

The Fort of Tears

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Footsteps wake her up. Nara had just managed to beat the pain on her tits, her asshole, and the rest of her body, to sleep for about 15 minutes. Most of the others were now stored in their cages for the night, but not them. The female guards were getting ready for their 4 A.M swift switch, and they wanted one for the road. Her eyes half-closed from exhaustion, she doesn't even want to see them get the strap-ons ready. She only feels the rubber slid across her stretched-out tongue, past the wide ring-gag between her teeth. She is already retching from the filling of her throat, when the second dildo bursts through her sphincter, without a warning.

Next to her, Shanna is in semi-comatose state. The whipping marks on her back, ass, legs and tits, tell only half the story. Nara only wishes they will have their fun with her, and not bother to use her friend. Disappointed she sees another latex-covered figure approach the girl.

And this is just the first night...

12 DAYS EARLIER

"Markus? No way!" Nara objected at her best friend's inquiry. "Why not?" Shanna insisted, as the inseparable duo slurped their milkshakes, hanging out in their favorite coffee. "He looks cute and god knows you're not getting any younger. 30 is not that far away from 25", she said half-serious, half-teasing her friend. Shanna had a good reason for warning Nara. Ever since the turbulent geo-political tensions had been raised to an explosive point, a new, ultra-conservative regime had stepped in charge.

Increasingly authoritarian and deeply religious, the regime had a strong focus on demonizing any form of sexual expression that went against their traditional, patriarchal standards. Its clearer target was "lust-driven" women, who exhibited any form of unnecessary sexual expression. Women could be prosecuted and imprisoned for the simplest things like masturbating, being lesbian, having pre-marital sex or simply dressing too provocatively. All of these were dimmed "deviant behaviors" that were in no way in line with the new world order's image of a "proper female". Offenders could get sentenced from a few years to life in prison, for failing to adhere to the new laws of this society. And even when they returned to society, they were treated as 2nd class citizens - which to the naked eye appeared more like 3rd or 4th class.

Justice was swift and unrelenting, the women rarely getting any form of trial, or a chance at defending themselves. Most times, they would disappear from the face of the earth. Then, a couple of weeks later you'd hear a whisper here and a rumor there, that, "Natalie had been jailed for being a lesbian", and then, Natalie would most likely never be seen, heard or spoken of again.

In addition to those strict laws, there was a - for lack of a better word - "marriage deadline, which basically meant that any woman who was over the age of 30, and un-married, would lose all sorts of the state's rights, like public health benefits or the ability to open a bank account. Women in that group were also extremely difficult to be hired in most decent jobs, so basically, if you hadn't found a husband by the time you hit 30, you were blacklisted from society. All these laws of course, moved in accordance to the regime's view of the woman's main purpose, as a wife and mother, and little else.

The two girls were babies when the so-called "revolution" had taken place (between 2025-2027) and so they had been raised in this harsh environment. It was not easy, but it was the norm for them. Shanna was a 23 year old, half-black girl with glowing skin, and big, green eyes, under her dark, curly hair that could easily cover her perky breasts with their length. She never failed to attract men's eyes, as she'd walk across the sidewalks, usually in one of those long, but as tight as they could get, skirts, that were in fashion this year. They showed off her fine booty perfectly, and Shanna loved showing it off, despite being properly harassed a couple of times by law-enforcement officers, something not rare for a pretty, young think like her.

Nara, on the other hand, was white as milk, with pretty, shoulder length blonde hair, and sea-blue eyes. She was 25 years of age, but her petite physique and cute face made her look more like 19. She had a 25 year old woman's breasts though; always ready to burst from her buttoned shirt or the flower dresses she loved wearing. Unlike her friend, she was more introverted and shy.

"I don't like Marcus, he is a jerk. Didn't i tell you he grabbed my breasts, last time we were on that night-club?" Nara responded. He had hit on her a couple of times, part of a group of friends the girls were going out with, recently. But, as politely as Nara was turning his advances, he didn't seem to take

the hint. Either that or he simply didn't care. "His brother is not better...", sighed Shanna, referring to Carl, her own admirer. "I'm not being an F-WORD, but there has to be some respect between the man i choose and me", Nara concluded. The F-word was not 'fuck', anymore, but 'feminist', a word that in this era had become synonym with 'terrorist'. It was taboo to even mention it, in a public setting such as this.

"Anyway, i got to go. Sandra will be outside of my house in a few minutes. That girl cleans like a champ!" she complimented her new cleaning lady's skills. "Thanks for recommending her to me." Nara rose from her seat. "No, problem, yeah...she's cool." responded Shanna, who was employing the young girl as a maid for the last 3 months.

Sadly for Nara, Marcus and Carl were again present at the following girls' night out at the club. The men's flirting was both just as aggressive and hands-y as Marc's was last time, to the point where both girls could not contain themselves. In a matter of minutes, Nara slapped the guy, while Shanna pushed him away, and called him a "fucking creep". Both of them left the club mumbling the same phrase: "I'll get you for this, slut."

It was a bright, sunny day and the two girlfriends were ready to begin their hike, with their cute hiking shorts, their sunglasses and their backpacks on. It was their favorite activity together, and they rarely passed on the opportunity to stroll up some deserted hill.

The two friends were walking across a gravel road, between tall trees and the hill, leading up to the hill-side, when they heard the sounds of a car, approaching from behind. As they turned their heads to face the sound's source, they saw it was a police van. It was weird for it to be on that kind of a path, with no houses or really any civilians around. It also looked to be in a hurry, certainly not taking a leisurely ride across the countryside.

Their nervousness turned into shock, when the van hit the brakes right beside them. Nara and Shanna had only a moment to share a scared look between them, until four policemen, stepped out of the side-door of the van. They quickly grabbed the two unsuspecting girls, and begun securing them, passing their arms behind their backs, then cuffing their wrists, then again passing metal cuffs above their elbows. Each girl had two men working on her, so there was no chance of resisting the arrest. The policemen worked quickly and efficiently, having repeated this procedure countless times.

The girls didn't even had to time to question or protest anything, as two huge, red ball-gags were shoved in their mouths and buckled at the tightest notch, painfully stretching their jaws wide. Finally, each girl had their legs shackled, with only a few inches of chain between the ankle cuffs. If that wasn't enough, another set of wider metal cuffs was locked right above their knees, so the girls had only a tiny wiggle room on their legs. Both of them screamed into their gags, and aimlessly kicked the air with both feet, as they were picked up in the strong men's arms and carried into the van. The side doors were closed and the van drove off. The sight of the girls' backpacks and sunglasses on the side of the road, the only clue that someone was there seconds ago.

Inside the van, the girls are discovering that they're not alone, but are accompanied by 4 other girls. Shanna and Nara recognized the two of them, Lena and Anya, a pair of hot brunettes that the girls often spotted during their hikes, and had struck a light friendship with. They, along with the others, were sitting on metal benches on the sides of the van, secured on the walls by thick, metal collars, which were bolted into the van's walls. Additionally, their shackles had been passed through a loop at the van's floor, in front of them. Along with all the cuffs, they could not budge an inch. Most worrying, was the fact that they were all completely naked, a pile of cut clothes on the corner of the van, indicated that they had entered the van dressed.

As soon as the girls were secured along-side the other captives, their cute shorts and tops were shredded off by the officers, with a pair of powerful, electric scissors, that had them nude in seconds. With their shoes, underwear and bras, all gone, too, the van's benches were now full, with six naked and secured women, being transported on a public "Women's Reformation Facility", a female-only prison better known as "The Fort of Tears".

The reason for that name became obvious once the girls were the girls arrived at their destination, and were pulled out of the van. The prison was at some point, a fort, a castle, but had been re-purposed with the highest technological and security standards. The castle's bailey was now part of its interior, with 4 floors build across the structure, making for a massive building that incarcerated maybe thousands of women.

Nara and Shanna were already trembling with fear. They didn't know why they were there. To their knowledge, no-one could accuse them of anything illegal. The van wasn't the only one, as they were three more, parked next to each other, each carrying human cargo just like theirs. In total, there must have been about 20 bound, gagged and stripped women of all sizes and races; though very few were over the age of 35.

Each group of girls had their knee-cuffs removed - not for their sake, but to speed up the process. They were then collared with a high-tech, steel collar, that snap-locked in place. As soon as the loud metal click was heard, two small lights, a green and a red one, flashed on, from the sides of their necks.

One of the captured women, a redhead not older than 20, foolishly tried to make a run for it, even shackled as she was. The guards let her clear about 30 feet, no one going after her, until one of them pressed a button on his remote, pointing it at the woman. She immediately fell on the floor, convulsing from the powerful electric shock, still coursing through her body. The guards chuckled at their mean joke. They had simply teased the girl with the hope of freedom. For them it was funny to see the girls trying to escape, bound and helpless as they were. Nara and Shanna, along with every other bound woman, watched in despair. There was no way they were getting out of there.

"The collars are also equipped to be detonated, so you bitches better behave", the girls turned to hear a deep, female voice. It came from a tall, woman, with silky, dark hair, dressed in a blue, leather one-piece, with long sleeves that fused into thin, fingerless latex gloves. Her DD breasts, stood proudly, presented through the cyan colored, crisscross lacing of the suit's cleavage, which, along with the lacing, moved obscenely down, past her belly. Her full, luscious lips were also painted a strong blue color. The whole piece ended like a leotard, showing of the woman's seductive thighs. Matching thigh high leather boots, with 6-inch heels, adored her long legs. Finally, a velvet, cyan colored hood and matching cape, long down her ankles, gave her an air of religious reverence.

Behind her, four other women approached to join her. These were dressed in unison with black, tight leather uniforms that were practically tight mini dresses with matching thigh high stockings and black high heels. Even their lipsticks were dark colored. They appeared to be under the woman's command. "My name is Miss Kalya", the woman spoke. "I'm one of the 4 wardens of this prison. But you're to address me as Mistress Kalya at all times". All the captive women, kept their eyes locked on her, not a moan was heard now. "As a warden, i also possess the judicial authority to pass out your sentences. You will now each pass through the case submission area, and then begin your induction". All these terms seemed too confusing for Nara and Shanna at the moment; they just wanted this whole misunderstanding to end so they could return home.

The guards proceeded to link each of the inmates' collars together, setting them into rows of 5. Now, they had no choice but to move together as a unit. They were then prodded by the guards' batons, to move into the facility, each mistress leading the way for each group of future prisoners. Nara watched how Mistress Kalya's cape waved in front of her by her quick steps. The blonde girl also noticed the leather crop that was hanging from a handle on the side of her corset. She was the one assigned to her and Shanna's group. The girls stumbled trying to keep up with the mistresses' pace, the shackles, linked collars and joined arms making their life difficult.

They passed through a number of corridors. The sunlight passed through the large, barred windows, as if mocking the two friends for the day they could have been spending. The whole place had a minimalistic, cold feeling to it, automatic sliding doors opening left and right of the leashed women, some of them triggered by a thumb print by the mistress herself. The optimism of the faint sunrays was destroyed by the sound of screams, shrieks and yelps, some muffled, some not that usually followed harsh, striking sounds. The noises seemed like they came from far away, even though they clearly came from the direction of those closed doors.

Moving past them, a latex-covered officer was pulling a young blonde by her collar-chain. She had been caught kissing a man who was not her husband, in public. He got away with a fine, while she'd rot here for the next 3 years. She was already covered with welts that seemed to have little time to heal. The girl was pulling against the chain, doing little to break the guard's stride, while pleading in desperation. "PLEAAASE, i can't go through this again, have mercyyyy!" She was then silenced by the jolt triggered against her neck, and the guard practically dragged her on the floor, until they disappeared behind a long corridor.

Nara tried to burn that image out of her head. What was that sadistic place?

After a long and difficult walk, the women reach a tiny room. No larger than a small office. One by one, each group of "linked" prisoners were pushed inside. This was the "court room", in truth, a parody of one.

The mistress, holding a paper-thin tablet in her hand, read out the sentences for each girl, starting with the two brunettes, who were already sobbing and drooling on their large ball-gags. They seemed like they already knew, things weren't looking good for them. "Lena Pereira and Annya Johnston...", Mistress Kalya began to read. "You were caught red-handed by members of your family, engaging in 3rd degree acts of lesbianism". That in legal terms, meant they had been witnessed having sex with each other. "You're hereby sentenced to 20 years of imprisonment". The two girls' muffled cries intensified at hearing the woman's words, but she didn't even flinch. Kalya took off her crop and stroked the girls hard across their chest, until she was sure they'd not bother her again with their pitiful whimpering.

She moved right along, sentencing a 32-year-old woman to a 2-year sentence for "provocative behavior/dressing", and a 22-year-old Hispanic woman, for sending sexy pics to an engaged man, to a 4 year sentence. Each girl was led out of the room, from the guards, leaving in the end only the two friends. "Shanna Alley and Nara Addington", the warden addressed them. "We have video footage, presented to us by Sirs. Marcus and Carl Litton, clearly showing you in acts of self-fornication."

The girls' eyes grew wide with surprise! Yes, they touched themselves often, but they were always careful to be out of sight or any suspicion. To satisfy their curiosity, the warden turned the tablet towards them. The camera looked to be hidden inside the girls' bedroom, but what was showing what beyond doubt. Nara was laying on the bed, naked from the waist down, comfortably spreading her legs and stroking her lips and clit. Same was the footage for Shanna.

"The bastards had set them up!" the girls thought, correctly. Either by breaking in while they were away, or by some other manner, they had find a way to sneak the mini camera inside, and then retrieve it. "Sandra!!!" The two girls got it at the same time. She must have been paid a hefty amount by the guys to plant the cameras in the girls' bedrooms.

The usual punishment for masturbating was one or two years in prison. However, since the footage contained numerous instances of the girls' pleasuring themselves and thus, breaking the law, the Warden gave them an exemplary sentence of 12 years. Before the girls had any chance of bargaining or protesting, (although heavily bound and gagged, how would they go about this?), they were strongly grabbed by their, almost touching, upper arms, and were dragged into the "processing area", where most of the 20 women from earlier, were.

There, various women-in-black, like the ones they'd seen before, worked on the new inmates in various parts. One was holding a thing that looked like a price-scanner. She traced along every inch of the skin, except the head, the warm feeling the girls had felt, was the feeling of their hair being electrolyzed. Going forward, another girl was holding a piercing gun, and she worked without a second thought on Nara and Shanna's bare nipples, as well as their young pussy lips and clitoris, "decorating" their tender flesh with ring piercings. Their labia actually had three rings on each lip. Next, a metal chastity belt was locked tightly around their slim waists, the mechanism similar to that of their collars, a red light flashing on the front. What was more insidious was the fact that the belt's pad, that covered their girls' privates, had three rotatable locks on each side that were passed through each labia ring and were also locked.

As an establishment, authorized to avert women from any lust-fueled action, the prison's belts would prove impossible to be "bypassed" by any sneaking fingers, let alone removed. The belts were so tight and restricting, they soon would feel like an inevitable, metal second skin on the girls' crotch.

Additionally, their left ear was pierced with a tag, which displayed their new prisoner IDs: 21241-A and 21242-A. There was also a bar code right underneath, so that it could be scanned to reveal all the info associated with the prisoner. The two girls were feeling like literal livestock, treated like this. Their ball-gags were removed for another stud piercing to be punched through their tongues. At least they had the decency to let them relieve their jaws, though the girls weren't as chatty as they wanted to be earlier.

Lastly, with droplets of fresh blood still running down their bodies, from the rough pricks, the same number and bar-codes that adored their ears were tattooed with an efficient laser pointer, on the girls' lower backs. It would be their first (and judging by the circumstances, their last) slut-mark. This also served as a permanent reminder of a woman's criminal past, a stigma that was illegal to be removed, even after their jailing was over.

The black, brunette girl and her black friend could not believe the drastic changes their lives had suffered. A couple of hours ago, they were enjoying the warmth of the sun on their (fully dressed) skin, passing time with their favorite hobbies. Now, their fates had been brutally altered. With their wrists freed and re-cuffed on the front, but the ankle-cuffs not going anywhere, Nara and Shanna were pushed inside a cell that looked like it should house no more than 5 people, but was filled with 30 female inmates. They were all pretty quiet, most of them darting around the crowded cell. Some of the women, had penis-gags on, the squeeze pumps sticking out from the leather panel. Any "troublemakers", or Chatty-Cathys, were treated to this hated gag, the rubber penis inflated until it filled their mouths and tickled the back of their throats. As with almost every other restraint in this facility, it could only be unlocked by a remote controller, which was operated by the prison's female only-staff.

Some women tried to get some semblance of information, regarding the state of this place, but most of them were too distraught to act on anything at the moment. The two friends lied on each other's nude, chained bodies, and tried to cry themselves to sleep.

One week passed by, with the girls' new life in "The Fort of tears" beginning to take shape. Nara and Shanna would have frozen, with only clothing their metal restraints, if it weren't for the other 28 warm, naked bodies, constantly surrounding them. These bodies were not always welcomed though, as the sweat and dirt and filth that accumulated on every unwashed woman, made for a foul

environment. There wasn't even a toilet, just a simple hole, in the corner of the cell, where each woman had to squat over and shit or piss in front of 29 pairs of eyes. Needless to say it was mortifying for the two well-raised girls, who tried to hold everything in for as long as they could, until nature took its course, and they too, were squatting over the shithole.

While the prison's facilities and their cell-door were made out of the strongest materials, the stone walls around them, showed the castle's renovations. It was a true hybrid of technological advances with a medieval twist. Even if someone actually found a spoon with which to carve the stones, she wouldn't make it past 5 feet without being taken down.

The imprisoned women were fed a gross porridge mix that was poured into a collective, long bowl, humiliatingly similar to a pig-trough, leaving every girl to dig her hands in to calm her hunger. Fights often broke out between the starved women, regarding each one's fair share. Those arguments would be quickly subdued by the "blacks" - meaning the female officers dressed in black latex - usually by activating the shocking collars, or by cropping the living shit out of the defenseless women. After all, good, old-fashioned beatings would never be replaced, despite how much technology had progressed.

The two girls' boredom resulted often in their mind trailing off, and soon their hands would move down between their legs, only to be reminded of the futility of that action, by the unyielding chastity belt. Any attempt at pulling it aside, stretched their freshly pierced pussy-lips, it simply could not happen! The girls weren't used to abstain from touching themselves, and that was an added discomfort, every night they tried to restlessly fall asleep in each other's arms. Playing with their bare, ringed nipples, would only increase their sexual frustration. As one older inmate had advised them, they would "have to let go" of that part of their lives. Her words ringed menacingly in their ears.

Nara and Shanna did not do much during their first week, but their eyes sure saw some things. Amongst from the countless inmates being led past the grid-like steel bars of their new home, they witnessed whipped, bruised and burned bodies, being led past their cell. Most times, these women would be led by a linked collar-chain, resting in some guards or Mistresses' hands, which were pulling them along, without even exerting any actual strength. The prisoners knew that to as much as look at any of the Mistresses the wrong way, would result in many bad things for them. The latex-clad guards could do with some minor resistance (only because they were too busy), but the Wardens were relentless. All of them were dressed in exquisite leather/latex attire of different colors, emanating the same dominance and elegance that Mistress Kalya exuded. If the girls looked horrified, it meant they were heading towards the "Punishment Quarters", whereas if they looked scarred and exhausted, their punishment week had ended, and they were being returned to their cells.

Never did the girls see any men, but that was due to them being in the highest of ranks in the prison hierarchy. Such so that there was rarely a need for them to be present, although rumors of their participations in a lot of the punishments were not refuted.

The girls were baffled to witness a couple of women dressed in what looked like ponygirl attire! There was a brunette Thai woman, dressed in a red-black colored pony outfit, and a blonde Scandinavian one, dressed in a girly pink-black. Both were being led by Mistress Tonya, the warden of the North side.

The women had their heads covered in colorful, latex hoods, with a single opening for their nose, mouth and chin, and two holes for the eyes. Their teeth sunk in thick bits, secured with a black head harness by straps under their chin and between their eyes, also holding a pair of eye-blinders that narrowed their vision. Their septums were pierced with red and pink rings, same color as the rest of the piercings decorating their body. Their hair had been pulled through a thin opening at the back of their hoods and held by a steel band into a long, straight ponytail that waved side to side with every step. A colorful pink collar, kept their heads from turning, with an inflatable mechanism around their necks that could be remotely pumped to cut out any air from reaching them.

A tight, unyielding corset, black with red/pink vertical stripes, constricted their waists to almost obscene proportions, while simultaneously presenting their bare breasts, which housed a couple of nipple covers, pierced over them. From these covers, dangled two inches lower, strands of chain-fringes, that swayed left and right with each step. The magnetic field, created by the strands movement and the magnet inside the nipple covers, caused a vibrating mechanism inside them to spring to life, constantly teasing the girls' nipples. A small chain connected the nipple shields to their septum rings.

Their arms were held tight together, fused by a latex mono-glove, ending past their elbows. Right below the corset, a belt went between their pierced cunt-lips, and tightly buckled on the corset's back side, where a majestic tail protruded from. The mean strap, trapped an eye-poppingly thick dildo, buried deep inside their cunts, and another stretching butt-plug. Two cables coming from the dildo and the plug and connected to the ponies' tail, made it a true part of their body, as any movement their holes made on the devices, caused the tail to come to life. For example, when they pussies were wet, they dildo sent a message for the tails to wag playfully, while when the sphincters would clench on the butt-plug, the tails would stand up with tension. The dildo could also be remotely controlled to vibrate.

A criss-cross formation of a thin red/pink chain, passed through their 6 labia rings, made for a pretty decor. The chains then moved down and clipped to D-rings on metal cuffs around the girls' bare thighs, where their latex, dark and red/pink stripped stockings ended reached. It had already produced a definite impact on their pussylips, as the constant tagging with each step had obviously stretched them considerably. On their calves, with three straps on each leg, were locked a pair of large, steel platforms, eery reminiscent of hooves, that forced both women on the soles of their feet, raising their heels very high.

What was even stranger, was the apparent way their breasts and buttocks had been surgically enhanced, making for an extremely curvy, doll-like physique. Their vocals chords irreversibly damaged, they only responded in faint whines.

As the girls found out later by their inmates, the Thai girl was a known prostitute that had evaded capture for years, while the Swedish chick was a feminist activist, a leader on a lot of protests and marches, calling out the indignities of the system and striving for more women's rights. Those always got the harshest sentences, and received the worst treatment at the facility.

The prisoners who served life-long sentences, often found themselves used for the prison's own monetary profit, often going through any alterations and modifications requested by a wealthy shareholder or sponsor, before being "delivered" to them. One of those cash-grabbing enterprises was the prison's private Pony Ranch. Completely legitimized by the country's legal system, it operated as its own independent department of the prison.

At the morning of the 8th day, the latex-dressed officers barged in the suffocating full cell. Not even properly waking up the inmates, they started spraying them with a mix of soapy water. It came out with such pressure, the impact was very painful! All shackled women were soon forced to stand with their arms behind their head, and the legs spread, for their "washing" to proceed efficiently and thoroughly. Shanna wanted to complain that the pressure from the hose on her newly pierced nipples was too painful, but, since another girl did that before her, and was now dick-gagged for the rest of the day, she figured she had dodged a bullet.

After they were all told to dry themselves with some towels (a surprisingly generous gesture), the girls were again split in groups of 5, and were pushed out of their cells, where Mistress Kalya waited. Her red lips smiled, when she saw Nara and Shanna along with some other girls, being lined up. She loved it when she had new meat to break in. "Today is the first punishment week for some of you. All i have to say is, don't get on my nerves, because i have the power to easily double or triple your stay in the Punishment Quarters". She then motioned for the guards to get them moving.

Once they passed through a typical screening, with the bar-codes tattooed on their lower backs scanned for verification, Miss Kayla opened their chastity belts for the first time, with a device only she possessed. She scanned them in the front of the belt, and when the red light turned green, the locks

retreated. Then, the women entered the dreaded room. It was a vast space, like a factory's storage, with super-tall ceilings. That part of the prison looked nothing like a dungeon, although its purpose felt like one. The place was dark and luminous at the same time, with harsh lights coming from the floor and pointing towards the ceiling. Even if you didn't see what was going on inside, the atmosphere was mysteriously ominous.

Despite its huge size, it was filled to the brim, with about 200 women, all secured in various series of equipment, designed for the most sadistic of ordeals. Each apparatus had a light pointing at it, drawing the attention straight to the helpless women secured on them. All around the setting, female officers, equipped with all sorts of torturous instruments, from whips, to hot irons, to needles, were "working" on their helpless victims. The chilling symphony of screams and moans was something the girls' would never forget.

What they first saw was a row of about 15 devices, made out of silver steel, it looked like a four-way metal horse, each sharp, triangular seat forming a cross-shape with the other three. On the center of said cross, was a vertical pole, with a large ball, and protruding from all four angles, four well-endowed rubber dicks. Each contraption secured four naked females, and most of the devices were fully occupied.

Shanna eyes fell on the first group of women, the first of the row. Facing each other were a lesbian couple. Four years had passed since their incarceration. They were both beautiful women, in their late twenties, one with long brown hair, one with short, black bangs.

On either side of them, bound on the same device, was a 39 year-old blonde, with large tits who had already started to sag, with her 19 year old petite-looking daughter, looking almost like a smaller version of her mum. They had tried to arrange a double marriage, with a young man that fancied the pretty daughter. It was not an unusual occurrence for a man to have two wives, as it was often the only way for a single mother over the age of thirty to get ahead in life. However, it was against the law, and often the two women would be delivered to the authorities by their own husbands, often for failing to satisfy their demanding needs. In this case, the young man wanted both women to be always at home to serve him, and when he found out the little one was going out with her friends, he handed them both over.

All four women were blindfolded. Their ankles had been tied of at the back end, so the trimmed metal painfully dug between their pierced pussy-lips, which were also somewhat stretched by each labia ring being chain-linked to pins on the horse's sides. Their elbows touched, by the steel bands locked above them, behind their backs.

The four women were fellating the large phalluses, reaching their lips all the way until they touched the base, at that moment appearing to be wearing a four-way-ball-gag. Every time they reached the

dildos' base, a green light flashed from the top of the ball. But when they shoved them again, the light turned red, and all of them jerked involuntarily, spasmodically. If they didn't suck their dicks in sync, a strong wave of electricity would go through their metal seats. Without their eyes to help, the four women to work together to regain their rhythm, getting shocked again and again in the meantime. If their ordeal wasn't difficult enough, their corresponding nipples were attached to one another's, by some strong, rubber bands, tied at their nipple rings. Every time the lesbian lovers pulled their mouths from their dicks (and they had to go the entire length to avoid zaps) they painfully stretched their nipples. Same went for the mother and her little girl.

While Shanna watched at shock, Nara's eyes were focused on a row of about 30 vacuum beds hanged high on the room's left-side wall, about 5 meters off the ground. Each latex vac-bed sealing inside it a naked woman. The beds had an entrance, were a spiked dildo had been inserted on each helpless female, and turned on max. What made the experience a true nightmare was the slow roasting each woman got, from four heaters mounted on all four sides of the beds. Metrics of the girls' heartbeat and the high temperatures were visible next to them, to avoid any unwanted heat-stroke. Nara and Shanna watched the 5 women squirm and writhe, sealed in the millimeters of space their latex prisons allowed. A clear tube with a suspiciously yellow liquid flowing through it, ended up screwed over each of their gaping mouths. With their noses sealed in latex, they had no choice but to down the liquid, whenever it came pouring from the above floor, which housed the prison's sewage disposal.

All 30 women had been arrested for "indecent behavior". There was a spoiled white-girl from the suburbs, who had a mini-skirt on during a company public event, while the milf encased beside her had worn a red lipstick to a parent-teacher conference. The one at the end of the row, a 25 year old Nigeria-born secretary had committed the crime of using the men's restroom of her company's building, because the women's restroom was full. Most of these offenders wouldn't be jailed for more than a year, but they would certainly vow to never return.

On the right side, there was another row of about 25 women, all forced to squat on an 8-inch length, 2-inch diameter, ribbed dildo, that nested in their asses. Their arms bound crossing behind their backs, they all wore obscene sole-less steel heels, padlocked on their ankles. While they had a platform that touched the ground, a needle-sharp spike below their heels, forced their feet into a tip-toe, as if they were wearing 7-inch stilettos, but without any actual support. What made rising up from their "seats" impossible, were the strings that attached each group of pussy-rings to a D-ring on each corresponding ankle-strap of their "shoes". Any attempts at relieving the burn their thighs got, or the stretching their assholes took, resulted in their sensitive labia lips being pulled back in place.

To keep them "on their toes", the guards regularly whipped and probed the women with cattle prods, eliciting squeals from their ball-gagged mouths. Mistress Rallyn was particularly focusing her bullwhip on a young ginger, who had been sentenced to 10 years for "terrorist speech", meaning a handful of pro-feminist posts on her social media.

The guards transferring them didn't even flinch at the sight of such horrendous mistreatment! Nara wondered; how could these women take what they were doing so lightly!? They were betraying their own kind, without a hint of guilt or remorse. Somehow, this hurt more than if there were men torturing and degrading them. Nara was furious at these women.

9 of the girls, including Nara and Shanna, were separated by Mistress Kalya and led in front of a row of stocks. "This is where all the new recruits spend their first week", Miss Kalya showed them the apparatus. Each station was essentially two metal poles with two rings, one that snapped around their necks, and the other, a flatter one, that secured around their waist, like a mounted metal corset. To their dismay, the inside of the corset-stock was full of sharp spikes. Once each girl was "mounted" on her own, the guards got to work, completing their bondage. Half-a-kilogram weights were attached to each nipple, each labia ring and finally on their tongue studs. From the sides of the head stock sprang a steel-belted ring-gag. It seemed small when it entered their mouths, but by turning a screw on the head-stocks side, the guards made it widened in diameter until it stretched every woman's jaw. Their hanging tongues passed through the ring-gag.

Each girl's ankle was shackled to the ankle of the nearby bound girl. The distance between each station was that so their legs were spread and their pink-holes free to access. A spherical metal hook, was shoved with little lube to their uninviting ass-holes, the hook then tied to a chain, that ended on band, tied around the girls' ponytailed hair. Lastly, above them, a series of hooks held the chains that raised their arms behind their backs, into a painful strappado. Their predicament caused every sensitive part of their bodies to stretch, with them powerless to relieve themselves. Everyone struggled, some more, some less, but in the end the guards had them settled in to what would be their homes for the next week.

"Anyone can use the new-comers during their first week of punishment, from the guards, to the prison's Principal". Her eyes fell on the two friends, secured next to each other. Miss Kalya was eyeing them frequently, sometimes without them noticing. She had definitely seen something exquisite on their young bodies and innocent spirits, right from the moment they'd set foot on Hell's Castle.

The mistress passed by every vulnerable, looking down at each one with an examining look. She passed by the two lesbian hikers the girls knew off, with a half-satisfied smirk, and moved on. "A

chocolate colored one!" Miss Kayla uttered as she stopped in front of the quivering Shanna. "How are you holding on, Choco?" she asked the bound, black girl. She struggled and groaned in her bonds, angry and defiant at the demeaning remark, but they didn't give an inch. The Mistress laughed at her pitiful attempt. "Is this your friend?", Miss Kayla continued the one-way conversation, shifting her eyes towards Nara. The blonde girl had already tears rolling down her blue eyes, mainly from the brutal invasion of the butt-hook.

"I suppose you're vanilla, then", she teased, seeing the girl's Caucasian characteristics and fair, white skin. "I'll call you Nilly for short..." the woman made up her mind. She then was handed a giant, deep blue dildo, (everything had to match with her outfit, after all), and attached it to the strap-on belt she was already wearing. It was the biggest phallus they had seen in the building, and they were a lot to choose from. She took out her cape, to make herself comfortable, revealing every curve of her gorgeous body. "I think i'll face-fuck your friend first, Choco" she talked to Shanna, while lightly holding Nara's face with her delicate fingers. "Whatever lubrication i take from her mouth, i'll use it on your cute, little pussy" she said with a wink.

Both women were visibly shaking, even though their contraptions prevented the full range of motion. The dildo looked too big to fit through Nara's ring-gag, but of course it would. The girl rattled the chains of her stretched arms, and jerked her bound legs instinctively, but Miss Kalya's rubber penis slowly slipped through her inviting lips. Nara wanted to turn away from it, but any motion of her head, caused her tied hair to pull on the anal hook, filling her rectum. She had no fighting chance. Miss Kalya rammed her rubber dick quite a few times down the girl's throat, often shoving it down to the point where Nara could not breathe at all. She was certain she had vomited a couple of times, but the dick itself blocked it from ever coming out.

When she finally retrieved her blue cock from her mouth, Nara's eyes were all red from suffocating. "Fair enough, for a start..." the mistress commented and processed to move behind her black friend. "If this hurts, you only have Nilly to blame..." she said to the bound Shanna, before ramming her glistening with saliva cock into the girl's petite pussy.