



HER SHAMEFUL
Education

EMILY TILTON

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Tilton, Emily

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This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults.

CHAPTER 1



*R*enee

My new owner fucked me in front of the entire audience at the auction, after his bid of twelve and a half million dollars had proven the highest. Two enormous screens showed different angles on his enjoyment of his new property. The images on them came from AI-controlled micro-drone cameras, capable of getting into very tight places and thus of showing the most shameful, forbidden views of the scene taking place on the auction stage.

Thirty or so of the global corporate elite, tuxedoed men mostly but with a few haute-couture-clad women mixed in, had the honor of watching my owner's first use of his new nineteen-year-old bed girl. That lewd spectacle represented a consolation prize of sorts, for the victory he—Hendryk Vanderbruggen, one of the Selecta Corporation's sizable but nevertheless extremely exclusive cadre of senior vice presidents—had just won over them. Despite their best efforts to acquire me, to have the right to penetrate my pussy, mouth, and anus whenever and however they liked, Master Hendryk now had that right instead of them.

He had purchased me from the world's foremost trainer of concubines, the facility so renowned among the dominant elite, and yet so hidden from the vast majority of their well-controlled, obedient consumers, that it was known only as the

Institute. The auction had featured five concubines in all, and I had come last on the bill.

Each of the other girls sold to the highest bidder that night—including two sets of paired concubines who looked enough alike to be sisters but had never met before arriving at the Institute—sat in the audience as well, by that point. As the hammer fell on Master Hendryk's winning bid, I could see them, girls I had trained with in the Institute's shameful classes and tutorials there, watching the same humiliation befall me as had just befallen them.

Some of them still wore the Institute's 'uniform': a silky babydoll nightgown in a color that indicated whether a girl had received fucking or discipline that day. Others had had it stripped away by their new owners as they too had undergone his or her first use of them on stage, just as I would, now that Master Hendryk had purchased me.

They sat upon their masters' and mistresses' laps, or they knelt on the floor, or they lay upended over their new owners' knees, their bare, already red backsides receiving the sort of idle discipline some masters like to bestow. One of the seated ones, a blonde named Kara, gazed back at me, her face as pink as mine. The kneeling ones had been given other duties, for the most part; I watched their heads, held in their owners' hands, going up and down as they gave the service of their mouths.

One newly acquired concubine, a friend of mine named Martha, had her face forcibly pressed against the furry pussy of a beautiful middle-aged woman in a gold lamé micro dress that she had hiked up to her hips. I saw the beautifully manicured, gold-painted nails of the domme moving in her new bed girl's raven-dark hair as she was made to perform the degrading duty. I could see from the little movements of her head that Martha was licking frantically at her mistress' clit, laid open to her just purchased fuck toy's submissive mouth by the shameless draping of her right knee over the arm of the leather-upholstered chair; half an hour earlier the gorgeous billionaire had worn an ivory strap-on to claim Martha as her own.

Another girl, a honey blonde named Deirdre whom I liked immensely but hadn't really had the chance to get to know, had her face turned to the floor. She sobbed as her master spanked her bare backside, pausing every now and then to pull apart the two glowing halves of her rear to inspect her tiny, no-longer-virgin anus. He had come fifteen minutes before, after a long, triumphant ride that had made Deirdre cry out with discomfort again and again. The contrast between his black-and-white tuxedoed body and her pale, bare flesh—all except for her painfully rosy bottom—made me feel faint. The sharp, too-familiar noises drifted to my ears where I stood on the stage.

He, a handsome older man with gray hair at his temples, had stripped away Deirdre's nightgown before he had fucked her on stage. As soon as he had gotten back in the audience with her, he had upended her and immobilized her little bottom with his right leg over her knees and his left hand on her back. Then he had begun spanking her at a slow but steady pace. The girl had done nothing wrong, of course. She had merely had the misfortune to be purchased by a man who liked to spank a pretty bottom.

I had focused on my fellow concubines as I heard my own sale taking place. I had tried not to think about what it meant that *I* stood on the stage, with my own price going up into the millions and then the tens of millions.

“Get on the horse, please, Renee,” said Miss Charlotte, the academic dean of the Institute. Her voice, subtly amplified by a nearly invisible microphone, carried through the whole room. Watching from the back of that gorgeously furnished salon, the ceremonial heart of the Institute, I had heard her say the same thing to the other girls sold tonight, before they had received their own first fuckings.

I had seen them obey, just as we had all learned to obey in the classrooms and masters' training rooms. I had watched on the screens, unable to turn away or close my eyes, as the fabulously wealthy men and women of the dominant corporate elite had claimed their new sexual servants with their cocks or in two cases their strap-on phalluses.

My turn, I thought numbly. The man who had just paid so much money for me had stood up from his armchair. *That's my master. Master...* I tried to remember the name Miss Charlotte had spoken when she had hammered down the sale. Then I remembered that I could see it displayed in two-foot high letters on the screens that would soon show the audience my sexual submission.

The fucking of Renee by her new master, Hendryk Vanderbruggen, said the golden titles, as the tall, elegantly dressed man walked toward the stage. I noted, through the welter of strong emotions that the brief numbness of shock had covered over, that he seemed to wear his tuxedo even better than the vast majority of the corporate magnates here at the Institute this evening for the auction of trained concubines. *European tailoring*, I thought. *Is he Dutch?*

The layer of nothing, of no feeling, that had lain over my emotions started to dissipate. More anxiety and more helpless, wanton arousal took hold of me with every step of Master Hendryk's gleaming black shoes.

I glanced over at the screen on the right, away from my approaching master and from Miss Charlotte, who stood at the podium stage left. I stood center stage, of course.

The horse stood right behind me.

On the screen I saw a close-up of Master Hendryk, the man who owned me as of a minute ago. Tall, blond, frighteningly handsome. Definitely Dutch-looking, anyway. The corners of his mouth curled in an upward direction, but his blue eyes narrowed a little as he looked at me, standing still when I should be obeying the dean's instructions. The command to turn and mount the horse, for his first use of me, hung unfulfilled in the air like a threatening cloud.

Miss Charlotte said, a patient smile in her voice, "Renee, sweetie, go ahead and get up on the horse for your new master." I looked over at the beautiful blonde woman, clad in a white evening dress that reminded the beholder of the babydoll nightgown her bed-girls-in-training wore, my eyes wide with alarm. I should have been ready, of course; Master G had

trained me very thoroughly in every shameful duty my owner would expect from me—save one. In accordance with the Institute’s long tradition, he had told me, my virgin anus had been reserved for my owner’s use alone.

The dean looked from me out to the audience.

“Renee is a good girl,” she told them, her eyes beginning with my new master and then passing over the whole of the room. “But of course she’s anxious. Master G, would you come up and help her onto the horse, please?”

The sounds of Deirdre’s ongoing spanking echoed through the hush that followed: her owner’s firm hand coming down on her rosy bottom, her cry of pain. I couldn’t look either at Master Hendryk or at Master G as they approached the stage; I found I could only look at Deirdre’s punished backside, and I saw her owner thrust his hand between her thighs, his thumb pressed between the fiery red cheeks. I watched her back arch, heard her sob of helpless arousal.

Master G had stepped onto the stage. He stood, suddenly, on my left side. He took me gently by the elbow.

“Renee,” he growled, bending down to speak right into my ear, “remember what I taught you. Breathe.”

He turned me toward the horse. A bench, really, with a black padded top above a polished wooden frame, and similar surfaces for knees and elbows to either side. Leather straps, for times when a master wanted or had to secure a girl in place for discipline and use. None of the girls who had preceded me under the auction hammer had required restraint. I hadn’t thought I would either, but Miss Charlotte had told all of us at the beginning of the evening that she wouldn’t hesitate to have our training masters strap us to the horse if necessary. Our submission to the men and women who would purchase us would take place whether we liked it or not.

Master G, in his crimson master’s robe, his huge manhood exposed and swaying menacingly between his thighs, propelled me up one of the three steps it would take to bring me to the horse.

I tried to figure out why I hadn't obeyed Miss Charlotte immediately. I was indeed a good girl—an *angel*, as they called us at the Institute, as opposed to a *brat*, the other kind of bed girl. Once Master G had shown me how much pleasure came with obedience—and how much pain with disobedience—I had done my best to obey him. He had had to whip me only three times, each one for forgetting a lesson about the formal protocol of a concubine's service.

All the other girls in my training group had received much more frequent punishments, often for reluctance or even resistance to our master's more shameful commands. Martha, the girl who now worked so hard to please her new mistress' pussy, had received a terrible paddling over Master G's horse just a few days ago. Her offense had been that she had put on a sour expression at his command to bury her face in my bottom and prepare my anus for the butt plug Miss Charlotte had made me wear to widen me for my future owner.

Master G urged me forward another step. I looked anxiously over my right shoulder, because I suddenly needed to see him—not my future owner any longer, but my actual owner.

Master Hendryk.

He stood looking at me, his eyes narrow and his mouth set hard. With a rush of heat to my face, I started to understand why I hadn't immediately obeyed Miss Charlotte's command, the way that she, and Master G, and the audience—and I myself—had expected I would.

When the Institute's recruiters had collected me from the youth center and made me strip naked in the van... when they had flown me on a private jet with three other girls all the way to the west coast, all of us nude and two of the others bearing bruised bottom-cheeks that told a tale of defiance overcome... when they had brought us to the grand foyer of the Institute and fucked us there in front of our fellow concubines-in-training, faces to our yoga mats and asses in the air... during all of that, I had known that my degrading training, my new life as a sexual servant, had unfolded according to a definite program.

I had believed what Miss Charlotte had told us that first day: that we would live very happily and very comfortably if we obeyed the instincts our bodies already had. That the Selecta Corporation knew without our telling them anything, that we belonged at the Institute, where we could learn to benefit from our bodies' darkest needs and desires.

That at the end of our training we would become the property of wealthy dominants, for at least a year, but after that we would have all the money we needed to make a happy life even in this troubled world.

I still believed it, but... I didn't know this Hendryk Vanderbruggen. I didn't want to serve *him*: I had obeyed the Institute's program, but my heart quailed and my cheeks burned at the idea of serving this man, of belonging to him.

My feet stopped moving. Master G had to draw me the final step to the horse. I heard him say to Miss Charlotte, "I think we'll have to strap her to the horse. Mr. Vanderbruggen should probably whip her, too, for reluctance, before he uses her."

CHAPTER 2



*R*enee

“No,” I sobbed, tears coming instantly to my eyes. “Master, no... please...”

I turned my face over my other shoulder to try to look up into his dark eyes.

“Get on the horse, Renee,” he told me, his face pitiless. The idea that my training master, the man who had taught me so much and given me so much pleasure—had *unlocked* so much pleasure, really, inside my body... that Master G felt disappointment in me... brought a sob of repentance up from deep in my chest.

“I’m sorry, Master,” I said. “I... I just...”

But my training master had had enough of my protests. He shifted me effortlessly over in front of his enormous, muscular body so that he could take my upper arm in his left hand and thrust his right roughly between my legs. He picked me up in that utterly degrading way, seizing my pussy in his strong grip as I gave a cry of fear and discomfort and picking me up off the stage as if I were as light as a feather.

He clearly didn’t care that I had no idea why I had hesitated when Miss Charlotte had instructed me to mount the horse for my fucking. Or maybe he did, I thought wildly, but he knew, as he had always seemed to know, what I needed better than I did myself.

But I don't need a whipping! I thought desperately.

“You need to apologize to your owner, Renee, not me,” Master G said, his voice so severe that a thrill of panic traveled up my spine.

As he placed me on the horse, still struggling out of sheer fight-or-flight instinct, I twisted my head wildly around to try to get a look at the man in the tuxedo who had just stepped onto the stage.

Mr. Vanderbruggen... Master... Master Hendryk.

His face wore the same stern expression it had the last time I had managed to look at him, but I saw something more in his eyes that made my heart jump—the same dark light as I had seen in the eyes of the man who had bought Deirdre. My new owner liked to punish young women. He liked it very much.

“Master,” I cried, feeling the tears of fear trickle down my cheeks. “I’m sorry... please...”

Master G held me down atop the horse, while Miss Charlotte began to fasten the straps. Like a consummate show-woman she kept up a kind of patter with the audience to cover over the awkward silence I had created with my unexpected misbehavior.

“Mr. Vanderbruggen already has one of Selecta’s newest cutting-edge products at home, ladies and gentlemen,” she said as she tightened the belt around my waist, pinioning me to the padded surface. The words seemed so unexpected that I found myself relaxing my tense, resistant muscles a little as I tried to figure out what they meant.

“I know he won’t mind my telling you about it, because it’s good corporate marketing—right, Mr. Vanderbruggen?”

Despite myself I tried to get a look at my owner over my left shoulder, but Master G’s solid form blocked my view of him entirely. I heard a chuckle and then a clear, deep masculine voice say, in unaccented English, “Of course not, Miss Charlotte.”

“Thanks,” said the dean, finishing buckling the strap around my right ankle. “If you’d like to whip Renee, by the way,

please feel free to choose any implement from the rack next to the podium.”

No other girl had gotten punished on stage before her fucking. A wave of heat traveled up from my chest and into my face, so strong I thought I might actually have started to glow.

Miss Charlotte continued her flow seamlessly as she started to buckle the wrist strap on her side of the bench. Master G, on my other side, had just fastened the one around my left ankle. I heard a low whimper come from my throat at the sensation. My limbs moved of their own accord, squirming as if to make certain they had bound me entirely fast, and had actually secured me beyond the possibility of escape.

Master G had never had to strap me down before, even for punishment. At the Institute, I had learned, as one of my very first lessons, about what Miss Charlotte and the trainers called ‘the chain of the heart.’ A bed girl must understand, they had taught me, that if she resists her master’s correction of her faults she will only earn further correction.

She must learn to submit her body—her backside above all, but also her mouth, her breasts, her pussy, and whatever other part of her that her master decides to discipline. She must furnish them without hesitation or question, and she must receive what her master bestows in gratitude for the lesson he has meted out for the purpose of improving her in sexual service.

I had imagined the feeling over and over, of course, but I had never actually felt it: the leather tight around my waist, my wrists, and my ankles. My chest filled with panic as I squirmed and felt myself entirely restrained. To my dismay, though, the sensation of bondage sent need surging through the places down below my fluttering tummy. I swallowed hard as I felt the heat between my thighs, the arousal Master G had brought there so many times as he taught me about my shameful new life as the indentured bed girl of a wealthy man—the wealthy man who now stood behind me, surely holding something terrible that I couldn’t see.

That too—the idea of the tall, elegant blond man in the tuxedo holding a paddle... or a strap... or even a cane... it made me clench as hard as I had ever clenched under Master G's gentle, knowing hand. Miss Charlotte had buckled the belt over my white nightgown, and its skirt still covered me, back there. The anticipation of Master Hendryk's hand lifting the hem to uncover the most intimate, embarrassing parts of me... the places that from now on he would use exactly as he chose... made me bite my lip and make little kittenish whining noises with each breath I exhaled through my nostrils.

Breathe. I tried to do it the way Master G had taught me, in through my nose and out through my mouth.

I had never expected that the most important thing I would learn at bed girl school would be how to breathe. Very frequently during my training, though, Master G's simple lessons in taking air in, holding it inside, and then letting it out had seemed to work miracles for both my body and my mind.

“Breathing mindfully creates little moments for self-acceptance,” he had told us, over and over, as we, his training group, sat kneeling before him on the mats with our names on them. “I want you to remember with each mindful breath that you would not be here if you did not belong here.”

I realized that I had been panting for the last minute or so—that I had actually come close to hyperventilating. I opened my mouth and let out a long breath that way, trying to empty my lungs. then I tried to take in the air I needed slowly through my nostrils, feeling them flare with the effort, fighting the flash of irrational panic that I wouldn't get enough oxygen.

With my inhalation came a warmth in my chest, a wave of helpless affection for Master G. I loved him, because he had taken such care of me, even if the care had involved more shame and discomfort than I had ever imagined my body could feel—as well as more pleasure. I wasn't *in* love with him. I told myself that he simply scared me too much, though really I didn't feel any fear of him now. The thought of leaving him, of leaving Miss Charlotte and the Institute itself, filled me with even more fear than the idea of his disappointment in me and its painful consequences.

As I took that breath, and found inside myself a tiny bit more clarity as to my thoughts and feelings, the world had seemed to slow around me. I remembered Master G talking about that, too: about how mindful breathing could help so much with panic, simply by making things happen at a pace easier for the mind to deal with. A way to hack your nervous system, he had called it.

To my surprise, Miss Charlotte said something that intersected oddly with that idea, of hacking your body's systems.

“Mr. Vanderbruggen,” she continued, “is one of the first owners of an artificially intelligent concubine.”

I had just started to let out my first mindful breath, from my diaphragm, through my mouth. I stopped involuntarily and the exhaling action changed to a sharp inhaling one. I felt the alarm rise inside me, but for a moment I couldn't seem to do anything about it.

An artificially intelligent concubine? For a strange instant I thought Miss Charlotte meant *me*—after all, Mr. Vanderbruggen had just purchased a bed girl for himself. How could I be *artificially intelligent*, though? Did it just mean I wasn't very smart? I felt my face go red—I definitely wasn't a genius or anything, but I'd done pretty well in school, after all.

The murmur that went through the audience at the dean's words, though, seemed to mean something else. I honestly wouldn't have expected these billionaires and trillionaires to murmur at anything at all: they seemed so well-heeled that the end of the world wouldn't faze them—they'd just get in their escape pods or something and go off to another one, where they'd built their fifth vacation home or something.

“Selecta's AI concubine,” Miss Charlotte continued, “is currently only being marketed by invitation, so of course Mr. Vanderbruggen had an advantage there.”

It wasn't me. AI, like in the movies. My eyes went wide. Like, a sexbot?

Miss Charlotte and Master G had finished binding me to the horse. They stepped back and to the side, stage right, to allow

the audience to watch as my new owner disciplined me.

“So,” the dean said, her voice conveying an air of finality that suggested Mr. Vanderbruggen had chosen his implement and stood ready to use it on me. “Renee will have another girl at home to help her please her master.”

I tried to take another mindful breath, but my body had other notions. Not meaning to in the slightest, I turned my face back over my left shoulder and saw him closer up than I had yet seen him—very much too close for comfort.

Yes, the man I must call Master Hendryk from now on was devastatingly handsome. His golden hair fell in loose curls around his square-jawed face. His blue eyes narrowed as he looked at me, and the smile that again curved his lips suggested that he knew how he frightened me, and liked knowing it.

My heart beat wildly, and mindful breaths became impossible, when I saw what he had in his right hand. A rattan cane, long and thin, its length resting on his left palm as he walked slowly closer.

Desperate, my brain tried to think through what Miss Charlotte had just said, as if it could offer me any help.

Another girl... but not a real girl? The question echoed through my mind—did he whip the AI concubine, too? Surely she must obey him without question, no matter how degrading or uncomfortable the duty Master Hendryk demanded of her.

But I had seen it in his eyes before, and I saw it now as he took a position right behind me but far enough to my left that he could maintain eye contact: my new owner liked to punish girls. Would he whip her, even though she *couldn't* disobey him? That thought sent a cold thrill of fear up my spine.

But why would he need me, if he had her? Couldn't he get his fill of whipping girls' bare bottoms with the help of a sexbot?

Of course not, my mind whispered, seeing the crazy logic even in my fear. *He's a wealthy man. He collects girls and he enjoys them as he pleases. He collected the AI girl, and he's collected*

me, and he'll undoubtedly punish us both whenever he feels like it.

“Hello, Renee,” Master Hendryk said, his tone calm and pleasant. “It’s nice to meet you. I’d say that I’m sorry I have to whip you before I fuck you for the first time, but I wouldn’t want you to get the wrong impression. I’m not sorry at all—as Candy, your new bed sister, would surely tell you.”

CHAPTER 3



*R*enee

Candy... your new bed sister...

Surely being a member of Master G's training group had prepared me for the kind of kinky polyamorous household so many of the Institute's clients maintained. I knew I would share my master with as many other girls as he wanted to fuck. I knew he would share *me* with as many other men and women as he chose to favor with the pleasures my body could afford. None of this had anything to do with monogamy, or romance in any traditional sense.

I had had to learn, as had most of my fellow concubines-in-training, that our needs had a much darker side to them than the brightly colored needs of the girls in the romcoms.

Candy. Something about her name seemed to evoke all those shows and movies I had watched at my educational facility—EF 8917, the corporate-sponsored school that had served as my darker version of the idyllic sunlit high schools where girls with nicknames like Boopsie and Buffy and Candy dated the quarterback or the handsome nerd or the bad boy in the leather jacket.

Candy, my new bed sister. The image of a peppermint candy cane floated into my mind, and I swallowed hard. *Striped with vivid red lines, just like my bottom is about to be.*

Candy: a sweet little morsel to be savored in its buyer's mouth.

Waiting at home... my new home... the home where Master Hendryk would bring me, after he had finished claiming me up here in front of this audience.

I felt all my training sliding away, out of my body and out of my mind. I couldn't bear to look at my new owner anymore; I closed my eyes and turned my face forward. From out in the audience I heard a moan that I thought must belong to Deirdre, as her master forced pleasure on her after her spanking.

Something had gone off track. I tried to retrace the events of the last few minutes, looking for some way to understand my responses to these things I had felt so sure I was ready for.

Miss Charlotte had struck the podium with the auctioneer's hammer. She had said, "Sold to Mr. Hendryk Vanderbruggen." She had told me to climb atop the horse, just as all the other girls had done for their own first fuckings by their new owners.

I had felt reluctant to mount the horse and, worse, I had shown that reluctance. Suddenly, belonging to the man who had placed the highest bid... leaving the Institute to go home with him so that I could serve in his bed for at least a year... had seemed a much scarier idea than it had been during my preparation for precisely that under Master G's firm hands.

Had I suddenly lost faith in everything the dean and my training master had told me about the Institute's safeguards, its hyper-careful screening of the wealthy men and women who purchased their luxury product? Had I gotten scared that my new master would harm me—whether physically or psychologically? That seemed the obvious explanation, but I knew it didn't actually account for what had just happened inside me.

To my dismay I heard the unmistakable creak of heavy masculine footsteps coming around to my left, downstage of the horse. I kept my eyes tightly closed, still trying to get hold of myself. I took a breath through my nose, but I had to open

my mouth halfway through because I felt sure I wouldn't get enough air, that I would faint from fear.

Fear of what?

Miss Charlotte's voice, over the perfectly balanced sound system, smoothly covered over the pause as Master Hendryk stepped around in front of me.

"Mr. Vanderbruggen's Candy is one of the first AI concubines to come from Selecta Research's first production line. They call them Pleasure Girl 2.0."

The dean's voice sounded so businesslike that her words almost seemed normal, like a marketing campaign for a new phone or a new dishwasher. At the thought of Candy... *Mr. Vanderbruggen's Candy... as Pleasure Girl 2.0*, my heart flipped over. Something started to become clearer in my mind... an unwelcome realization, but one that at least made some sense of my strange reactions.

The sudden reluctance that had made it necessary for Master G to come on stage and manhandle me onto the horse, then strap me down atop it... the rebellion against my training... came from a new need to feel that I didn't want this.

I don't want this, a voice inside me said. *I'm an intelligent young woman with a good education—so far, anyway*. People could rant all they wanted about the corporate takeover of the public secondary schools, but those teachers had taught me how to think for myself. A young woman who thinks for herself doesn't end up bound over a bench in a babydoll nightgown so that her owner can punish her and then use her without having to worry about the possibility of her interfering with his enjoyment.

Unless it's against her will, I told myself.

Same with going home to a house where an artificial girl already occupied my new master's bed—a Pleasure Girl 2.0, a sexbot whose numerical designation indicated that she could give more pleasure than a human girl like me could.

It's monstrous, the scolding voice inside me declared. *So much worse than being trained at the Institute. Of course you don't*

want that.

“Look at me, Renee,” said my master’s voice, from above me and right in front of me.

I tried to close my eyes tighter.

“Renee, my dear,” he said again, his tone even and calm but with a hard edge to it that made butterflies fill my tummy, “I’m going to whip you more severely if you continue to disobey. I believe in making it clear to my girls that it makes much more sense to follow my instructions immediately than it does to follow them with a bottom you can’t sit down on for a day or two.”

With a little sob of fear from deep in my throat, I opened my eyes and looked up into Master Hendryk’s face.

What I saw in his expression drew an even deeper sob—not just of fear, but of something else, too... something that came from the fear but also from a place Master G had, it suddenly seemed to me, only scratched the surface of.

Force. That was the only way I could describe it. Master Hendryk’s blue eyes, slightly narrowed as he gazed down at me, and the slight smile on his lips, seemed to me to embody some special kind of power. This man would follow all the rules that would keep me safe, but he and I both knew that those precautions wouldn’t spare me from any measure, no matter how harsh, that my owner deemed necessary to get what he wanted from me.

How can that naked force shine out of such an angelic face? I wondered, trying desperately to get my breathing under control as I blinked up at him. Up close, Master Hendryk looked like a heavenly messenger from an old, old painting. Instead of announcing joyful news and telling me not to fear, though, my new master’s face told me that I should most definitely fear him.

I felt my limbs start to struggle against the straps securing me atop the horse. The movement, and the defiance it implied, came upon me without my consciously trying to escape. I saw myself squirming as if it were someone else. That detached

part of me condemned the girl on the horse. She was ignoring what her training master had taught her. She was breaking the chain of the heart that should make her submit meekly to her master's will. To struggle only meant more punishment.

But Master Hendryk said, "I know how frightened you are, Renee. I'm not going to whip you for struggling, especially since it gets me so hard to cane a girl who can't get away."

Oh, no. My back had arched, as he said it—the cruel sort of thing Master G had never said to me because, I had thought, he had never needed to. Between my legs, a surge of heat, and a hard clench, at the terrible thought of my owner's hardness.

I felt my forehead crease as I looked up at him and I saw that his smile had grown a little wider.

"Yes, my dear," he said, his voice somehow both soft and brutal at the same time, "that makes your little cunt wet, doesn't it?"

Master G didn't use the c-word. The sound of it, out of Master Hendryk's mouth, sent a shudder through my whole body: the word had shocked me into humiliated arousal on its own. More, I could tell from the casual way he had just called my pussy by that filthiest of names that I belonged from henceforth to a man who would clearly refer to it that way all the time. I could even imagine that he would speak about me that way at a cocktail party, or in a business meeting with other men... *My bed girl's little cunt gets so wet when I whip her—you wouldn't believe it. Come over tonight and watch me punish her and fuck her.*

I bit my lip and shook my head.

"Come now, Renee," he said, the smile getting even bigger, curling up the left side of his mouth a bit more than the right in a way that to my shock and distress seemed endearing despite the panic that gripped my heart. "Don't lie to me. That's not a good way for us to start out, is it?"

Past Master Hendryk I could see Miss Charlotte and Master G standing watching, and I could see the big screen that gave the audience a close-up of my tearstained face. I had a dizzying

moment as I wondered whether I actually had left my body, and the girl who had just so unwisely lied to her owner really had become a separate person.

Then a movement right in front of my face drew my attention back to the man in front of me, but not to his face. He had shifted the terrifying length of rattan from his right hand to his left, so that he could draw down the fly of his tuxedo trousers. I felt, more than heard, a whimper rise from my throat.

My owner's voice floated down from above, his tone light and almost mocking.

"I want to make something very clear to you, Renee," Master Hendryk said as he reached into his pants to free his hard cock. "Your punishments will always be a sexual thing for me. As you'll learn, I hope, right now in front of all these people, I'm not a sadist. It's not your pain that gets me hard."

An approving murmur went through the audience of kinky billionaires. Heat traveled up and down my body, into my face and between my legs, at the thought that the close-up on the big screen now showed my frightened face with my master's rigid penis only a few inches away.

"After all," he said, "I can whip Candy as hard and as often as I please. As you'll soon learn, her screams and moans are exactly like a real girl's, and her ass shows cane marks beautifully. But that gets boring. No, I won't take the strap or the cane to your backside to hurt you. I'll do it to teach you the most important lesson I know."

I tried so hard to breathe the way Master G had taught me. I wanted to see him, my wise trainer, but Master Hendryk had stepped closer to me now, so that his lap, and his huge, throbbing manhood, represented my whole field of vision, my whole world. He had it in his hand, pumping it slowly, brandishing it at me.

My mouth filled with saliva, and my hips bucked under the belt. The wanton, animal part of me that Master G had brought out so thoroughly responded to the obscene sight of my master's cock sticking out of his elegant tuxedo pants. Sheer

reflex, conditioned into me by my Institute training, made my jaw slacken and my lips part.

I had sucked so many cocks—I had done it a few times even before the Institute had recruited me at the youth center. The ones I had pleased in New Jersey had never been as clean as my Institute trainers', and my new owner clearly groomed himself just as carefully. I could smell the expensive soap Master Hendryk used along with a shamefully thrilling whiff of the forbidden musk of a man's private places.

I raised my eyes to his face, and the idea that if I pleased my master with my mouth perhaps he would go easier on me came to mind. Some part of me wondered, with a flush of heat in my cheeks, whether that represented only an excuse: deep inside me, my heart felt that dangerous thing that my training master had only helped me glimpse, before.

Force. This man knows how to use force on a girl like me.

I put out my tongue, the way Master G had taught me, curling it over my lower lip. Master Hendryk gently laid the head of his cock on it, and I tasted the slightly salty flavor of his skin.

“Eyes,” he said, his voice taking on a deeper, growly tone that I knew came from the pleasure he had in possessing me. I lifted my gaze again, to see that his eyes had narrowed and his mouth had set into a line that sent a thrill of fear through my chest.

He spoke slowly and evenly.

“I'll whip you and your bed sister to teach you that I can.”

CHAPTER 4



*H*endryk

I put my hand under Renee's chin, grasping her gently there but making it clear, with my fingers so close to her throat, that I meant to exercise my power over her fully, both now and when I had gotten her home.

Power is what will make Renee respond—or perhaps more specifically, force.

I remembered the words of the dossier the Institute had supplied as if I had read them only a moment ago, rather than the two weeks that had elapsed since I had received the invitation to this latest auction. I had attended the monthly auctions on and off for two years before I had acquired Candy six months ago. Since becoming the proud owner of one of Selecta's most stunning accomplishments in the field of dominant sexual gratification, I had read the dossiers that came with each invitation with interest, but I hadn't attended.

I hadn't even felt quite sure why I was still reading the dossiers, really, unless because the Institute's work had always fascinated me not in a purely sexual but also in an intellectual way. I had jumped at the job offer to head Selecta's educational division, after all, because it would give me the opportunity to see the Institute's magic from the inside. Access to the concubine auctions, something very few of the global elite could boast of, had represented my favorite perk and my

monthly fix of live pornography even if I didn't feel ready to bid on a bed girl myself.

Then the even more beguiling perk of an invitation to buy one of the first AI concubines—at a steep discount from the price the lucky trillionaires from outside Selecta would pay—had made me jump to put my disposable income into the purchase of Candy. A man like me could find real girls to dominate and to fuck any day of the week, I had reasoned—and I had certainly done so, even bringing a few of them home to play with Candy.

I supposed I hadn't quite let go of the idea of owning an Institute-trained concubine, though, despite telling myself that I read the dossiers only out of interest.

Then the dossiers for Renee's auction had arrived. I had as usual found them all diverting, especially Deirdre's, which tempted me more than most, because of the girl's need—as determined by her assessors—for punishments without any reason given, just because she was a submissive little slut who needed spanking. I was glad to see that John Ralston, the friend of mine who had bought Deirdre, had immediately put her over his knee.

Renee's dossier, though, called to me in a way I hadn't supposed any girl's could.

Renee thinks of herself as finished with her training but her training master and her assessment team have allowed that only because it's clear that her education as a submissive concubine...

Education: my métier, though not in the traditional sense of teaching or even of administering a school or a college. I had the job of implementing Selecta's grand strategy of educating an entire civilization in the joys and the crucial importance of sexual power exchange. Psy-ops as education, one might say. I had the enviable task of supervising the team who put the

subliminal messages in place, in every domain where Selecta had extended its wide-reaching influence.

...cannot reach completion here at the Institute. She requires a flexible mixture of harsh treatment and tender care to reach her full potential both as a young woman and as a submissive concubine. She will almost certainly show reluctance—of a kind she herself will probably be unable fully to understand—when the time comes for her owner to claim her on stage.

As always, the assessors' prediction had come to pass. I knew many dominants would find the demands of educating Renee too burdensome at such a steep price, but right now, with my rigid cock lying upon her pretty pink tongue, those demands seemed like a cheap privilege even at a cost of millions.

Note that because of Renee's special status her owner will be required to agree to the Institute's intensive monitoring protocol. A Selecta representative will accompany her as a member of your household staff, unless a sufficient data platform is already present.

I had smiled as I read that, and I had at that moment decided I would bid on Renee, and I would bid very high. It probably didn't represent the most logical tipping point, but the fact that I knew Candy qualified as a 'sufficient data platform' had got me thinking about the possibilities.

* * *

Renee

Slowly Master Hendryk sheathed himself in my open mouth, gazing down into my eyes all the while.

I'll whip you to teach you that I can.

I felt a thrill go down my spine and straight to my pussy. Master G had never said anything so... brutal to me or any other girl in my training group. Miss Charlotte never said anything like that. They spoke of how the process of owning our submission would make us happy: punishments, when they occurred, were meant to correct our faults.

My new owner slid the hand on my chin around to the back of my neck. He twined his fingers firmly in my hair, under the ribbon that held it in a loose ponytail. I whimpered at the feeling of that extra restraint and the frightening knowledge that he would hold my head right where it was and thrust in as deep as he pleased.

He did, beginning to fuck my face, thrusting forward with his hips and filling my mouth much too full of his huge, hard penis. Ironically, I thought, I managed to get my breathing under control then, thanks to Master G's lessons. I knew how to do this, to take a man all the way to the back of my throat and ignore the gag reflex with the help of even breathing.

Master Hendryk pressed in so far that even with my eyes raised I couldn't see past his gleaming white tuxedo shirt and his silken cummerbund. He held my head in place and thrust between my lips until my nose came up against the scratchy wool of his pants.

He held himself there for a long moment and at the same time I felt his other hand, the one holding the cane, come down on my bottom, not to punish me but to begin to raise the skirt of my little nightgown with his fingertips, gathering it in little movements of the translucent fabric, little by little uncovering my most private places.

I whimpered around his massive cock. Despite myself I arched my back, knowing with dismay that my master would take the movement as a sign of my submission, my willingness to present my pussy and my bottom for his use.

I don't want this... I don't want it to happen this way.

Master Hendryk spoke, his voice seeming to come from very far above me.

“Oh, that’s a very pretty bottom, Renee.”

His voice had a gravelly edge that sent an unwelcome wave of arousal through my whole body. It meant, I knew, that he found my mouth pleasing. I felt my own need grow in response to my master’s, but the idea that his cruelty and crudeness could turn me on so thoroughly made me feel faint. Yes, Master G had spoken that way sometimes, but not with the promise of a whipping to come.

I felt him tuck the hem of my babydoll into the leather belt around my waist. With the cane trapped between his palm and my bottom-cheeks, he worked his left hand down between my upper thighs. I cried out around his hard manhood at the entry of his two middle fingers roughly and abruptly into my vagina. Slowly, controlling my head with his right hand, he began to fuck my face, while at the same time he mirrored the motion of his cock in my mouth with his fingers in my pussy.

My face blazed with heat as I realized just how easily those brutal fingers could thrust in and out of me. Worse, I could even hear how very wet Master Hendryk’s degrading treatment had made me. To my horror I knew without the slightest doubt that I had never gotten this wet for Master G.

None of us concubines in training really understood how the Institute measured our arousal, but we all knew that their technology could sense exactly how needy we got between our legs. The feeling that I had betrayed my training master sent a wave of shame through me that made my hips buck with helpless desire under Master Hendryk’s hand.

“That’s it, you little slut,” my new owner murmured, deep in his throat. “You’re almost as good as Candy.”

I sobbed around the thrusting, rigid gag of flesh that pushed my tongue down and pressed against the back of my throat with every firm thrust. He made me ride his hand, with the thin but terribly solid rattan pressed between his hand and my bottom like a terrible promise. My hips moved helplessly to the rhythm of his invading fingers, shamefully showing my

need for more, for the hardness in my mouth to be there, inside my aching sheath.

Master Hendryk held himself in all the way, the head of his cock threatening to make me gag as he pressed my face against his lap, my mouth completely full of his huge erection. I had almost lost control of my breathing now, and panic started to rise in me, a crawling flutter in my upper body.

He knew how to get what he wanted from a girl like me, though—maybe not quite as completely as Master G knew the subject, but well enough to ensure that his brutally dominant instincts didn't work against his interest. He didn't want to hurt me, really, because then he wouldn't have the chance to use me as thoroughly as he wanted. If I fainted, after all, he would have to wait for me to come around before he could fuck me as he clearly wanted to fuck me, with me crying out with forced pleasure despite my master's terribly harsh treatment.

No, I thought in that anxious moment, with his cock deep inside my mouth demanding my service, *because of it*. The idea made me sob, just as Master Hendryk pulled his rigid penis out of my mouth, glistening with my spit.

His right hand left the back of my head to reach casually into the fly of his tuxedo pants and draw out his balls. The obscenity of the sight, an inch from my eyes, took my breath away even with all the lewdness I had witnessed in my training at the Institute.

Something about the contrast of my owner's shaved scrotum, its frank presentation of a part of him that should have remained hidden in darkness, struck me as the most dominant thing he had done yet, but of course he followed it up with something even more dominant: his left hand still working my pussy, forcing me to move wantonly with his fingers' rough caress, he grabbed the back of my head again with his right and bent my head to the side so that he could bring my mouth and nose up against his ball sack.

“Lick them,” he commanded, his voice stern. “And give them a little kiss, and then I'll whip you. Girls used to kiss the rod

before they got their bottoms caned. I want you and your bed sister to know that my cock and my balls are the real implements I train you with. The cane is just a symbol.”

Oh, my God. I didn’t even know why Master Hendryk’s terrible, degrading words made me sob with need and thrust my backside out to try to get more of his fingers inside. My brow creased hard as I felt the cane again, across my bottom, under my owner’s big, strong hand.

I knew if I didn’t do the shameful thing he had commanded he would whip me even harder with the horrid thing. I knew I had no choice. With a tiny whimper I put out my tongue and lapped gently at the wrinkled, salty flesh, just as tenderly as Master G had taught me.

CHAPTER 5



*R*enee

I knew the most important spot to lick and kiss, the one underneath, just where the hard length of my master's cock rose from the softness of the wrinkled purse. I tried to get my tongue there, to demonstrate my skill and my eagerness to please the man who had purchased me. Master Hendryk knew the spot too, and he helped in his own cruel way, twisting my head further to the side and pushing it down so that I could tend to his pleasure the way an owned bed girl must always do.

The tip of my tongue found the place, and licked there, and my owner rewarded me with a grunt of pleasure. I felt his hips thrust forward a little with the same kind of needy, involuntary movement that gripped my own lower body. Despite my fear I couldn't keep back a tiny rush of pride at drawing a response from him with the sexual skills I had learned here, the shameful school from which I would soon depart.

"Kiss now," Master Hendryk said from above me, and I obeyed even though I knew it meant the time had come for my punishment. I pursed my lips and planted not one but three kisses on my owner's scrotum, suddenly wanting to try to plead in that wordless way for mercy—wanting to show that I really did mean to be a good girl, if only to escape a little of the severity he clearly intended to use in bending me to his will.

A chuckle drifted down from my master, and I knew with a shudder of shame that he had seen through me. To my abject dismay, he spoke not to me but to the audience of his wealthy peers, in a clear voice, laden with mockery.

“This little slut is hoping she can get off easily if she pretends she loves kissing my balls.”

As a ripple of quiet laughter went through the crowd, Master Hendryk used his grip on the back of my head to jerk my face back so that I could only look up into his face, my eyes streaming from the face-fucking he had given me. At the same time he pulled his left hand away from my bottom, so that he could hold the cane in front of my eyes, between my face and his. Just below the cane his hard manhood hovered and his balls hung, so close to my nose that I smelled the dark, musky scent of sex very intensely—so strong that I knew I had it smeared across my lips and my cheeks as well, like a reminder of my master’s lewd use of me.

“Well, Renee,” he said, the cruel little smile once again on his lips and his voice soft and patronizing, “I am, in fact, going to go very easy on you with the cane this evening. I want you to understand that it’s not out of pity for you, or affection for you, though. I’m going to give you three quick strokes because it’s been a long evening already, and I want to spend the majority of our time up here in front of these kind folks fucking you.”

Something about the tone with which he delivered these words scared me terribly, despite the very welcome news that he meant only to cane me three times. I gasped, and despite myself I started to struggle against the straps that secured me to the horse.

Master Hendryk shook his head slowly, clucking softly with his tongue.

“No, my dear,” he said. “You mustn’t try to get away. What will your training master and your dean think?”

He stepped to the side, turning so that he could keep his grip on my hair while making me look at Master G and Miss Charlotte, still standing stage right, their faces grave.

“Good girls,” my owner continued, “stay in place for their masters, even when their masters must punish them very severely. If you can’t do that, you’ll have to be restrained whenever the time comes for me to enjoy you.”

I felt my face twist into a sob of shame. I tried to find somewhere to look besides at Master G or Miss Charlotte, but the only place my eyes seemed able to go was to the screen on that side of the stage, where I could see, in a close-up that made the picture four or five times life-size, my bare bottom. Thanks to the parting of my knees on the horse, I couldn’t help seeing the cleft of my pussy, too, waxed smooth according to the Institute’s rules, the pink inner lips just peeking out between my paler outer labia—paler, but still mortifyingly rosy with the stimulation Master Hendryk had forced on me.

He let go of my head at last, and as I tried to twist my head to get a glimpse of him, I heard him move back behind me. A tiny sob of fear escaped my lips. I turned my face forward again and saw that the image of my bottom had pulled back a little to show Master Hendryk, holding the cane in his right hand again and tapping it on the left.

I watched him lift it higher, and then I saw it laid across my bottom and felt it at the same moment. I tried desperately to pay attention to my breathing—Master G had taught me that punishment was one of the best times to use the technique, since it could keep a girl from tensing up and bruising much worse than she did when relaxed.

This man doesn’t care about that, I thought with a shudder. *He’d rather make it hurt worse.*

Master Hendryk tapped the cane on my bottom. My breath in through my nose came much faster than I wanted it to. I couldn’t hold it in before releasing it, the way I should.

He put his left hand on the belt that crossed my back.

“Oh, no...” I whispered. It had all started to happen much too fast. Even as I breathed my words, I watched my master, on the screen, raise the cane high—all the way to shoulder height. “Oh...” I started, but I didn’t even get to *no*.

I had always told myself, when I had seen fellow concubines caned, that the scariest part must be the sound. My heart seemed to jump out of my chest when I heard the whistling of the rattan through the air behind *me*, rather than some other girl. My body tensed despite every effort I could make, and I let out a cry of fear before I even heard the other sound. That one—the horrible *thwack*—had made me whimper softly to myself even when kneeling to watch a friend receive her old-fashioned lesson in obedience.

Even over my cry of fear, though, I heard the impact, the sharp sound that ended the whistle, and then, a nanosecond later, I felt it—the fiery line across my poor bottom that for a tiny moment didn't seem so bad, and then seemed almost bearable, and then... just as I saw Master Hendryk, on the big screen, raise his arm again and start to bring it down with terrifying rapidity, and I heard the cane whistle through the air a second time... just that first stroke made me gasp in pain before the second one even made its horrid noise.

It landed just below the first one, and I watched my bottom on the screen squirm desperately, my cheeks clenching in a vain attempt to soothe away some of the pain. It built even as the red double line of the first welt my master had inflicted became terribly clear, its searing agony more intense.

Master Hendryk raised his arm again. I screamed, in pain and terror, my limbs writhing within the leather restraints, all my muscles straining to escape the torment. I couldn't bear it... I couldn't bear even the third stroke, and I had watched girls take twelve of them, screaming the whole time. My eyes went to the face of my new owner on the screen, and I remembered his reasoning for administering so few strokes. My chest filled with fear; I could see in those blue eyes that the next time I got the cane my bare bottom would receive many more.

That third stroke landed. My body tensed at the thwack, at the split second of pressure, at all the accumulated agony in my bottom-cheeks, and then the tension seemed to release itself into a sob of pain and humiliation. On the screen I saw a pretty bottom with three livid double lines across it, and for a moment, bizarrely, I forgot that it was mine, despite feeling at

the very same time that my master had made me ride a seat of fire to teach me to obey him.

The sight of the whipped bottom brought another sob from my chest, but in this one, to my mortification, I felt a surge of need that made my hips move desperately inside the restraint of the belt. I took my eyes from the screen, and I looked at Master G, whose own expression seemed very intent but also entirely impassive. His face seemed to tell me that I had moved beyond his care, and that perhaps he hoped I would serve my owner pleurably, but Master Hendryk would see to giving me the harsh remedial training I so clearly needed.

I felt my master's left hand move downward, over the tucked-up skirt of my flimsy nightgown, over my tailbone, to take gentle hold of my whole bottom. My eyes went back to the screen, because the image had zoomed in again, to show in exquisite enlarged detail what Master Hendryk's big hand looked like, covering the round little cheeks where he had left his cruel marks. My rear end squirmed under his possessive caress, and I arched my back helplessly. A whimper emerged from my slightly parted lips. The sight of it on the screen and the feeling of those strong fingers, somehow both soothing and agonizing on the welts of the cane, made the need in my exposed pussy grow past anything I had ever felt before.

I couldn't look at Master G, because I felt sure that if I met his eyes again I couldn't keep resentment off my face, an accusation that he hadn't trained me as completely as he should have. I closed my eyes and hung my head as my master explored me further with his hands. I heard a clatter as he dropped the cane to the stage, and then he had both his hands on my backside, pulling my bottom-cheeks apart.

I squeezed my eyelids even further shut as I understood that he was inspecting the darkest, most private place of his new bed girl's anatomy. I knew with a shiver of humiliation that the screen showed the tiny, cringing flower of my anus to the audience in obscene detail. A murmur of appreciation went through the crowd, or perhaps I only imagined it, because I had a rushing in my ears from the furious beating of my heart.

“Lovely,” my master murmured. “We’ll open you up there in just a few moments, Renee. But I want to try out this wet little cunt first.”

I felt his hands leave my bottom, and I let out a sob of relief at the feeling of my cheeks closing to hide my shameful secrets. His right hand took hold of the belt across my waist again, and at the same time I felt the head of his hard manhood press at the entrance to my dismayingly warm sheath, parting the lips and slowly pressing into me. A moan broke from my lips. Again my limbs responded without my having any say in their movement: my hips bucked and my whipped backside pushed out, as if welcoming the conqueror who had so sternly and justly corrected the faults of his new possession.

His fingers were suddenly in my hair again, twining into my ponytail and forcibly raising my face.

“Look at the screen, you little slut,” Master Hendryk growled. “I want you to watch yourself getting fucked by the man who owns you.”

CHAPTER 6



*R*enee

I opened my eyes. I saw the terrible image and a thrill of wanton arousal went through my whole body at the sight of my master's cock entering my pussy. I moaned again. I only realized as I felt Master Hendryk thrust himself all the way into me, and watched it on the screen, that I had obeyed him without even thinking of the consequences.

Because you want to watch him fuck you.

The picture on the screen came from above. The camera drone must be hovering over Master Hendryk's head, so the audience could see from his lordly perspective, as he looked down at my whipped bottom, his thick, hard cock connecting us obscenely. The length and girth of his manhood, jutting out lewdly from the woolen fabric of his tuxedo pants and invading my wanton, clenching vagina pressed inward slowly. My master, I could somehow tell from the way his hands gripped the belt and my hair so firmly, didn't mean to be gentle with me: no, he wanted me to feel every massive millimeter of his first thrust inside his new concubine.

I cried out in need and discomfort, the two seeming equally mixed in my overwhelmed nervous system. Any idea of controlling my breathing flew out of my mind; I panted through open lips as I felt it and watched it, this dominant possession of my private places by the man who had purchased me only a few minutes before.

His rigid penis thrust in further. Master G had an enormous cock, like all the Institute trainers, and I had supposed that after so much fucking from him my pussy would be able to take any man's hardness. But Master Hendryk's was just as big, and something about the abject fear my new owner inspired in me seemed to make my vagina contract with arousal and with forced pleasure, over and over, so hard that each centimeter his iron-hard penis invaded my sheath felt like he was opening me again for the first time—like my master, through the sheer harshness of his training, had turned me back into a virgin, so that he could deflower me for a second time.

I looked at the screen and I saw my punished bottom. A sob of terror came from my throat as I thought about what Master Hendryk meant to do next, and how much it would hurt. Master G had said many times that the relaxation exercises we learned in our Feminine Pleasure class would let us avoid almost all the discomfort of anal sex, even our first time. I couldn't remember a single one of those exercises as my owner sheathed himself completely in my vagina and my hips bucked to welcome him despite how deeply enmeshed the pain was with the pleasure.

On the screen his black-clad lap came up against my pale bottom, covering up the three double lines from the cane, except for the hint of one of the welts just showing above the place where skin and cloth met. I felt the scratchiness of the wool there, on the terribly sore marks of my master's cruel correction, and I whimpered, tears pricking the corners of my eyes.

"That, my dear," Master Hendryk growled, "is a nice, tight cunt. They've trained you well."

I had the sudden urge to tell him that it didn't have anything to do with my training. In Masculine Pleasure class they had taught us to clench and tighten so as to give more enjoyment to the men who used us. I hadn't done any of that; the tightness Master Hendryk sensed came purely from my body's reaction to his dominance.

I didn't like it. He forced so much helpless pleasure on me, yes, that I couldn't keep my limbs, my muscles, the surface of my skin, and above all my stiff nipples and my wet pussy from responding to him like the slut he called me. But I had thought that Master G had, with his careful teaching, dominance mingled with affection, taken me to the darkest place I needed to go.

I didn't *want* to go further, and yet Master Hendryk's hard manhood, seated so deeply and uncomfortably inside me, had me terribly close to a titanic climax I didn't want. If I came, it would prove his power over me; I had never come for Master G so readily, so immediately.

My body shuddered as he began to withdraw his cock, the friction driving me closer to my orgasm.

"You're going to come, aren't you, you little slut?" he murmured. "And you're trying not to, aren't you?"

How did he know? How could he possibly know that? I supposed I might have expected Master G to grasp that, thanks to his own training and the Institute's technology, but this man... he just had a lot of money, right?

No, a voice deep in my mind said, *he understands you. His brutality responds to something in you just as your submission reacts to it.*

The lie broke from my lips, because I couldn't face the idea that my cruel new owner might actually have some insight into my needs.

"No, Master," I sobbed. And then, he gripped my hair harder, pulled it sharply, and at the same time used his grip on the belt to drive his cock home again, invading me even further than the last full thrust. "No... please... sir..."

And then I came, utterly defeated by Master Hendryk's rough skill, the sheer strength of his body dominating mine. I came harder than I ever had, even the first time Master G had fucked me in the foyer of the Institute's mansion.

I felt like my whole body had turned into liquid gold. I felt my muscles straining against the straps, and the physical tension

in them, as well as the knowledge that I couldn't escape the massive cock that pounded into me, the tuxedo-clad lap that compressed the cruel cane welts... it made the orgasm go on and on, my vagina clenching over and over on my owner's thrusting cock as he fucked me with all the brutality I had ever imagined a man could show to his sexual servant.

I cried out over and over, every thrust bringing another overwhelming surge of pleasure. Each time my master slammed his hips into my backside felt like another stroke of his ultimate, his most important implement of discipline. His clothed lap, his huge cock, seemed to remind me how hard and fast he had whipped me, and how easily he might whip me again.

The image on the screen changed to a close-up of my tearstained face, and that intensified my climax even more, since I looked so perfect a picture of reluctant submission, of shameful, unwanted pleasure... my brow deeply creased, my mouth in a woeful pout of penitence too late. My eyes seemed to speak of my master's rough justice, of his rightful conquering and my rebellion righteously put down before the victor took his pleasure.

Abruptly he held himself all the way inside me, the scratchy fabric of his pants pressed firmly against my terribly sore bottom. I let out a whimper as my climax began to ebb away. The picture on the screen changed again, to show my owner in a medium shot, in full possession of me by means of his gripping hands, his stance above and behind me like a rider, a trainer... looking down at me in cruel satisfaction. His expression seemed stern, his eyes hard and resolute.

"You're just as tight as Candy, my dear," he finally said. "They've taught you how to take care of yourself, haven't they?"

I sobbed at this degradation, though I couldn't suppress a surge of wicked pride at my master's praise. The comparison to his AI concubine, his sexbot, sent a wave of heat to my cheeks, and whoever sat at the controls of the video screens didn't miss the chance: my face came back onto the screen,

revealing the rosiness Master Hendryk had brought with his humiliating words.

He let go of my hair, and I hung my head again, unable to look at the screen, or at Miss Charlotte, or above all at Master G. I knew, for there couldn't be the slightest doubt of it given Master G's expertise, that my training master had seen my brutal new owner had just forced more pleasure on me than he ever had.

My blush got hotter at the thought of meeting the eyes of the man who had introduced me to the fulfillment, joy, and peace that only came with my sexual submission. I knew I would have no choice but to acknowledge that another man—a man who seemed so much less skillful and less caring than Master G—could take me deeper into that submission than Master G could.

Master Hendryk pulled the little globes of my caned bottom apart, very roughly, so that I cried out. My head went up, my back arching with the flash of pain, but I kept my eyes tightly closed.

I felt his fingers dip into my aching vagina, gathering the wetness there. I sobbed, and lowered my head again in abject shame as he smeared the warm, slippery essence of my own need on my virgin anus. Slowly but very firmly Master Hendryk began to push what felt like it must be two fingers into my smallest place. I let out another sob, this one deeper, racking my whole body so that I strained against the belt holding me down atop the horse.

“Get those eyes up, Renee,” he growled. “You're going to watch this on the screen.”

A murmur of approval came from the audience; the moment had become so still that I knew for certain I had heard those indistinct whispers. Well-heeled men and women had said to one another, *Yes, make her watch her master deflower her ass. Just what I would have done.* I obeyed his command: I raised my head and opened my eyes, and found I was looking straight into the answering gaze of Master G.

His eyes had narrowed, and at first I felt a wave of grief because I thought I read disapproval on his face, but an instant later I realized that I must have projected that onto him. Master G's mouth had curved upward into a smile: his expression, far from critical or disappointed, was one of happiness, even of pride.

My lips parted, my jaw slackening. A thrill of happiness burst in my chest, but then I saw my training master's face change, his expression transforming into the disapproving one I had thought I had seen at first. My joy grew very confused, and I felt my face crease back into my repentant, sorrowful pout.

Master Hendryk pressed his fingertips—his two middle fingers, I saw on the screen as I did shift my suddenly tear-filled eyes there—harder against the wrinkly little dimple. I bit my lip and let out a soft, whining noise at the sight of it: my well-fucked vagina, glistening with need but not to be satisfied anymore, for my master had chosen a narrower, darker place for his pleasure... the fingers, on that tiny flower, glistening with my own wanton juices, pressing until I cried out... those fingers entering, invading, inside me.

All Institute concubines had their anuses trained daily. Those who had already had anal sex before coming to the mansion got that, too, from their training masters. Anal virgins like me usually wore belts, fastened by our training masters, that held butt plugs inside us to get us ready for sale to a master or mistress who, like most dominants, would seek a great deal of pleasure in our bottoms.

So to accept Master Hendryk's fingers there shouldn't have represented anything new. I should have had the ability to relax and to let him prepare me and enjoy me as he saw fit. Something about having to watch him probe and stretch me with his fingers, though, brought a tension that I couldn't seem to push away. I bit my lip and moaned with the discomfort of the invasion as I felt him lubricate me with my own need.

I tried desperately to remember the proud expression on Master G's face, telling myself that he had changed it only because of my failure to look at the screen as Master Hendryk had instructed. I refocused my eyes on the upper corner of the

screen, where the image showed only black. I took a deep breath through my nose and tried to hold it, but a flash of pain from the pushing, pulling, stretching fingers made me let it out with a gasping sob.

The fingers left me, and I felt my master stand up straighter. My gaze shifted involuntarily back to the middle of the screen, to where the huge, hard cock menaced the cringing little hole, slick with the wetness my owner had applied to ease his shameful way.

I whimpered as he put the crimson head of his erection against the untried flower, the forbidden little ring of my most private place. He had his rigid manhood in his right hand while with his left on my cane-stripped left cheek he continued to pull my bottom open so he could see his possession of me there. He pressed his hips forward, a grunt of pleasure escaping his chest as he began to claim me fully.

I cried out at the feeling of being opened that unnatural way, impaled on my master's cock. My whole body shuddered atop the horse. I felt his hand move to the back of my neck, felt him grip me there. I heard a whimpering cry come from my throat, as if from another girl.

“There we go,” Master Hendryk murmured, his very voice seeming dark to me, colored by his obscene pleasure. “That’s just what an ass should feel like.”

CHAPTER 7



*H*endryk

I thought I could feel every part of Renee's lithe, gorgeous body—her soft, pale skin... the taut muscles beneath it—respond to my degrading words.

Those assessors don't kid around, I thought, remembering the dossier again, *and they don't get it wrong*.

They had said the girl would respond to humiliation from her new owner in a way her Institute trainers couldn't get out of her.

Renee has a fascinating quirk in her submissive orientation, the executive summary had read, in that the setting of the mansion, which has brought her need to submit into focus for her, cannot despite all our resources provide the level of domination she will require to reach full self-actualization. The mansion provides too much stability. In such cases, which occur in ca. 7% of Institute recruits—a figure that has remained stable, year to year, over the past twenty years, and thus one in which we have high confidence—rather than attempting to implement some alternative, less institutionalized training our standard practice is to offer the girls for sale with the condition that bidders qualify at seven or above on the Lourcy dominance scale, and consent to an additional monitoring protocol.

My Lourcy score, which Selecta measured these days on a continuous basis thanks to my having acquired Candy, stood at 8.2 out of 10. Dominants who fell lower on the scale, formulated fifteen years ago by an Institute researcher and maintained by Selecta's data-mining arm, tended to say it was bullshit, but the Institute's assessors swore by it.

The measurement parameters and the technology used in gathering the necessary data, of course, as with all such Selecta trade secrets, remained shrouded in mystery. As a Selecta executive myself I knew with absolute certainty, though, that the Lourcy scale must at least describe some set of characteristics of great importance to understanding dominant sexuality.

Selecta's vast corporate empire depended on good data. There was no room for bullshit, because bullshit would get in the way of business—except, obviously, for the outward-facing bullshit called 'marketing.' As the head of the Education division, I was lucky enough to have access to the internal workings, even if I didn't get to drill down into the analytic areas that I probably wouldn't have understood anyway.

So I felt what seemed to me a bit of justified pride in my Lourcy rating. The more so because the one thing the dominants of the global elite knew about the scale, a rumor that I happened to know Selecta had started themselves as, yes, a marketing ploy, was that Selecta measured it based on subconscious actions. Every attempt by a billionaire to raise his Lourcy score through treating his concubines more harshly than his actual dominant orientation drove him to do in pursuit of his sexual pleasure had ended not in a rise in the score but in a warning from the Institute to knock it off.

As I sheathed myself for the first time in Renee's luscious young ass, I wondered for a moment about those unconscious signals. Did they come in the humiliating words I had just spoken? The degradation I had bestowed by implying that shameful comparison—*what an ass should feel like*, a subtle but very dominant hint that I had fucked a great many beautiful girls' virgin bottoms?

Or did Selecta measure my skin galvanics? The rigidity of my erection? I thought of how Candy cried out when I used her anus—it could even be the force with which I thrust into that tight little ring, I supposed, or the leap my cock gave at each sob from the concubine under me as I fucked.

That thought made me upbraid myself a little, for failing to concentrate on the girl into whose ass my rock-hard manhood had begun to make its dominant way. Renee's sweet bottom clung to my shaft deliciously. The alpha blood sang in my veins at the sight of my cock engulfed between her punished cheeks, the welts from her caning so prettily adorning them with the sign of her painful lesson.

The ideas that tended to float into my mind as I used a girl couldn't easily be controlled, I knew, so I forgave myself for the wayward thought about Candy. Moreover, Candy would in fact be a very important part of finishing Renee's training as my bed girl, once I got her home and began to use her on a daily basis.

A placement in which Renee serves her master or mistress alongside another concubine would perhaps be the best fit for her, the assessors had declared, thanks to the additional opportunities for humiliation such a home situation provides. Compulsory same-sex intercourse, as well as voyeurism of several different configurations, should assist Renee in discovering vital parts of her mind and even her heart and integrating them into her fully realized self.

I worked my fingers up into the roots of Renee's lovely auburn hair, under her now-disheveled ponytail. She had lowered her face again, clearly not wanting to watch the high-resolution image on the screen. It showed my own view of my rigid penis impaling her bottom, relentlessly filling her tiny flower with my authority, inching into that tight, forbidden tunnel as she sobbed in discomfort at this newest lesson in obedience.

“Keep watching, my dear,” I growled, as I felt my fabric-covered lap come up against her round little bottom, my hardness balls-deep in her no-longer-virgin anus. “I want you to see how pretty you look with a cock in your ass.”

* * *

Renee

I let out a wailing cry as I opened my eyes and saw.

Pretty. The picture on the screen didn't look like anything I would have thought to call pretty before this moment. I saw Master Hendryk's lap pressed against my whipped bottom. I saw just a little of the base of his cock, nested in a few curly golden hairs that had emerged from his open fly. I saw the belt that held me to the horse, and the tucked-up hem of my nightgown.

I saw him pull the rigid shaft out a little, and it seemed like the obscene, taboo image of the girl having anal sex for the first time came before I actually felt my master withdraw his thick manhood. I cried out at the sight, and the cry became a moan of discomfort and shame as the terrible sensation of fullness in my little bottom changed with the movement of the rigid penis in my narrowest place.

The massive girth of Master Hendryk's cock held me much too open. He started to fuck my ass as I watched helplessly, my eyes fixed on the screen and my face burning. He thrust in and out slowly at first, using me, I could tell, at the rhythm that felt best on his erection. I heard the low, growling murmurs of his pleasure come from his broad chest high above me, and those sounds sent waves of heat to my cheeks and to my pussy in what felt like equal measure.

I had supposed I wouldn't feel much if any arousal when I took the penis in my bottom for the first time. I found to my dismay, though, that the need had started to grow again inside my neglected vagina. Something about the sheer authority

with which my master drove into me without any thought for my enjoyment of the unnatural act paradoxically brought arousal in the place he declined to stimulate as he used me in this humiliating way. The next time I moaned, the keening sound had in it a piteous rising note of beseeching.

Master Hendryk's cock began to move faster, each surge into my no-longer-virgin anus stretching me further and bringing a new cry of discomfort, a new plea for his mercy in the midst of the pleasure my bottom clearly brought him. The inarticulate begging of my little noises became a single word.

"Please... please..." I whimpered. I added another word, the only one that came to my mind. "Please, Master... please..."

On the screen the image changed back to the medium view of the man fucking the ass of his newly acquired bed girl. The expression on my master's face seemed like the direct opposite of the one on mine: I wore a mask of woe, tears of pain in my eyes and my brow deeply creased; Master Hendryk's handsome face, framed in neatly styled but gorgeously flowing golden locks, seemed absolutely determined, fierce in an almost animalistic way—the look of a hunter in pursuit of his prey, or a judge intent on handing down a stern but fair sentence.

His hips moved vigorously, driving his hardness all the way into my backside with every thrust. The contrast of his immaculately tuxedoed form and my nearly naked one as he rode my bottom, immobilized for his use atop the horse seemed to grow even sharper. Master Hendryk would always wear the pants in his household, he seemed intent on making me understand, and as of ten minutes ago I belonged to his household—and to him.

Just like Candy, I thought, with a surge of mortification. Did Candy look pretty with a hard penis in her bottom? Of course she did—they must have designed her to look pretty in every submissive situation. Tiny, terrible fantasies of comparison drifted through my brain as Master Hendryk fucked my ass harder and harder, and the strange enchantment of submission took me to another place—subspace, Master G had taught me to call it.

Would Candy watch our master fuck my bottom? Would he make me watch him fuck Candy's, and comment on our relative prettiness when taken anally?

Would he bring other men to fuck both our asses at once, to compare us more effectively?

I was sobbing with every breath, and I had closed my eyes and hung my head without even thinking about it—without even sensing that I'd done it, really, so deeply had my ordeal wrapped me into subspace. I felt Master Hendryk's hands tighten on my neck and my hip. He let out a grunt, and his rhythm suddenly became jerky as his manhood pulsed in my bottom.

I whimpered as he came in my anus, his erection moving in and out with the little stabbing spasms of his pleasure.

"Thank me," he growled, the words seeming to come from a thousand miles away. "Thank me for coming inside you, my dear."

The mismatch between the tone in his voice and the words *my dear*, which Master Hendryk uttered as if he were actually saying *you little whore*, made my heart quail. I felt my bottom wriggle on his still-hard cock, pushing with a helpless plea to withdraw at last and let my poor anus close and rest after its brutal first fucking. My mind—the part of it that could make words, anyway—struggled to return to my head.

My master pressed in a little further, as if feeling my distress and wanting to make it count as yet another disciplinary measure.

"Thank me, Renee," he said again, leaning over me so that he could say it in my ear.

"Oh, God," I whimpered. "Thank you... please... thank you, Master."

"For?" Master Hendryk asked, his voice becoming a little gentler.

"Thank you for coming inside me," I breathed.

The hand on my neck moved further down to stroke my back... to pet me as if I were a domesticated animal, perhaps even a valuable one of the kind a man trains to make it an even more pleasing addition to his collection.

“Good girl,” Master Hendryk said, beginning to pull his cock from my anus at last. “That was a lovely ass-fuck, especially for your first time.”

I bit my lip hard, hoping that maybe the pain from my teeth would distract me from the unwelcome swelling of pride inside my chest, a pride that came along with a greater measure of abject humiliation.

My master’s cock left me, and my little ring closed at last. My cheeks heated again as I felt his seed trickle from the tiny hole he had deflowered.

“Lovely, definitely,” I heard Miss Charlotte say. “Congratulations, Mr. Vanderbruggen. And I’m sure Renee’s bottom will only grow more pleasing on your cock with daily use back there.”

CHAPTER 8



*R*enee

Master Hendryk's house had seven bedrooms. I remembered him telling me that, in response to my mumbled, exhausted question the previous night, as I woke up. He had put me to bed in what must be the biggest one of all, in what could only be his own enormous bed. As I came gradually out of sleep the morning after the auction, I could literally feel the splendor of my new surroundings in the crisp but indescribably soft blue sheets and the impossibly puffy down comforter in which I found myself nestled.

We had gotten there via private jet and luxury limo, in the small hours of the morning. I hadn't had the mental energy to contemplate my darkened surroundings as, very much to my surprise, Master Hendryk had literally put me to bed. He had actually picked me up and laid me atop that vast, soft mattress, then covered me up with the top sheet and the comforter.

He had stooped and kissed me gently on my mouth. I had made a small questioning noise, I remembered now, which I supposed I had meant as an expression of surprise: my owner hadn't, after all, taken me straight to a dungeon and chained me to the wall of a cell with room enough only for a straw pallet and a chamber pot.

I had kissed him back, sleepily, my lips yielding readily to his dominant mouth, his firmly probing tongue. I hadn't even wondered why my brutal master had decided to display such

affection, or why I responded to it as if I liked him, rather than stood in abject terror of him. Then I had fallen so fast asleep that waking felt like it happened only a microsecond later.

The sun, clearly high in the sky, cast a thin but intense ray between the heavy curtains and onto the bed. I felt like an utterly new person, just because of the surroundings and the dislocation of such heavy slumber. That feeling of newness—into which my mind and heart mixed what seemed like equal measures of elation and anxiety—overwhelmed me even before I became aware enough of my body to sense all the uncomfortable effects of Master Hendryk’s rough use of me the night before.

He had obviously gotten out of bed some time ago, but the other side of the huge bed had its covers rumpled, so he must have slept next to me. That very thought made my forehead crease and sent a little shiver through me, again a confusing alloy of happiness and fear. For a moment I stared up at the sumptuous coffered ceiling with its gilded molding and tried to unpack my emotions. Hadn’t I experienced this—the luxury, the splendor, the soreness down there from a master’s enjoyment—when I woke up at the Institute only a few weeks before? Hadn’t Master G prepared me to serve the man who had purchased me in a similar setting, just like this one?

To my dismay, my bladder told me I couldn’t spend the time necessary to puzzle these questions out here in bed. Master Hendryk had made me hydrate fully on the journey from the Institute on the west coast to his home in the Midwest, and as my body roused itself the effect made itself urgently known—so urgently that I had to bite my lip and roll over to see if I could find the way to the bathroom.

I saw it, thankfully, but the action of rolling brought a little sob of discomfort to my lips. The sensation of soreness *everywhere* down there nearly made me let go a little of my desperately clenching hold on what felt like an ocean of pee.

I scrambled out of the bed and started to walk on gingerly feet toward the bathroom door. I could see gleaming red and white tile and shiny chrome fixtures. Like the bed, the sheets, the

cloud-like comforter, it looked like the contents of the huge bathroom had come from a royal palace.

Every step felt like a little bit of renewed punishment. The bruises on my bottom from the cane and the soreness of my pussy and my anus seemed to shoot reminders of Master Hendryk's discipline and pleasure each time my foot came down on the soft gray carpet and I shifted my weight forward. The effort of tensing my pelvic muscles over and over to keep my pee inside me brought a new and slightly different wave of discomfort as I covered the ground between me and blessed release.

I had made it within a yard of the open bathroom door when I heard a feminine voice say from the other side of the room, "Oh, you got up! I saw on the dashboard that you were awake, but I thought you would stay in bed for a few minutes."

In a rush a part of my memory from last night that had eluded me as I had reconstructed the ordeal with my waking mind came back: Candy... the AI bed girl... Master Hendryk's other sexual servant... the sexbot whose pussy gripped his cock as tightly as mine did.

I hadn't actually even realized until that moment that I had no clothes on. They had put me in a warm coat after the auction and I had traveled in it all the way from the Institute to my new owner's home. I vaguely remembered Master Hendryk taking it from my shoulders and then lifting my babydoll nightgown over my head before he had picked me up to carry me to bed. I hadn't even been able to utter a murmur of protest at what had seemed like another reminder of the cruelty of the man who had bought me.

I felt my face go bright red as I turned toward the voice. My hands, contrary to every bit of my Institute training, flew to cover my breasts and my bare pussy. Down below, to my horror, I felt the effect of Candy's startling me in the form of a mortifying little flow of warm pee onto my inner thigh.

I let out a little cry of surprise and alarm and humiliation, all mingled into one sound. Instinctively, my fingers clutched between my thighs in a futile attempt to stop the release of the

golden liquid. I felt myself wet those fingers even more before I managed to stop my bladder from continuing the stream, despite how I ached to let it go.

The heat in my face blazed like a furnace at my certainty of just how obvious my accident would be to my new bed sister, and as I laid eyes on her for the first time I could see that she had indeed fixed her gaze downward toward the place I had just wet with my horrifying loss of control.

Candy giggled. As my lips parted in shock that any girl, even an AI girl, would giggle at my shameful predicament, I saw her brilliant blue eyes grow troubled: she hadn't wanted to giggle, I realized, and her face was doing a very passable job of showing compassion and repentance.

Does she actually feel sympathy, though? I wondered, my mind reeling with the discovery that Candy didn't seem artificial in the slightest—immature and perhaps even a little insensitive, yes, but I couldn't think of her as a sexbot after hearing that giggle and seeing the facial expression that followed it.

My mind raced as I looked at the beautiful blonde girl in her blue babydoll nightgown, of a very similar design to the Institute's uniforms but with a few more frills—a mesh-lace bodice, most notably, that showed off Candy's perfect breasts with their quarter-sized pink nipples. Also, overall, a slightly more sheer fabric. I felt my brow furrow as I couldn't help looking downward myself, and observing that I could see the smooth cleft of my new bed sister's private lips through the skirt of the revealing garment.

And I, of course, had nothing on at all.

"I'm sorry," Candy said, her voice sounding as contrite as any real girl's could have. "I shouldn't have giggled, but... I couldn't help it, really. They gave me what they call an *impish* personality!"

My brow furrowed even more deeply as I tried to think this news through. Candy went on speaking.

“You shouldn’t cover yourself like that, though. Master doesn’t like it. He had to give me the strap to teach me not to hide my body from him!”

The strangeness seemed just to be piling up, or swirling around like a denser and denser fog of confusion. I wanted to ask how an artificial girl, designed to please a dominant man like Master Hendryk, could possibly have forgotten what every Institute concubine learned on her first day—not to try to keep a master’s eyes from her private parts. I had forgotten it, yes, but I was just a regular human and Master Hendryk wasn’t even in the room.

As the questions filled my mind, though, the surprise of Candy’s arrival had worn off and my bladder’s terrible fullness came back into my awareness so sharply that I let out a little whimper and bit my lip, my face contorting into a pout of distress.

Candy’s face became even more sympathetic.

“Oh, I’m so sorry, you need to pee, don’t you? Go ahead, I know you don’t want to wet yourself again—I’ll come with you and we can talk in the bathroom!”

Everything she said seemed to have an exclamation point at the end. I couldn’t really put that down to her AI brain, though, because I knew plenty of real girls who talked the same way. Was it part of her *impish* personality?

I had had to get used to not having privacy in the bathroom, since proper submissive behavior there represented an important part of Institute training. Many masters and mistresses, Master G had told us, enjoyed playing with their bed girls there and using various bathroom privileges as a diverting form of discipline. Still, to have Candy simply invite herself in to watch me on the toilet sent a new flush of heat to my cheeks.

I could hardly protest, though, because I could hardly do anything but positively run, despite the pain from my bottom and my pussy that itself threatened to make me let go of my pee with every wincing step, into the beautiful bathroom and straight to the toilet.

I tried so hard to keep from making any sound as I sank gratefully but still with utter mortification onto the seat and felt my bladder start to let go. I failed: a whimper that became a little moan came out of my throat, so loud in the echoing tiled space of the bathroom that I had to close my eyes as I listened to Candy's light, rapid footsteps coming nearer and nearer. The rushing of my pee out of me and into the toilet bowl seemed very loud in my ears, but not loud enough to cover the humiliating noises that kept coming from the back of my throat as I felt the relief of letting go at last.

"Oh, you really had to go, didn't you?" she asked. Even the question seemed to have an implied exclamation point, and I thought I could hear her trying to suppress another giggle. "I'm so lucky—I can make my bladder fill up, if Master wants to play bathroom games, but I don't think I ever really feel that full."

Despite my burning cheeks I found I had to open my eyes to look at her as she stood in front of me, her hands clasped in front of her midriff, looking like an impossible blend of doll and human, like a Barbie come to life but not like any animation you'd ever see, even the best—my mind had terrible trouble accepting that she *wasn't* real, not that she was. Candy had a very earnest look on her face as she studied me, though I noticed instantly that she had her eyes fixed between my thighs, watching my pee still flowing into the toilet.

My curiosity and confusion gave way to a much simpler feeling: irritation.

"That's rude," I snapped. "Looking that way. Don't you know that?"

CHAPTER 9



*R*enee

Candy's eyes rose to meet mine, her face becoming alarmed.

"Yes?" she said, tilting her head a little to the side in a way that I felt certain the Selecta Corporation had designed with the greatest precision to make her look adorable. To my astonishment, her face had also gone red—could she feel *embarrassment*?

I felt the pressure in my bladder finally start to die down as the flow into the toilet bowl slackened. I felt my forehead crease, and I couldn't help biting my lip at the mortifyingly pleasant sensation of relief. Even after weeks at the Institute I hadn't gotten used to the idea that a concubine like me might have to serve her master with this shameful, forbidden element of her sexual submission. Merely to acknowledge that peeing had an erotic dimension for a girl like me had seemed almost too much for Master G to ask of me, and I definitely hadn't had time to get used to bathroom play, above all with another girl.

"If you know it's rude," I demanded, trying to cover over my highly ambiguous reaction and my own hot blush with a glare at Candy, "why did you do it?"

"Oh," she said, the troubled expression on her face clearing as if she hadn't at first understood my objection but had just figured it out, "because I couldn't help it. It turns me on, and I knew it would degrade you even more than being naked and

having cane marks on your bottom and wetting yourself, if I looked at your pussy while you peed!”

I blinked. For a moment I couldn't even understand what Candy meant, because I couldn't imagine any actual person—one in the real world and not in my dark imaginings—saying what my new bed sister had just said. Then the words made their way fully into my mind, and to my dismay they intensified the shameful pleasure of squeezing out the last few drops of pee from my bladder.

Anger at my body and at Candy for speaking so amazingly insensitively brought my response lashing out of my chest.

“You... you can't just *say* that!” I told her, spluttering almost like a cartoon character in my resentment. “Even... even Miss Charlotte, at the Institute... she'd never talk like that. You're not... you're not *allowed* to...”

My voice trailed away in the face of Candy's nodding reaction, and the expression of understanding on her face.

“I know why you're saying that!” she said brightly. “You get aroused when other girls humiliate you, almost as much as when a master humiliates you, but you don't like it because it feels wrong even though you can't help it.”

I opened my mouth as if I had something to say in response, but nothing came out. I closed it again, suddenly becoming hyper-aware of my position, naked on the toilet in front of Candy in her pretty blue nightgown, with the bruises on my bottom beginning to ache more intensely from sitting on the hard toilet seat. I broke the uncomfortable eye contact with the AI girl, turning my eyes toward the side to find the toilet paper and reaching out to take a few squares.

Distressingly, as I wiped myself Candy spoke again, in the same unwelcome vein.

“But I'm sure Master is going to degrade you much more—especially when I tell him you don't like it when I watch you pee. And he'll probably punish you for speaking sharply to me, too! And then maybe he'll make you lick my pussy and

my anus—or maybe he'll make you do that while he whips you with the strap! He's very creative!"

I had managed to finish with the toilet paper as she delivered this dismaying news. It hadn't been at all easy to focus on getting myself dry, though. I had managed to learn to please a woman, under Master G's tutelage, only by concentrating on the pleasure it gave my trainer to watch me do it. Thinking of Master Hendryk's cold eyes, of him whipping me while I pleased Candy, a thrill of mingled fear and need made my hand tremble violently as I dropped the paper into the toilet.

"Oh, you won't like that at all, will you?" Candy continued, her voice sounding actually sympathetic, as if her artificial brain could both enjoy humiliating me and feel compassion for my feelings. "I have access to the sensor data on your body. Your pussy is getting wet, isn't it? You don't want to eat my pussy, but you know Master is going to make you do it, so it gets you aroused even though you don't want to be aroused."

I felt my face pucker into an expression of shame and resentment. The idea that Candy could tell the same things about me that Master G could—that this bed sister would know about the darkness of my needs—alarmed me terribly.

I stood up from the toilet, and immediately heard it start to flush automatically. I found the strength to look Candy in the eyes again, keeping my hands, curled into fists, in front of me so that I wouldn't reflexively cover myself again.

"Look," I said, "am I... am I allowed to ask you to leave me alone?"

With a bright smile on her face, the gorgeous blonde artificial girl shook her head.

"No, I'm sorry! Master told me we have to take our showers together this morning. I have to... you know... seduce you."

I felt my brow furrow hard.

"Seduce me?" It seemed an odd word to use, especially out in the open like that. "Shouldn't you... I mean... not be telling me that? If you want to actually *seduce* me?"

“Oh...” A puzzled expression crossed her face. “Master didn’t tell me not to tell you that part. Maybe it’s even more humiliating for you if you know I’m going to do it?”

I swallowed hard, feeling my face glow red once again. Despite myself, I had to admit she had a point, and that made the problem she had identified—my involuntary but growing arousal at this terribly degrading situation—even worse.

My mouth twisted to the side in grudging acceptance.

“Okay, well, if you don’t object, and you don’t think Master Hendryk will be mad, I’m going to get into the shower now.”

I tried to speak with some degree of sarcasm, attempting to get some control back over the situation—or at least over my own emotions. I expected Candy’s AI brain to take me literally and not recognize the irony, but I had underestimated her.

“Obviously Master won’t be angry, because that’s what he wants,” she said. “He might be angry when I tell him how you spoke about his wishes, though! I think you should know better, Renee, after getting the cane last night!”

My chest seemed to fill with so much emotion it would really have required three different girls to feel them all fully: anger, shame, fear... all of them, in all their different hues and meanings. Without meaning to, I put my right hand behind me to touch my whipped bottom, as if Candy’s dismaying reminder of last night needed an additional confirmation—as if something in me wanted to take on the role of an admonishing teacher, patting my well-punished bottom significantly as a way to ensure that my ongoing education didn’t suffer a setback.

I tried desperately to keep any sign of my roiling feelings off my face and away from Candy’s strangely penetrating, though also infuriatingly innocent, eyes. I managed not to bite my lip, but at the touch of my fingers on the topmost of the long, straight welts from Master Hendryk’s cane I couldn’t stop my brow from creasing. Sore, yes, but the little wince came just as much from the unwelcome, wayward surges of heat—shame in my cheeks and need between my thighs—as from the discomfort.

I thought suddenly of Master G, and sorrow added itself to the stew of emotions inside me. I had been the only girl who had to be whipped for disobedience... and I had thought myself such a good girl, so ready to go into service and start the new life my trainer had prepared me for—yes, at first at least, a life of sometimes-degrading sexual service, but one that against all my cultural expectations nevertheless suited me, as a young woman starting out in the world. And here I was in my owner's house and I felt even more reluctant and unprepared than I had felt in my first days at the Institute.

I felt tears start to prickle my eyes, and to make it worse I saw Candy notice what had happened—the furtive touching of my backside and the little crease between my eyes. The anger threatened to win out: I took my hand from behind me and set my face into an expression I hoped looked scornful. I knew I wasn't acting like the submissive bed girl Master G had trained, but I didn't care. I needed to find some way of dealing with the here and now.

“Well,” I told Candy in a voice that helped instill a little more confidence in my chest with its firm tone, “do whatever you want, I guess. I'm getting in the shower.”

For a moment the artificial girl's face showed what looked to me like wide-eyed fascination at a girl (me) whom I guessed Candy saw as her strange new playmate, or maybe even her toy—a real girl her master had told her she could play with. Then it became puzzled, as if she had just read the anger in my voice and found it confusing. Then, rather to my alarm, it turned into a bright, happy smile.

“Okay,” she said, and instantly reached down to strip her pretty blue nightgown off over her head. At the Institute, we had to wear our blue uniforms when we had been fucked that day; I wondered as I watched Candy's gorgeous, sexy body come into view whether the same rule applied in Master Hendryk's house. A strange clenching feeling came into my chest, and I turned away toward the shower so that she couldn't see the deepening of the crease on my forehead at the thought of my new owner leaving his own bed, with me in it, to go to Candy's in the early morning... to fuck his fake girl as

his new real one slept off the effects of his brutal first use of her body for his enjoyment.

As I stepped toward the enormous, gleaming shower stall—really almost more of a glass-enclosed room than anything properly called a stall—I thought about Candy, about the *idea* of Candy. She herself didn't really represent the problem, I understood. The Institute made very clear to all its concubines-in-training that they would likely end up in the possession of a billionaire who kept multiple bed girls.

Multiple real bed girls. I should be happy, shouldn't I, that my bed sister didn't mean competition on the level of, well, real relationships or something, shouldn't I? I might have had to share my master with another young woman who had real feelings, like the other girls in my training group with whom I had had to share Master G?

"Oh," I heard Candy say behind me, "Master makes such pretty marks. Your bottom looks lovely, Renee! I'm sure he's going to fuck you there when he gets home. Master loves to fuck a whipped bottom!"

Oh, God. What the actual fuck? My brain searched furiously for some adequate reply. *Do I say Thank you? Do I say Fuck you?*

I said nothing. I reached for the golden handle of the glass door and started to open it. I tried to focus on how good the water from all those nozzles was going to feel.

Why did Candy's presence make me feel so... scared, but also so reluctant and rebellious? I thought I could tell that she herself didn't have much to do with it. Something about *me* made me feel like I might do something rash, something that as the concubine of a man like Master Hendryk would surely earn me another whipping much sooner than I could bear.

"I'll let you look as closely at my cane stripes as you want!" Candy said as I stepped into the shower. "I'm pretty sure Master will make us kiss each others' bottoms tonight, so maybe we should try it now?"

CHAPTER 10



*H*endryk

I turned on the video feed from the master bathroom on my office computer. The AI agent in my home management system found Renee and Candy without my even needing to search—all the lucky owner of a concubine had to do these days to keep tabs on her was to tap her picture on the home screen. In a microsecond, if it even took that long, the remarkably arousing sight of my two bed girls in the shower together filled the screen.

My office occupied its own building on the grounds of my nineteenth-century mansion: it had been built as a carriage house and within a few years of the home's construction it had become the garage. My three cars still occupied a good deal of the ground floor, while my roomy workspace perched above with views of my house and the nearby woods on all four sides.

The view on the computer screen, however, diverted me a great deal more urgently than the lovely spring day. I got up to lower the blind on the nearest window so I could see Renee and Candy properly, their gorgeous naked bodies unobscured by glare.

I sat back down and took in the display as a whole, rather than letting my eyes be drawn, as my atavistic alpha instincts urged, to the figures in the video window that occupied the majority of the screen's real estate.

“Why don’t we start by hugging?” Candy asked in her always cheerful tone, her voice clearly audible over the rush of warm water from the twelve showerheads that sprayed the naked girls both from above and on three sides. They had gotten themselves nice and clean, first of all; I had greatly enjoyed the sight of Renee biting her lip as she had rubbed her pussy with the soapy washcloth, a mixture of discomfort and awakening arousal on her face. Now Candy began the seduction with her frank suggestion, at the same time putting her hands on Renee’s slim hips, and turning the new girl toward her.

Instead of watching what happened in the video window—as my slowly hardening cock understandably suggested—I turned my eyes to the evolving flow of information on the other side of the screen. Not as arousing, perhaps, but from an intellectual perspective even more interesting.

Also, if I did my job as Renee’s owner well, more likely to make both of us happy with her sexual service to me—as well as with the progress she would make here in my house toward an independent life of personal growth and, just as important as far as I was concerned, sexual fulfillment.

That principle, the idea that an Institute concubine was sold to a dominant not merely for his sexual pleasure, or even for their mutual enjoyment of her shameful service in his bed, served as the bedrock of my philosophy. It made my job as head of Selecta’s education division feel to me like less of a job, or even a career, and more like a mission to save the world—or at least to save those in the world who felt the reciprocal needs Renee and I felt.

So my innate dominant arousal might be telling me to look at the gorgeous, slick, embracing flesh of the girls getting to know one another in the shower, but my real passion—and my swiftly growing affection for Renee—drew my eyes to the data feed scrolling down the window on the upper right side of my screen.

Most important, right now, I had to decide when I would go back over to the house and play with my new toy—and

whether I would do it with or without the help of my slightly older but still very shiny toy.

As measured by the microscopic sensor placed without Renee's knowledge between her vagina and her anus, my new toy's arousal level currently fluctuated between seven and nine out of ten. Reading the ceaseless data generated by all the various kinds of biometric sensors Selecta could deploy didn't represent a specialty of mine, though I could generally learn a fair amount from looking at the raw numbers, whether they came from a perineal sensor or from, say, an infrared camera in combination with a voice analyzer. Thankfully, the latest version of the Institute assessment bot—a neural net that had been trained to do the most basic work of an assessment team—made up for the analytic skills I lacked.

The bot, which the assessors themselves had nicknamed *AssBot* in an uncharacteristically juvenile—I thought, anyway—moment, put its comments in the window that occupied the lower right corner of the screen.

Current fluctuation in Renee's arousal, combined with skin galvanics, probably (87% certainty) represents reaction to uncertainty in Candy's intentions toward her. I theorize (53% certainty): cognitive function (slightly) impairing arousal cycle, as Renee tries to discern her master's intentions behind Candy's.

I judge (74% certainty) fluctuation benign and likely (61% certainty) constructive: Renee's principle need, as assessed at the Institute, is to feel herself used with utter thoroughness by her master, precisely as he chooses. Her confusion at this point will, according to this model, serve to reinforce her impression of becoming a mere tool of her master's enjoyment. The participation of another concubine—a role for which an artificially intelligent concubine is perhaps ideally suited—will further that process.

After absorbing AssBot's opinion, I let my gaze wander back to the shower scene. If I remembered correctly, the bathroom alone had thirty-seven separate, tiny cameras installed in the tile; the house as a whole had something like six thousand. I could switch between them with a tap on the screen, but here too the house manager's AI offered my preferred solution—it knew very well what I liked, and it had chosen from the many available views a close-up of Candy kissing Renee passionately as the warm water poured down over them.

My eyes flicked back over to the data, just to check that magic composite number into which the assessment algorithms poured all their available sensor data and their real-time first order analysis.

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When I returned my attention to the video window, the shot had changed: it showed Candy's hand on Renee's hip, inching downward and rearward to hold Renee's bruised right ass-cheek. I let myself admire my handiwork in the lovely double stripes from the firmly wielded rattan, just for a moment. A chime from the screen brought me back to the number again.

10

The ten flashed, and two words appeared beneath it.

Recalibration. Pre-orgasm.

Renee had just felt more arousal than she had ever experienced during the time Selecta had observed her as an indentured sexual servant—from her recruitment and all the way through her Institute training. As far as I knew, that generally didn't happen, especially on a girl's first day in her new owner's home.

I smiled as I rose and turned off the screen. My cock gave a little leap at the thought of the pleasures to come.

Time to play with my shiny new toy.

* * *

Renee

I let out a sob of arousal into Candy's soft, sweet-tasting mouth. Her soapy fingers, gentle on my sore bottom, traced a cane welt and then went further down, between my cheeks and then between my thighs, making me bend my knees and push out my rear end, then move my bare feet apart on the wet tile.

I tried to say, *Please don't*, but I couldn't even make the *p* of *please*, because my mouth just kept kissing Candy's mouth back.

Seduction? I had thought my reluctance and shame would make it necessary for Master Hendryk to order me to have sex with my new bed sister—that whatever Candy tried to do to make me *want* to have sex with her wouldn't work. At the Institute, I had learned to play with another girl as our master watched, and to please a dominant, demanding older woman. I hadn't liked it, except that I liked knowing that I could do it. The thought of it still always made me blush furiously, just as I blushed under Candy's caresses in the shower, but I had told myself it just didn't *do* anything for me, sexually anyway.

But Candy had boldly taken hold of my hips and turned me toward her with surprising strength, under the warm water pouring down in what seemed a waterfall from the huge golden showerhead on the ceiling. She had leaned her face toward mine, and for reasons I couldn't seem to track down inside my whirling mind, I had tilted my own face and parted my lips. The seduction I had thought my artificial bed sister couldn't accomplish had happened in an instant.

Her two middle fingers began to move up and down my tingling inner pussy lips, pushing gently into my sore sheath to find and to draw my own wetness. I cried out softly into her mouth as her other hand took gentle hold of my bottom-cheek, kneading it very softly to bring out the soreness from our master's cane even as she—yes, fine—seduced my pussy with those skillful fingers.

My cheeks burned, because I had never felt so much need with another girl. No, I realized, with still more heat in my face—I

didn't think I had ever felt so much wanton desire with *anyone*... not Master G... not even when Master Hendryk's brutal fucking had taken me to a place of submission I had never visited before.

Did something about Candy's artificial nature make me moan into her kissing mouth and try shamelessly, desperately to ride the caressing hand she had insinuated between my thighs?

Yes and no, I thought as my mind began to float into that other place I seemed to go when made to serve the sexual wishes of another person—apparently even of a not-real young woman... a living doll owned, like me, by a cruel man who liked to whip girls and use their bodies as his playthings...

Yes and no...

No, because a real girl sent by my brutal master to seduce me, I understood, would have found me nearly as easy. Candy's hand on my caned bottom, reminding me wordlessly that I belonged to a man who knew how to discipline a wanton, disobedient, still in some ways very innocent young bed girl like me... her gentle, knowing fingertips had called forth my need and her belonging to the same master had somehow authorized my dark desire for her. A real girl in that same position probably could have seduced me almost as effectively.

Yes, because the idea that the gorgeous, naked young woman kissing me and finger-fucking my pussy wasn't *real*—that instead of having needs and wishes of her own, she served our master as a perfect tool—seemed to have made her seduction completely irresistible.

I could imagine pushing a real girl away, at least at first—at least before she had knelt down on the tiled floor behind me, maybe, and offered to put soothing gel on my punished backside. A real girl would have had the chance to triumph over me, I realized, for seducing me. She could have told our master with pride that she had made me succumb to my wanton nature, my forbidden need—a need so great I would give into another woman's lewd caresses as long as my sluttiness could find some satisfaction.

But Candy could bring me shamefully close to coming as I rode her caressing hand like a lewd saddle, could break the embrace suddenly to turn me toward the wall and lean me over, hands on the tile as, yes, she knelt behind me. She could put her hands up to hold my bottom, open it, put her face there, lick as I cried out over and over... all without any idea that I had the slightest choice.

My bed sister, after all, couldn't do anything but what Master Hendryk wanted her to do. If I refused, he would whip me. This forbidden pleasure with another girl... my owner wanted me to feel it. I pushed my bottom back, riding Candy's face as I had ridden her hand. My cries echoed off the tiles.

Master Hendryk's voice said, from outside the shower stall, "Don't let her come."

CHAPTER 11



*R*enee

Master Hendryk made us dry each other off while he watched. I wouldn't have supposed that getting dry could be as sensual an experience as getting wet—at least in the conventional, mostly innocent sense of taking a hot shower or swimming in the ocean. Candy, it seemed, knew otherwise, or perhaps her super-brain simply let her improvise a way to keep my pussy wet even as she got the rest of me dry.

“Her pussy is so nice and smooth!” Candy exclaimed to Master Hendryk as she rubbed the fluffy white towel between my legs gently and for a good deal longer than necessary to get me dry. We still stood in the vast shower stall, and our owner stood just outside it, watching with a smile of what seemed like satisfaction on his face.

Candy had turned her face over her shoulder to comment on how well the Institute aesthetician had done in waxing me the day before the auction, but now she turned to me and said, “I can't grow hair on mine unless Master decides to enable that feature.” She turned back to look at Master Hendryk. “Is she as smooth as me, Master? Did she feel nice on your cock?”

It was the kind of casually degrading dirty talk I had heard over and over from trainers at the Institute—not Master G, so much, but many of the other training masters. In the mouth of the girl I had to think of as my bed sister, though, it seemed to take me to a completely new level of humiliation.

“Candy,” Master Hendryk said, “that’s unkind. Yes, Renee was just as smooth as you are last night and her little pussy felt just as good as yours did when I fucked you this morning. She’ll start to grow her hair again soon, and you’ll learn to wax her for me.”

I felt my brow furrow, and the heat surged into my face. Thoughts and feelings boiled up in my chest, and as seemed almost normal in Master Hendryk’s house at this point, I couldn’t count them, or name more than the most obvious ones: embarrassment and anxiety. I didn’t understand Candy at all, and I understood Master Hendryk almost as little.

But the blue nightgown meant just what you thought it meant, didn’t it? Your master fucked his fake girl’s pussy while he rested your holes, to let them recover from the brutal fucking he gave you in all of them last night.

“Oh,” Candy said when she turned back to me, “look at her blush. I’m sorry, Renee.”

“That’s...” I started, fumbling for words. “That’s okay... but...”

“I think you’re dry, girls,” Master Hendryk interrupted. “Come here and touch your toes, Candy. You have a punishment coming for what you said.”

“Yes, Master,” Candy replied, and padded out of the shower stall, handing the towel to me.

“Bottom to Renee,” our owner said, taking her arm firmly and positioning her before he bent her over so that I could see every intimate secret of her beautiful rear end. Candy’s pussy was indeed smooth and pink and girlish, a pouting slit of a rosier hue peeking out from the cleft of her outer lips. Between the cane-marked cheeks of her bottom her little anus looked like the bud of a flower. I blushed anew as I wondered whether mine were that pretty, and how often Master Hendryk had used his artificial girl that way, and whether he would use my bottom with that same frequency.

Candy let out a little cry as our master folded her like a piece of origami paper, and all my questions began to seethe inside

me. Just how real was she? She had already shown me the six fading double lines from the caning she said she had gotten last week for being sassy. She had said it had hurt a lot, but I couldn't really even tell what that meant. Her cry had sounded like the sort of fearful noise real girls—like the ones I had seen punished many times at the Institute—made when about to receive an old-fashioned obedience lesson, but surely Selecta could design a fake girl who made realistic sounding noises and yet didn't actually feel pain?

“Hold your ankles,” Master Hendryk commanded. Candy gave a whimper as she obeyed.

Master Hendryk stood on her left side and took her right hip into his grasp to keep her in place. I noticed fully for the first time that he had on a robe very much like the ones the training masters at the Institute wore. Master Hendryk's was charcoal gray, and I swallowed hard as I wondered whether he had anything on underneath. Master G had worn the special pants that left his penis free to enjoy his girls as he chose.

“Watch, Renee,” he commanded, as if I could do anything else.

I thought he would start spanking Candy's upturned bottom, but when he put his right hand there, to my surprise he took hold of her exposed pussy and began working it very roughly with his long fingers. At the same time, he pushed his thumb against the tight ring of her anus.

Candy moaned. She began to bounce on her bent knees, trying to rub herself against Master Hendryk's hand even more firmly. I watched his fingers, dipping inside the rosy sheath of her vagina, come out glistening and slick so that he could masturbate her clit more easily.

I had the fluffy white towel out in front of me. That had just been the way I held it when Candy handed it to me, but it started to seem like a kind of shield as Master Hendryk drew sobs of forced pleasure mingled with discomfort from the bent-over girl, his eyes fixed on me the entire time.

At the Institute I had had to get used to the feeling—shared by all the girls there, our teachers assured us—of helpless arousal

at the suffering of our fellow bed girls. I had thought I knew how strong it could get inside me, and what it felt like. Nothing, though, had prepared me for how the sight of Master Hendryk punishing Candy with pleasure affected me.

“Drop the towel, Renee,” he said, not raising his voice into any obvious sort of authoritative tone, but nevertheless issuing the abrupt command with a kind of casual arrogance that sent an unwelcome electric thrill to my clit. “I want you to play with yourself while you watch me punish your bed sister.”

My hands clutched the soft terrycloth more tightly instead.

“I... I...” I stammered. I had never masturbated before my arrival at the Institute. Master G had taught me—or really had instructed me to teach myself. He had watched me bring myself to orgasm for the first time, with mortifying awkwardness. Then he had made me do it every night in bed to help me get in touch with my submissive needs. I had kind of gotten used to that, but it still felt very embarrassing even all by myself in the dark.

To have my frightening new owner command the shameful act so brusquely sent me into a panicky, defensive state on its own. Much worse, though, my confused and terribly confusing thoughts and feelings about Candy made the idea of touching my pussy while Master Hendryk disciplined her this breathtakingly humiliating way seem impossible—partly because my mind felt so desperate to understand what it all meant and partly because to my dismay I *wanted* to play with myself so very much.

Master G had explained to me the reason I had never masturbated despite the strength of my submissive sexual needs. It lay, he had said, in my natural fear, shared by so many submissives, of what would become of me if anyone—paradoxically but also logically including me—found out about the dark desires inside me. If, for example, someone were to discover what happened inside me when I heard about another girl getting spanked.

Or watched another girl grasping her ankles while her owner worked her poor bare pussy like he’s kneading dough.

Candy's cries rang piteously off the echoing tiled walls of the bathroom. Master Hendryk had his thumb in her bottom-hole and his middle two fingers inside her vagina. His hand moved rhythmically, and Candy's noises came from her bent-over chest in the same rhythm. Her hips, too, pushed up with our owner's brutal cadence.

I looked up from my artificial bed sister's backside into Master Hendryk's face. My hands tightened on the towel.

"Do as you're told, Renee," he said, his eyes narrowing as he beheld my apparent disobedience. "I want to see your hand on your pussy in the next five seconds, or the whipping you get will be a lot more painful than those three strokes last night were."

My lips parted and my fingers let go of the towel at the same moment. I couldn't even tell whether I had meant to drop it, or it had fallen from my hand out of the fear that had gripped me at my master's threat. I thrust my hand down and put it over my pussy. I started to stroke the tender cleft, my middle finger rubbing along the center, between my inner lips. I did it mechanically, and although I felt such urgent need inside my fingers on my just-dried labia didn't provide any satisfaction.

"Put them inside," Master Hendryk commanded over Candy's sobbing moans. "Get some of those naughty juices so you can make yourself feel good."

Something about the tone of his voice seemed to open a floodgate onto the swirling mass of my confused thoughts. The way Master Hendryk simply *said* that kind of thing, as if he were making ordinary conversation, brought a protest to my lips.

"B-but..." I stammered.

When Master G had given me instructions, some of them just as lewd as the command Master Hendryk had just spoken, he had used a voice that suggested he understood how difficult an independent young woman like me would find it to obey. My new owner, on the other hand, uttered his obscene orders as if, on the contrary, a girl like me should know very well the

importance of probing inside her aching vagina and gathering her wetness to spread it to her clit.

Suddenly I needed him to know that I couldn't do it—not with the sight of him forcibly pleasuring his artificial concubine in my eyes and the sound of her helpless, uncomfortable arousal in my ears.

“But... But I don't...” My breathing had gone wild. I took a gulp of air, trying desperately to feel some sense of control, if not over the situation then at least over myself. “Can she... Can she really feel it?”

Master Hendryk looked down at Candy's raised backside. For a moment I wondered whether what I had just said had only been in my head. Then my owner delivered his response: he took his right hand away from Candy's pussy and anus and started to spank her pretty bottom hard and fast. Then he glanced at me for a moment before returning his attention to Candy's quickly reddening rear. Over her shrieks of pain he spoke to me, though he kept his eyes on his AI concubine's delectable ass.

“It definitely *seems* like she feels it, doesn't it?”

“Y-yes,” I managed to say. I felt my face pucker into a mask of distress and unwelcome arousal. I whimpered as my fingers obeyed Master Hendryk's command, and then the whimper became a sob at how shamefully wet I found myself. Through all the conflict in my heart and mind, the absolute need to spread that slick, wonderful moisture upward to where it would help the most with the raging, aching fire prevailed. Without the slightest intention, my left hand went behind me, and it squeezed my caned bottom, my own caned bottom, in some strange kind of sympathy with my bed sister's terrible ordeal.

My eyes had fixed themselves on Candy's poor, rosy backside. When Master Hendryk took his hand away, after he had delivered yet another hard spank, I could see her bottom clench and squirm as she tried to ease some of the pain. I could see her little pink pussy, and her little pink anus, so terribly exposed by the shameful position our owner had

placed her in. My fingers in front moved on my clit... my fingers behind crept between my own punished bottom-cheeks to touch the forbidden place where Master Hendryk had opened me just last night and fucked me brutally to teach me obedience.

I cried out, because suddenly I had come so close to orgasm I could feel it grip my abs, then my glutes, then the muscles of my thighs. Master Hendryk's voice stopped my moving hand.

“Don't you dare come, Renee.”

CHAPTER 12



*R*enee

My whole body froze. I became hyper-aware of where my hands had gone, of the two fingers I had unconsciously thrust inside my pussy to find my g-spot right before Master Hendryk had forbidden the climax... of the middle finger I had poked just a tiny ways into my bottom's puckered ring. My breath went raggedly in and out between my parted lips. Master Hendryk had stopped spanking Candy and had his hand possessively on her little red bottom, his eyes fixed on me as he caressed the fiery globes while she emitted sobs of pain and need. To my dismay I felt my hips move of their own accord, in search of forbidden pleasure, trying to use my suddenly stilled fingers to find release. I had the terrible urge to fall to my knees and beg my master to let me come... or even to fuck me right there... even to open my ass again on his thrusting cock if that was the way he chose to fill me.

"Come here," he said, his voice soft but absolutely decisive. "Bring the towel and kneel on it. We'll finish Candy's lesson together, and I'll try to explain a little about her. If you're a good girl I'll let you come."

I shuddered at the way Master Hendryk's command seemed so perfectly to mirror the idea of kneeling that had just come into my own mind's eye. My forehead creased hard as I pulled my wanton hands away from my pussy and bottom and stooped down to fetch the towel. Absurdly, I tried to make my

movements as graceful as I could, as if it mattered. Again, something about Candy seemed to change the way I thought about myself: she couldn't do anything awkwardly, as far as I could tell—even bent over into the degrading posture our master had commanded she still somehow looked like a perfect doll, her apple-red backside only setting off the creamy pink and white of her lovely skin more beautifully.

I on the other hand stumbled a little, of course, as I approached them, tripping slightly on the raised metal of the shower door's jamb. I ended up closer to Master Hendryk and Candy than I wanted to be, but he pointed to a spot on the tiled floor nearer still to the artificial girl's taut, slightly bent legs.

“Down, my dear,” he said. “Facing me.”

I folded the towel, my face burning, and knelt on it with my eyes downcast, just as Master G had taught me.

“Open my robe,” my master instructed.

I could smell the naughty-girl fragrance coming from Candy's pussy. I wondered whether it was left over from when Master Hendryk had worked her poor little slit and bottom so roughly, or if the spanking itself had made her gush with need as soon as he had stopped and began to rub her hot bottom-cheeks. Sometimes when Master G had spanked me it worked like that, but not always. I remembered the auction, and Master Hendryk's touch after the caning, and I had to bite my lip at the wave of arousal that passed through me—it seemed very possible that it *always* worked like that with Master Hendryk.

For girls like me, I thought as I looked at the knot in his robe's sash. And, I'm sure, for 'girls' like Candy.

Were we—Candy the AI concubine and I the real one—both ‘designed’ that way? The thought made me swallow very hard, and that in turn made me realize that my mouth had started to water mortifyingly as I reached my hands up to obey Master Hendryk's command.

Am I 'designed' to salivate when I know my master will make me suck his cock very soon?

To my right, where Candy's sweet face hung upside down and just half visible out of the corner of my eye, on the other side of her bent legs, I heard a whimper. I could tell from the rhythm Master Hendryk's hand had just adopted and the embarrassingly wet sounds coming from between my bed sister's thighs that he had moved his fingers' attention to her needy pussy.

I had to let out a tiny whimper of my own as I began to loosen the knot in the silken sash.

"Quickly, Renee," Master Hendryk instructed. "I very much want to fuck your face as soon as possible."

My cheeks burning, I got the knot untied. The robe parted and I saw that my master wore the same pants that Master G wore, but made of the finest silk rather than soft cotton. His cock jutted out proudly at me, and at the sight the water in my mouth grew so plentiful that I had to swallow some of it.

"You may take it in your mouth," my master said. "Hands at your sides and head still."

I heard in his voice a note of urgency that surprised me. I thought it must mean that Master Hendryk's arousal had reached a point so high that he needed relief—and that my mouth represented his choice for that relief, when Candy's wet pussy and her tight anus were only a few inches away. I felt a strange, shameful pride to be the possessor of our master's preferred receptacle.

I opened my mouth wide, and I bent forward a little, with my tongue curled over my lower lip just as I had learned at the Institute. My master's massive erection swayed a little as he masturbated Candy, but I got it inside my lips, keeping my hands at my sides as he had instructed.

Master Hendryk let out a little grunt of satisfaction. He began to thrust into my mouth hard and fast. I struggled to keep my breathing even, feeling for the first time that my training really could serve me well in pleasing my owner. It wasn't comfortable, receiving the bulk of his cock that way, knowing I must keep my mouth wide open to give him a pleasant place to fuck, feeling the head of his penis press against the back of

my throat over and over—but Master G had taught me how to do it, and I held my head still so my new master could enjoy himself properly.

“Candy,” Master Hendryk said, his voice thick with pleasure, “would you like to try Renee’s mouth?”

Oh, no. He had said he would try to explain. That wasn’t anything like an explanation... that only made my confusion worse.

“Yes, Master,” Candy said in a sob, her tone begging. “Please, Master.”

Master Hendryk pulled my mouth from his cock and turned my head roughly toward the artificial girl’s backside. I gave a little cry as I got a fleeting glimpse of that glistening, fragrant pussy and that tiny pink bottomhole, and then he had thrust my face against it. With his left hand on Candy’s hip he held her steady so that he could use his right, fingers twined in my hair, to press my nose and mouth firmly into the other girl’s most private places. That firm hand enforced my shameful attendance to the wanton need in Candy’s musky tasting vagina, pushing so hard that my face’s cheeks felt her hot little bottom-cheeks rub against them, and my eyes could take in only those well-spanked red globes.

“Lick, please,” Candy sobbed. “Please, Renee.”

I had licked, when Master G made me go down on other girls in my training group. It had been hard for me, as it was for most of the bed girls in training at the Institute, but our trainers told us we wouldn’t have any choice, in the homes of our owners: we would please dominant women and submissive girls as our masters and mistresses chose. If we refused, or showed reluctance, we would receive the harsh punishment we deserved, and then we would do it anyway to avoid more of the strap or the cane or the disciplinary anal plug.

Yet, with my face held against Candy’s pussy and bottom-hole, I couldn’t do it. My face grew even hotter with shame than my bed sister’s hot, wet sheath had already gotten me. I pursed my lips, and I tried to take only shallow breaths so that

I didn't have to smell the shameful aroma of a needy girl's private parts.

Why? Didn't Master G teach me how to do this?

My heart sped up as I realized it had something to do with Candy not being real. Was this actually part of Master Hendryk's explanation? I had prepared—or I thought I had prepared—to serve my owner alongside another girl. But I didn't know if Candy really *was* another girl, did I? She seemed so much like a real person, and yet knowing how that 'realness' could represent a facade for practically anything actually going on in her mind seemed to make her not only my bed sister but also a terrible symbol of Master Hendryk's dominance over me.

I whimpered through my closed lips. I felt my head shaking *no* against the grip of my owner's fingers on my head, despite my best efforts not to show my disobedience so clearly. Candy let out another sob, one that seemed to hold some gratification thanks to the friction I had provided. With a surge of heat to my face I remembered that some girls even did that, shook their heads like that, when going down on other girls' needy pussies.

"I can make her lick," Master Hendryk said in a voice that sent a shiver up my spine with its threat of forceful action.

His right hand left my head. I gave a cry of fear, rearing my head back and starting to turn it, intending to plead with him not to spank me on top of the terribly sore bruises his cane had left at the auction. Candy moaned with need, deprived of the lewd stimulation from my now very warm, very moist face.

But my master's hand came down on my bottom not with a slap but with that ultra-possessive caress, the one he had used on me last night and on Candy just a few minutes ago. He had bent his knees just a little so that he could keep his hold on the other girl's hip while he seized my bottom in his strong fingers and his broad palm, instantly probing between my thighs and making me widen my knees on the soft white towel, half in fear at what he would do if I failed to give him access to the

part of me he had claimed above all as his own, half in my own abject plea for some release of my own wanton need.

“Lick, you little slut,” Master Hendryk said, and he squeezed so hard that what had seemed so much better than a spanking suddenly became much worse, much harsher. “Get your face back in that ass and do as you’re told.”

For a moment I couldn’t get my muscles to obey, as much as the terrible discomfort from my master’s hand made me long to do whatever he commanded. That hand left the tender spot, and I sobbed in relief, but only for an instant. The hand returned, with a spank, but not to my bottom. Master Hendryk spanked my pussy instead, and I shrieked with a pain that immediately became something much more ambiguous.

I thrust my face back between Candy’s thighs, between Candy’s warm bottom-cheeks, and I started to lick desperately. She cried out very softly, a cooing sort of noise, a noise of comfort and satisfaction. It brought an answering coo from me, and I ran my tongue from the complicated place where her shy little clit hid in its wrinkly hood to the hole our master had fucked this morning while I rested from the effects of having his cock in my own pussy.

Then I cried out into Candy’s private parts, my back arching hard, because Master Hendryk’s hand had come back with another caress, this one much softer.

“You may both come,” he told us, and then he made it happen.

CHAPTER 13



*H*endryk

Renee's reluctance had begun to have an unexpected effect on me. The way her body responded to my touch, with a kind of shuddering, ineffectual rebellion that ended in helpless acquiescence didn't just make my already hard cock jump with dominant arousal. It stirred my heart in a way I almost hadn't thought possible since I had started out on my career as—at least in a certain sense—a professional dominant.

I thrust my middle fingers inside the hot, slick sheath of her vagina and I held her beautifully marked bottom in my palm. I knew for a fact that the training group from which she had come at the Institute didn't use pussy spanking as a teaching method. For most of Renee's groupmates, I understood from what her dossier had imparted, that was because their basically angelic nature wouldn't be well served by such a harsh punishment.

Some of them would almost certainly advance to that level of submission in the future—indeed the Institute's assessors could predict the percentage within a point or two. To take them there too quickly would only scare them back into repression, though. So, like the training groups that for instance specialized in anal discipline to prepare concubines for dominants whose principal interests lay in that dark region, Master G's training group specialized for the most part in angels available for purchase to men and women whose

Lourcy scores fell in the five-to-seven range on the dominance scale.

Renee, however, had gone to Master G's group for a different reason: her special, relatively rare constellation of submissive sexual traits meant that in her assessor's judgment she should receive that relatively mild level of concubine training, but with the intention that her owner take her past the resistance she felt to his much more intense demands.

Dominants at eight and above on the Lourcy scale, Renee's dossier had read, will have the necessary instincts to treat Renee with the firmness—even the harshness—she needs if she is to reach her potential both as a concubine and as an empowered, mature submissive. She will find herself—very much to her surprise—resisting her owner's authority in a manner for which she will feel the Institute did not prepare her. Her owner's instincts with regard to such extreme measures as vulval discipline and labial closure will serve as the best guide to her further training, under the monitoring protocols necessary in her case.

My eyes had fixed themselves downward, on the gorgeous sight of Renee's sweet, punished bottom gripped firmly in my hand, my ears full of the sweet moans she had begun to emit into Candy's spread backside. I glanced at Candy's upside-down face, almost as red as her spanked bottom with the blood that had flowed there from her bent, penitent posture.

My artificial girl... my monitor in how I trained Renee, though Candy herself didn't, as far as I knew, have the slightest awareness of that function. The Institute used her eyes and ears, and some more advanced sensors whose existence I knew about from corporate memos—though even at my pay grade I didn't have access to their specs or even their general description.

A little to my surprise, I realized that it helped to know that the Institute, and by extension Selecta Corporation, my own uber-

bosses could backstop me if necessary. More than anything else, that told me that I had started to fall for Renee—the sudden realization that I cared very much indeed about whether the hard spank I had given her pussy had helped her along in her journey into full submission. If I had to discipline her even more harshly at some point—and my instincts told me I would, and probably very soon—I would be glad to know experts were looking out for my very expensive favorite toy.

I certainly didn't need Selecta's help at the moment, though; Renee and Candy had already started to come, both of them very hard indeed.

* * *

Renee

Master Hendryk's fingers kept moving forcefully inside me as the first spasms of my orgasm took hold. I sobbed into Candy's hot bottom, tasted her hot pussy. My nose pressed up against the tight ring of her anus, and the shame of this utterly servile position, this utterly obscene act of forbidden pleasure sent a terrible shudder through my hips. I had to arch my back harder in my need to get more of my master's fingers inside me and to feel his hand possessing me in that arrogant way more intensely.

He spanked my pussy. Master G had never done that. I had seen it once, when Kelsey, one of the brats, had talked back to her training master in feminine pleasure class. She had had to lie on her back on a punishment horse, while another girl from her training group held her knees wide open. Then Master F had brought his huge hand down right on her bare, spread pussy three times. Kelsey had always struck me as a very hard case—one so hard I didn't really understand even why a dominant man would want to own her when he could own an angel like me instead. She only ever grunted when she got the cane. Three hard spanks to her open pussy, though, had made her scream and wail like a little girl.

I had watched her whole vulva turn pink and then red, and I had bitten my lip hard to keep from whimpering in sympathy. Tears had pricked in the corners of my eyes and I had understood, I thought, why trainers used pussy spanking to correct the worst misconduct.

It didn't only have to do with the terrible pain, I had thought I saw. Most of the punishment came from the even worse shame of having your pussy punished. To have the man who had complete authority over you visit that good-feeling but also fundamentally embarrassing place not with the pleasure he could give you if you behaved... not with his soothing, dominant hardness... but with the firm hand that kept you in line... it brought me close to tears even thinking about it—even when in my bed that night I couldn't *stop* thinking about it. With terrible guilt, in fact, I had come while touching my own un-spanked pussy, with the image of Kelsey getting her just reward for talking back... of her opened wide, of her knees held back, of Master F's hand coming down with a wet smack that had echoed off the classroom walls... of Kelsey screaming and screaming and the hand coming down twice more.

And now Master Hendryk had spanked me that way, just once but so hard that even as I came on his thrusting fingers I could still feel the soreness in my labia. It made me cry out all the louder into my bed sister's pussy as I licked, desperate to make her feel the same terrible pleasure our owner forced on me.

His big hand held me there, so firmly that sharp pain from the cane's welts traveled like tormenting electric shocks through the muscles of my backside, my bottom and my thighs and then my core. My nipples tingled. Without thinking about it, I reached my right hand up and started playing with my left breast, trying to make the climax fill that part of me, too, trying to make it go on and become another one, the way Master G had taught me I could.

“Did I tell you to touch your breasts, slut?” Master Hendryk asked harshly.

He took away his probing right hand. I cried out in fear. The hand came down, or it seemed rather *up* and into my pussy again. I screamed into Candy's pussy. I heard her cry out and wondered if she could feel sympathy for the agony Master Hendryk had just bestowed. I ripped my hand away from my chest and put it at my side.

"Candy gets another orgasm," our owner said. "Renee gets a spanking."

"Oh, no," I sobbed. I started to pull my face away from the artificial girl's backside, intending to plead with Master Hendryk not to spank me. His right hand pressed on the back of my head, forcing my mouth back to its shameful duty. Then, in what felt like a microsecond, that hand rose and came down, not only on my pussy thank God but equally on my bottom.

I cried out, but the pain didn't take over; Master Hendryk seemed able to judge his sexual discipline with great precision. I still had enough presence of mind to keep pleasuring Candy, my tongue lapping desperately at her clit.

Another spank came down. My back arched as I whimpered and kept licking. Candy moaned, her knees bouncing and her hips thrusting. I thought I could tell that she meant to try to make her climax come on as quickly as possible, and to my surprise my heart filled with something like affection—the first time, I realized, that I had responded to her entirely the way I would have responded to a real girl.

"Now," Master Hendryk said, as he spanked me again, "let me see if I can explain to you, Renee, what it's going to mean for you to have an AI bed sister... beyond, obviously, having to pleasure her when I tell you to."

His hand rose and fell. My whole body bucked at the sharp stab of pain, and the way it instantly spread through my hips with a dull heat that shaded achingly from pain to need—the desperate longing for the further release my master had denied me.

The hand returned, neither to spank me nor to satisfy me: Master Hendryk merely rested it there, holding my pussy and

my bottom possessively but very lightly, as if he intended me to understand that those parts of me belonged to him absolutely despite his choice not to do anything with them just at the moment. I sobbed my acknowledgment of his arrogance and his dominance into the warm, rosy, muskily fragrant, shamefully forbidden world of Candy's shuddering backside. Sobbing over and over, I kept licking, tasting the tang of the other girl's feminine need, trying to make her come.

"What you must understand, my dear," Master Hendryk said in a light, almost teasing tone, "is that Candy can't help but think of herself as a real girl, while at the same time knowing she's not."

Candy let out a long, deep moan that almost turned into a wail by the time she ran out of breath and fell into silence. Her knees bounced more and more quickly.

"See how hard a time she's having coming, now?" Master Hendryk asked. "Her body's exhausted from all the orgasms she had during her punishment, just the way yours would be."

His right hand rose. I cried out with fear, into Candy's ceaselessly moving bottom, before I felt the spank and heard it echo off the bathroom walls, and then I whimpered at the pain and the need that followed it. This slow spanking seemed somehow even more brutal than our master's usual cruelly businesslike rhythm, when he clearly wanted to make a girl he owned feel as much pain as possible.

I remembered how he had told me last night at the auction that punishment was always sexual for him. I thought of his cock, of how it felt inside me and of how hard it seemed to get when he punished a girl. A shudder of helpless arousal went through my limbs as the memory of my master's hardness thrusting painfully in the tight ring of my anus met the sensation of his right hand returning to my bottom and my pussy.

"That's why Candy will help me so much as I train you to serve my cock, Renee. They went easy on you at the Institute because they seem to have thought you were an angel."

CHAPTER 14



*R*enee

Oh, no. The thought Master Hendryk had placed in my mind, the idea that I had been wrong—that Master G had been wrong—about me... it made me push my backside up and out against his big hand, as if my body were trying to show him how angelic I could be.

I am an angel. I'm obeying my owner's shameful command to go down on another girl right now, aren't I?

I found myself planting little kisses on Candy's needy clit, trying to make her understand too—that even though it felt so degrading to have to pleasure her this way, still I liked it because our master wanted to see me do it.

I am an angel.

Last night... and this morning, with Candy... when I felt rebellious... when my master had to cane me... that's because... because...

Because I knew I wasn't really an angel—any more than Candy was really a submissive girl. Meaning... meaning... we both *were* those things, but also *not*...

I kissed and kissed because I wanted to be an angel, and I wanted Candy to be real. I rubbed my nose between her bottom-cheeks, up against the tiny dimple of her anus. I whimpered in submission, trying to tell Master Hendryk and

Candy herself how thoroughly I could give myself to the will of the man who had purchased me for his pleasure.

Those little kisses somehow sent Candy over the edge into her orgasm—a climax that seemed completely real: her cries and spasms, the way her smooth, slick pussy clenched in my face and her bottom squirmed lewdly... how she pushed her hot red ass-cheeks back against my nose as if trying to engulf me completely in that obscene, forced caress... how her knees bounced and her back arched... all of it served to convince me of her reality as a wanton young woman in need of a firm-handed man like Master Hendryk to train her to his will.

And all of it seemed to confirm that I wasn't defiant, or rebellious, or even slightly bratty. I had obeyed my master. I had licked and kissed, with my face in my bed sister's well-spanked bottom. Yes, Master Hendryk had spanked my pussy, but that just came from confusion... from the newness of it.

I felt his hand on my bottom move just a little—not so as to stimulate me as I so desperately needed, but just to shift his grip slightly. I felt my brow furrow deeply. With a little moan I pushed back, trying to show how good and submissive I could be... trying to show in that literal way how well I understood that he had taken me in hand—my bottom and my pussy and all the rest of me.

“You may let go of your ankles, Candy,” Master Hendryk said. Then he asked, “Would you like to watch me fuck Renee?” His tone was light and pleasant, as if he had just suggested that we all watch a movie together.

I felt my face go hot, and the equilibrium I had seemed to find just a moment before, the feeling that yes, I was an angel and yes, Candy was a real girl—or perhaps that both those things had enough truth in them to work for me—that feeling that I could do what the Institute had trained me to do here in the home of my harsh master, seemed to vanish in the blink of an eye. I didn't know why, either; I had been made to have sex in front of other girls, or to watch them have sex with Master G or another of the trainers, dozens of times. Just the night before, Master Hendryk had fucked me in front of at least fifty people.

But again the unexpected strangeness of having been bought by this frightening man, and joining this unusual household where I had not an ordinary bed sister but an artificial one, seemed to bring out an unexplored part of me. I knew how I should have reacted... how I *would* have reacted in Master G's training room if he had asked one of the other girls in my group if she'd like to watch him fuck me. Nevertheless, despite how yielding I had shown myself only a moment ago, I stiffened, and drew back from Candy's warm backside, and just as she started to say, "Yes, please, Master," I said, "Oh, no... please... send her away."

Master Hendryk's hand tightened on my bottom and pussy so hard that I cried out. I fell forward, catching myself on my hands and knees as Candy stood up and then hastily stepped back a little so that I wouldn't collide with her.

"Master," Candy said, her voice meek, "Renee spoke sharply to me, before we got in the shower. I thought you should know."

I turned my head to look up at her, my eyes and mouth wide with horror.

"Thank you, Candy," Master Hendryk said. His right hand had stayed between my legs. The left one came lightly around my throat, stroking softly. "Renee needs training, doesn't she?"

"Oh, God," I whispered, and I swallowed hard. My heart had started to jump with fear.

"Yes, Master," Candy said, nodding. "Do you think you should give her a punishment fucking? In her little bottom? I'd like to watch that!"

"Candy!" Master Hendryk said, his voice suddenly sounding truly surprised. "What's gotten into you?"

I had closed my eyes and lowered my head at the touch of my owner's hand on the sensitive skin of my throat, but I had to look up at Candy again then, because I needed to know how she responded to Master Hendryk's sharp question. She had a puzzled little frown on her face.

“I don’t know, Master,” she said. “Wouldn’t a real girl want to see her bed sister learn a lesson for being mean?”

“But I *wasn’t!*” I protested. I twisted my head around, back over my other shoulder, trying to look at Master Hendryk. “I was just... I mean, it was early, and...”

“Why does that matter?” Candy demanded. “Master, I think you should definitely give her a punishment fucking.”

“Candy,” Master Hendryk said, his voice severe, “do you need to run a diagnostic on your personality module?”

I blinked, frowning. It didn’t seem like the question an owner would ask a real girl... unless it was actually just the same as *Do you need to spend some time in the corner?* Because I had linked Candy’s reality with my being an angel, the thought made my brain spin for a second—what would it mean for me if Candy had to run a diagnostic?

Should I run a diagnostic? Or spend time in the corner?

The disorientation these questions filled my mind with spilled over and made me lose a piece of self-control—a bit I hadn’t even realized I had tried to keep until it let go.

“There’s definitely something wrong with her,” I said, before my artificial bed sister could even answer. Then as I heard myself I added, with a little anxiety creeping audibly into my tone, “Master.”

Master Hendryk’s response made me confront the sheer idiocy of what I had just said. The hand between my legs gripped so firmly that I cried out, while the one on my throat moved swiftly across my body to seize me under my right shoulder. He picked me up off the bathroom floor as if I weighed nothing.

I do need a diagnostic, or something, don’t I? I thought as I cried out with the suddenness of the lifting and the ease with which my owner carried me from the bathroom into the vast bedroom with its enormous bed. His thumb moved between my bottom-cheeks and found the sore button of my anus, pressing there so that I whimpered in discomfort and alarm.

“Candy,” Master Hendryk instructed, “come in here and stand next to the bed. Answer my question—do you need to run a diagnostic?”

“No, Master,” Candy said, her voice coming nearer as she obeyed our owner’s command. “I’m not scheduled for a diagnostic until tonight. Last night’s was nominal.”

The rather technical words sounded very strange in Candy’s lilting, girlish voice. Something about this confirmation that whatever ‘reality’ the AI concubine possessed also involved scheduled diagnostics made me start to struggle against Master Hendryk’s grip on me. The whole situation, the idea of my frightening new owner exercising his absolute power over me through this strange hybrid of girl and computer, overcame my sensible impulse to obey him before I made matters worse.

Master Hendryk grunted, much more in acknowledgment of my rebellion than any effort he had to expend in manhandling me. He had reached the foot of the bed. He held me in front of him in that terribly shameful grip, suspended over the bed, and though I tried to stop myself I kept resisting, kept attempting to wriggle out of his grasp. I didn’t have enough rational control to understand how foolish that defiance was—or even to reflect that I would never, ever have resisted Master G that way.

“Renee,” Master Hendryk said, sounding very annoyed, “Candy may not need a diagnostic, but it seems like you need the equivalent for a regular human bed girl who can’t seem to keep from being naughty.”

Oh, no. Somehow he had read my mind—or, worse, our dominant and submissive minds moved in perfect sync. The warm feeling that filled my chest at the thought took me by surprise and stilled my struggling limbs. *What?* I demanded. *You can’t be liking him, Renee.*

“You’re going to wait on this bed with your ass in the air, holding your butt-cheeks open, well plugged, until I come back to give you exactly the punishment bottom-fucking Candy just recommended. Candy, get the little punishment

plug from the drawer. You'll put that in Renee's anus for me after I go."

He had been holding me more or less horizontally. As he delivered his lewd instructions to Candy, though, he raised me almost all the way to a vertical position then began to lower me to the bed.

"But..." I tried to say, struggling anew in his strong hands.

Master Hendryk cut me off sharply.

"I've had enough of this rebellious attitude, Renee," he said, his voice menacing. "I understand that having Candy as your bed sister presents a challenge. But your resistance to facing that challenge makes it very clear how badly you're in need of strict discipline. As you know, I have no problem with giving that to you. While you're on the bed waiting for your fucking, with your butt nice and full, I want you to think about why I decided to put you in Candy's hands, rather than plugging you myself."

He finished lowering me to my knees on the soft comforter. I tried to kick a little on the way down but Master Hendryk put an immediate stop to that with a hard squeeze to my pussy and the driving of his thumb into my anus. I cried out and bent my knees so that when he propelled my upper body over and down, toward the mattress, I collapsed onto my elbows.

"Spread that ass for me, my dear," Master Hendryk said as he stepped back from the bed and let go of me. "Face down. Hands on those little cheeks and open wide. I want a good look at that sweet asshole before I go back to work for a while."

I felt my forehead crease so deeply it hurt, and my face burned like the sun. How *had* I gotten into this position, with my tummy full of butterflies at the thought of what my master and my strange bed sister were going to do to my poor almost-virgin bottom? I gave a sob and I put my hands back, dropping my face to the mattress as much to hide it from Candy as to obey Master Hendryk's order.

I whimpered at the touch of my own fingers on my bruised cheeks, and then again as I did as my owner had commanded and opened myself to show him the shameful place where he had already taken his brutal pleasure once, and meant to enjoy himself again much too soon for my comfort.

“There we go,” he said, his voice seeming to come from far behind and above me. “Get her nice and ready for me, Candy. Not too much lube, though. We don’t want to make this easy for her, do we?”

CHAPTER 15



*R*enee

“Why *do* you think he left you to me?” Candy asked as soon as I heard the door close behind Master Hendryk.

I had gone deep into subspace without noticing it. That was the way it always happened, and Master G had taught me not to panic when I realized that I had gotten detached from my body, but Candy’s bright question brought a wave of fear into my free-floating consciousness. It seemed to come from very far away not only in distance but also in meaning, as if the artificial girl had spoken in a foreign language despite every word being in plain English.

I became dimly aware, in the darkness of the comforter’s soft surface that enclosed my face, through the tension of my arms stretched back to keep following my master’s humiliating command, that Candy had moved. I heard the drawer of a bedside table open to my right, and then I heard her rummaging around.

She didn’t seem to mind that I hadn’t responded to her question. I couldn’t even tell how much time had passed since she had asked it, let alone since Master Hendryk had left the room; it seemed like it might have been as little as a few seconds or as much as half an hour. I didn’t have an answer, even though Candy had asked precisely the question that our owner had told me I must ponder in his absence. I did, to my surprise, feel the need to say *something*, if only to distract

myself from the distressing noises that indicated my bed sister had begun to carry out Master Hendryk's will.

"I..." I started, and found my mouth full of the comforter's soft, clean-tasting cover.

"Hmm?" Candy asked. The noises in the drawer stopped, and then I heard her closing it.

I turned my face to the side, my left cheek against the mattress and my eyes and mouth free. I instantly regretted it when I saw Candy standing there, looking at me, holding a tube of lube in one hand—*not too much lube*, I remembered Master Hendryk saying, my heart skipping a beat at the recollection—and a long, thick black anal plug in the other.

That... that can't be the little punishment plug, can it?

It had ridges. Three wavy ridges, each one wider than the last, before the flared base. It looked like the same hard silicone all the plugs at the Institute were made out of, except that at least in Master G's training room the plugs were pink or purple or blue.

And not as big. Even the biggest.

Yes, I had heard some of the other girls talk about things they had heard from friends in other training groups—especially Master A's group, which trained young women specifically as bottom girls. I had known, obviously, that some concubines got punished this way, but it had never happened to me or to any of my groupmates.

I snapped out of subspace in a terribly disorienting millisecond.

"That's... that's..." I tried to say.

"It's going to hurt!" Candy said cheerfully. "Master is frustrated with you, I'm pretty sure, so this is what you get. I think you'll learn your lesson, don't you?"

"But... that can't be..." I managed, as my fingers clutched convulsively at my bottom-cheeks. I had to use every bit of angelic willpower I had not to get up and try to run away. "That can't be the *little* plug... can it?"

“No,” Candy said, shaking her head. “It definitely can be. This is the little punishment plug. The big punishment plug is in the shape of a giant penis, even bigger than Master’s. Do you want to see it?”

Now I did let go of my ass, and I scrambled up from my degrading submissive posture to crouch on the bed facing Candy, my hands covering my breasts and my pussy.

“No,” I said, feeling my face crumple and tears come into my eyes.

“He’s only shown it to me,” Candy said, “not punished me with it. It made me afraid. I hope neither of us gets it in our bottoms.” Then she said, seeming not to switch mental gears at all, “You’d better get back into position, Renee. I don’t want to have to tell Master you defied his orders.” Then, returning to her usual bright tone, “Maybe he would give you the big one!”

I bit my lip. I seemed frozen in place. Why *had* Master Hendryk left me with this strange unreal-and-yet-all-too-real girl?

The beginning of an answer seemed to coalesce in my mind, just the misty cloud of a dawning idea. Something about how he thought I needed stricter discipline than I had gotten at the Institute... harsher measures that could make me understand just how deep my need to submit went...

Without Master G... without even Master Hendryk... in the hands of another girl, an artificial bed sister who would execute our master’s stern commands and prepare me for his use...

Candy looked at me with her brow furrowed, as if wondering how I could possibly have failed to move at the threat of the unseen big punishment plug, the enormous cock meant to correct a bed girl’s worst misconduct.

I gave a little sob and I moved, because I didn’t want to think about the thing I knew I had to think about, and because—at the very same time—a dark part of me had welled up and brought motion to my sluggish limbs. I *wanted*... no, I *needed* to learn. I needed to know what the huge, hard plug felt like,

and to understand why Master Hendryk had decided that Candy should put it in my bottom.

The dark desire stirred me not on the mental level but on a purely physical one—a place inside me where I could sense that I wouldn't need to think. Subspace, but a place in subspace where I had never gone. A place I hadn't even known about before Master Hendryk had bought me and made it clear he intended to get his money's worth in the most brutal way possible.

Why had he left me with Candy?

Because he wants to make clear to me that my need for discipline comes not from him, or from Master G, or from Candy. It comes from me.

I moved. I put my burning face in the comforter, feeling a surge of gratitude that Candy couldn't see how mortifying a thought had just come into my mind. At the Institute, Master G had sometimes said that a girl's submission didn't actually depend on a dominant imposing his will on her. I hadn't understood. I had supposed he meant something very theoretical, even New Age—that something spiritual inside the girls they recruited for sale to wealthy men and women called out to yield not to those men and women but to some cosmic idea of loving correction.

I guessed, with my face pressed to my owner's enormous bed and my ass in the air, that I hadn't really gotten that wrong: yes, I could feel it as part of the emotion and the sensation that filled my body—a need to submit on some abstract, spiritual level. But that part represented only a vague layer, a sort of gilded covering or maybe a sweet icing atop the darker layers that I had just for the first time realized I had underneath, in my body.

My arms reached out and my fingers touched my bottom-cheeks as I resumed the most degrading, most submissive position of all. The moment of intimacy with myself, on that purely physical level, the sheer sensation of taking hold of the cheeks my master had caned the night before, had spanked in the bathroom, and spreading them...

It wasn't just cosmic or abstract. It had everything to do with the man who had bought me for his pleasure, but it also had everything to do with how I needed to behave apart from him, so that when he came to use me I would be able to provide him with the enjoyment he had paid for. He had left me with my artificial bed sister to teach me how thoroughly I belonged to him—not despite his cruelty but because of it.

Because he knew how to treat a girl like me, who can only be truly happy when she serves a man who knows how to degrade her utterly and to train her in the most shameful ways possible. To correct her with absolute thoroughness, as often as he feels the desire or the obligation and as strictly and painfully as he chooses.

“Oh!” Candy said, from behind me. “You look so sweet like that, Renee! Master’s going to fuck your bottom so hard!”

I bit my lip. A whimper from my nose vibrated the fabric of the comforter.

A click, and then a squirting noise. Could I hear the soft whispering of Candy’s lube-covered fingers on the horrid black plug?

Things seemed to have started moving very slowly in my brain, but they had clearly continued to go at a normal pace in the real world, because the touch of the cool, round knob of the punishment plug against the tiny button of my anus seemed to happen very abruptly. I gave a little cry, and I felt the ring tighten despite my hands tugging my cheeks apart.

“Shh, Renee,” Candy said softly. “Master fucked you here last night, didn’t he? His cock is bigger than this part of the plug.”

She pushed firmly on the plug. My back arched and I pulled harder on the sore halves of my bottom. Candy pushed harder.

“Ow... ow...” I wailed. “Please... Candy... not... not... yet... It’s too big!”

“You’re being punished, Renee! It’s supposed to hurt!” Candy said. “You were mean to me!”

I felt my eyes open wide with alarm at a strangely vindictive tone that had just come into the artificial girl’s voice. At the

same time, my Institute training seemed to kick in, as if the distraction of Candy's words had let my body do what Master G had taught me. I pushed with those crucial muscles instead of pulling with them, and I relaxed the other ones (I could never remember the names the trainers used), and then I gave a sob as the first ridge of the long, thick plug entered my bottom.

Candy spoke again.

“Transmitting.”

I gasped.

“What?” Had I heard her correctly?

“Six-seven-four-bee-eight-dee-two-one-eff,” she said. Her voice had become completely neutral, and she spoke so rapidly I could barely catch the words and realize that they were numbers and letters. I had a very hard time thinking rationally with the plug in my bottom, and Candy had continued pressing it deeper even as she experienced this obvious malfunction, so my response consisted only of crying out as I felt my master's punishment device stretch my anus much too wide.

With a sob I took the second of the three ridges and my poor little ring closed over the narrow part that divided it from the next, even bigger one. My bottom felt terribly full already, but my strange bed sister kept pushing. I moaned in discomfort.

“Candy...” I whimpered. “Please... you... are you...”

The inward thrusting of the plug stopped.

“Am I what?” she asked, her voice returning to its normal, slightly-too-cheerful tone. “You've taken two—doesn't that make you proud? And you look adorable! I hope Master gets to watch the video even if he has to work right now!”

A shudder of humiliation went through my whole body at that thought: Master Hendryk enjoying the video of my impalement on his big black plug. A dominant man like that, the kind I so clearly needed, not even bothering to be present himself but also not averse to enjoying a little of his own porn, the arousing sight of his sexual servant obscenely punished.

“Are you alright?” I gasped, my mind functioning at least to the extent necessary to ask the question I’d meant to ask, now that Candy had stopped driving the horrid thing further inward.

“I don’t know what you mean!” Candy said brightly.

CHAPTER 16



*H*endryk

I waited as long as I could. I managed to write one email before the need to return to the bedroom and give Renee her lesson overcame my educational resolve to leave her with Candy.

From: Hendryk Vanderbruggen, SVP Ed

To: Janice Derling, EVP

Hi, Janice; you've probably already heard through channels that I bought an Institute girl last night. You may have also heard that she's got a special profile that made her pretty much irresistible to me, as well as a perfect fit for my household, to go along with Candy. (Am I right that you also have a second concubine to go along with your own AI? It will be fun to compare notes!)

In any case my own situation with Renee is that her individual needs make her ideal as a candidate for the new campaign we've got starting up at Ed, so I just want to give you a heads up that I'm going to be submitting an ad hoc budget request to work up a number of different versions of her story based on Ed's prime market segments and linked across the segments so that the consumer can begin with the innocent version and then follow Renee deeper into the more explicit content.

I had more or less made my career on the basis of this kind of campaign. It had turned Selecta's Education division from a sleepy source of training for New Modesty and Selecta Arrangements agents into a key, data-driven ally of marketing.

The central idea lay in taking consumers—men and women in many different walks of life, from suburban housewife to high-powered executive—on a kind of journey. They would discover the story of a young woman like Renee through a story shared on social media, the tale of a young woman's romance with a wealthy man. They would search for more details, and find that this romance involved Renee learning old-fashioned obedience from a stern, older protector.

The decision to search made the consumer's education in dominance and submission happen unconsciously. They would think about Renee more than they perhaps would have supposed they might.

At the same time, that search would alert my crowning achievement, Selecta's educational neural network. When, with a 93% probability, they searched again, to see if they could learn more about Renee, the neural net would feed them new content, thoroughly laced with Selecta product placement and precisely geared to their specific level of education with regard to the strict disciplining of young women. That level would, with the help of the neural net, begin to grow at the pace best suited to make them, the consumer, a happier user of Selecta's products and services—as well as a happier dominant or submissive.

In the end, with an 88% probability—a percentage that represented around three million users on a daily basis, now in my third year as senior vice president of education—the consumer would reach the most explicit content. It took them an average of six months to go from the cotton candy billionaire romance to the curated videos of a young woman's harshest punishments and most overwhelming climaxes under her husband's, or master's, or daddy's stern paddle or his rigid cock.

At that point, as far as Marketing's current research showed, they had become Selecta customers for life—and, the part that made me proudest, their life-satisfaction rating had gone up an average of eight percentage points. The number that made my bosses sit up and take notice, on the other hand, was the one that represented the corporation's gold standard: the percentage of households practicing loving discipline in one form or another had risen six points among Selecta's consumer base, and applications for admission to the New Modesty increased a point or two in the wake of each new campaign of this type that we launched.

I hadn't even considered, when I had purchased Renee the previous night, that I might feature her in a campaign. Really it simply hadn't occurred to me that her story in my house might be a love story at all. I liked to fuck gorgeous young women, and I liked to keep them in line when they misbehaved. I liked it best of all when I had ascertained that the lovely girl in question stood in need of very stern discipline. I had bought Renee because she seemed a unique opportunity to spend a year doing precisely that, at my leisure and according to my desires.

That unique opportunity had, in the space of less than twenty-four hours, turned into something... well, if not completely different then at least only distantly related. Still a unique opportunity, though. I didn't like to say something could be *more unique* than anything else, since *unique* after all means *one of a kind*. If anything could be more unique, though, it felt to me like Renee's arrival in my life was it. *Most unique*, even.

* * *

Renee

I whimpered softly into the comforter as Candy turned the plug in my anus. *Not too much lube*, Master Hendryk had said. I didn't know if the artificial girl had some special capacity for measuring precise quantities of the viscous fluid she had

applied to the terrible stiff thing that held me painfully open. To me it seemed, though, like she had interpreted *not too much* to mean *not enough*.

Her strange alphanumeric outburst seemed to have caused no real change in her conduct. I felt so out of it, so removed from myself, that I almost decided I had imagined it.

“Master didn’t tell me how much of the plug to put in your bottom,” she said, her voice sounding a little meditative. She turned it again, and I let out a little cry of discomfort as I felt the bulk inside my darkest hole move. My fingers clutched at my sore cheeks, trying to widen them to make the ordeal easier.

I heard the door open, and then I heard Master Hendryk’s voice say, “You can take a step back, Candy. I’ll finish giving her the plug.”

I had dipped into subspace again, at the turning of the plug in my anus, so time moved in strange, elastic ways. The light tapping of Master Hendryk’s fingers on the base of the awful thing made me shudder only a fraction of a second later, it seemed to me, though he must have had to take a few steps to get from the door of that enormous bedroom to the bed itself, with me prostrate and offered atop it.

He tapped, and I whimpered... then he pushed, and I cried out.

The cry, though, came in the form of words that I hadn’t intended to say, as far as I knew.

“She...” I said, my voice sounding a sort of panting wail. I took a breath. Master Hendryk twisted the plug a little. “She... she... said something... weird... Candy... numbers...”

The logical part of my mind always seemed to exist in a sort of cocoon, hanging in space, when my sexual submission had reached this level of detachment from my body. I knew somewhere inside that cocoon that my words didn’t make any sense. Somehow I could also tell that that rational segment of my brain had decided I had to tell my master this. Whatever had happened with Candy a moment—or maybe a minute? more?—before Master Hendryk had returned to the bedroom

seemed important, somewhere in my consciousness. My mind just didn't have access to the ability to think completely clearly at the moment, with my fingers spreading my buttocks and my back arching desperately to try to ease the terribly narrow path into which my owner drove the third ridge of the awful black plug.

"Shh," Master Hendryk said. "Just concentrate on taking your punishment, Renee. You were naughty, and now you're learning what happens to girls who speak sharply to their bed sisters."

"I don't know what she's talking about!" Candy added, in a perfect Barbie-tries-to-help-Ken kind of voice.

Master Hendryk pressed a little harder. I let out a wrenching sob.

I had to say it, but my body wanted so urgently just to draw the remainder of my mental capacity into subspace, just to help that part of me let go and fall back into the me-less me of my submissive, discipline, valued, cared-for body. If Candy hadn't repeated that she had no idea what I meant about the numbers I probably would have let it go, so soothing did my master's voice seem as he told me to accept his harsh dominance.

But it bothered me greatly that this artificial girl had more or less accused me of lying. Master Hendryk might just take it as subspace rambling, and therefore fail to punish me on Candy's accusation, but I did have *some* angel in me despite the way he had started to erode my pristine self-image. I *didn't* lie to my master, whether that sacred term referred to kindly Master G or brutal Master Hendryk.

"She said all these numbers and letters!" I cried out, my words muffled by the comforter. My master stopped pushing on the base of the plug. "And I think she said *transmitting*."

I had absolutely no idea how long the silence that followed my words lasted, but it probably didn't occupy more than a second. I knew it had happened, though, and I clung to that—the idea that Master Hendryk must have at least considered whether to take what I had said seriously.

In the moment following that, though, I felt him push the plug again, with quickly building pressure, and I heard his voice, speaking in a tone both soothing and very, very patronizing.

“Shh, my dear. You imagined that, I’m sure. You know Candy has an AI brain, and so you imagined her behaving like a robot from a science fiction movie. Concentrate on submitting to me, now.”

I let out a sob into the comforter. My owner’s words—the arrogance in his voice, really, more than anything in the words’ meaning—sent a tremor through my pussy. I had told him the thing my brain had decided I needed to tell him, anyway... I had done whatever angelic duty my mind and heart had demanded of me and my master had declined to find it important.

I could let go: Master Hendryk must be right, because he must always be right, the way he was right about my resistance and right about leaving me with Candy to think about my needs. My thoughts, if I could even call them that, traveled in circles, like the ones my master made as he turned the horrible punishment device in my bottom, pushing harder with each revolution.

With a wail, and a spasm that seemed to go from my back to my pussy and down my legs all the way to my toes, I took the third ridge. My anus tightened a little, at least on the valley between that ridge and the flat, flared base of the plug that sat firmly between my bottom-cheeks. I had the whole thing inside me. I moaned a naughty girl moan, suspended between the agony of being so full in that forbidden place and the terrible arousal this harsh discipline seemed to bring elsewhere.

My backside moved in a lewd, mortifying way, bouncing on its own without any input from my brain. I whimpered as I felt my back arch, understanding that my body was trying to show Master Hendryk my bare, pink, needy pussy, in a desperate hope he might find it pretty enough to touch, to rub, to fuck... to *use* some way... any way... however he wanted as long as he gave me the tiniest bit of the friction that alone could ease the suffering of my terrible punishment.

He didn't. I bit my lip and felt my forehead furrow as deep, it felt like, as the fluffy waves in the surface of the comforter.

“So Renee,” Master Hendryk said into my ear, leaning over me and putting his left hand gently around my throat. His right hand stayed on my bottom, his fingers touching mine, his palm pressing softly on the base of the plug as if to make sure I could not forget its huge presence inside me. “Did you think about why I left you in Candy’s hands?”

CHAPTER 17



*R*enee

“I need...” I choked out. “I need...”

I felt Master Hendryk’s right hand move, the fingers creeping gently across the lowest part of my right ass-cheek. I felt him grasp the base of the plug and even that tiny movement made me whimper and gasp.

“Yes, Renee?” he asked softly, his lips brushing right against my ear, then planting a startlingly gentle kiss on my cheek, right where it met the fabric of the comforter. “What do you need?”

He wiggled the plug, and the feeling of that tormenting fullness together with the delicate sensation of his lips rendered me utterly speechless. I could only let out little sobs into the mattress with each tiny movement of the disciplinary device in my bottom.

“Candy?” he asked. “Do you know?”

“I think so, Master!” my bed sister exclaimed.

Through the haze of discomfort and helpless arousal I could still feel the impression of strangeness Candy’s almost-human behavior left. A real girl would have gone on to tell Master Hendryk what she had guessed about his decision to leave me with her.

“Yes?” he asked, still moving the enormous plug very gently inside me.

“I think she needs to understand that even when you’re not with her she still needs to behave herself, or she’ll be punished the same way you would if you were there... like when she was mean to me, and you weren’t there. And...”

“Yes, Candy?” Master Hendryk asked. I gave a cry then, because he had started to pull the plug out. The thought of the ordeal of having to expel the horrid thing, the terrible mortification of wondering what it would look like when it came out of me, and the knowledge that my master intended to give me another ordeal immediately, this one on his rigid thrusting manhood, made me feel faint.

“And I think you did it because Renee needs to get used to being punished by anyone you decide should punish her. She belongs to you, and so you get to make those choices for her. That’s part of the strict discipline she needs.”

“Oh, God,” I moaned. Despite the discomfort of Master Hendryk tugging at the base of the plug, I had absorbed Candy’s words, and I had seen the terrible truth of that idea.

“And,” my owner said, pulling harder on the horrible thing filling up my anus, “is that what you need, Renee?”

A kind of keening wail rose from my throat and out my nose. I found that I had started to shake my head as much as I could with my face in the comforter, just a small movement but one that I felt certain my master would recognize as negation and defiance.

“Shh, my dear,” he said into my ear. “You know how. Help me get it out of you so I can put my cock in there. You know you need it. You know Candy is right.”

With a sobbing cry I arched my back and pushed, feeling blood rush to my face and, more dismayingly, to my pussy. I felt the thickest ridge pass the tight ring of my anus, and I wanted to beg Master Hendryk to stop there and let me rest for a moment, but he kept pulling—a sign, it occurred to me very distantly, of the urgency of his desire to enjoy me.

As the plug left me, and left a strangely complex feeling of emptiness behind it, a mixture of emotions came into my chest that surprised—no, shocked—me, and redoubled the blush in my cheeks. I felt proud that disciplining me so lewdly and degradingly had made my master so hard, for I felt certain that his huge penis had gotten that way in teaching me this humiliating lesson. I thought I could feel it in the way the hand around my throat moved, stroking my neck... that he had an erection that demanded swift satisfaction inside the body of the concubine he had purchased for that purpose, for his sexual use when his penis got hard and he needed to fuck.

And I felt... *happy*. That part shocked me most: I had felt the same strange pride with Master G, when I had gotten his cock very stiff and ready in my mouth, or when I felt him grow long and ready under me while he spanked me over his lap. I had felt happy with Master G, too, I supposed, because he had praised me and made me feel like I had found my place.

Master Hendryk, to my surprise and dismay, had just made me happy in what seemed to me the complete opposite way. I felt contentment, and even the beginnings of affection, despite the shame and pain of this punishment he inflicted on me. As he pulled the enormous plug free of my bottom with a sound so embarrassing it made me whimper, I felt happy that my new owner knew how to treat me with severity when he wished, without any regard for my desires.

It made no sense. I felt my anus close at last, though, and a wave of pleasure and need spread like wildfire through my pussy. An empty ache took hold in my vagina. It all seemed to come from the idea that Master Hendryk would ensure that my misbehavior would receive its just reward even if he didn't have the time or the inclination to do it himself just then.

"Candy," he said. "Take this and wash it, please."

A new wave of heat came into my face.

"You'll wash it yourself next time, Renee," my master told me. "But I need to get into your ass this second."

"Yes, Master!" Candy said. I heard her feet moving. I felt Master Hendryk's hand leave my throat, and then I felt his

weight shift the bed.

“Spread those cheeks nice and wide, girl,” he told me in a voice thick and rough with arousal.

I bit my lip as yet another wave of blushing warmth filled my cheeks. I pulled, feeling how the obscene movement made me more accessible to my master’s unnatural invasion.

The firm softness of the head of his cock pressed at the tiny place where he had already opened me so cruelly and filled me so full. His naked legs straddled me, their wiry golden hairs brushing against my flanks and bringing a shudder at the sheer masculinity of my owner’s powerful body. With a whining moan from deep in my throat, I tried to open to the intrusion of his huge manhood.

One of Master Hendryk’s hands gripped my ribcage, the index finger rubbing against my breast and bringing a faint pleasure there. To my distress, I had a pang of guilt about stealing that bit of enjoyment in the midst of what my master meant to serve as a strict punishment—and then, even worse, I felt a little thrill of gratitude for his allowing my captive, owned body to feel even that iota of stimulation. With his other hand, I knew, he directed his iron-hard penis downward into my upturned bottom.

The picture of it, the wealthy, handsome man astride his bed girl about to impale her in this fundamental act of sexual dominance, came into my mind, so terribly wrong and so terribly arousing at the same time. With a whimper, spurred by the light contact of Master Hendryk’s finger on my breast, I moved my upper body a little without meaning to, in a wanton instinct to rub my nipples against the silky fabric.

“No, Renee,” he said, his voice almost a grunt. His hand gripped my ribs more tightly. “Stay still and take it.”

As he spoke, I felt his knees bend and the cock press more firmly for entry in my smallest place. I let out a whimper of urgent discomfort.

“What’s she doing?” Candy asked from behind me.

“Hush, Candy,” Master Hendryk replied. “Just watch me fuck your new bed sister now.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, with no exclamation point. Her voice even sounded a little sulky.

He had risen up a few millimeters as he spoke to Candy, easing the pressure on my sore little flower. After she had accepted his command, though, I felt the tension in his knees again, and then he thrust much harder, demanding my complete submission.

I cried out, and I clutched my bottom-cheeks, a flare of pain from the cane welts rising alongside the agony of having to take the penis. In desperation I pushed in that mortifying way, and I felt my master’s hardness enter me, driving brutally inward until I could feel him deep inside me, stretching me and filling me.

His lap came up against my bottom-cheeks, the golden fur tickling the backs of my fingers as I kept holding my ass open for his pleasure.

“Oh, you’re so deep, Master!” Candy exclaimed. “Are you going to fuck that bottom very hard?”

I wanted to cry out an objection... to lodge an accusation against the artificial girl. Master Hendryk had told her to hush! How could she say something so degrading after being told to be quiet? Our master should put *her* on the bed and give *her* this terrible lesson.

But I felt certain that Candy had only done what her programming told her to do, and I could tell that it enhanced Master Hendryk’s pleasure, because his hips jerked against my bottom, pushing his enormous manhood even deeper. I cried out, my upper body trying to rise on its own from the bed, as if I could crawl away from the shameful invasion.

Master Hendryk responded by taking hold of both my wrists and pinning them behind my back.

I yelped in discomfort, anxious for a moment that he might casually break my arms, but he clearly knew—nearly as well, it seemed to me, as Master G—how to handle a girl’s body, so

as to obtain the pleasure he sought there. It hurt, as I knew Master Hendryk meant it to, but it wouldn't harm me, because I was valuable: my owner wanted to be able to keep fucking me and disciplining me, and he had no intention of doing anything that would make that more difficult.

“Yes, Candy,” he growled. “Renee’s bottom is nice and tight, and I’m going to fuck it very hard.”

All rational thought went away then. My master took hold of my arms, just above my bent-back elbows, and used that grip for leverage as he began to fuck my anus. It hurt... it hurt terribly, but in the way that I had learned—and seemed to keep learning here in Master Hendryk’s house—would send me into that other place, the realm of subspace where pain of that kind transmuted itself into a strange, raw form of pleasure.

There, the way my thighs squeezed my empty pussy just a little with every thrust of the hardness in my anus made little tendrils of need creep through my bottom-cheeks. The way his rigid penis felt between those cheeks, the throbbing warmth as he came and went with his urgent rhythm, added to it, so that it seemed itself an important part of the discipline: not only the pain itself, but also the deprivation of any satisfaction for me. My master meant for me to feel how intentionally he had chosen the hole that gave me no truly fulfilling pleasure.

He fucked me that way for long minutes, as far as I could tell with my probably inaccurate sense of time. His pounding rhythm brought a wailing cry from me with every thrust, until those cries became begging words, “Please... please... please come... please come, Master.”

“I’ll come when I’m ready, girl,” Master Hendryk grunted and then, to my surprise—and it even seemed perhaps to his as well—his hips jerked and I felt the spurting of his cock as he emptied himself into my bottom.

“Ooo!” Candy said. “Did you come, Master? May I watch your semen trickle out of her ass?”

CHAPTER 18



*R*enee

To my surprise, life with Candy didn't take long to seem normal to me. Master Hendryk had to work a lot, and so I spent much of my time with my artificial bed sister. She happened—predictably, I supposed—to know how to cook like a three-star gourmet chef. That first day, when Master Hendryk had gone back to his office, she led me to the kitchen and sat me down, on a soft cushion but still with an emphatic wince, at the breakfast bar. Then, on the other side of that vast island topped in green marble, she made me the best omelet I had ever tasted.

I had lost track of the days completely at the Institute. I couldn't have told you even on what day or date the auction had taken place. Master Hendryk's work week quickly anchored me back in a measured flow of time, though: the auction, it turned out, had occurred on Sunday, so Master Hendryk had played with his toys—for some reason I couldn't keep thinking of Candy and myself that way, and every time it sent an embarrassing amount of arousal shooting through my legs and making my clit tingle—on Monday morning, when he should have been working.

To my dismay, the idea that my obviously strong-willed master hadn't had the moral strength to stay at his desk, but had instead felt the urgent need to come fuck my ass, also made me frown and bite my lip and become much too aware of the

soreness he had left there—as well as my seemingly constant need for an orgasm. Master Hendryk fucked me every night and every morning that first week, using my mouth and my pussy alternately. He allowed me to come under his pounding cock as much as my body desired, but something about his dominance always left me needing more once he had departed for the office.

So maybe the part of life with Candy that got me used to her most quickly lay in the permission our owner gave us to play with each other, as long as I asked politely each time and Candy testified to my good behavior.

“I know from your dossier, Renee,” he said at dinner the first evening, “that at the Institute you got used to masturbating daily. That’s forbidden now unless I tell you to play with yourself. But if you behave during the day and obey me in bed like a good girl at night and in the morning, I’ll have Candy give you an orgasm every day.”

The catch lay in the fact that, with Master Hendryk’s approval, Candy got to decide what I had to do to earn that climax. When I felt needy in the shower each morning, with my hand lingering as I washed my pussy and felt the soreness my owner’s huge penis always left behind as a reminder of his use, I always had a dilemma.

I knew I would give in, and plead with Candy to ask Master Hendryk to grant permission. I feared the price she would exact—especially after the second day, Tuesday, when she declared that if I wanted to come I would have to be spanked.

“I guess that’s the price you pay, Renee,” she said with what seemed to me uncharacteristic thoughtfulness, “for me being sent to my room while Master Hendryk fucked you this morning. He didn’t even have time to fuck me, too!”

“Did Master Hendryk tell you you could spank me?” I demanded.

“Do you want to ask him?” she retorted, a smile on her lips and a mischievous light in her eyes. “I think you know what he’ll say. You need strict discipline, Renee! Now bend over the

stool and grab the rung on the other side. I'm going to make that adorable bottom nice and red."

I had never gotten a spanking from another girl. It took a longer time to really hurt, and I wondered if a real girl would have stopped, simply because her hand hurt, before Candy did. She, however, apparently didn't feel that sort of soreness, and she spanked me for ten minutes, until my upturned bottom clenched uncontrollably under her rising and falling hand and I had made a little puddle of tears on the Mexican tiles of the kitchen floor.

Then, in an instant, her knowing tongue had transformed all the pain into helpless, aching need. Without shame, it seemed, she bent down behind me and thrust her nose and mouth into the heat of my burning backside. I started to come before I even fully realized what Candy was doing, and I kept coming, my knuckles white on the stool's wooden rung, until my AI bed sister was satisfied that my pleasure had nearly become a torment.

The next morning Master Hendryk woke me up to fuck me. We had all slept together in his enormous bed, and he woke me with his hand between my thighs, reaching over my hip to tell me his will, and his hard cock up against the crack of my bottom. Wordlessly he found the opening he sought, the entrance to my pussy, still sore from his jackhammering ride the night before. He thrust in hard, and began without any further ceremony to use me that way, spoon style.

His hardness made me cry out in discomfort until his sheer brutality, the relentlessness of his rhythm, brought the slickness of my submissive need to my pussy. My helpless, submissive noises became much more ambiguous then, but my cries must have woken Candy up, on the other side of Master Hendryk.

"Me, too, Master?" I heard her plead. "Fuck me too, please?"

"Rub your pussy against my ass," our owner grunted. "I want to come in Renee."

I cried out louder as I sensed the artificial girl obeying him. It didn't change his pounding rhythm, but it seemed to change

the angle of his driving cock in my now-soaking sheath. Candy cried out, too, behind me and behind our master. I had to imagine what it looked like, my strange bed sister humping Master Hendryk's amazing taut rear-cheeks, her wet pussy moving back and forth as she tried desperately to simulate the fucking she needed.

I thrust my own bottom back, desperate myself despite the fact that I had started to come. I wanted my master's cock inside *me*... I wanted it to stay there, and not go into the other girl. I felt bad that I didn't feel bad, but Candy wasn't a real girl, was she? I didn't have to share with her. If Master Hendryk wanted to come in *my* pussy, he should do that, as Candy knew. She should be made to watch how our owner liked to fuck *me*, and not her.

He liked... he liked me, didn't he? If he wanted to come inside me, it meant he liked me. I felt my vagina clench hard on his thrusting manhood, and an enormous climax took hold of me. I felt Master Hendryk's rhythm change, and I felt his cock spurt. He grunted, a strangely surprised sound. Had my orgasm brought on his, before he meant to come? I felt heat fill my face as I tried to puzzle out what that might mean.

Candy gave a piteous cry behind me, and I felt Master Hendryk's muscles tense slightly as if she had tugged hard on his shoulders.

"I came!" she announced, her voice cheerful.

"Good girl," said Master Hendryk. To my dismay, I had a moment of envy at Candy's apparently effortless garnering of praise from the man who seemed to frighten me as much as he attracted me.

Silence descended on us for a few seconds, and then Master Hendryk said, "Renee, Candy's going to start tutoring you today."

"What?" I asked from my subspace haze. I felt certain I hadn't heard right.

"I'm going to tutor you, Master said!" Candy said in her best *I try to be helpful to the poor, slow, real girl* voice.

“But...” I managed. “I... what...”

Master Hendryk’s cock had started to soften in me, and as I felt it my body reacted strangely: I had a moment of deep sadness, and then a wave of embarrassment, and then a thrill of fear—all much more in my chest than in my head, or even my heart. I didn’t want my master’s wonderful hard penis to leave me, but the idea that yes, indeed, I needed his brutally firm hand distressed me terribly.

That part seemed to make sense. The fear took me by surprise, though, and I felt an urgent need to figure out where it had come from. My mind seemed gradually to be climbing its way out of a warm, fuzzy haze—the place it had gone as Master Hendryk had used me, with rough dominance, for his pleasure. As my thoughts began to clear a little, and the sensation of his enormous erection growing less enormous in my now even sorer vagina started to integrate into them, I saw the fear for what it was—and yet another flush of shame traveled into my upper body.

I’m afraid I’m falling. Not the way I had grown to love Master G. Something else, something I hadn’t ever felt before.

The fear got much worse a moment later—because the longing and the warm, almost reverent feeling... the *falling* feeling I had about my new owner got much stronger. Master Hendryk put his hand on my hip, and stroked my skin gently, his fingertips curling around just a bit to the front, as if telling me that he could touch me down there whenever he chose, but he knew he had just made me sore, so he would let my pussy rest for a while.

That was all it took. I found that my lips had parted and I had begun to breathe hard. Desperate to get away from the anxiety and the conflict of the moment, I grasped for the thread of the conversation whose meaning I hadn’t really understood at all.

“Tutor?” I said, remembering that word at least.

“Yes, my dear,” Master Hendryk said. His mouth was very close to my ear, and he kept stroking my hip, my upper thigh, my waist with that possessive movement of his fingertips. I

had to concentrate hard on the strange idea to even remember what *tutor* meant.

“In?” I tried, feeling very stupid, apparently reduced from two syllables to one. My brain had started to process the idea, though. I felt a new surge of blood to my cheeks as I decided he must mean that Candy would tutor me in sexual submission.

“In educational theory,” Master Hendryk said, to my utter astonishment. I could hear a smile—nearly a chuckle—in his voice, as if he knew precisely how startling I would find his answer.

“Oh!” Candy said. I blinked as I took in her monosyllable, which had a tone to it I hadn’t heard from her before—surprise, but also maybe something else... had Candy just shown... disappointment? *Resentment*, even? When she had pouted about Master Hendryk fucking me instead of her she had sounded playful about it, as if she wanted to perform the role of the disappointed sex kitten. Her *oh* at our master’s specification that she would tutor me not in face-fucking but in an academic subject, though, seemed to have an element of actual pique.

I felt my forehead crease into a puzzled frown. I knew both those words—*educational* and *theory*—but I didn’t think I had ever heard them used together before.

“What’s that?” I asked, trying to turn my face over my shoulder to get a look at Master Hendryk’s face, where I had observed the previous day that the golden fuzz on his morning chin made him even more devastatingly handsome.

“Remember she didn’t go to college, Master!” Candy contributed.

More heat rushed to my face.

“And you did?” I retorted, trying to turn further to get a look at her.

“No, Renee,” Master Hendryk said, using his hand on my hip to keep me in place. I gave a little gasp as I felt his cock start to harden again inside my pussy, and I realized that the simple

act of bending me to his will and keeping me in place had reawakened my master's desire for me. "I'm going to use your pussy again, now," he continued, "and then we'll talk about educational theory and the kind of career I think might interest you."

CHAPTER 19



*H*endryk

Back in my office, I started trying to figure out what the hell had gone wrong with Candy—if anything. The leading contender for an explanation lay in Renee having imagined her artificial bed sister speaking in what could be hexadecimal and perhaps also saying, “transmitting.” I had gone over Candy’s logs on Monday, after the incident—or whatever one could call it—had occurred. They had no indication that she had said anything of the kind, and her overnight diagnostics had registered as nominal that night as well as last night.

I pulled up the log from Monday again and found the section where it seemed Renee had imagined Candy saying something strange—or, because I still didn’t want to dismiss the idea in case something weird actually was going on, where Renee *had* heard the AI concubine utter letters and numbers and maybe the word *transmitting*.

The logs—really, the redaction of the actual logged data inside Candy’s artificial brain automatically prepared to be readable by a regular human being like me—had a record of the events inside the high-tech girl that had any significance in her interaction with the world outside her.

[11:33:08:89] MOTOR ACTIVITY *push anal plug 1mm*

[11:33:09:13] MOTOR ACTIVITY *push anal plug 1mm*

[11:33:09:87] AUDITORY INPUT *concubine renee* “ow”

[11:33:10:92] AUDITORY INPUT *concubine renee* “ow... please... candy... not... not... yet... it’s too big”

[11:33:12:05] VERBAL OUTPUT “you’re being punished, renee, it’s supposed to hurt, you were mean to me”

[11:33:13:57] SENSORY STIMULUS *concubine renee’s anus relaxes ca. 0.75 degrees*

[11:33:13:58] MOTOR ACTIVITY *push anal plug 3mm*

[11:33:14:72] AUDITORY INPUT *concubine renee [sob]*

[11:33:16:04] AUDITORY INPUT *concubine renee* “what”
[rising inflection: question]

[11:33:16:95] MOTOR ACTIVITY *push anal plug 2mm*

I had decided that the point at which Renee said, “What?” must represent the moment she had either hallucinated or actually heard Candy say something strange, but no indication appeared in the log of Candy saying anything at all. I had looked at the raw data, too, and now I pulled it up again to make certain I hadn’t missed something. As far as I could tell with my limited coding skills the redacted log hadn’t left anything out.

On the basis of the log I had decided I must have been correct in telling Renee that she had imagined it. The girl—the sweet, beautiful girl, my mind automatically added, as it seemed to have started doing every time I thought of her—certainly had good reason to suppose Candy might do something unexpected and, in particular, something that demonstrated the digital nature of her artificial mind.

I had, however, also checked Renee’s background and I hadn’t felt much surprise to find that she had never had any training in computers beyond basic typing classes. It represented only the most circumstantial of evidence, but her telling me that Candy had spoken letters *and* numbers seemed to me to indicate that what she had heard was in hexadecimal, base sixteen, where the letters A through G are used to indicate the

numbers non-coders are familiar with in base ten: 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

I couldn't get over the nagging suspicion that if she had hallucinated Candy saying something computerese Renee would have heard the imagined words in binary: the numbers one and zero—something like *one one zero one one zero zero*. That was the way they did computerese in the movies, after all, and a hallucination could easily have come from Renee's experience of popular culture. But I had never seen a movie that used hex, presumably precisely because regular people, non-coders and non-mathematicians, would get confused if they didn't hear the usual binary.

I had nevertheless decided that Renee must have picked up the idea of hex from a wayward piece of code on someone's social media feed, after Candy's diagnostics came back nominal that night. I had almost forgotten about it, because Tuesday had unfolded in such a delightful way, with Candy spanking Renee before making her come so very hard. The night in bed *à trois* had also represented everything I had hoped for from the wonderfully unique sexual circumstances into which luck and several million dollars had gotten me.

Yes, I had definitely started falling for Renee, and that would have to be thought through and dealt with. But I had carefully reconfigured Candy's personality parameters before knocking off work that evening. When I had first brought Renee home Sunday night, I had thought it would amuse me to keep Candy's jealousy level at its preset of six out of ten. I had wanted to see what effect it would have on Renee to find herself in competition with her bed sister for her master's attention. Indeed, the Institute's assessors had recommended that the harsh discipline Renee needed would gain strength from feeling jealous herself, and watching her master use another girl as he chose.

I found, though, that as I got to know my adorable new bed girl, my feelings changed dramatically. I could see something so appealing, so seductively innocent in her eyes as she looked up at me while I held her knees nearly to her ears... while she cried out in mingled discomfort and need... while I drove my

hardness into her tight little pussy over and over and she climaxed again and again...

I decided I wanted to make her first few days, at least, in my house, free of the stress that having a jealous bed sister might cause. I also decided that she should start exploring the career opportunities she would have available both during her term of service to me and afterward. Candy would help with that, and the two of them would learn to get along well together once Renee saw that Candy didn't represent a threat but rather a help to her.

Yes, Candy spanking Renee, which had of course come from her jealousy subroutines, had aroused me enormously—and I didn't rule out turning up the artificial girl's jealousy parameter again once Renee had found her footing with me. It might well help her to feel how she had enchanted me and I didn't have the same interest in fucking Candy as I had before, if she saw that Candy's pleas for attention fell on deaf ears.

For the moment, though, I had turned Candy's jealousy down to zero. And then she had acted jealous in bed this morning. And then, just now, I had pulled up Candy's personality parameters and found that either I had hallucinated turning her jealousy down, or something—or someone—had reset it to six.

* * *

Renee

I took a deep breath, and then I bit my lip and chewed on it for a little while. I stood in the hall, in front of Candy's door, one down from mine in the west wing of Master Hendryk's enormous house. Our bedrooms were just next to the master suite—*literally* the master suite, I could never keep myself from thinking whenever I saw those double doors, now closed, and thought about what happened in my owner's enormous bed. Our bathroom lay just across the hall.

I needed an orgasm. I had tried to keep busy. Candy had laid out a 5000-piece picture puzzle on the coffee table in the family room, and she had only done half of it so far. The teddy bears in the picture looked benignly at me as I tried to find a single piece that might fit with another.

But my blue babydoll nightgown, which Master Hendryk specified for days when he had fucked me, just like at the Institute, kept distracting me. Its frilly hem, rubbing over the tops of my thighs as I reached for a puzzle piece whose brown fur seemed like a possible match for the texture of the one in my hand, whispered against places that my master had somehow left needy despite the soreness he had also bestowed.

That very soreness, to my dismay, made the hand that returned to my lap, after I had figured out that the two pieces didn't actually fit together, rub a little. Just to see how it felt. I had felt my forehead crease, and the memory of Master Hendryk's huge manhood moving inside my wet, needy pussy had come back much too strongly.

I had gotten up and gone to Candy's door. I stood there, looking at it, thinking about the thing our owner had said about the tutoring. He hadn't said anymore—just that it would happen today.

Educational theory. What was it? What did it have to do with me?

Right now I didn't really care, though: the need Master Hendryk had apparently created inside me with his brutal discipline and hard fucking demanded attention. Somehow the idea of his leaving me in the hands of my capricious artificial bed sister had made it impossible to stop thinking about the touch of her skillful fingers and her knowing tongue.

Candy's door stood ajar. I knocked softly. Her voice called, "Come in!"

"Candy?"

I pushed open the door, to see her sitting at her little desk with a blank expression on her face, seemingly looking at the wall.

I frowned, trying to figure out what—if anything—the AI girl was doing. I knew she had an interface with the house network, so I supposed she must be... reading? watching a movie inside her head? Remembering the morning in bed with Master Hendryk?

I waited for her to turn her head to look at me, but she kept staring straight ahead.

“Candy?” I asked again, in a timid voice. She did turn to look at me then, and her face assumed her familiar expression of mingled brightness and sass.

“Yes, Renee?” she asked.

Something about that cheerful, exclamatory tone, I realized, always seemed to make me a little anxious—as if something in me couldn’t get over the idea that Candy’s pleasant, extraordinarily realistic human affect actually concealed another intent. I couldn’t even tell if that impression came from any element truly present in Candy’s demeanor. In fact I thought I probably only imagined it because I knew Candy’s body and mind had come from Selecta’s research and development lab rather than the body of a human mother.

I frowned, my lower lip caught between my teeth. I took a deep breath in and out through my nose, working up the courage to ask, given that I knew my artificial bed sister would certainly exact some degrading price. I swallowed hard as my fingers, with a seeming will of their own, rubbed a little along the hem of my nightgown, on my sensitive inner thigh.

“May I please come?” I whispered.

“Of course!” Candy said, smiling warmly.

I knew lots of girls like her in school, I couldn’t help thinking. Girls I wanted to be like, before I understood that it’s alright to be different.

I just hadn’t known *how* different. I hadn’t seen the Institute in my future, or indentured sexual service.

I felt my forehead crease again. *Educational theory?* My brain had started to make a connection I hadn’t seen before: did it

have something to do with people learning in different ways, maybe?

I looked at Candy, wondering about how *she* learned. Did she even learn in the same sense I did? Then I swallowed hard once again, as I connected my own very special kind of learning to the growing concept in my mind: the old-fashioned kind of learning... the kind I did with my bottom up and my face down. The kind a master's firm hand provided, when a bed girl had misbehaved.

"And?" I asked, trying to raise my voice a little to sound more confident and to keep Candy from sensing, if she even could sense that kind of thing, the turmoil inside me that these new thoughts had brought.

"And what?" she asked brightly. "Oh, you want to know what I'll make you do, to earn your orgasm!"

I nodded mutely. Candy's smile broadened.

"Well, Master wants me to make it part of tutoring," she said, to my astonishment. "So you'd better lie on your back on my bed. I'm going to queen you to teach you your first lesson in educational theory!"

CHAPTER 20



*R*enee

I looked over at Candy's bed, my face burning hot. Every girl at the Institute got queened by a more senior member of her training group from time to time during her training. Julia, one of the other concubines in Master G's group, had become his lead girl on the same day I had arrived, which meant she led a daily session on her own.

She had liked to lay me on my back on the training table and straddle my face, holding the back of my head with fingers twined in my hair and looking down into my eyes as she pressed her warm, fragrant pussy rhythmically against my mouth until she came with a cry of agonized triumph. I hadn't enjoyed it. The degradation at another young woman's hands had brought a side of my submission to the fore that I hadn't wanted to confront: Julia's lesbian demands aroused me too much for my idea of myself as in control even as I yielded to Master G what had felt like everything.

It hadn't actually *been* everything, though. I could see that as my eyes seemed to get stuck looking up and down the queen bed with its pink comforter that seemed to match Candy's cream and pink skin. Through Candy, Master Hendryk had already started to teach me that my training had only begun—that his strict discipline and brutal degradation had in them something essential for my full education as his owned bed girl.

Education. That word again—it had floated into my mind unbidden. What did Candy’s pussy, lowered dominantly onto my submissive face, have to do with educational theory?

And... Master Hendryk had said something about *the kind of career that might interest me*, hadn’t he? When they talked about careers at the Institute—Master G, and Miss Charlotte, and the other trainers in our classes—they meant things not related to our sexual service. Or not directly related, anyway: opportunities that our service would open up, that might have something to do with our submissive orientation and our experience gratifying the lewd needs and desires of our owners—but also might involve entirely different skills, which we’d have the chance to pick up thanks to being part of the Institute and Selecta’s huge tangle of businesses. College, for example, and all the chances that could give, especially when paired with internship programs that Miss Charlotte had told us would be available to us as Institute concubines. Some of those internships, she had said, lay in the reliably money-making fields that touched on sex work; others lay in completely unrelated fields like corporate-government relations.

I felt a little sob rise into my throat. How could all that—all the things I wanted for my life—involve doing as this weird artificial girl had commanded and lying on her bed, on my back, so that she could use my face with her pussy?

I turned back to Candy.

“What does... I mean...” I said, trying to find words that might persuade her to explain, without challenging her. If she reported me to Master Hendryk for speaking sharply again, I felt sure he would whip me without mercy. My right hand drifted back behind me almost unconsciously, as if trying to defend my bottom from yet another old-fashioned lesson in obedience.

“You’ll just have to see, won’t you?” Candy asked. “Or I can tell Master that you didn’t want your tutoring session!”

“No!” I said, and then I tried to soften it. “No, Candy... please...”

I looked at the bed again, my brain searching desperately for some way out of the other girl's obscene command.

"Okay!" she said amicably, then continued with utter frankness, "So go ahead and do what I told you. I want to come, too, and I want to come on another girl's face!"

A new wave of heat came into my own face, and I became suddenly conscious of the color of our nightgowns—me in blue and Candy in white. I remembered why she still had her white one on: Master Hendryk hadn't fucked her, though she had begged him. He had decided to come inside me. She had climaxed, too, against his muscular backside. I felt a pang of strange sympathy, though, thinking about how needy our owner had left me even after using my vagina with his cock last night and this morning.

I swallowed hard and started walking the few steps over to her bed. Master Hendryk had already acquainted me with the most intimate, shameful parts of my bed sister, my very first day in his house. He had pushed my face deep into Candy's little bottom and made me eat her hot, wet pussy. It shouldn't mortify me this much to do it when we were alone, should it?

Somehow, though, a vast difference seemed to open between Master Hendryk's hand on my head, pressing hard, insisting on my mouth's shameful attendance to another girl's needy privates, and having to lie on my back and wait for Candy to take her pleasure, by my own choice, with our owner absent. Trembling and lightheaded, I climbed onto the bed. Not looking at Candy, focusing on the pink comforter, I turned to get onto my back, shifting my gaze from the covers to the white ceiling.

I heard Candy get up from her desk chair and then, a moment later, I felt the bed shift as she climbed up herself. Her white nightgown appeared in the corner of my eye. I felt her hand on my cheek, turning my face, clearly demanding that I look at her. I closed my eyes at first, not wanting to see her expression, whatever it might be: triumph or scorn or sympathy all seemed equally unwelcome since I had no idea how to figure out whether Candy meant what her face said—or whether she even *could* mean anything at all.

The soft hand on my cheek stroked gently. I opened my eyes after a few seconds, because something in me had to know. Candy looked down with her usual bright smile, as if forcing another girl to serve her pleasure under threat of our master's cane represented a bit of fun.

“Educational theory,” she said in a conversational tone of voice, “is how people figure out how we learn. It’s actually a big part of Master’s job at Selecta.”

“What?” I asked, trying to come up with a thought that didn’t lead me in ever-tightening circles of confusion. “His job?”

Candy nodded. Her hand moved gently on my cheek. I had to bite my lip as I felt my forehead crease, and a tension in my lower back threatened to make my bottom squirm. I had never gotten so unwillingly turned on with another girl. It must have something to do with the figure of Master Hendryk looming unseen in the background, I understood, but that only led me into another loop of repeating thought.

Candy’s making me wet because she represents Master Hendryk, who put Candy in charge of me because she represents him, who put her in charge...

“He’s the head of the education division.”

“Like,” I said, frowning more deeply as I tried to concentrate, “he’s a teacher? Or, like, a principal?”

She smiled patiently.

“No,” she said, shaking her head. “That’s the school division. Education is a bigger thing. You can think of it as teaching, but as the kind of teaching that helps a whole society, rather than just a class or a school. Let me show you.”

Without any further warning—if *let me show you* actually represented a warning at all, in this case—Candy moved to swing her right knee across my face.

“Oh...” I said. “Wait... Candy...”

“No, Renee!” she said, her voice somehow bright and firm at the same time. “I want to come. You got fucked this morning and I didn’t. You have to learn.”

Under her sheer, lacy white nightgown, between her trim thighs, I took a breath through my nose and smelled my bed sister's need as I caught sight of her smooth pink pussy. The cleft of her private lips grew darker, with the gathering shadow, as Candy began to lower them toward my face.

I tried to say, "Learn what?" Only the L actually emerged from my mouth, because Candy had started to queen me, moving herself—her wrinkly hooded clit, her already slick pussy, her button of a bottom-hole—rhythmically over my lips, my chin, my nose.

My body responded in such a conflicted way that I had the fleeting impression of being not a real person at all, but just a series of different impulses. Did Candy feel like that, on the inside, I couldn't help wondering? I had panic in my tummy, and it made me writhe under the artificial girl's aggressive use of my face for her pleasure. I had desire further down, an irrepressible urge to touch myself in an imitation of the enjoyment Candy demonstrated with the little whining noises that accompanied each tensing movement of her backside, each renewed pressure of her pussy onto my mouth.

My right hand started to drift upward from my side, onto my hip, over the silky fabric of my own nightgown.

"No, Renee," Candy said, her voice husky. She gave a thrust of her hips and pressed down hard, holding me like that as I tried to breathe with my nose caught inside the valley of her bottom. I felt her bend forward, toward my feet, and then she grabbed my right wrist and placed it back at my side. Her left hand took hold of my other wrist and did the same with that hand. "No pleasure for you until you make me come."

I let out a sob of frustration. Its sound came muffled to my ears, enclosed as they were by Candy's thighs.

"Mmm," Candy murmured. She moved her bottom in little jerks. I felt her warm wetness all over my lips, my cheeks. I put out my tongue and tried to please her as Julia had taught me. She tasted like pure naughtiness—musky and dark. "Mmmmm... that's it! Now you're learning to make me feel good, aren't you?"

Her legs began to move in languid undulations as she crouched over me, gripping my wrists and making me terribly aware of how close her own face had come to my private parts. I could feel her warm breath moving against my needy clit, even through the fabric of my nightgown.

“You learned things at the Institute,” Candy said softly, “didn’t you? You learned how to please another girl between her legs... maybe you learned from one girl how to please *her*... and then another, maybe... and now you’re learning how to please *me*.”

I realized that she must have started tutoring me. It seemed so very different from any kind of learning I had ever experienced—even at the Institute, where learning had taken on an entirely different dimension from school—that I could hardly get my mind to think of it that way. Instead, the distraction of her words seemed to detach my thoughts from my body. I started to moan, and my tongue moved of its own accord. Desperation seemed to grip every part of me, the need to make my bed sister... artificial or real... wise or crazy... whatever she was... the terrible need to make her come so that she would touch *my* pussy, would use her knowing fingers and tongue on *me*.

I felt my hips move in the same cadence as hers, as if she were fucking me, or as if Master Hendryk were there, driving his huge cock into me in the same rhythm Candy used in queening me. I sobbed with need, unable to figure out how she had awakened such submission in me when our owner was nowhere near.

“That’s not the kind of learning you might do in school,” Candy purred. “Educational theory is interested in how it works, and the most important part of it for Master’s job is what it does inside *you*.”

She said *you*, and then she let out the rest of her breath in a stream directed straight at my clit. I cried out into her slowly rubbing pussy lips, my hips jerking uncontrollably.

“You’re a different girl from the one you were five minutes ago, aren’t you?” she murmured. “And you didn’t even notice.

You belong to me, now, don't you?"

Something had changed in her voice. It had a hard edge I didn't think I had ever heard from Candy before.

"I'm going to pee on your face after I come, Renee. Will you like that?"

CHAPTER 21



*R*enee

I started to struggle, but Candy held me firmly. She started to ride my face much harder and much faster.

What the fuck kind of tutoring is this?

“No!” I tried to shout, but Candy simply kept humping me, thrusting out her backside and pressing her pussy against my chin, my lips, my nose.

I would not like that.

I felt her bend closer to me. Her ragged breath, each pant seeming to brush my desperate clit with a teasing caress, came more and more quickly. She kissed me, there, through the fabric of the nightgown.

I would not like that.

I cried out into her hot, musky pussy.

I felt her take the hem of my nightgown in her teeth and draw it up, her hands still holding my wrists on either side. I wondered if a regular human could have done it with such skill, but it didn't matter to me at all, because of what it meant.

Candy licked my clit.

Would I?

My mind seemed to split, to run along two parallel tracks.

On one, I felt the rhythmic attention my artificial bed sister had started paying to my needy, aching pussy and I saw in my mind's eye the dark, forbidden act she had just promised. Her moving private parts, with their wetness and their heat, seemed to produce another sensation, a phantom feeling in my imagination as much as in my cheeks and forehead... the obscene, hot stream of pee gushing from Candy's pussy and onto my face.

That track made me cry out over and over, as Candy moaned, her hips moving faster and faster, her climax obviously drawing rapidly closer.

On the other track, somewhere in space—some exotic, intellectual neighborhood deep within subspace... or perhaps in an ivory tower overlooking the land called subspace... the tutoring happened. My thoughts, confused but free to take new shapes, delved into the meaning of Candy's terrible declaration and much more importantly into the significance of my reaction to it: how I had felt so certain at first that to have another girl pee on my face could never, ever arouse me—and how with a single kiss from Candy to my needy clit that had started to change.

Education. If that represented a kind of education, what did it mean to learn? Had Candy just taught me... had I just learned that a girl like me craves terrible things... things I would have never thought consenting adults would do with one another?

Yes, at the Institute, I knew that some training groups did that kind of bathroom play... those *golden showers*. Groups like mine whispered about them sometimes in the cafeteria—that some men and women who bought Institute-trained concubines liked to dominate them that way on the one hand and control them that way on the other, using the shameful act and the bladder-stretching need for it as part of their bed girls' ongoing training. Master G had never mentioned it, though, and even Julia had never made a threat anything like Candy's apparent promise to wet my face with her own golden shower.

The thought had sent a chill up my spine, and I had turned away from it, as anyone—any real girl, anyway—turns away from unwanted mental images. Here between Candy's mobile

thighs, though, I couldn't stop picturing it, almost feeling it on my burning face, and my pussy clenched with every little kiss from Candy's lips and every tiny lick from her knowing tongue.

Education... changing a person, making them... forcing them, even... to develop, on the inside. To progress, even if that progress brings them into some very shameful place... some place that looked very shameful to them, before.

Candy lifted her head, and I sobbed in protest, trying frantically to shape my aching tongue into the kind of stiff peak that Julia had demanded I learn to provide for another girl's rubbing clit and labia. I had *learned* that, my distant rational mind echoed... I had thought the new skill had come from outside, from my domineering senior groupmate, but maybe, really, the more important part had happened on the inside, as *I* developed.

My bed sister's hands tugged on my wrists, moving them further down my sides.

"Hands under your bottom, Renee," Candy said in that frightening, dominant voice. "Spread your cunt open for me."

It almost didn't register that she had used the c-word. It certainly didn't register as urgently as it should have: my only reaction came in the form of a bucking of my hips at the surge of need her unexpectedly filthy mouth had brought deep inside my vagina.

I obeyed. I took the two round globes of my bottom and I pulled them apart. I felt the air move against the tiny ring of my anus and I thought of my owner's huge cock going in and out of me there, teaching me my lesson.

Lesson... in obedience... changing me, progressing me on the inside.

Candy put her hands on top of mine and gripped hard, spreading me even further open, so that I cried out in discomfort. Over my face, her hips bucked, thrusting her pussy down hard onto my mouth. At the same moment, she buried her own face between my thighs.

She cried out, her backside jerking in little spasms and her pussy contracting over and over against my numb-feeling lips as she came. My own climax, after so much helpless need and the shameful arousal of Candy's lewd commands and filthy promises of more degradation to come, took hold only a second or two later. I sobbed out my pleasure into my bed sister's hot, wet pussy while she tormented me with pleasure between my spread legs.

"Mmm," her voice said, outside the darkness she had enforced on me beneath her straddling legs and her mobile bottom. "Mmm. Come for me, Renee, before I pee on you."

I couldn't stop the orgasm, and the fear that rose in me as again I imagined it, the hot golden shower right in my face, only seemed to make the spasms of pleasure greater. At the same time, I started trying to shake my head and say no, but only the humming of the *n* emerged into Candy's sopping pussy.

"Yes!" she said, clearly knowing precisely what I wanted to say. I felt her shift a little. Her thigh muscles tensed in a different way. I moaned as I understood: it would happen now, right above me.

"Candy!" said Master Hendryk's voice. "Seven five gamma interrupt!"

Candy froze. Not the way I or any other normal girl would have frozen—limbs trembling a little and breathing hard, motionless for all practical intents and purposes but not truly unmoving. The artificial girl straddling me stopped like a video when you press the pause button. Her legs went completely still, the contracting muscles simply stopped.

"Candy," my owner repeated, his voice much less sharp, as if having brought Candy's obscene plan to a standstill he could take his time with further instructions, "seven five gamma come here."

She got off me with a lithe movement of her perfectly toned body. As I turned my hot face, thoroughly moistened by Candy's intimate juices, to follow the unfolding of the strange scene, she walked to where Master Hendryk stood in the

doorway. He, in his usual work clothes—jeans and a crisp white button-down—followed her progress with his eyes, a wary expression on his own face. Candy stopped, her golden head tilted downward and her hands by her sides.

“Candy seven five gamma go to your isolation room,” he ordered, stepping aside to let her go. I had seen the glass door to Candy’s isolation room, just down the hall: a chamber not much bigger than a closet, with a metal chair. I didn’t know what it was for.

Master Hendryk turned his attention to me.

“I’m sorry, Renee,” he said, a slight but troubled smile flickering on his lips. “There’s clearly something wrong with Candy. In her isolation room, she’ll be cut off from any electronic contacts and she won’t be able to hear us or see us.”

I felt my eyes go wide. “So I didn’t imagine it?” I asked. “The *transmitting* thing?”

He shook his head. “I don’t think you did. And Candy—or someone who somehow has access to her systems—reset some of her parameters without my knowledge. That seems to be why she had the impulse to pee on you, too.”

I felt my face go even hotter.

“You... you were watching?” I stammered. For a moment I didn’t know why *I* should feel embarrassed about the shameful act Candy had tried to force me to undergo. The blood receded a little from my cheeks. Then I remembered what I had realized about learning, and educational theory, from that bizarre tutoring session, and my blush returned like a furnace. Candy’s degrading promise to pee on my face had uncovered a dark need inside me, and I couldn’t unsee the mental pictures she had drawn on the backs of my eyelids—or deny, much as I tried, how they had brought me to those submissive orgasms under her skillful tongue.

Master Hendryk nodded. “I told her to use your need to come to tutor you, but somehow a module I hadn’t activated got turned on.”

I frowned, catching my lower lip between my teeth. I realized I still had my hands on my backside, spreading myself as Candy had commanded. Nervously I tightened my fingers, and I felt my forehead crease even more deeply at the jolt of arousal that went through me.

“Golden showers?” I whispered.

Master Hendryk nodded again. “Water sports.”

A new surge of heat came into my cheeks at the generic phrase that concealed such humiliation beneath its innocent surface.

“So you... didn’t tell her to do... that?”

He’d made that completely obvious, of course, so I spoke only to have something to say while my brain attempted to process all the thoughts, emotions, and sensations roiling through my body.

He shook his head.

I didn’t intend to say anything more, but to my dismay my voice seemed to develop a will of its own. It went on, “Do you... I mean... Master, do you...”

There I managed to stop myself. My cheeks now felt like twin suns in some sci-fi solar system. I hoped Master Hendryk wouldn’t have understood, but the smile that appeared on his handsome face told me that he knew precisely where my unfinished question had been headed.

“I had them give Candy that module,” he told me. “But I turned it off so that she wouldn’t do something like this. She’s designed so that when she gets horny she gets more extreme, just like a regular person.”

I felt my mouth twist to the side as I tried in vain to tell myself that he hadn’t just described me—but it seemed like that very realization had formed part of my tutoring session with Candy. She had brought out the shameful need for such extremity, and used it to make me progress in my self-knowledge, and—I felt sure—in my submission, too.

Even more, I suddenly had a curiosity about what Master Hendryk did for a living that I hadn’t had before—educational

theory had, without any warning, become something I wanted to know much more about. And hadn't he said something about a career for me, in relation to it?

I felt the incongruity of thinking about my professional future in that position—on my back on Candy's bed, with my face still bearing the signs of my queening and my hands still opening my bottom lewdly and submissively. That awkwardness didn't dim my interest at all.

"She taught me... things," I told Master Hendryk. "So she did tutor me that way, I guess?"

He nodded. "That's right. Whatever's going on in her deep systems doesn't seem to be disturbing her higher order functions, which is what makes me think it's someone who's gained access but is trying to conceal their tracks."

I blinked, suddenly forgetting all about educational theory.

"Spying, you mean?"

A look of distaste crossed Master Hendryk's gorgeous face. "Yes. A competitor, possibly. A random hacker, maybe."

"So you'll have to send her back?" A strange, conflicting mixture of happiness and disappointment came into my chest at the idea.

He shook his head. "We need to get to the bottom of this. You're going to help me figure out what's going on—with the help of a little educational theory."

CHAPTER 22



*H*endryk

I released Candy from her isolation room only a few minutes after sending her there. Time was of the essence. I didn't feel at all sure that I hadn't already alerted whoever had hacked into Candy's brain, but I suspected I could count on them to take a few hours at least to analyze the data she was sending.

Clearly the glitch they had caused in her parameters—resetting her jealousy level and activating the Water Sports module—didn't represent something they'd intended. Much less could they have meant Candy to speak out loud the transmission message Renee had heard. So they didn't have perfect control over her, and maybe I could take advantage of that.

The interrupt code I had used to keep Candy from peeing on Renee, though, would appear in her system log. I had to believe the spy, whoever they were, had access to that—and I had to hope they would take some time to realize what it meant.

I shot an email to Janice Derling to alert her to the situation and to run a deep diagnostic on her own AI concubine, as well as to tell her what I planned to do.

Ugh, she mailed back a few moments later, then, for good measure, *ugh ugh ugh. Russians at it again? Very not good. I'll alert R&D. Your plan seems like a longshot, but definitely worth a try. Go ahead and get Security and Research involved.*

The rest of the afternoon I spent alternately reading up on Selecta's intel concerning the megacorp's shadowy quasi-competitors in eastern Europe, emailing with Security and Research, and watching Candy and Renee over the house's video feed. Candy seemed to be acting normally, and Renee had apparently taken to heart my admonition to stay cool and pretend nothing had happened besides a little naughty fun and a successful first tutoring session.

Six weeks before I purchased Renee, I had gotten an alert from Selecta's security division that 'eastern European interests' had developed a keen interest in the activities of the education division. I had felt flattered, really, that the loosely affiliated group Selecta execs tended just to call the Russians—despite the increasing irrelevance of traditional national borders in that part of the world—had noticed my efforts.

Really the kind of education I did needed a functioning governmental apparatus, whether controlled by a corporation or a sovereign state, to have its beneficial effects. It seemed that one or more of the eastern European warlords, however, had decided to try to create their own kleptocratic enclave, and they wanted to do it along the lines of Selecta's New Modesty program.

I had to admire their spirit, whoever they were: a utopia of old-fashioned husband-led families formed on the backbone of firm, loving discipline seemed like an ideal, if perhaps farfetched, solution to the lawlessness currently prevailing there. I didn't even think it outside the realm of possibility that it might work—the problem was that the Russians clearly didn't want to pay for my secret educational sauce, despite their fabulous wealth. The alert from security had told me the warlords' hackers had started probing our networks in a more focused way than usual.

The few reports from Research didn't give me much to work with as I planned my attempt at counterespionage, but I did run across one intriguing detail that seemed as if I might be able to put it to use:

We currently theorize (ca. 75% certainty) that the instigator of the effort to steal Selecta Education's proprietary methods is the warlord Jaroslav Dubinski. Dubinski is known for his love of corporal punishment and his established interest in the New Modesty, though with important modifications: an intercepted document indicates that his ambition is to implement a polygynous version of the program, where he and his lieutenants keep households with multiple consorts, the junior concubines under the authority of the senior ones.

I planned accordingly, hoping I might catch Dubinski's hackers unaware. I had, after all, created a highly suitable situation with my *menage à trois*. With luck, I thought as I made my way back to the west wing, I might even score a victory for Selecta.

The folks in Security didn't seem hopeful, but like Janice they thought I should give it a try. They promised to analyze Candy's data feed in real time to see if anything interesting popped up, though they professed incredulity that I wasn't imagining it all—since they could find nothing out of the ordinary in what Candy had sent to the network over the past three days.

I found the girls working on the picture puzzle in the family room, their heads bent side by side, Candy's golden hair and Renee's red. I couldn't help sympathizing for a moment with Jaroslav Dubinski's interest in a harem-based version of the New Modesty. It represented one of a dominant man's most potent fantasies, after all.

Something about the angle of Renee's neck, though... something about the way it made her seem innocent despite all the dark, wanton need for harsh training and brutal humiliation that I needed to help her come to terms with... I didn't want anything but her, my real girl—even a sweet piece of AI concubine ass... even a delicious piece of candy.

"Girls," I said, "go to the bedroom, please, and take off your nightgowns."

Atop the bed I made Renee straddle Candy's face, just the way Candy had been crouched over Renee when I had entered Candy's room to intervene. I positioned them at the foot of the bed so I could stand behind Renee, teasing both my girls with my massive erection while I ran through the plan in my mind.

I pressed the head of my cock against Candy's soft, pink lips. She opened them and stuck out her tongue, ready to deepthroat me as only an artificial girl with no gag reflex could. I pulled my hardness away and rubbed it along the slick pout of Renee's pussy.

"Who wants it more?" I growled, starting to give myself over to the scene and hoping I could remember to follow my plan.

* * *

Renee

"Me! Master, me!" Candy exclaimed.

A jolt of arousal, mixed with strong, conflicted emotion went through my entire body. The spasm—physical, psychological, even philosophical—somehow affected my pussy, my heart, and my head in such close succession that I could barely tell the different elements apart.

The idea that Master Hendryk might put his hard cock in Candy's mouth rather than my pussy seemed to take hold of my brain like some sort of mental fireworks show. Its implications—and more important, my response to them, body and soul—captivated me even as they distressed me with their power over me.

Not a fireworks show. An artillery bombardment. Bombs bursting in air.

When he had told me what he planned to do tonight, he had told me he would have to give Candy her share. He had said he couldn't tell me everything about the plan because he needed me to act surprised—really surprised, enough to fool

Candy's AI brain, which could measure the tiniest movements of my body and tell truth from lies that way.

He had said that he wanted me to know he had to fuck Candy, though, because he wanted to make sure I understood he had started...

Master Hendryk had said he had feelings for me.

"You need firm, humiliating discipline, Renee. That's not going to change," he had told me, his voice measured, almost solemn. "But it's important that you know how I feel about you, and that I intend our relationship to go somewhere. Otherwise what happens this evening might not work for you the way it should."

My heart had beat very fast. I had stared into his face, wondering if he could possibly be speaking the truth—wondering, frankly, if Master Hendryk meant to mock me with this declaration.

Then I had spoken, so softly I could barely hear myself.

"I think I... I think I have feelings... too," I said, hardly believing the confession I had just made to the man who owned me and intended to keep punishing me for my slightest fault—despite his own apparent affection for me.

He had taken me in his arms. Master G had given his girls many hugs, and I had all the warm, affectionate feelings in the world for him. Or I had thought I had them all, until Master Hendryk put his hand on my bottom, under the blue nightgown at the same time as he embraced me, to let me know that even if his feelings kept growing and he fell in love with me, I would still have daily lessons in obedience. I had nestled myself into his strong chest and felt the rumble of his final words before he had left to wake Candy back up in her isolation room.

"Trust me, Renee."

I felt Master Hendryk take the firm, soothing head of his cock away from my pussy. I heard the wet sound of a man thrusting his rigid penis into a girl's open mouth.

Candy said “Mmm” around the bulk of our master’s huge erection and I thought I could hear even in that inarticulate, animal noise that my artificial bed sister wanted me to know she liked sucking cock. That she liked it in a way that no real girl like me could, because real girls had to worry about their breathing, and their teeth, and their gag reflex, but an artificial girl like Candy didn’t have to think about any of that. She could adjust those things effortlessly, unconsciously, and enjoy the strange submissive power of giving the pleasure the penis demanded of her.

I frowned, feeling my pussy bereft of Master Hendryk’s cock. I had to choke back a sob of sheer need, mingled with an almost physical surge of jealousy from my belly into my chest.

Trust him.

The basic, hard-wired hold of monogamy over my mind and my heart made it difficult. Master G had fucked so many other girls in front of me that I had thought myself over it.

But Master G hadn’t told me he had feelings for me. If Master Hendryk had spared me the knowledge that he wanted our relationship to *go somewhere*, would I have felt such envy of the fake girl who had his cock in her mouth?

“Oh, that’s good,” he said, his voice coming from deep in his chest. I heard her take him deep, very deep; the unmistakable sound of a throat opening to allow a man to thrust his manhood as deep as he likes and as hard as he chooses. Master Hendryk’s growling noises rumbled behind me.

He put his hands on my hips as if to gain traction for his use of Candy’s mouth. I whimpered softly at the sensation. I could feel his fingers tense, his weight shifting slightly as he drove into that soft openness.

“Now let’s compare Renee’s pussy,” he said, and a moment later I felt the warmth of his cock again, right at the entrance to the sopping sheath of my vagina.

“Oh, God,” I moaned.

Compare. The apparent callousness, the casual cruelty of his words made me shudder, partly with jealousy and outrage, but

also—I couldn't deny it, and I understood that Master Hendryk meant this part—with need. I needed to have my pussy compared to Candy's mouth: to my dismay, thanks to my master's strange way of educating me, I understood that some deep element of my sexuality wanted the man who loved me to fuck other girls and tell me he liked me best. Master G would never be able to tell me that, but Master Hendryk, the man who had purchased me for his exclusive use, the man who knew how firm and degrading a hand I needed...

He thrust in hard, and I cried out. In and out, over and over, his lap slapping against my bottom like a spanking. I started to come with the third thrust, writhing in his tight grip around my waist and screaming with helpless pleasure.

“Lick my balls, Candy,” he instructed his artificial bed girl.
“I'm going to stay in this pussy for a while.”

CHAPTER 23



*R*enee

To my astonishment, Candy said, “No, Master.” She spoke in a voice so different from her usual cheerful obedience—so petulant and bitter—that I felt my body freeze in place. I was on hands and knees over my AI bed sister, her thighs spread wide and my face so close to her pussy that with every whining breath I took through my nose I could smell the wicked fragrance of her need.

Master Hendryk stopped fucking me, too. His hands tightened a little on my hips, as if telling me that the plan had started to take shape, warning me to pay attention to what I said and did.

Trust me. I wondered suddenly if that meant I should trust that my master understood me well enough that I could also trust myself. He had given me all the information he thought I should have, so that I could act with complete naturalness, maybe. He had *taught* me enough that, according to his theory of education, I could do what I had to do to help him.

“What, Candy?” he growled. “Did you just tell me *no*?”

“Make Renee kiss my pussy,” she said. “It’s not fair!”

Motionless as I was, I felt my hips buck with the jolt of arousal caused by Candy’s rebellious demand. I pushed back toward Master Hendryk, and I let out a little sob of frustrated pleasure as I felt his cock press another half-inch into the slick tunnel of my still-aching vagina. I *needed* it... my owner’s

hardness... my master's brutal, thrusting use of my intimate places. I had never imagined I could need anything so much, let alone Master Hendryk's casual, arrogant, complete dominance over my degraded body.

And Candy's resistance, I realized, had just made that necessity inside me much greater: the idea that she needed it too seemed to increase my own helpless desire exponentially.

"I don't care that it's not fair, Candy," Master Hendryk said, his voice stern. "You'll obey me without any reward, and if you do a good job I *may* let you have a little pleasure in that naughty cunt."

"But you always fuck *her*," Candy protested. "I need fucking too!"

"That's it," he replied, shifting his tone from stern to thunderous. "You just earned yourself the whipping of your young life, Candy. You're not going to sit comfortably for a week."

He pulled his erection out of my pussy. I let out a whimper of disappointment as I felt his soothing hardness leave me.

"I'm sorry, Renee," Master Hendryk said. "I'll finish fucking you later. Please go get the cane from the cabinet. Candy, pull the whipping chair out and lay yourself over it."

"Master," she wailed from beneath me, "no... please... I'll lick them! Don't whip me! I'm sorry, and I'll never... I'll never disobey you again!"

Her sudden change from defiance to penitence took me by surprise. I could easily imagine a real girl reacting that way, as her master called her bluff.

"You have a lot to learn, Candy," Master Hendryk said, very coldly. "This is how I teach naughty girls the lessons they need. You know that."

To my astonishment, Candy became frantic.

"Master, please, no," she sobbed, trying to scramble out from under me and causing the two of us to get tangled into a knot

of mobile naked flesh. “Renee... please... don’t let him whip me?”

She had brought our chests close together. I thought I could feel her heart beating wildly. Her nipples, stiff with desire or fear or both, rubbed against mine as she tried to squirm up the bed.

I had no idea what to do. At least I knew that my being at a loss didn’t pose a threat to Master Hendryk’s plan. Even if I hadn’t understood his aim—that our owner was treating Candy this way in an attempt to figure out what had gone wrong in her programming—I would still have had no concept of how to behave in the face of her rebellion and her sudden fear of the cane.

Trust me. I felt him shift his hands on my body, moving them from my waist to put one strong, furry arm under my chest and the other under my thighs to lift me off my terrified bed sister. The warmth of his body seemed to send the feeling of confidence and comfort radiating through my body.

Candy scrambled off the bed as Master Hendryk set me on my feet. She tried to run by him where he stood at the foot of the bed. With a quickness that seemed to belie the looming size of his muscular naked body, he turned without any haste that I could sense and reached out. He caught Candy easily around the waist. He put her calmly over the side of the bed despite her struggles, with her arms twisted behind her and his left hand atop her wrists. She tried to kick, but Master Hendryk simply ignored the flailing of her legs and started to spank her, very hard and very fast.

“Renee,” he told me over the echoing smacks of his enormous hand on Candy’s quickly reddening bottom and her screams of pain and protest, “fetch the cane, please.”

“Master! Master!” Candy cried. “Please!”

I felt a deep frown break out on my face as I moved to obey Master Hendryk’s command. I remembered Candy’s threat to pee on my face. I remembered the feeling of her body preparing to carry out that threat. I remembered her spanking

me with her little hand, and queening me with her fragrant, soaking pussy.

That's what you get, my mind said. That's how Master teaches us.

A dismaying clench took hold between my legs. My knees wobbled as I crossed the distance to the ornate, freestanding wooden cabinet across the soft, luxurious pile of the bedroom carpet.

You were naughty, you little slut. You tried to take Master's cock away from me when I needed it so bad.

The spanks and cries made me feel lightheaded.

Spank her hard, Master. Harder.

My face worked with the extremity of my inner conflict. Surely there was nothing wrong with wishing for an artificial girl to receive the harsh punishment she had earned?

I chewed hard on the inside of my cheek.

I managed to keep myself from turning around, but as I reached out for the handles of the cabinet doors I couldn't think of anything but what I would see when I turned back with the cane in my hands: the naughty girl naked over the side of the bed, Master Hendryk's powerful naked body, his huge hard cock swaying a little as he punished her.

On a rack inside the cabinet hung my master's disciplinary implements: wooden paddles, leather straps, and a single long rattan cane, half an inch thick. I shuddered just looking at them, but the shudder brought another clench between my thighs. Candy's helpless cries of pain over the continuing, ceaseless crack of Master Hendryk's palm on her backside seemed to make the spasm down there go on and on. The trembling hand I reached out to take the cane could hardly hold still enough to grasp its leather-bound handle properly. I fumbled it for a moment and almost dropped it.

Behind me, the spanking stopped. Candy's shrieks fell to sobs.

"Are you ready to get yourself over the chair for your whipping?" Master Hendryk demanded.

I turned around. He loomed over the artificial girl though he still stooped a little so that he could keep his hand pressed atop her wrists, ensuring that she couldn't squirm out from under his control. Candy's bottom had turned a shade of red so vivid I couldn't keep from letting out a little whimper. To my dismay, my left hand moved treasonously between my thighs, and my middle fingers performed a disgraceful little rubbing motion on my clit before I could stop them.

My mind filled with impressions from the past few days: Master Hendryk saying at the auction that discipline was always sexual for him... Candy spanking me... telling me she would pee on my face...

Learning. She has to learn, doesn't she? That's what discipline is... and this is our master's educational theory.

I felt the crease in my forehead deepen until I could sense it in the roots of my hair. My fingers started again and I couldn't stop them. Candy's piteous sobs... her bright red bottom, clenching in agony... Master Hendryk's strict tone as he taught her the lesson she needed for her naughty behavior...

He turned to look at me. He had a hard look on his face and I saw his eyes move downward to take in what my wanton hand was doing between my thighs. I bit my lip and pled for mercy with my eyes when his gaze returned to meet mine.

"Bring the cane here, Renee," Master Hendryk commanded. "And take your hand away from your cunt. You know who it belongs to."

"What?" Candy demanded. "Is she...?" She tried again to get out from under Master Hendryk's controlling grip, but he pushed her down more firmly onto the bed.

"I can whip right here until you're ready to get over the chair, Candy," he said. "Then I'll give you the twelve you've already got coming once your ass is where it should be."

The effect of his dominant voice on my body seemed like an electric shock, the kind that freezes every muscle in your body. For a moment I couldn't obey his last command to me, much as I wanted to out of simple fear that I would earn my own

punishment rather than the fucking from his rigid penis that I needed more desperately now than ever.

He had turned to Candy to deliver his threat, but now he glanced back at me. His eyes narrowed as he saw that I hadn't moved a muscle.

"Take that hand away, Renee," he said coldly. "If I catch you masturbating while I punish your bed sister I'll cane you too—just as hard as I'm going to whip her."

A cry of fear and need broke from my throat, and I managed to pull my hand away and move toward him on feet that felt like lead. I held out the cane to him, the shaking in my hand communicating itself to the rattan as waving, almost as if I meant to hit my master with its horrid length. The very idea of lightly tapping *him* with the cane he used to whip naughty girls brought a little whimper to my lips; I could hardly imagine how he would punish a concubine who did something like that.

He took the cane from me. I stood with my right hand still outstretched, all my attention focused on the one hand on Candy and on the other inside me, trying to sort through my roiling ideas and emotions. He laid the length of the rattan across her bottom, gently, and Candy let out a little cry of fear.

"Answer me, you little slut," Master Hendryk said in a low growl.

"I... please, Master..." she choked out. "I'm so sorry... I'll lick your balls while you fuck Renee. I'll be good!"

I had my eyes turned downward, obeying the reflex Master G had trained into me at the Institute. A concubine's eyes must remain on her master's penis when he has uncovered it in her presence and he hasn't told her to turn her gaze anywhere else. So I saw Master Hendryk's enormous, rigid cock give a little jump as Candy said the part about fucking me. I felt heat rush to my face and to my pussy at the same time, and I could hardly keep my fingers from returning to the forbidden, tingling place at the top of my bare cleft.

“You know that’s not how girls learn in this house, Candy,” he told her coldly. “Whether they’re real or artificially intelligent. In this house, girls learn with their panties down and their bare bottoms offered for the cane, over the whipping chair where they belong. Last chance.”

Candy’s back heaved with a wrenching sob.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered. “I’m ready.”

CHAPTER 24



*R*enee

Master Hendryk made me kneel next to the whipping chair so he could use my mouth while he punished Candy. As my bare knees met the soft carpet my belly filled with fluttering, not butterflies so much as angry little sparrows. My master's rigid manhood hovered, throbbing in front of my eyes, and I had to provide it a soft place of pleasure while he whipped another girl without mercy. How could I be falling in love with this man? What was it about his arrogance, his sheer dominance, that attracted me?

You're learning about yourself... you're learning to understand.

The thought floated up from the seething depths of my inner storm.

But I don't understand, another part of me replied.

Sobbing, Candy laid herself over the cushioned seat of the high-backed, black-leather-upholstered chair. That happened behind me, where I knelt with my attention focused on Master Hendryk's enormous cock, but I thought I could feel the warmth radiating from her already thoroughly spanked bottom.

"The Institute loves their special benches and their punishment horses, don't they?" he mused. He had his long, stiff penis in his left hand, and he idly pumped it, as if showing me that he

would pleasure himself when he chose and reminding me of his warning that I must not—that my pussy belonged to my master. “I prefer regular furniture, I suppose, because it teaches a girl to look at her punishments and her acts of sexual submission as a natural part of her life.”

I frowned deeply, wondering even more urgently what was wrong with me that Master Hendryk could not only arouse me with this degradation but could actually make me want to belong to him not just as a casual possession but as some kind of forever bed girl.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw him move the cane in his right hand, and I heard it tap softly against Candy’s bottom.

“I think when training an AI slut like you, Candy...” he said.

I felt Candy move, as if her hips had just bucked over the whipping chair. She let out a little whimper of obvious fear and arousal. It made me clench my fists at my sides as I desperately tried to keep from touching myself.

“...that that’s even more important, since it establishes a sort of learning that you couldn’t get purely from your programming.”

I found that I had started to chew on my lower lip. Master Hendryk’s mixture of theory with practice, of arousal with intellect, made me feel like I might find an answer somewhere, some clue that might reassure me that I hadn’t started to lose my mind.

I knew at least that what he was saying now must have something to do with his plan to figure out what had happened inside Candy’s brain. But I couldn’t help feeling that it had a great deal to do with me, as well.

Yes, at the Institute, Master G and the other trainers had put us on benches and horses. Even the chairs they sat in to spank us were well out of the ordinary—more like thrones than regular chairs, whereas Master Hendryk’s whipping chair could have sat in anyone’s living room or dining room. And he had taken me from the Institute to his palatial house to teach me... to train me in a way it seemed I couldn’t have been trained at the

Institute, because of the sheer depth of my need for abject degradation.

I heard the rattan tap against Candy's poor bottom. She let out another little whimper. I nearly moaned as I felt my pussy contract at the terrible thought of what would happen, so very close to me, and what Master Hendryk would do with me while he punished my bed sister.

"Look at me, Renee," I heard him say. His voice seemed to come from very far away—high above me and so distant from my center of attention... his big, strong hand on his long, thick cock. It took me a long moment to obey him and to turn my eyes up to his face, to find him looking down at me with narrowed eyes and a tiny smile that made my heart beat faster.

"Candy is the one being whipped today," he said gravely, "but it may be your little bottom over this chair tomorrow, if you need it. You have a lesson to learn from her whipping."

My lips parted as my racing heart skipped a beat. His blue eyes told me that in fact, for him, *my* lesson represented the more important one.

Trust me. He had given that command, and he had said he had feelings for me, and I could see those feelings in his eyes. Somehow he knew that I needed to serve him in this humiliating way—that I needed to *learn* to serve him on my knees, attending his hardness as he punished another girl for her disobedience.

If Master G had tried to teach me that, I understood, I would have obeyed him the same way all the angels in our training group did—but I wouldn't have *learned* it, because I wouldn't have let myself see how deep the need inside me was. It would have seemed like a thing I did because my trainer commanded it—not something my master demanded because he knew how it would change me if I really did confront my own dark desires.

With his eyes still locked on mine, Master Hendryk reached out his left hand a few inches and took firm hold of my chin. He pressed on either side of my mouth to open my lips further. With a little sob of submission I put my tongue out the way I

knew a dominant man likes, when he thrusts into a girl's mouth.

Master Hendryk shifted his feet slightly and leaned forward. He laid the head of his iron-hard cock on my tongue. He shifted his hand to the back of my head and, our gazes still entwined, he drove his hardness into me, beginning to fuck my face hard and fast from the very first stroke.

He spoke to Candy, then, with his eyes still fixed on me.

“Twelve strokes for disobedience,” he said. “You’ll count them.”

He kept watching me even as I sensed him lifting the cane from Candy's bottom. His fingers twined in my hair, keeping my mouth firmly in place for his manhood's pleasure.

“You know what to say, Candy,” he told her. “Or will your first stroke not count?”

Still he looked down into my eyes, surely so that he could see me take him as deep as he wanted to thrust, the way I had learned at the Institute. I had received that expert training, though, without true understanding—without the kind of real education only a teacher like Master Hendryk could provide.

In his eyes I saw it: the actual reason for my being on my knees with his massive penis ruling my mouth like a literal rod of iron... the reason why I had to learn how to please a dominant man in that degrading way.

Not because the Institute had ‘recruited’ me—it was after all more like they had simply taken me because Selecta could do that sort of thing nowadays. Not because of what Master G had taught me about my sexuality, which had left me feeling in control, as if I could enjoy my submission or leave it alone, as if I could *play* with it.

That hadn't constituted a lie—or even, really, a misrepresentation. And what Master Hendryk had started to teach me didn't contradict the idea that a submissive girl like me could find great pleasure in playing naughty dominance-and-submission games with a wide range of similarly inclined men and women. But confronted by my new owner's

individual version of dominance, his uncompromising will to humiliate me, to discipline me, to use me in whatever way pleased him best, I had begun to learn a much harder lesson, not from the outside in but from the inside out.

Play was fine, but true submission lay deeper, in a place of necessity where my master demanded my worship and I had no choice but to give it. In this way, with him filling my mouth with cock over and over, the head of his erection pushing against the back of my throat and demanding all my concentration to suppress my gag reflex.

With my face down and my ass up, for him to enjoy me along whichever path suited his fancy of the moment: to fill my hot, greedy pussy... to stretch my poor little anus even further than he already had... to whip me without mercy, the way he would now whip Candy.

I knew very well what Master Hendryk was waiting to hear from Candy. So simple: three syllables, and yet she hadn't uttered them.

I felt his body tense, and I saw his eyes move to the side, as if to take aim at my artificial bed sister's red bottom. I heard the terrifying sound of the cane whistling through the air, so close to where his hard cock moved in a steady rhythm between my lips and over my tongue. The impact, the unmistakable *thwack* at the end of the *swish* sounded in my ears, not as sharp as the smack of a spank with hand or paddle but much scarier. A split second later, Candy gave a pitiful yelp.

"One, Master," she sobbed.

I felt my eyes go wide. *What is wrong with her?* I wondered desperately. *She's supposed to be, like, a computer, right? How could she make that mistake? How could she try to make him forget what he had just said, the simple command to answer "Yes, Master"?*

Master Hendryk's eyes came back to mine. A surge of heat came into my face, because I saw so many things in that calm gaze I could hardly name them all. First, over everything else, I saw desire—no, more than desire... sheer lust. I saw how good my obedient mouth made his rigid manhood feel, and

how resolutely he intended to use my body in every way and at every opportunity.

My master showed me in his face, in the set of his forehead, somehow, that he wanted me to know that, too: the man who owned me wanted to leave his prized bed girl in no doubt that he found her very enjoyable. Not merely as a sexual object, though. Master Hendryk's gorgeous blue eyes said that, unlike any artificial concubine, specially created for a man's sexual pleasure, a girl like me had something much more valuable—a mind of my own, that he had started to get to know, and even to...

Love.

My mind registered that emotion distantly, as important an emotion as it was, because my more immediate concern lay elsewhere—the part of the moment that seemed to make Master Hendryk slow the rhythm of the face-fucking he gave me, that seemed to evoke the other, more urgent element of his expression.

His eyes had narrowed, and I saw the left one give a little twitch. Not quite a wink, but the sort of half wink a person—especially, I thought, the kind of brilliant, masterful person I had already discovered my owner to be—gives when he has a difficult situation under control and he wants his collaborator to know it.

My chest filled with warmth as I managed to puzzle all that out, because the idea that Hendryk Vanderbruggen... the billionaire senior vice president of a vast, essential division at an enormous megacorp... had taken me not just as his sexual servant but as his partner—at least in this clearly vital mission... overwhelmed me with a sort of gratitude I hadn't known I could feel.

The half wink meant he had figured it out. I knew that as if Master Hendryk had announced it to me in so many words. Something about Candy's failure to say *Yes, Master* had told him what he needed to know.

“Candy,” he said, his gaze still fixed on mine, his massive cock still thrusting between my wide-open lips, “you know

that didn't count. And neither will this one."

CHAPTER 25



*H*endryk

I lifted the cane and brought it down hard across Candy's poor, sweet, bright red bottom. She cried out, her head rearing back, her hands clutching the legs of the whipping chair so hard I could see her knuckles go white. Two vivid double lines, deeper red outlined in paler pink, stretched across her trim backside.

Clear thinking posed a bit of a problem with my cock engulfed so pleurably in Renee's luscious mouth and her Institute-trained skill allowing deep thrusts to the soft back of her throat. A good portion of my dominant mind, driven by sheer alpha animal instinct, wanted to concentrate only on the heavenly sensation to be had inside the adorable open lips of the girl I had bought for pleasure alone, but had found so much more with.

That very enjoyment, though, and the way it related on the one hand to my growing love for Renee and on the other to what had happened with Candy, had brought the answer to the mystery into my mind. Without the velvet friction of Renee's mouth around the thrusting shaft of my erect penis I couldn't have seen it, because Candy's malfunction depended, I had just realized, on the special pleasure I got from Renee.

Because I love her.

The artificial bed girl had realized it first—she must have, with her cutting-edge biometric sensors that could register skin

galvanics and tiny fluctuations in the temperature of various parts of the human body. She had realized that her master had started to fall in love with his new, real concubine.

The assessment team who had monitored one of the first AI sexual servants had gotten it right, despite their own uncertainty. I knew about their report because they had cc'ed me, as head of the education division, since preparing the market for the eventual broad release of artificially intelligent bed girls would rely heavily on my work in public persuasion through subliminal education.

Despite the urgency of the moment and the multiplicity of erotic stimulation... the arousing sight of Candy's bottom squirming and clenching as she tried to soothe a little of the pain... the even more alluring view of my rock-hard penis moving in and out of Renee's sweet lips as she knelt, naked, in front of me... the sheer physical delight of her submissive reception of my cock balls-deep in her lovely mouth... despite all the distraction, I could call up the report's most vivid phrases.

We are still at the beginning of our understanding of machine learning in the case of a machine in the form of an embodied submissive sexual servant. We do not yet know what will happen, for example, if an AI concubine with her jealousy parameter turned on senses her owner falling in love with another girl.

I hadn't thought about it, because I had had no expectation of feeling anything for Renee that I didn't feel for her artificial bed sister. I wouldn't have remembered it even after I had turned Candy's jealousy down, if Renee hadn't heard Candy speaking in hexadecimal and I hadn't noticed that the jealousy parameter had somehow gone back up.

I might not even have dredged those sentences up in my memory if Candy hadn't refused to say *Yes, Master* when I had told her she would count her cane strokes.

I lifted the cane again, my other hand gripping Renee's head almost convulsively, so great was the pleasure inside her mouth and so strong the affection for her that seemed to throb in my heart. A way to test my theory, born of all those things—Candy's discipline, the marvelous alloy of sex and love between Renee and me, the thrill of learning about our connection to each other as I taught her to feel her submission more and more deeply—had just occurred to me.

If I had guessed correctly, this caning for Candy, which I had engineered to get her to analyze her reactions and confess that she had been compromised by some corporate espionage hack, wouldn't work. I had thought that putting her in her place this way might perturb her systems sufficiently that she would go into the debug mode I felt sure Renee had heard. Whoever had hacked Candy hadn't been able—or maybe knowledgeable enough—to cover their tracks completely in that mode, though they had ensured that it got erased from Candy's data log.

I had assumed that the debug mode had kicked in because of a conflict between her obedience to me and her unfinished processing of feelings for Renee. When she had inserted the punishment butt plug in her new bed sister's bottom, Candy had, I thought, had a momentary glitch at Renee's cries of discomfort, and that glitch had caused her to say out loud the hexadecimal she was supposed to keep inside her artificial brain.

I had hoped to cause a similar glitch by creating an even deeper conflict: pleasure with Renee and pain for Candy, I had thought, might do it.

But if Candy's actual malfunction came from her sensing Renee's love for me and my love for her, that wouldn't do it. It meant that whoever had hacked her brain had somehow—almost certainly without intending it—awakened her to a new level of consciousness.

Candy had turned her own jealousy back up—that was the clue. She needed it to cope with the flood of unexpected and unwelcome learning brought on in her by Renee's growing feelings for me, and my growing feelings for her.

A regular human girl would have put it something like, *How can I not be jealous of that?*

If I turned Candy's jealousy down again, I risked the hacker sensing the change. I needed to bring about the glitch in a more subtle way.

"Candy," I said, "I don't think I'm getting through to you. I'm going to have Renee cane you instead."

* * *

Renee

I couldn't understand what Master Hendryk meant. Even as he pulled his hardness from my mouth and bent down to put his hand under my arm so that he could raise me to my feet, I simply had no idea what he intended. The words didn't even make sense to me—as if he had used a noun as a verb or an adjective as a preposition.

I'm going to have Renee cane you instead.

Renee cane you.

That didn't carry any meaning, did it? My mind somehow traveled back to Language Arts class—I had actually been a very good student, especially in that course. I could remember all the parts of speech and how they were used—I thought I could even diagram a sentence if Master Hendryk were to ask me to do it for some reason. How could *Renee* serve as the subject for the verb *cane*?

"Wh—" My mouth formed the *wh* and my voice hummed out its... what was that word?

Phoneme... that was it. *Wh* represented a phoneme—the smallest unit of spoken language. I had just made the phoneme *wh*, as my master had lifted me up into a standing position with his left hand, and his right had reached the horrible cane out to me as if to try to convince me that I could take it and... and...

Some of the girls at the Institute belonged to a training group for switches—submissives who also had the deep need to dominate from time to time. That apparently meant both disciplining another girl at the command of their masters or even taking on the dominant role and allowing their masters to enjoy submission as I knew some otherwise authoritative men liked.

I had found the idea hard even to understand, just as I couldn't seem to get my head around what Master Hendryk had said, or what the thing in his hand meant. My whole body had started to tremble. My head began to move of its own accord, my chin going back and forth in a *no* that seemed to come from so far down in my body, in my heart, that it didn't even form the word in my mind but just made that physical refusal.

My confusion and resistance, I suddenly realized, had kept me from paying attention to Candy's response to Master Hendryk's words. At the same time he had brought me to my feet, she had begun to rise from her position over the whipping chair. She had also started to whisper, "No... no... no..."

"Candy," Master Hendryk growled, his eyes going to her as she moved her hands to the seat of the chair to raise her upper body from it. "Down."

I gasped. My face creased into a deep pout as a helpless surge of need shot through me, making my hips give a mortifying little thrust as I felt arousal pool inside my pussy so quickly it almost felt like a gush of shameful desire. My master had spoken to this artificial girl—currently acting so very human—as if he were disciplining a pet... punishing a puppy for a mess she had made.

He let go of my arm so he could put his big, golden-furred hand on her back and enforce his command with the strength of his arm. He turned and raised the cane. Even before he had pushed Candy fully back into position over the whipping chair, he started caning her again, not in the measured way he seemed usually to employ when he whipped a girl, but rapidly, over and over, raising a welt with every cut.

Candy shrieked in pain. I cried out in sympathy, standing only inches away with my eyes fixed on my bed sister's poor punished bottom. The *swish-thack* seemed almost continuous, and the writhing and clenching of Candy's red-striped little backside, her desperate search for some way to soften the agony, made me bite my lip and whimper at the surges of shameful, wanton need that jolted my pussy seemingly with each cruel stroke.

Then I heard Candy say something that would have seemed strange if I hadn't heard her say it before. Master Hendryk must have heard it too, for he stopped caning her. I looked at him, and found him looking back at me. He gave the half wink again, and with a rush of excitement and relief I understood.

Candy had said, in the sobbing voice her body clearly forced on her with the extremity of the pain from Master Hendryk's wicked rattan, "Transmitting." Now, with her voice growing calmer with each word, she uttered another string of numbers and letters. "Five gee seven five two ay bee six..."

She went on for a few more seconds with apparently random numbers and letters, but my mind had traveled elsewhere. The first time she had done the *transmitting* thing, it had happened right after she had said, *You were mean to me*. She had said it in a harsh, vindictive way... the way a girl might speak when another girl had tried to take away her boyfriend.

Or her master.

Candy was jealous: *really* jealous—so much so, and with such reality, that it could break her brain. Maybe that was thanks to someone hacking her systems—the thing Master Hendryk had to get to the bottom of. That part didn't matter to me, but the idea that the artificial girl had developed real feelings, the same kind of feelings I might have about the gorgeous, dominant billionaire who had unexpectedly fallen for me and I for him... it made my forehead crease in sudden sympathy.

So much changed in my mind, with a suddenness that made me a little dizzy. My realization of Candy's jealousy, of the real, human emotional pain it clearly caused her, confronted me first of all with the idea that I had won, in the unavoidable

contest between us over our master's heart. Triumph and happiness surged within me, but at the same time I felt terribly sad for Candy.

She was still speaking in her strange code. Master Hendryk spoke sharply.

“Seven five gamma interrupt!”

Candy stopped speaking and froze in her position over the whipping chair, just as she had done over my face when Master Hendryk had last used those words.

“Master,” I whispered. “I... would you... I mean... could you please be nice to her?”

CHAPTER 26



*R*enee

Master Hendryk's face had an expression of distraction on it—as if he had focused his attention so firmly on Candy that he hadn't really taken in my plea. I knew something... *no*, I thought suddenly, *I learned something*, with a hot thrill of recognition, from my reaction to that expression.

I learned that, yes, I loved this man, against all apparent claims of sanity—because how could I love a man who made no secret at all of the pleasure he took in whipping girls?

For when I saw the distraction on his face, I felt at first an instant's disappointment: I wanted my master's attention on me, not on Candy. Then—here the learning really began, the deep learning inside me, the kind of learning I had started more and more to realize represented Master Hendryk's educational theory and the reason for his billionaire-level success—then I felt that the diversion of my owner's attention from me to his other girl toy must be the right thing, and I felt *happy* that I had found a man like that.

Found. It made no sense. I hadn't *found* him, my rational brain said, but my emotional brain—the part of me I had so recently come to realize could and should play the lead in my life, in its most important moments—that warmer part of me knew a different truth, in that moment. I *had* found Master Hendryk, *my* master, because I had found the proper place for him inside *me*.

I watched his attention come back to me, from his intense focus on the problem of Candy, and of making her better. I saw the smile creep onto his face as he processed my words, and my chest filled with affection for him despite all the fear and confusion of the strange moment.

He focused fully on me, then, and the smile on his square-jawed face widened.

“That’s the plan,” he said.

I felt my eyes go round.

“Oh,” I said, feeling a little stab of something like disappointment. I realized, with a tiny rush of heat to my cheeks, that I actually didn’t *completely* want Master Hendryk to be nice to Candy. I kind of wanted to make sure he kept her firmly in place, too—in a lower place than mine. I felt sympathy for her distress, and for the painful state of her punished backside, but I also had to admit a bit of my own jealousy.

I knew now that I wanted to be the most important of the girls my master liked to whip. I understood, as Master G and Miss Charlotte taught the girls of the Institute, that a dominant man such as Master Hendryk can and will reserve the right to discipline and enjoy more than one submissive concubine. But what I felt in the way he smiled at me, when I had asked him to be nice to my AI bed sister, seemed to promise that if I learned enough, and behaved myself according to his rules, my owner would prize me more highly... *most* highly, even.

An idea came into my mind, then: a picture of what Master Hendryk could do now that might help Candy, and might help me, too. It sent a shiver of forbidden arousal through me, so that despite his command I had to move my right hand a little, toward my pussy, and I couldn’t keep my fingers from rubbing a little at the place where I suddenly needed that pressure so very badly.

Master Hendryk’s eyes narrowed as they glanced downward to take in my lewd misconduct and then returned to my face. His smile quirked a little to the side.

“Are you hoping for a caning of your own, Renee?” he asked softly.

My eyes went wide again and I snatched my hand away.

“N-no, Master,” I stammered. “I just... I mean, I just thought of something you might do to help Candy.”

“Really,” he said, and the smile became enchantingly mobile, as if he couldn’t decide whether to laugh or to try to keep a straight face.

I bit my lip for a moment, chewed on it, thoroughly distracted by Master Hendryk’s lips and the thought that I could watch him smile for weeks. With difficulty I brought my mind back to the taboo picture in my mind.

“What if...” I started. I chewed on my lip a little more as a patient expression crept onto his face. My words came out in a rush, then. “What if you fucked her, and made me watch?”

I had seen it in my mind’s eye, and in that inner vision it had possessed a dark glamor that these words didn’t seem to do justice to. I had had to watch Master G fuck the other girls in my training group many times. I felt certain that Master Hendryk had fucked submissive bed girls in front of other submissive bed girls just as often. In my head, though, this idea had something more, darker, *else...* and to my surprised delight I could see in Master Hendryk’s face that he had grasped that element of my suggestion—that he could see why it would represent something taboo, obscene, and at the same time, for a couple like us, essential.

His smile changed again, his eyes crinkling in a way that seemed to make me a true confidante. More of that warmth spread in my upper body, like the glow of spiced honey, sweet and hot.

“As an educational experience,” he said. He nodded.

My lips parted without a sound, because that phrase *educational experience* had made it all so very clear.

A *master* was a teacher, as well as a figure of ultimate authority, after all. Master G had sometimes reminded us of that at the Institute. What I needed above all, I had learned

here in Master Hendryk's house, was a firm-handed teacher, to deliver individual lessons, educational experiences designed for a girl like me, who craved the deepest possible degradation.

I didn't know how I could feel so sure of my instinctive analysis of Candy's problem, but I couldn't shake the impression that the artificial girl needed to feel something very specific. Call it feminine intuition—real-girl feminine intuition, maybe—but I felt absolutely certain that Candy needed to have her jealousy validated and addressed.

She would find herself in a lower place than mine—I couldn't help a surge of pride and happiness at the thought. But she would have a place, and she and I would be whatever kind of friends a real submissive and an artificial one could be.

I stood there in a strange reverie, in what seemed a frozen scene... a tableau: an owned, submissive, naked bed girl... next to another owned, submissive, naked girl, an oddly motionless but utterly real young woman made to bend over a whipping chair... next to my tall, muscular, golden-haired master—*my person?* asked my brain suddenly.

The idea provoked a wave of heat to my cheeks, because how could a man who liked to whip girls... who got so very hard when he whipped a girl... how could he be anyone's person that way? At the same time, I felt a hard clench between my thighs, because how could a girl like me have any other kind of person? After what I had learned, what he had taught me, how could Master Hendryk *not* be my person?

He broke the silence that had suddenly fallen on the lewd scene with words that at first made as little sense as Candy's string of numbers and letters.

"Assessment," he said, casting his eyes for some reason into the upper corner of the room, "you there?"

I got it then, and I understood quickly, realizing at the same time in what seemed like a different, higher part of my mind that I had *learned* to understand it: the Institute, we concubines in training knew, had watchers called assessors. We had theorized that they watched us from tiny cameras with tiny

microphones, though we had never known for sure—and we had decided that they must also watch in the homes that our owners would take us to.

A woman's voice confirmed that I had figured it out, and I couldn't keep a little smile from my face at the surge of pride in my chest. I had understood it, and I had watched myself understanding it.

What a strange part of becoming an owned sexual servant, observed that same higher part of my brain. I supposed I had had it in my head for a long time—always, maybe—but I didn't think I had ever become conscious of it this way.

That whole train of thought passed in a moment, during the very first word spoken by the woman who must serve as an assessor for whatever part of the Institute monitored concubines after they had gone to their masters' houses. The voice seemed to come from everywhere, in crystal clear tones that could only mean that someone—my billionaire owner, obviously—had spent a fortune on the sound system.

“Alexandra Portinassi here, Mr. Vanderbruggen,” said the assured, hyper-competent sounding voice.

“Did you register the anomaly?” he asked, glancing over at me with a fleeting half-smile flashing across his lips that sent a ray of irrepressible happiness shining from my heart out into the rest of my body. That little smile seemed to say that I had become a partner in this urgent project of helping Candy—and perhaps even in foiling some nefarious activity by a competitor of Selecta.

“We have it, thanks to the audio of it we just recorded. It didn't register where it should have in Candy's system, but as of...”

The assessor paused, as if she had turned her attention to some source of information.

“...twenty-seven seconds ago we've identified the blocked-off sector, and we think we know who put it there. More to come on that, obviously, but feel free to wake Candy up, and we recommend following Renee's suggestion.”

Another little surge of pride filled my chest. The smile on Master Hendryk's face broadened and stayed there, and he kept his eyes locked on mine.

"I thought you might," he said. "I'm guessing that whatever the hacker did has ended up spurring some kind of progress in Candy's AI?"

"That's right," Alexandra replied. "The hidden sector has a lot more in it than just the system info it seems clear the hacker was after. It's become Candy's equivalent of an unconscious, as far as we can tell, and now that we've deleted the parts that don't belong, it would be a good idea to help her explore her submissive feelings and needs."

"Understood," Master Hendryk said, nodding as he kept his attention on me. My heart started to beat very fast as I thought of the obscene suggestion, of watching the man I knew I loved fuck another girl.

"One last thing before we let you get on with it," said Alexandra. "Assessment thinks that final disposition for Candy will probably involve sending her to another home, where she can be the only concubine, or at least where there are multiple concubines of equal standing."

I felt my eyes open wide at this news. For an instant I felt a little fear that Master Hendryk would disagree—that he would want Candy to stay in his home, as a backup, maybe, in case I didn't please him as much as he had hoped. Instead, he nodded again, even more deeply.

"I think that's probably for the best," he said, giving me another half wink that set the butterflies going in my tummy. "I have the bed girl I was looking for now; some other lucky master should get the pleasure of dominating Candy the way she needs."

"That's great to hear, Mr. Vanderbruggen," the assessor said. "We'll get to work on finding her a new placement. In the meantime, we hope you enjoy your purchase to the fullest."

The heat rushed back into my face. *Your purchase. Me.*

“Go ahead and stand in front of Candy,” Master Hendryk commanded, his voice turning so stern that I felt a thrill of fear. “Put your hands behind you, on your bottom. Hold your cheeks apart and keep them that way so you remember I own you back there. You’re not to touch your pussy while you watch me fuck this sweet piece of ass.”

CHAPTER 27



*R*enee

The sheer degradation in his words made me whimper. A shock of arousal between my legs almost made me do the opposite of what my master had ordered, but with my knees trembling I obeyed, moving the few steps to stand on the far side of the whipping chair.

Master Hendryk had his enormous cock in his hand, and he took up a position opposite me. I gave another little whimper as I watched him poise the head of his rigid manhood right where Candy's poor whipped bottom rose in submission, offering its round, rosy cheeks and the secrets between and beneath them, for his justice and his enjoyment.

He had turned his eyes downward for a moment, but he lifted them to look at me again. He smiled wickedly, his eyes seeming to burn through me with their dominance and their lust. My own eyes went wide as I realized I had forgotten the most humiliating part of his last instruction to me.

In Master Hendryk's steady blue gaze I thought I could see an unspoken reminder to obey him as I should. He had paused the whole terrible scene to ensure he had the obscene sight of me he wanted, with my hands behind me, parting the little cheeks of my bottom as if in imitation of and sympathy for the ordeal to which his hardness would put my bed sister.

No, not imitation... because Candy's going to have the cock of the man I love inside her naughty pussy while I spread my

backside and show how much I need that huge, filling manhood wherever my master chooses to thrust it.

My hands, trembling, moved backwards from my sides, my fingers creeping along my haunches toward the twin roundnesses of my bottom. My lips parted without a sound, and I realized with a flare of heat in my face that I hadn't even meant to speak—I had meant, with some half-conscious urge, to show Master Hendryk that the soft, moist space of my mouth represented simply the third of the holes where my body could yield the kind of submissive pleasure for which he had purchased me.

I fought the urge to bite my lip: I kept my lips parted, spread them even a little wider as my fingertips found the traction necessary to fulfill Master Hendryk's lewd command. I let out a soft, wordless cry of shame as I opened my bottom cheeks and felt the air moving on my exposed anus and the entrance to my needy sheath.

My master's smile broadened. His eyes stayed locked on mine as he spoke the words that would wake Candy up for her fucking over the whipping chair and under the eyes of her bed sister... the humiliating act of mastery I had envisioned for my own degradation and my own dark satisfaction as much as for Candy's.

"Seven five gamma Candy activate," Master Hendryk said.

Candy came to life with a sob. She looked up at me with wide eyes, then turned her head to left and right in rapid succession.

"Master?" she said.

To my astonishment, her voice didn't have its bubble-gum sweetness—nor did it have that strange, vindictive tone that I guessed must have come from the malfunction caused by the hack. Candy sounded like a real girl, longing to discover where her beloved master had disappeared to.

Then three things happened simultaneously.

First, my eyes, which had gone to Candy's face as soon as she awoke from her suspended animation, rose up to take in anew

the breathtaking sight of Master Hendryk with his golden-furred, muscular chest and his huge, hard penis in his hand.

Second, Candy—I could see her face at the bottom edge of my vision—looked up at me with an expression of the deepest woe, mingled with the most terrible arousal, as at the same time she arched her back to push her backside out, clearly presenting herself for fucking. I understood immediately that she, with her superhuman computing power, had figured out from my look that Master Hendryk stood behind her, ready to use her over the whipping chair while I had to watch his enjoyment.

Third, and most overwhelming of all, Master Hendryk put his right hand on Candy's back, to hold her in place and thrust his hips forward so that, unseen by me though I felt desperate to watch the shameful thing happening, the head of his cock parted the lips of Candy's wet pussy and began to enter her.

I could tell that the third thing had happened despite it being hidden from my view because the next thing that occurred was Candy's wrenching shudder and her ambiguous cry of joy to have her master inside her where she needed him so badly.

"Candy," Master Hendryk said in a soft voice that seemed at the same time to have a hard edge, "I'm teaching Renee a lesson now."

He moved his left hand to the other side of Candy's back. I watched his fingers tighten their grip, nearly encircling her tiny waist. My eyes rose to see that he had once again focused his laser-like attention on me, his gaze once again seeming to burn into my mind.

Teaching me a lesson. I had to swallow hard, my lips closing for a moment, as I understood that what I had thought I meant as a helpful intervention for Candy actually represented at least as much of a teaching moment for me. I opened my lips again, spread my bottom-cheeks wider, felt myself exposed and yearning for my master to use me as he would soon begin using the other girl, long and hard.

He spoke again and with each word he thrust his hips further forward, driving his thick cock deep into Candy's pussy

“Renee is going to watch me fuck you, and she is going to learn how much she enjoys the sight of the man she loves, and who loves her, using a little slut like you in front of her.”

A dark thrill went through my whole body. For a moment I even felt a little dizzy, as if I had passed through some night-black curtain and into a world lit in infrared and ultraviolet, where suddenly all the forbidden parts of my soul drew near, out of the even darker shadows in the corners of my fevered awareness.

I felt my face crumple into a pout of desperate need as I looked down into Candy’s blue eyes. Behind me, my fingers, all on their own, pulled the halves of my bottom—*my naughty bottom*, I thought, for I couldn’t help adding that terrible, wonderful adjective—further apart. I whimpered from my open mouth at the way my master had made me expose my own private places while he used Candy’s.

Wrong... so... so very wrong, my brain told me, but even that idea of wrongness, that conventional way of looking at how love should work, only seemed to increase the tingling between my thighs. Candy looked up at me with an expression of wild, uncontrollable pleasure. Master Hendryk had started to fuck her hard, his hands around her waist for greater traction, the chair creaking with every punishing thrust he made into her perfectly engineered pussy.

She is going to learn... how much she enjoys...

Enjoys.

The sight of the man I loved, and who loved me.

Hendryk, using his fuck toy over the whipping chair and making me watch.

The dark place on the other side of the curtain seemed to swallow me up. Words came to my lips... filthy words the angel I thought I would never have said.

“That’s right, you little whore,” I hissed. “Take the cock now.”

I raised my eyes from Candy’s face to look at Hendryk.

“Is she good, Master? Is that little cunt tight on your beautiful cock?”

Hendryk didn't smile, at least in the usual, conventional sense of the word. His face changed though, from a veiled, burning expression of stern, almost vindictive intensity to a much more open one. He had had his eyes fixed downward as if to watch his huge erection plunging in and out of Candy's hot little pussy, but as his expression changed he raised his gaze to meet mine again.

He did smile then, and that smile seemed to suspend me between dark and light, between my love for his intellect and his dominance on the one hand and my sheer, sexual, animal need to belong to him in every way. I felt my forehead crease so deeply it hurt.

“So tight,” he said, his voice thick with pleasure. “So nice on my cock. Do you want some?”

He moved his left hand to Candy's head and twined his fingers in her golden hair. He tugged her head back, and she cried out in surprise and discomfort.

“Put that tongue out, Candy,” Hendryk commanded. “Apologize to Renee. Make her come while I fuck you.”

I looked down to see my artificial bed sister obey, a furrow in her brow to match mine and her little pink tongue thrusting out between her perfect lips. I looked up at Hendryk and saw him gazing lustfully downward, at the place that tingled desperately with the thought of the taboo scene, the bare little cleft from which the wrinkly hood of my needy clit peeked out like a naughty girl peering at something she shouldn't.

I followed his lewd gaze, and I started to move forward. He had asked me. He had said, *Do you want some?*

I did. I wanted some of the pleasure to be had from that little whore. She belonged to him, but it seemed she belonged to *us* too. He wanted to share his expensive fuck toy with me, the girl he loved.

I heard my breath moving in and out raggedly between my lips. The feeling of it, the pressure of air in the lungs, the

passage of it in and out of me, felt like it was happening to someone else's body, and suddenly I had found subspace again, and I could look down on the scene from that other place. My body acted automatically, felt things without trying to reason my way out of them, because they befell another girl—one whose body, at least, had learned everything she needed to know about her darkest desires.

I... she... gripped her naughty bottom more tightly and began to rub her pussy obscenely against the other girl's face... the one her master liked to fuck, when he didn't fuck the girl he really loved...

Me.

My whole frame seemed to spasm. My knees shook. I pressed my clit firmly against Candy's licking tongue and I started to come as I watched an orgasm pass through her little body. Master Hendryk kept fucking her and fucking her, so hard that I thought the whipping chair might disintegrate under the pounding.

His eyes stayed on me, and I got so lost in them that I almost didn't notice when I began to lose my balance. His hands, though, those firm, big hands, left Candy's body and took hold of mine. He held me up, and a sob burst from my chest at the feeling, at the impossible-to-sort-out mixture of deepening love and taboo sex that seemed to flow from his body, through that warm grip on my upper arms, into me.

Down below, I heard an answering sob from Candy, and she kept licking, kissing, desperately. I kept my mouth open and my hands on my backside, spreading and offering the holes my master could use whenever he wanted—like a plea for him to want to use me soon, fill me, soothe the ache of need. He had taught the other girl, the artificial girl who had somehow just become so much more real, her lesson... hadn't he? Shouldn't it be my turn on his huge, beautiful cock?

“Candy,” Master Hendryk said, his voice very gentle despite the huskiness that I knew came from his own need to come. “Are you ready to be a good girl while I fuck Renee?”

She nodded, her tongue moving up and down against my tingling clit with the movement so that I shuddered in Hendryk's grip, aftershocks of that first little climax shaking my hips and making me pull back at the excess of sensation.

"Yes, Master," Candy whimpered. "May I lick your balls while you use her?"

"No, Candy," he said to my surprise. "We're going to do something different."

Candy lay on her side on one side of the enormous bed, and I lay facing her, in the middle of it, not close enough to touch, except to hold hands, which our owner told us to do. When he had arranged us this way, he lay down himself, behind me.

I cried out at the very touch of his body, all the way up and down mine. I realized with a little surprise that in an essential way this first spooning represented the most intimate bodily touch Hendryk had shared with me. The warmth of his body seemed to suffuse mine, and the throbbing heat of his rigid penis, pressing arrogantly against my backside, sent such an intense frisson of need through me that I could feel a climax waiting just in front of me—as if I could see it in Candy's eyes.

My master... Hendryk put his firm hand behind my knee. He positioned my legs so that he could thrust at full length into me whenever he felt like it, whenever he decided to begin using his beloved bed girl. The mere sensation of him arranging my limbs for his enjoyment of my pussy, the brushing of his fingertips against the outer lips of the slick hole his manhood would fill, seemed to propel me toward my release. Even before I felt the head of his cock pushing against the entrance to the place where I craved him so desperately, I moaned submissively, as if my master had already started to fuck me.

He pressed his rigid erection a little ways into my vagina. I cried out, my back arching, trying to press harder against his furry chest... the hardness of his strong, ultra-masculine body. In front of me, by contrast, I saw the soft, doll-like, ultra-

feminine body of Candy. I gripped her hands harder, and she squeezed back.

“Does it feel good?” she whispered. No exclamation point, and no feigned innocence, in that question. I knew she knew the answer, and I knew, like a real girl, she just wanted the assurance that, yes, it felt good.

I bit my lip, my forehead creasing deeply, and I nodded, for I couldn't find any words at all, even *yes*.

Then my master, my Hendryk, started to fuck me that way—that masterful, loving, intimate way, somehow rough and gentle at the same time. His right hand stayed on my neck, gripping lightly there as if a silent, almost menacing reminder of his power over me. His left hand moved freely over the rest of me, a different kind of reminder—that the man who owned me would touch whatever he wanted, however he wanted, whenever he wanted.

I came almost at his first deep thrust, and I kept coming and coming... sometimes closing my eyes and then opening them so I could see Candy's face, kind and open and...

“Are you learning, Candy, you little slut?” Hendryk asked in a low growl as his cock moved in and out of me, my naughty bottom pressing against his firm hips with each deep thrust. I sobbed at the words, at the way the question seemed to apply to me, too.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered. “You love Renee, and she loves you. It makes me happy.”

I felt another orgasm take hold of my body. I gripped Candy's hands more tightly.

“Is that right, Renee?” Hendryk asked. His voice had a catch in it, and to my joy I felt his hardness pulse inside my pussy, his lap jerk against my backside. “Do you love me?”

“Yes, Master,” I sobbed. “Oh, yes.”

The End

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