. They tell those cunts between the ages of eight to sixteen. That's a long time. But then you have to realize there is also Mary, Madeline, Susan, Anna, the other Anna, the other Mary, and a third. Oh and Cheryl and...” he waved his hand dismissively. “Five percent of a hundred and nineteen wombs? Even waiting sixteen years at sixty thousand a sale comes out to almost a half million a year to basically just find beautiful women and outsource their kidnapping.”

She wanted to deny it but couldn't. Her throat refused to move. She concentrated on her lower muscles and strained to pull her hips away while pushing him out.

Duncan leaned into her, thrusting harder. His knuckles smacked wetly against her labia. His thick fingers speared deep into her pussy, driving into the tight opening that was growing wet with every stroke.

Janice desperately wanted to claw his eyes out, punch him in the chest, or even clamp her legs together. She strained to do any of that, but her body only writhed helplessly on the gurney.

Duncan grinned and added a second finger, pumping it in and out of her body with hard strokes.

To her horror, her body was responding and she felt the familiar tingle of pleasure and the dampness that clung to his fingertips. She picked up the faintest whiff of her pussy but it was faint like everything else.

“Don’t worry about this, you probably aren’t going to enjoy it but I’ve been thinking about your pretty little cunt for months now.”

Duncan pulled his fingers out of her pussy and sniffed them. He smiled before slipping off his suit jacket. After tossing it on the table, he began to strip down.

Janice couldn’t look away, he was the only thing in the room. Her eyes took in his muscular body as he quickly stripped. When he straightened, she stared at the dark patch of hair that surrounded a thick, swollen cock.

He was easily eight inches long with a large, bulbous head. The length throbbled with thick veins and his balls were almost the size of peaches.

If she wasn’t helplessly bound on a table, she would have loved to have that cock inside her. Instead, she could only silently sob as he finished stripping.

“I’d fuck your face but they already glued that shut. Oh well, the big part is getting that sweet little cunt wrapped around this rod.” He pumped his shaft a few times and held up his hand to show the pre-cum dripping from his fingers.

He stepped around her head. His cock swung to smack her in the face.

Janice leaned away, still sobbing.

“Oh, let me prop your head up.”

She tried to pull away as he shoved his clothes underneath her head but couldn’t. His fingers dug into the back of her head as lifted it up and shoved it there, forcing her up so she was able to look down at her now helpless body.

Her familiar breasts and the taut planes of her belly were still there. However, her hairless mound looked unnatural to her as did the two metal discs that were mounted into her hips. From her vantage point, she could see that they had large rings on them also.

The idea that she was going to be tied down or suspended in some manner in the near future. Her stomach clenched with horror.

Duncan came around, his hand trailing over her body. He stopped at her nipples, teasing them. They hardened despite her efforts. With a soft moan, he rolled them underneath his finger before he hefted her large breast. "So fucking beautiful."

He came around to her pussy. Grabbing his cock in one hand, he slid it up and down the length of her pussy.

Janice squirmed to escape the heated bulge rubbing against her clitoris. Her pussy was still slick and she knew it was only a matter of time and effort before he was seated inside her. She shook her head, pleading with her eyes.

Duncan smiled at her. He inched his cock forward and down, swirling around until the thick tip lodged itself into the entrance of her pussy. When he released it, it remained poised to violate her.

"I love this part."

He leaned over her trembling body. "Stop me, Janice, otherwise I'm going to rape you."

She shook her head.

"Come on, stop me. Close your legs, push me out, do something." He palmed her belly for a moment before reaching down to wrap his fingers on the two thick rings on her hip plates. She could feel the tight grip as he pulled her back and forced his cock deeper into her body.

He was huge. It felt swollen and about to explode.

Janice tried to push him out. The only muscles she had left her were inner ones. With all her might, she strained to tightened her pussy.

He let out a low moan and pulled his arms. The muscles bulged out as his cock sank deeper into her pussy, spearing her open and prying her open with a cock thicker than anything she had before.

She shook as she tried anything to stop her rape but couldn't.

He pulled back and drove harder into her body. His cock drove into her, slipping past her slick inner walls and burrowed deeper. With another thrust, he buried half of his cock into her hairless mound.

From her vantage point, she could see how the thick lips of her labia were strained around his shaft. With every inches that slid in and out, her own body traced the thick veins of his cock.

It quickly became apparent that her strained muscles were doing nothing to save her and everything to increase his pleasure. With a silent sob, she slumped and gave up.

He slammed his cock deep into pussy, slamming into the limits of her womb and smacking his balls against her labia. With a shudder he gasped. "So, fucking hot."

Janice sobbed with her violation, tears rolling down her cheeks as she felt the cock penetrating her completely. She had been broken, impaled, and speared on his cock.

Duncan grunted and gripped the rings tighter. He slammed his cock hard into her body before pulling out until his thick head rested in her entrance. And then drove into her again, pounding her body with hard, brutal strokes.

With every thrust, her entire body jerked violently. Rocking back and forth, she slid along his shaft. Every thrust sent shameful waves of pleasure and humiliation coursing through her veins.

Duncan groaned and fucked her harder, yanking back on her legs as much as he was thrusting forward. Each impact punched against her cervix, the heavy head swelling as it hammered against the gate to her defenseless—and fertile—womb.

Janice sobbed as she waited for the inevitable.

It came quickly. Duncan's cock swelled as he rammed it harder. Then there was a flood liquid head filling her body as he continued to hammer into her cunt. Squelching filled the room as he came in her, pumping her pussy with jet after jet of searing seed.

He strained to keep going, his pumping growing slower with every passing second. Then, he stopped, holding it deep inside her pussy. Sweat dripped from his face as he leaned forward. "Thirty years of profits and five minutes of fun."

His cock swelled.

"Completely worth it."

Janice's body shook as she knew that he could be making her pregnant now. The heated cum was already flooding her pussy, no doubt seeping into her womb and toward her eggs.

Duncan began to fuck her again, slower but no less deeply as he took his time to rape her pussy over and over again. Each time he came inside her, painting her insides with his sperm and increasing the chances she would become pregnant.

For an hour he raped her, coming inside her that it poured out from her pussy and formed a puddle that dripped on the floor.

Duncan moaned with pleasure as he finally withdrew his cock, the dripping length revealing a finally softening shaft. It dripped with the combined juices of their body as he backed away with a smile.

“A lot more than five minutes, huh? That late office night? Damn, I was thinking about this the entire time.”

Someone knocked at the door.

“Just a second,” Duncan said. He dressed quickly and then opened it.

Wasp stepped inside. He glanced at her for a moment and then gave an approving nod. “Have you enjoyed yourself?”

“Very much so.” Duncan smiled. “It was worth it.”

“Care to join me for dinner? I have a special treat for desert?”

“Oh?”

“Yes, a B-917-5.”

“B-917... Sarah?”

“Yes, a lovely sixteen year old that has spent her entire life being trained to suck and fuck. Ready to give her a spin? She is the first daughter from your first contribution to our little family.”

They spoke as they left, leaving Janice behind as nothing more than a used and soaked pussy.

The door shut behind them.

Janice sobbed silently as cum oozed out of her well-abused pussy.

t'Sade

Storage Five

12

Janice stared at the ceiling as she was pushed down a bright white hallway. In the time after Duncan had abandoned her in the room, the tears in her eyes had dried and the breeze of the gurney moving tickled the salt and pricked her skin.

Goose stopped for a moment and pressed a button.

“Goose!” it was a man coming up behind him.

“Diamondback.”

“Got a fresh one?” The dark-skinned speaker stopped next to Janice. She looked up as he peered down at her. His yellow scrubs were almost bright against his nearly black skin. He had a scrub of a beard and an easy smile. “Another Barbie?”

“She’s a keeper. Her sister... twin sister is a Cover Girl.”

“Nice. Taking her down to storage?” The man reached out and cupped Janice’s pussy. When his fingers squelched into Duncan’s cum, he pulled a face and wiped his hands along Janice’s belly.

“Scout just fucked her.” Goose smirked.

“Could have fucking warned me.”

“Could have fucking asked.”

“I’d say screw you but I just passed Crane who seems to be in a good mood. Everyone knows she has a hots for you.”

Goose’s smile grew wider. “Oh, the things I will never tell.”

Diamondback’s eyes widened and then he slapped Goose on the shoulder. “Congratulations, man. I know you’ve been chasing that poisonous cunt for months. Your dick burn off yet?”

A bell rang out.

“Come on, I’ll come down with you,” said Diamondback.

They chatted as they pushed Janice into the elevator.

Janice trembled as they talked over her as if she wasn't there. No, they were speaking as if she was nothing more than a box or some device. Some of the numbness that came after her rape cracked and tears burned in her eyes. She twisted helplessly.

Some of Duncan's cum dribbles out of her exposed pussy. There was nothing she could do to stop it as it dripped off her buttocks.

The elevator rang out again.

"Well, see ya, man. First round on me?" asked Diamondback.

"Second on me." Goose gave him a slap on the shoulder before reaching down. He grabbed a pair of ear protectors and pulled them on.

Diamondback did the same with a pair on his belt. Together, they walked and pushed Janice down a narrow white hallway.

The whine of machinery rose up around them. It sounded like metal whooshing back and forth, along with mechanical thumps that shook the ground.

Afraid, Janice peered around as Goose pushed her down a bright white hallway. Janice lifted her head to look past her naked, helpless body at the doors that had warning lights and notices plastered on every surface. Above the door was foreboding words stenciled into the paint: Storage Five.

The gurney shook as it pushed the doors open and then she found herself in a long, massive room. Only ten feet across at most, it looked to be thirty feet high and easily a hundred feet long. Both sides of the room were covered in a tight grid of black squares.

Down the entire length of the room were suspended cranes rushing back and forth. All of them ran along tracks near the ceiling but they had two thick chains dangling from each carriage. Most of the chains were attached to long black rectangles that swung with the rapid speed.

Her eyes widened as she spotted more machines coming up from the bottom. They were on greasy-looking hydraulics with a platform on top and some sort of machine at the end. As she watched, one of them lifted up to the wall and pressed against it. The device on top, swung to bump against the wall and then pulled back, sliding one of the black monoliths from a slot. It rotated perpendicular to the wall just as a crane came to a stop behind it. It lifted as the crane lowered and there was a powerful thunk as the chains snapped into place.

When the platform lowered, the black object was attached to the crane which brought it closer.

There was an elegant efficiency in how the hydraulic platforms gave and took the black rectangles to the cranes which pushed back and forth. From her vantage point, it didn't look like anything stopped for even a second. Everything moved and her stomach grew ill with motion sickness and nausea.

Then the noise assaulted her. All the machines were whining and screeching. The clink of chains and the thud of impacts shook the ground. It hurt her ears but Goose made no effort to give her a pair of ear protectors.

Without a word, he pushed her to one of two enclosed rooms at the edge of the machines.

Diamondback took stairs to a second floor of similar rooms. He waved to Goose before entering one where there was already a pair of yellow scrubbed men working around a black rectangle that had just been delivered.

When the doors of the room closed, she was plunged into silence. With a twist, she blinked past the tears.

"You're late," muttered a man in purple scrubs. He had a name stenciled on his scrubs: Pine.

"Not my fault, Pine. She's a red flag. Scout just finished with her. Carefully, her cunt is soaked."

"Whatever. Shove her into place."

Janice trembled as she was centered in the room. Above her were more cameras that gleamed as they stared down at her. She could imagine hundreds of men staring at her as her naked, helpless body was presented to the bright lights.

"Bringing down the frame," said Pine.

A large metal frame, about three feet across and six feet long came down from near the ceiling. It easily threaded past the lights and other devices that hung into place. What terrified her was the four hooks that were mounted on the inside. They were exactly lined up to the large rings of her shoulders and hips.

She twisted in fear as the metal sank into place around her, just outside of the padded clamps. One of the hooks scraped against the ring on her shoulder, sending vibrations and fear coursing through her helpless frame.

Goose and Pine worked together, twisting and moving her body until she was caught by all four.

A pressure toggled at her, straining her joints as the hooks retracted slightly.

“Okay, bring up the frame.”

And then she was lifted off the gurney. Her weight settled onto the four joints and sparks of pain flashed through her body. She shook and tried to pull back.

“All right, you get the bottom half while I’ll hook up the top.”

Pine grabbed the two hoses sticking out of her mouth and connected them to hoses that ran near one of the hooks by her shoulder.

Goose worked his way to the bottom, pushing the gurney out of the room as he did. There was a wave of noise and then silence when the door automatically closed. He reached down and picked up a chain. Pulling it back, he dragged something underneath her. It rolled on metal casters but she couldn’t turn her head to look at it.

When he straightened, he was holding a thick bundle of hoses. A cruel smile painted across his face as he held up the end that had a black dildo attached to the end of the hoses. “Guess where this goes?”

She shook her head, her racing starting to beat in her ears. There were only two places it could go. Her sphincter tightened in reflexive terror.

“I hope you like anal.”

He shoved the dildo into a can and it came out glistening with lubrication. Without ceremony, he reached over the frame and worked the tip up between her spread-apart buttocks. With his other hand, he guided it to her asshole and pushed his finger into the tight opening.

Tears burned in her eyes as she tried to cry out. His fingers were cruel but with his strength and the lubrication that covered his finger, there was no way she could stop him as he pumped his finger into her tight passage.

It hurt, but it was more of the cruel violation than anything else. She had anal sex more than once, but nothing so quick.

Her body shuddered as he plunged deep before shoving a second finger. Her hips pushed up with his pressure, the tight opening resisting the dual intruders.

He grinned and rammed his finger violently into her asshole, twisting a few times before popping it out. Then he brought the dildo up and worked it into the opening.

Compared to his rough fingers, the smooth end of the dildo was almost pleasurable as it sank into her rectum, filling her with an uncomfortable pressure. It stopped at a thick ring.

She squirmed in discomfort but was thankful that it wasn't his fingers raping her ass.

Goose winked.

Then the dildo started to inflate. It was just a ball at the end, right inside her sphincter, but it was almost immediately painful as it stuffed the end of her ass with steady pressure.

When he pulled his hand back, it remained firmly in place. "And now guess what this does?"

Janice shook her head.

Goose wiped his hands and pressed a button labeled "Flush." Immediately, warm water sprayed into her ass, coating her insides with tingling fluid.

She squirmed even more violently as she was helpless to stop the water from pumping into her ass, filling her rectum and slowly working its way up her intestines as her body began to cramp.

"Hold still," snapped Pine as he finished attaching something to the catheter in her neck. "I get dinged if I have to use sedative. That shit's expensive."

"Just flushing out her pooper." Goose grinned and fumbled with another set of hoses.

Janice squirmed helplessly, her heart pounding in her chest from the discomfort. Her belly was already swelling, the flat plane swelling out right above her pubis.

Goose draped another hose, another one with a dildo-like end, over the edge of the frame. He started to reach out for her, but then pulled a face. "Fucking Stallion."

Turning around he found some damp clothes and wiped off her pussy. His finger dug into her opening, stretching it open and

rubbing against her clitoris. His eyes focused on her as he stroked her back and forth, teasing the little fold of pleasure into hardness.

There was no chance she would orgasm in her situation, but she hoped he was trying to give her some comfort.

He pulled away after a second. Picking up the dildo, he brandished it before dipping it into the pop of lubrication. “You know what is coming down this hose, Barbie? Lots of little Kens. That’s what we have those pussy boys in there for, each one being milked for cum. We strip out all the boys and then squirt some girl sperms into your pussy every hour until you finally get knocked up.”

Janice’s trembling grew more violent. She shook her head violently as Goose lined up the dildo and impaled her on it. Like the one violating her ass, a large flange stopped it from sliding all the way in.

He held it in place before triggering the base to inflate. It spread out inside her pubis, locking the dildo around the swell of her bones and ground against her g-spot.

A wave of pain rose from her water-filled intestines. Her belly was swollen with the hot liquid that filled her.

With a click, the dildo in her ass began to suck it out of her. It was almost a relief to feel the pressure fading.

Goose carefully lined up the hoses along the metal frame and then used strips of Velcro to bind them from the metal. He stepped back with a grin.

A click vibrated inside her pussy and she felt a squirt of hot liquid spray inside her depths. It was sperm, a single injection to ensure that sooner or later, she would be pregnant no matter what she did.

“Okay, she’s hooked up.”

Pine grunted. “Vitals are in, drug feed in place. Yeah, we’re ready.”

He stepped back and pressed a button.

With a whine of motors, the metal frame—and her helpless body attached to it—lowered and she found herself being dropped into one of the long black containers. A soft cushion caught underneath her body, cradling her and reliving some of the pressure of supporting her weight on the four recently embedded hooks.

She caught sight of the hoses that were violating her pussy and ass were attached to the inside of the container.

The frame clicked into place.

Her body shuddered with the impact. She was surrounded by black except for the white ceiling above her.

The always-present cameras stared down at her as Goose and Pine loomed over her.

“See you later, Barbie,” Goose said.

“Yeah right, you won’t remember this cunt after tomorrow.”

There was a strange look on Goose’s face. Then he pulled back and closed the lid.

Janice silently screamed in terror as all the sound and light disappeared, plunging her into a hell of pitch-dark silence. She twisted back and forth, straining her limbs but she couldn’t free herself from the hooks that pinned in her in place.

A hiss filled the air.

At first, she thought it was a broken hose but then she realized it was coming from speakers near her ears. It was a white noise generator.

The sensation of movement caught her body. She felt her breasts quivering as her coffin of terror was picked up. She was going to be put into one of those slots in the wall. One of thousands of trapped women.

The hose in her pussy clicked and she felt another squirt of hot cum spray into her depths.

She let out a sob as claustrophobia and terror clutched her heart.

t'Sade

Terror

13

Janice would have long lost the ability to scream as she twisted helplessly in the darkness. She couldn't hear anything besides the static white-noise generator. There was no entertainment, only the flashes that burst in the back of her eyes. She wasn't even sure if her eyes were open or close, she couldn't touch or do anything.

The only constant was the occasional click of cum being injected into her pussy or the flush of her rectum by the hoses violating her asshole.

There wasn't even the pleasure of taking a deep breath, the oxygen hose in her lungs ensured that she would remain though her body kept trying to inhale, it felt like she was suffocating but she couldn't stop it.

She shook and clenched her body, tugging on her hooks as her body remained in the still air.

What was happening, how could they do this? How could her future had become this.

The only answer was another squirt of cum into her pussy.

t'Sade

The Light

14

The sensation of movement was the only warning that the pattern would change. She had no sense of time, no sense of anything but when she felt her body shifting back and forth, both hope and despair filled her.

Her coffin stopped moving.

She hoped her eyes were closed by the time the top opened and light flooded inside. It burned, more than she thought possible. Her eyes didn't seem to adjust quickly as she felt hands reach in.

It was the same thing every time. One person would hose her off with cold water with one hand and a wash rag with the other. There was no compassion or help as they worked their fingers into every crevice.

Another set of hands pulled the dildos out of her body, inspect her holes, and then shove them back in. The wet slurp of lubrication sent a shudder.

Just as the dildo was rammed back into her ass, a man's voice spoke up. "Hold on, she's pregnant now. Switch to the pregnancy protocol."

Her heart fluttered as she took in the news. She was pregnant? What would change? How could they handle her in this position?

"Okay," said another strange voice. "I'll switch."

She tried to look toward them, but her eyes weren't focusing. She couldn't tell how many times they had pulled her out and did this, but every time it took longer for her eyes to adjust.

Fingers shoved into her pussy for a moment. They were lubricated. For a moment, she wondered if they were going to just shove the impregnation hose back into her.

The thick dildo slide into her pussy with a smack. A moment later, it inflated into place, pinning it firmly in her body as the thick girth stretched almost clear to her cervix.

“Okay, probe is in.”

“Flip and we’re done.”

The frame flipped over and she was pressed face-down on the cushion. Her body ached with the change of position.

Then thankful darkness surrounded her. The lid of her coffin was latched as she was carried away.

Nothing changed, she was still just a body inside a container. She pressed her face against the cushion and let out a quiet sob.

Pregnancy Pains

15

Janice squirmed in pain. Her stomach felt like an overripe watermelon about to burst. Every time she started to doze to sleep, the baby inside her would kick and she would be startled awake. Tears ran down her cheeks as she was forced to suffer in silent.

A wave of pain rose up, a contraction. They had been happening for as long as she could remember, which wasn't long anymore without any idea of time passing or anything else. She didn't even have the comforting click of the impregnation hose. It was just her and her body, twisting back and forth as she suffered.

She had to be close to giving birth. Over the last few months, her body had gotten heavier but the constant tension on her shoulders and hips made it impossible to tell how much.

The baby kicked.

She shook her head, working her raw lips over her glued-together teeth. Her nether muscles clenched over the dildos inside her. It didn't matter how much she clamped down, there was no call for help, no request for anything.

With a shudder coursing through her body, she felt the next contraction coming. It was a wave of pain that clutched her insides and sent her pulse racing. She sobbed silently as she could not even scream as the pain rose into agony.

Something trilled.

She froze at the unexpected sound. She thought she had heard it once before.

Another trill.

Then a warmth spread out from her neck. It seemed to trace along her blood vessels to warm her skin and tingle her breasts. The

heat crept up her neck to envelop her cheeks and scalp. She felt the prickle of sweat forming across her brow.

For a brief, blissful moment, the pain of her contractions faded. And then then she lost track of everything.

Another Round

16

Light burned her vision. She jerked her head away but there was nowhere she could turn to avoid the light.

“Hello, beautiful.” It was Goose.

His hand stroked her breasts, teasing around the cups that were attached to her nipples. The ratcheting suction pumped with the beat of tiny hammers, tugging and pulling her nipples into the cups as they sucked out the spray of milk that squirmed from her body.

He reached up and stroked her cheek before moving his hand down. “Sorry I missed the last time, I was stupid for brawling. But I got my chance this year.”

This year? Janice frowned, or tried to frown. She couldn’t see. The human touch was hard to miss, it felt like a god-send to her, a brief moment of pleasure from the hard, cruel horror that she had been subjected to.

His fingertips slid along her belly. She wondered if it was still flat but when he touched some sort of seam, she froze in confusion. Crane ran his fingertips along it, tracing the seam with his fingernails. The soft click of nails on metal ran down from above her belly button clear down to her pubis. His caress caught on something heavy before he moved to trace on finger up and down her mons.

Pleasure, the faintest whisper but more than anything she had felt before, coursed through her body. She shuddered at the sensation, she had forgotten how pleasure sang through her body.

He traced his finger along her slick which quickly grew slick with her desperate need.

She lifted herself to him, blindly trying to keep his fingers against her skin as she drank in the almost forgotten sensations.

Goose chuckled. "Missed my cock?"

She couldn't answer, not with words. She lifted her hips, moving up and down the only inch of movement she had from the tight hooks that kept her pinned into her frame.

"Well, I missed this pussy. Two years is a long time."

Janice froze. Two years? Has it been two years since she had been in her coffin for years? It was impossible to tell, there was no sensation of time or seasons with her life anymore. She vaguely remembered being pregnant at least twice, or was it three times? It was hard to tell even when they pulled her out to wipe her down and rotate her.

He worked a finger into her pussy, sliding it back and forth almost gently. To her surprise, even her anal cleaner had been removed keeping her completely free of anything.

"Want to feel good?"

She tried to work her lips but they were numb. She couldn't feel them anymore.

With all her effort, she lifted and lowered her head. She couldn't even tell if she did that. Her eyes weren't seeing anymore, just the glare of light that burned painfully in the back of her skull.

Goose's breath was deep as he pumped his fingers into her pussy, working one and then two into it.

She grew slick with need.

When he replaced hand with his cock, she shuddered with need.

He easily slid into her, burying his hot, hard length into her tight opening. His balls smacked against her skin and he throbbed deep inside.

Janice shivered with delight. It was exciting to have a living being inside her. A real living being, not some machine.

Goose didn't hesitate to start pumping, driving his cock into her with slow but rapidly increasing strength. With every thrust, her body was tugged against her hooks, straining her joints as he pounded into her cunt with long, deep strokes.

Janice tightened her pussy, clenching one of the few muscles she was capable of moving.

“Oh, yes, baby.” One hand clamped above her hip as the other grabbed the ring at her hip. His cock surged thickly as he drove into her harder and faster.

He was going to cum. Janice screwed down her muscles as tightly as she could, giving him as much pleasure as he slammed into her.

Goose grunted and then came inside, hot cum painting her insides with blissful ecstasy.

A shiver of an orgasm, long forgotten rose up and sparkled along her senses. She would have sobbed with relief, if she was able to. Instead, she could only tighten her muscles around his cock as he held it there.

When his shaft softened, he pulled out. He leaned over her, the wet slimy length pressed against her thigh. “I only have a few minutes, you want me to fuck your ass?”

Desperate not to lose the only human contact, she nodded.

His cock grew harder and he slipped the wet member into her stretched opening. It thickened as he shoved it deep into her body.

She closed her eyes with pleasure, her senses focused on the pleasure of the ridged shaft caressing against her anal ring. It felt good. It felt. It was sensation, a living human touch.

Tears ran down her cheeks with relief as he pumped hard and fast, coming quickly inside her. It was only a matter of seconds but it didn't matter, it would last long enough to keep her thoughts warm until she drifted into a world of darkness and insanity.

When he pulled out, it was too soon. With a sigh, he patted her belly. “I'm sorry, time's up. Ready to work on baby eight?”

Janice froze again. Eight? She had been impregnated seven times already? What had happened to her world? What had happened to her sanity? She couldn't remember anything anymore, she was nothing to these people but she couldn't imagine drifting in a hell that would never end.

Goose fitted the anal and vaginal dildos into place. He tapped them one before the top one clicked, spraying her with a fresh jet of cum into her frequently fucked pussy.

He wiped her crotch and then up to her face.

She opened her eyes to see a vague image of his face.

“See you next year, I promise. Right after you give birth.”

And then darkness.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

About the Publisher

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