

Extended Contract

Jill sat at her makeshift terminal debugging a seemingly endless stream of code. Most of the code wasn't hers so that didn't help much despite the documentation. Her caffeine driven sleep deprived marathons were making even small tasks take excessively long but she refused to rest.

"You look like you could use a break" he stated from the doorway.

Nearly jumping out of her skin Jill spun around and relaxed when she saw who it was. "Oh hi Jim, you gave me a bit of a scare"

"Sorry about that, how are you coming along?" he asked holding out a cup of coffee.

"I'm trying to get it done before school starts in a couple weeks. I think I'm pretty close." Jill answered while taking a sip of the coffee.

Setting the cup down she turned to face her employer and showing off her shiny attire.

"I'm beginning to think you never take those off." Jim remarked.

Before him was an attractive nineteen-year old college student. Her normal frumpy clothes, lack of makeup, and grooming made it hard to see sometimes. On a few occasions when he had taken her to a nice dinner she had done herself up, easily turning many heads within the restaurant.

Instead of her normal attire she was wearing only a chastity belt and oversized steel bra. It was custom made for her with her own specifications. It had cost him a few thousand dollars but such was life with R&D projects.

Jill for her part enjoyed seeing his reaction. She'd never seen herself as attractive, but then she didn't put much effort into trying either. It had been an accident the first time Jim saw her in the belt and quickly averted his eyes. It had been a few months since that day and she no longer felt shy wearing it freely around him.

Truth be told, it turned her on a bit knowing she could rise any reaction from him. His wife Lilith was beyond beautiful. Only a few years older than herself she was the epitome of what

every woman wanted to look like. She couldn't help but feel like the ugly duckling whenever she went out with the two of them.

Her obvious devotion to Jim was unmistakable. It was something beyond love; a sense that she would literally do anything to please him. Try as she might, Jill couldn't help but feel a bit envious knowing what the fruits of her labor was for.

"They're so comfortable and easy to maintain. Who's got time to do laundry?" Jill quipped.

Jim gave her a knowing smirk before asking, "When do you think it will be ready to demo?"

"Come by next Friday, I'll do my best to be ready by then." she answered.

Progress on the 'present', or so Jill dubbed it, had been grueling over the past week. Her hard work had paid off and there was now light at the end of the tunnel. She was going to meet her Friday deadline. It would take another all-nighter, but she could sleep for a week before school started again.

Jill suddenly realized that her friends probably thought she was dead by now. The basement afforded no cell coverage so she usually left it at home. As the months of long hours continued the number of missed calls eventually dwindled down to zero. She'd have some serious making up to do when she returned to school, but for now she had work to finish.

The idea of actually being nearly done forced another thought into her head. In a matter of a few days her creation would actually be put to use on a person. Lilith in particular. As the thought sank in Jill found herself actually pleased with the idea. She tried to scorn herself for such thoughts as Lilith had not been anything but wonderful to her. Still, her smirk persisted.

The present is just that, a surprise present for Lilith. It is designed to remotely and automatically control her. Specifically, it runs a series of tasks for a captive to complete to avoid punishment or earn a reward. Using a custom fitted chastity belt and bra the computer can sense any movement, sound, or even heartbeat the wearer made.

The captive can be controlled from a computer or even mobile phone. The controller can watch and control every device in the room manually, setup a schedule, or leave the computer on automatic. Intelligence is built into the software to track progress, vitals, and adjust training schedules based on past recorded performance.

Jill was especially pleased with the computer's AI. When she had inherited the project it required far too much human intervention to keep the occupant healthy. The ability to set up schedules was there but didn't take into account the health of the captive. The belt she had designed had dozens of sensors for motion and orientation (standing, sitting, prone), heart rate, perspiration, and any fluids.

While she was no doctor she surmised that by taking frequent readings from the captive she could establish a baseline. The software was also programmed with hard limits for the vitals like heart rate, blood pressure, oxygen levels, and even an expected urination schedule. It collects hundreds of samples a day it notes any variations to previous minutely, hourly, daily, and weekly averages and responds accordingly. This system will even override manual controls to prevent any potentially fatal action to the captive.

Jill hoped Lilith would appreciate that last addition. She may be jealous of her perfect life and body but she didn't want any real harm to come to her. Jill shuddered at the thought of dying in this contraption due to something as simple as a temporary loss of internet connectivity.

By 2am she completed everything and all systems checked out fine and was ready for the final test. While Jill had tested each part of the system through manual control it was never a true test. She was always at the controls and able to override the system should it not work as expected.

For the final test she was going to setup a schedule for six hours. While knowing she had done everything possible to ensure she was safe, that didn't calm her anxiety as much as she hoped. Despite this, the thought of being under the complete control of a device of her own hand was exciting. A welcome benefit as Jill pushed the dildo attachment into her pussy.

Normally she wore the belt without the attachment but was planning on making this test well worth her while. With a few adjustments to the belt the electronic lock reengaged with a tap of the terminal's keyboard. Since she was already wearing the chastity bra Jill was ready to begin.

She considered give the computer full automatic control but decided against it. It wasn't so much that she feared what it would do, but what it wouldn't do. It could decide to send her to sleep in the cage for the next 6 hours. A welcoming prospect but not the trial run she was looking for.

Reviewing the schedule for the next 6 hours Jill took another deep breath. She reminded herself that Lilith was expected to be in the room for days or even a week at a time. Surely she could manage 6 hours, especially when she set up the last task to be a special bonus for herself.

Her appointment with Jim was at 9am which would give her about a half hour to freshen up and make any final tweaks to the system. Jill activated the schedule and set it to start in 5 minutes. Taking a few more deep breaths she set the system to put the room on lockdown.

Solenoid deadbolts clanged home on the steel door at the end of the basement room. There was no turning back as the power faded from the screen and keyboard in front of her. Despite practically living in the room for months it never seemed so foreboding. This was intentional from her discussions with Jim. The room not only had to be inescapable but leave its occupant feeling helpless. An effect amplified as the lights slowly dimmed giving the room a moonlight aura.

Jill had to admit, she might have done her job too well. At nearly 60 square meters, the brick and concrete room was practically a bunker. Sitting well underground, noise was certainly no issue. The brick walls extended upwards to nearly 4 meters where a host of reinforced lighting, pulleys, beams, and of course security cameras watched every inch of the room.

It was then that she tensed in panic. Outside of Jim showing up at 9am she had no other backup plans. She was really regretting not keeping in touch with more people now. It was doubtful her friends would even notice if she never showed up at school.

"Get a hold of yourself girl!" she blurted out to the room. Logically she knew that despite whatever torments she went through the computer would give her control again in 6 hours. A function she'd tested hundreds of times with perfect success.

Jill was still working on calming her nerves when the schedule started. Ever so slowly the vibrating nub that pressed against her clit started to vibrate. So slight that it took Jill a minute to sense it. As the intensity increased her mind wandered to more pleasurable thoughts as she slumped back into her rolling chair.

When setting her schedule, she had the option to be specific or general. The latter being a semi-automatic mode. In this sense she could schedule the system to give her an orgasm but

the delivery was up to the computer. It could come out guns blazing or take its time. It was not the first time she'd taken advantage of the belts pleasure giving abilities but she usually opted for a more direct route.

After ten minutes had passed Jill was squirming wildly in her chair trying to find better position. The computer was decided (randomized) to draw this out and for the first time she had no idea how long. Her fingers probed the edges of her belt and bra looking for any opportunity to help things along. After a few tries she managed to get an index finger under the front shield and was swiftly met with a strong jolt from the dildo in her pussy.

"Ouch you little whore!" Jill yelled.

With her fingers quickly retracting, what little arousal she was able to build up went with them. This was frustration that she had never known before. It felt like her body was betraying her; as if it was purposely deciding not to go over the edge. While pleasurable, everything felt like it was on overload and her nervous system would fry any moment.

As another ten minutes passed she was pretty confident the computer had randomized what she dubbed a simmering orgasm. While in the category of pleasure Jill was quickly reconsidering it. Using the sensor data, the computer knew how to keep her right on edge without any hope of climax.

While Jill had tested this mode she never went for more than five minutes before scrambling for the controls to get herself off. Without intervention the computer will random a number from one to ten every five minutes to see if an orgasm is allowed. Like a game of craps, Jill begged the computer gods for a seven. Lucky orgasm seven.

"Oh God. For fucks sake... please...." Jill cursed through heavy moans of pleasure.

As her mental clock approached thirty minutes she was certain she'd already found the first bug. Both the clit vibe and dildo went into high gear causing her to go stiff. Involuntarily Jill sucked in her breath and couldn't exhale; the pleasure was just too intense.

Sensing irregular readings from its captive the computer dialed back the vibrations to low and started randomizing numbers again. This time to decide when to stop the session.

Jill's knuckles went white as she gripped the chair. The initial assault had almost pushed her

over before it dialed back. She thrust her hips uncontrollably trying to fuck the dildo within her with no success. The lowered setting was plenty for a mind-blowing orgasm as she tried desperately to control her breathing and heart rate. She couldn't afford for the safeties to kick in again.

Throwing her head back in anticipation the computer randomized its first number. Like a light switch all vibrations stopped instantly.

Frantic, Jill bucked wildly again digging and pawing at her belt in desperation.

"Fuck... no no no no no no. Don't fucking do this to me!" she cried.

Her reckless abandon to the belts security features earned her several powerful shocks before she retreated her hands.

"Subject" a cold computerized male voice announced through the speakers, "Enter Cell C"

Still slightly shaking from her near orgasm Jill sat in her chair scowling. Like a child she wasn't going to move until she was given what she wanted. Jill wouldn't be able to explain her actions later knowing full well the computer wouldn't concede and she would be punished.

"AAAahhhhhhooooouuuuccchhhh" Jill screamed, leaping up from the chair.

Full of hate for her creation she counted the seconds before the next disciplinary action as she made her way to the cage. Ensuring she waited as long as possible she stepped into the vertical cage and with a bit of work closed the door shut. The already charged electromagnets made contact near the top and bottom of the door holding it with a combined force of nearly 1,200kg.

Unlike the other two cages this one was bolted to the wall with brick making up the back. Its design was in the shape of a T. The captive's arms fit into slots on either side with the head exposed through an opening in the top. The cage door was lined with sharp points from top to bottom forcing the captive to keep their back pressed hard against the cold brick wall.

So focused on defying the autonomous machine Jill didn't realize she'd counted too slow and took too long getting into the cage. Instead of another shock it used a small electric lift near her feet to raise the rear plating of her tiny floor to 45 degrees.

"Oh god, not this..." Jill sobbed.

As the plate slowly rose it forced her onto the balls of her feet tipping her center of gravity forward bit by bit. In the cramped space her shoulders soon found the additional spikes near the top of the cage forcing her to slouch to avoid contact.

"Subject failed to comply promptly to command. Punishment set for 47 minutes. Schedule paused." the voice spoke again.

Jill struggled desperately to find a comfortable position to no avail. Standing straight painfully jabbed her shoulders and slouching forced her knees against more spikes. Even with the cold brick wall pressing against her back a bead of sweat started to form on her forehead.

The machine was ruthless and Jill only had herself to thank. Jim had dictated that non-compliance should be swift and severe and she had certainly done her job. She had always used a mannequin to test this cage since she couldn't use a keyboard in it. With her body straining to keep pain to a minimum she made a mental to review the punishment code when she was free.

Eventually she found a good balance within the small cage. It was tiring and she would be sore later but the pain was manageable. With her immediate problem solved her mind started to wander. How long had it been? Does Lilith really enjoy this treatment? Or will she hate her guts for making this for her husband?

"Fffuuuuuuuccccckkkkkk!" Jill screamed out loud.

As Jill's mind continued to wandered, she finally processed the computer's last words, "Schedule paused".

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, god fucking dammit!" she continued to curse.

She had completely forgotten about that aspect of the punishment cycle. In addition to punishment it can pause the release timer for up to 15% of the remaining time. By estimation she figured it had randomized to nearly the highest possible duration.

To make matters worse, this would put her over her schedule. Her only hope was that Jim wouldn't be on time. Dread filled her panicked mind as she remembered the last item in the

schedule. Jill tried desperately to clear her mind of her impending embarrassment of getting caught but the painful isolation of her predicament held them firm.

Time passed slowly.

Without any reference of time or even a window in her predicament Jill was certain something was wrong. "What if a bug keeps her like this for hours instead of releasing on time?" she thought, cringing at spending even a minute more in the cage.

At 47 minutes exactly the computer unceremoniously lowered the plate below her leaving her standing with relative comfort for the first time since locking herself in. The cage was part of the schedule although as her luck was running, the computer picked the most uncomfortable of the three.

With nothing but time to kill, Jill's mind continued to think of ways the system could fail. Her overconfidence in thinking the project was complete was gnawing at her. She wished she at least left the screen in debug mode but she knew why she hadn't. It would have told her what was to come and that would be cheating.

It was another hour and a half before the computer decided it was time to release Jill. Standing still in one position and unable to bend her joints had really taken its toll, especially given the prior punishment. Carefully pushing the door open to avoid the spikes she stepped into the room to enjoy a break.

Pacing the floor Jill tried to get her blood flowing as much as possible before the next task. She had almost not put it into the schedule. Bondage wasn't really her kink the choice. The belt itself was fun, especially when she had the computer lock it on and randomly tease her while she was at home. On those occasions, she was teased for hours until the keycard let her into the building the next morning.

She understood the fascination with bondage and domination, or at least thought she did. Until this point her only experience with it was through machines. It might be different if an actual boyfriend was tying her up.

"Hell, having a boyfriend getting me off, instead of this belt, would be a nice start." she muttered to herself.

What seemed amazing to Jill was that Lilith seemed so enamored with Jim. It had to be more than just money; she could get that from just about any man. She wondered if she loved him for the devious things he did to her. If that was the case, she would love him forever when she was put in here.

It wasn't long before the 30 minutes were up and right on schedule the machine was ready for her next task.

"Subject. Equip Gag #3. Equip Leg Restraint #31. Equip Wrist Restraint #17 behind back. Stand in Location 2." the sterile voice said again.

Jill had set the schedule to include a bondage session at random, to not last more than an hour. Given her misstep with the cage she wasn't about to risk any more punishment. In this mode she could really regret it. She shuddered a bit recalling the thousands of lines of code dedicated to just that very job.

Racing to the wall near the door she selected the items from labels pegs. From the top of her reach to the floor and nearly 5 meters wide the wall was packed with restraints, toys, gags, clamps, leather, latex, masks, and more.

With the items in hand she made her way to a spot on the ground painted with a number two. Jill strapped the intense harness gag around her head taking care to be sure everything is snug. When she was done she looked directly at one of the cameras for a few moments before connecting the 65cm long steel spreader bar, fondly referred to as restraint #31.

Jill considered fooling the computer with the gag. It wouldn't really know if it was tight or loose. A limitation of the technology available to her. The recognition software would continue scanning her throughout the trial. In a moment of weakness if the ball was pushed out she would be in serious trouble. Her previous run in with the computers unyielding hand was enough to steer her straight.

Another more practical reason was she didn't know what the position involved. If a chain were attached to the harness that she needed for balance it could slip free and even choke her. She could see the headline in the headline now, "Local woman dies from deviant sexual machine she constructed"

While the computers optical recognition software was limited, it's backup system was not. In

any situation where it cannot be 100% certain a task was carried out properly it stores small video clips for later review by the operator. So while it was possible for the captive to dupe the computer at first, a few keystrokes from the operator will ensure such mistakes are punished severely at a later date. They could even be saved between sessions keeping the captive unaware what they were being punished for so they would always perform their best.

It wasn't a worry for Jill since she was the operator. Still, she felt the looming power it had over her psyche. She finished locking the spreader bar into place and stood upright again with the hinged handcuffs in hand. She cursed herself slightly realizing the keys were still on the wall and she would have to hobble over there when she was freed.

Anxious about running out of time, Jill cuffed her hands snugly behind her back and stood at attention facing the toy wall. A few minutes passed before she heard a whirring sound coming from above.

She didn't even have to look to know it was the chain winch being lowered. As predicted when the chain reached waist height, the monotone voice spoke again.

"Subject. Connect Wrist Restraint #31 to Pulley Hook #2"

Jill paused for a moment experiencing what so many deer on highways must feel as they stare at the oncoming headlights. The program, unknowingly, could do her real physical harm by connecting her wrists. Alternatively, it could administer plenty of harm before forcing her to comply anyway.

Drool spilled out of her mouth as she sighed in resignation and latched the chain hook to the hinge in the handcuffs. Without delay the winch started to rise into the air. She could feel the panic welling in her stomach and started to claw at the hook to release her cuffs.

By the time she got a good grip on the hook it was too late. Desperate she shot up on her toes to get some extra slack which almost worked before the winch took up the slack before she could slide it off.

"Uuuughhh" Jill groaned in discomfort.

The tension sensor on the winch reached its desired limit and held in place keeping Jill high on her toes and wrists well above her back. In her new position drool was flowing freely from her

mouth onto the floor below.

Jill had been curious what the computer would come up with and was impressed; at least at an intellectual level. She was especially proud of this part of the AI. Months ago she had created a database of every tool, toy, and device in the dungeon. Every object had inherited properties from lesser devices and rules defined for how the device could be attached to the subject and to each other.

While she had seen this position many times before in thousands of pictures she looked at for research it was not hard wired into the computer. The ball gag and spreader were easy and were marked as compatible with most other devices. It knew the handcuffs could go in the front or back and also be attached to a winch.

As Jill hung by her wrists, wincing as the steel dug into her flesh she tried to relax and ignore the pain. She was bothered that her punishment was being enjoyed by nobody. Most importantly, herself. The computer didn't care about her pain, symbolism, or submission. It selected this position at random and will keep her like this until one of its random numbers said not to. As strange as it sounded, she almost preferred an audience or else the act seemed meaningless. Why suffer when there is nobody to enjoy it?

By the time the ten-minute milestone ticked past Jill was well beyond willing the pain away and near on the verge of tears. Her shoulders were now on fire and her hands had gone numb. Her legs were now starting to shake as well from being on her toes so long.

The computer continued to monitor her vitals through the chastity belts sensors. The subject was scheduled for 14 more minutes but at the current rate of deteriorating vitals it had calculated the subject would require early release. Unable to determine lowering the winch a few centimeters would stabilize the subject it initiated a pain management protocol.

At first Jill assumed she must be going delirious from the pain. Continuing to adjust her limited movement to ease any pain she could the vibration was definitely there but faint. Unable to think straight she was confused. The vibrations from the dildo and clit massager quickly built up pushing all the right buttons. For the first time in 15 minutes the moans from behind her gag were not entirely from pain.

The computer continued to perform calculations on the subject's state. Its primary objective was to bring the subject to the full duration of the scheduled task. Constant speed

adjustments were sent to the motors inside the dildo and mound pressed against her clit. Like balancing on a tightrope, they were increased just enough to keep her vitals within acceptable values.

Jill was nearly thrashing from frustration and would be if not for her stringent position. Instead she rocked, wiggled, and thrust her hips involuntarily while moaning through the gag. Just like before her orgasm was just out of reach. She was at least thankful the pain didn't seem nearly as bad now.

"Subject. Task is complete. Remove restraints and return to proper locations."

The winch lowered with Jill's body matching it millimeter by millimeter. It continued until it was touching the ground below with her lying next to it. Her legs askew from the spreader bar and hands still cuffed behind her back. She was so exhausted that she wasn't even upset over being denied another much needed orgasm.

Jill tried to move her fingers and couldn't tell if they were moving or not. Her entire arms had gone numb in the process and her position wasn't helping her blood flow to any degree. She knew she had only five minutes before it would retract the winch again so she had to be quick.

Upon the tasks successful completion the scenario was added to the database. In all cases of randomized setups, the computer builds it's intelligence by recording success and failure for each one. Vitals and subject condition data is included as well to determine an index of severity. Failures are determined when the subject is unable to comply with given orders after several administrations of punishment. Failed scenarios are sent to the operator for review and possible retries.

Cataloging the scenario at an 8.2 within milliseconds, it methodically counted down it's timer before returning the winch to its final position. Lack of foresight on Jill's part didn't not check to see if the subject had actually disconnected first. She assumed that anybody would immediately release themselves, so five minutes was plenty of time.

3 minutes remaining...

Feeling started to return to her arms but her position didn't leave much in the way of vision. Undoing the latch on the hook by feel alone was still impossible. Hoping for a better position, she made her way, with much difficulty, to her knees.

1 minute remaining...

"mmmmpppphhhhh" she grunted loudly into the gag. Her arms were on fire now as all the feeling felt like it returned at once.

10 seconds...

Jill knew she was on borrowed time and felt she almost had it. If it were a chain connecting the cuffs instead of a hinge she knew she would have been free by now.

0 seconds...

On schedule, the computer started to retract the winch back to the ceiling.

"Oh god... noooooo" Jill tried to scream but came out as muffled grunts.

Trying not to panic she took a couple deep breaths and concentrated on the latch. The slack was gone now and could feel her arms slowly starting to raise up. Knowing it was do or die, she went of it.

click

The upward force of the winch gave her just enough leverage to snap the hook off her handcuffs before collapsing back onto the floor. The metal of her chastity bra thud on the concrete floor. Staring blankly across the room Jill tried her best to muster the willpower to stand up. Drool spilled out of the side of her mouth as her eyelids fluttered at first before closing for much needed sleep.

"MMMmmmmmmpppphhhhhhh!!!!" Jill scream bolting upright, thick drool matting her hair to the side of her face.

Disoriented it took her a few seconds to put everything together; most importantly why she was restrained and gagged. Her jaw had become stiff and ached for being in for so long. "How long was I out for?" she pondered. The electric shock that coursed through her breasts had her away now, that was for sure.

"Subject failed to comply promptly to command. Task extended for 12 minutes. Schedule

paused." the voice spoke again, "Begin exercise regimen #7 at location 1."

Still a bit fuzzy Jill tried to remember what was part of regimen #7. It was posted on the wall near the toy wall but she didn't have time to get over there. Not wanting to lose any time she scuttled over to position 1 on her ass as best as she could.

Reaching the spot was quite a challenge to do quickly and already had her heart racing. Jill couldn't remember what was involved for the regimen but even if she did, her restraints would likely prevent her from doing it. Exploiting some of the limitations of the computers optical software she started with simply standing up and sitting down.

The process was difficult compounded with a desire not to injure herself. After a few intervals she had her heart rate going pretty good. Breathing was starting to get a bit difficult from the gag but did her best to manage. As long as the computer could see enough cardio, significant movement in the set location, and changes in vital stats it should be satisfied.

Jill cursed herself for being lazy and not removing the restraints first. She had programmed a long break after the bondage session to recover but was a lot harder on her than she expected. Another tweak she'd have to correct when she got out. The system should ramp up the difficulty slowly on new occupants instead of choosing randomly.

By 20 minutes, sweat was stinging her eyes and unable to wipe it away. Breathing past her ballgag was proving especially difficult since her nose wasn't quite giving her enough air. Trying her best, Jill slowed her movement little by little as to keep her heart rate just above the minimum.

After another 9 minutes the voice spoke again, "Subject. Task is complete. Return to Cell A."

Jill immediately slumped to the floor, her nostrils flaring. Her mind and body screamed for a reprieve but knew she couldn't give it any. Groaning as she stood again she slowly shuffled her way to the toy wall where the keys were kept.

With a slow and careful pace she finally made it after a full minute. Grabbing the keys, she tried her handcuffs first with no luck. Panicked, she got to her knees and tried her spreader bar which came right off. Jumping back to her feet she sprinted to Cell A and jumped inside closing the door behind her as she did.

Panting again she slumped down on her side to rest. By comparison to Cell C, this one was luxury. Padded floor, pillow, blanket, and nearly two square meters of space. It was typically used as sleeping, but Jill as specially specified this one in the schedule for the last task.

As she lay on her side trying to find the keyhole to her handcuffs she pondered her next task with excitement and dread. She had often seen and laughed at websites that claimed a woman could be forced to orgasm during her research. She had meant to try it out for herself before now but never found the time. Since she might never see this machine again after going to school it was now or never.

Jill's problem was she wanted an orgasm more than anything by this point. Her body was battered and broken from just a few hours with the device of her own creation. Resisting any pleasure, it was about to offer was like asking a starving person to turn down a hot meal. If nothing else, Jill desperately wanted the distraction.

"mmmppphhhh" she grunted into her gag, perplexed on where the damn keyhole was.

Being unfamiliar with handcuffs it didn't occur to her that the keyholes were only on one side. Tracing her small fingers over every inch of the smooth surface she eventually tried the other side with much difficulty.

Just as she found the keyhole the nub pressed against her clit burst into life before settling into gentle a vibration. The dildo in her pussy followed suit soon after.

Jill purred a soft but long moan of pleasure as she relaxed and slumped back onto the blanket and pillow. Every muscle, ache, and pain seemed to dissolve from her body as the machine started its routine to force countless orgasms from its subject.

For nearly fifteen minutes Jill rolled and squirmed in her cage wanting her orgasm more than ever. Since the test was to resist orgasm the program she selected would tease for nearly 30 minutes before attempting to force orgasms for the following 30 minutes.

Starting to sweat from her struggles she fantasized being captive by some of the men from her school. That it was them teasing her relentlessly for their own amusement, trying to force her to beg. Her juices were really starting to flow now, pushing past the confines of her belt.

Another twelve minutes passed and Jill is a complete mess. Hair sticking to her face and drool

running freely over her body and cage. She didn't care in the slightest. Her body was so built up into a frenzy the computer was having a hard time keeping her from going over the edge.

For the first time ever, Jill finally understood the appeal and why Lilith enjoyed this with her husband. Her mind intoxicated with a pending orgasm on a scale that would reduce all others to fractions. She wished more than anything that this feeling would never leave her; even if she never left the dungeon again.

"MMMMMmmmmmmppphhhhaaaaaarrrrggggghhhhhhhh" a muffled roar of pain shot across the room from Jill's cage.

"ut ah uck uz at (what the fuck was that)" she queried out loud to herself, her pending orgasm fleeing like rats when the lights turn on.

"Working hard I see?" a voice called out from behind her.

Twisting around Jill saw Jim leaning next to the door that was now open.

"I tried making some noise to get your attention but you seemed, hmm, quite focused." he quipped.

"MMmmpphh mmeeee uuuuooooo" Jill pleaded, seeing the control tablet in his hand.

Ignoring her demand, he continued, "I've been up most of the night trying to figure out a way to solve my dilemma, but now I see you've done that for me"

Bending down, he reached between the bars and undid her gag, snatching the handcuff key off the floor as he did so.

"This isn't a funny, get me out of here or give me the tablet!" Jill cried out.

"This was never my plan really, but recent events have pushed me to make some adjustments." he said ignoring her comments with his back turned away from her.

Jill wanted to protest again but decided to let him continue.

Turning around suddenly he stared at Jill, his mouth taking on a devious grin "I've decided

you'll be the first occupant."

Stunned, Jill just looked blankly back at him.

Looking away he continued, "Having Lilith be my slave was always the plan. I'm been seeing her for years but she would never commit. Her career, if you can call it that, was more important and lucrative without being exclusive to me."

"But I thought Lilith was your wife?" she asked confused.

"Of course you did, I wanted you to. Would you have built this automated torture dungeon for me otherwise? You probably would have reported me to the cops. Instead I painted a loving picture with a woman so beautiful you felt perfectly safe around me. What guy would make a move of you when he can get his dick wet with Lilith every night?" Jim answered, amused at Jill's bewildered expression.

"No, Lilith is a whore in every sense of the word. I've spent countless thousands of dollars trying to get her love me without success. That's where you came in; if I couldn't convince her to be mine willingly, I'd simply take her. I had it all worked out, even how to frame her disappearance on another one of her clients. " Jim said with a delighted grin.

Jill's lip quivered as she tried to keep her composure. With her fate unknown and under the power of an obvious psychopath, she needed to keep her wits if she was going to escape or be rescued.

With a resolute expression she looked directly at Jim through the bars, "You're a handsome man and obviously extremely wealthy. Far more than I would have ever guessed. I'm sure there are thousands of girls just as pretty as Lilith that would do anything to be with you."

"Exactly my dear!" Jim yelled, pointing his finger at her. "I can have any girl I want and with training, worship the ground I walk on. All thanks to this wonderful machine you built."

Jill took a deep breath before letting out a deep sigh, "If Lilith is the one you want, why keep me captive?" She pressed her face against the cages bars and looked into Jim's eyes, hoping, even praying for some compassion.

"I keep forgetting that despite your brilliance you're still a naive little girl." he chuckled,

matching her gaze with less than sympathetic eyes. "I guess there's no point in keeping it secret. I don't care about you. If something goes wrong, no loss on my part. Besides, if there are any flaws in the system to cheat, you're the most qualified to find them."

Tears now nearly blinded Jill vision, unable to keep her emotions bottled any longer.

Tapping a few buttons on his tablet her belt came to life again with the same vibrations she was in love with only minutes ago. A soft moan escaped her lips before she could stifle it.

Playing with the controls some more Jill soon realized he wasn't interested in a slow warm up. Her body was more than willing to pick up where it left off despite her internal pleas to ignore the wonderful vibrations.

Now panting she stared angrily at Jim, "I won't give you the satisfaction."

Even as she said this the threads of her resistance were breaking all around her. Screwing her eyes shut she braced for the inevitable. It horrified her that she'd be forced to orgasm in front of him. A slave to simple bodily urges.

"Say what I want to hear." he whispered through the bars.

"Ahhhh.... uuuuhhhh.... aaaahhhhhooommmmyyyyggooooodddd. Ssssaayyy Whhhhhat?" Jill trembling voice answered. Her body now held masterfully on the edge.

"Beg me for what you want." he whispered back.

With the amount of dopamine in her brain it was was amazing she could still speak. It was also doing a masterful job at keeping any and all rational thought well away from her conscious mind.

"Pu Pu Pllleessee let m m m meeee c c c uh uh uh mmmm." she stammered, forced to take shallow breaths. Desperate times called for desperate measures and quickly added, "M M Masterrr"

Jim held up the tablet again with his index finger hovering over the screen.

"No" he yelled pressing the screen.

Instantly the vibrations stopped sending Jill into a frenzy. Smashing herself against the cage walls, "Oh god ppuulllleaaassee. Don't do this to me. I'll do anything. You can keep me in here. Just... god... just give me this. I deserve this reward."

"Amazing" he muttered to himself.

The tears soon returned. She just stared hopefully at him.

With a broad smile crossing his face he squatted down petting her hair briefly before holding her chin up to give her a small kiss. "You've really outdone yourself dear. If you're this obedient after only 6 hours I can't wait to see what the next several months will bring."

Jill's eyes opened wide, her chin quivering in his hand, "Months?"

Ignoring her query he stood up tall and tapped on the tablet for several minutes. Turning for the door he said, "I'll check on you in a month dear. Be sure to impress me. I'll be watching!"

Pointing at the cameras above he walked through the steel door and locked it shut.

Staring blankly into space her head fell onto the pillow. Left in a state of shock her mind was numb. Before exhaustion finally took hold, Jill whispered, "I miss my friends.

Arriving at his destination Jim turned off the tablet and opened the steel door in front of him.

"Good morning Alexis! Settling in OK?" he said to the pretty redhead staring at her computer screen.

"Yes sir, erm... Jim." she answered, "Thank you again for the opportunity. I'll be sure to do my best."

"I'm sure you'll do great, that's why I hired you." he said with a smile, "Are we still on for dinner tonight?"

"Oh yes, I can't wait. Lilith is so sweet. It's just fascinating that she's into... well... " Alexis trailed off. The room around her was a complete replicate of Jill's.

"She's a very special woman indeed; I'm lucky to have her. Just remember that this is a

surprise. Not a word to anybody." Jim said.

"Ha! No worries there. All my friends are a continent away. They wouldn't understand anyway. My lips are sealed." Alexis said with a zipping motion across her lips.

"Perfect, I'll see you tonight." he said with a smile before leaving.

The End