

## Satisfaction Guaranteed

"Mistress Kathy Products customer service. This is Carol. How may I help you?"

"Hello! Yes, I'm having trouble with one of your products."

"Really? I'm so sorry to hear that, sir. We stand by all of our products. Which of our fine pleasure devices is giving you trouble?"

"The, uh, the SBU-590."

"The automated self-bondage unit?"

"Yes. Yes. Um, yes."

"I can certainly help you with that. I'm having trouble hearing you, though. Can you move closer to your speaker phone?"

"No. No, I'm afraid that . . . I just . . . No."

"I understand. You pressed the red button for customer service?"

"Yes."

"And you are speaking into the microphone provided on the SBU-590?"

"Yes."

"And you're hearing me on the speaker that's also part of the unit?"

"Yes."

"Is the screen still working?"

"It seems to be."

"What does it say?"

"It says, 'Press red button for customer service.'"

"Good, that means your system is still online. Give me a moment while I retrieve your information, and I'll see if I can address your problem remotely."

"Thank you so much."

"This call may be monitored for training purposes. Is that all right?"

"I, uh . . . Who . . . would be monitoring?"

"Just trainees, and other interested parties. Quality control is our number one priority. Do I have your consent to continue?"

"Do I have to agree to that? This is kind of embarrassing."

"You don't have to agree to anything you don't want to."

"I'd rather not, then."

"That's quite all right. I'm sorry we couldn't help you. Have a good evening, sir."

"Wait! Wait! Don't go!"

"I'm still here. As I said, this call may be monitored. Do I have your consent to continue?"

"Yes! Yes, anything! Just don't hang up."

"Thank you. This will only take a moment."

"Does this sort of malfunction happen often?"

"The SBU-590 is the final word in self-bondage. It's been field-tested under the most stringent conditions and has been painstakingly designed to meet the needs of the lonely bondage enthusiast. Its titanium alloy frame, chain spools,

motorized winch system, redundant power supply, and Intel Core processors are all lovingly assembled by Mistress Kathy's most detail-oriented engineers. It provides the ultimate feeling of helplessness in more than 150 stress/pleasure positions. It *never* malfunctions."

"Well, I'm stuck."

"You must have used it incorrectly."

"I was careful."

"We'll get to that in a moment. Am I talking to Edgar?"

"Yes."

"7999 Arbuckle Lane?"

"Yes. You know where I live?"

"Your SBU-590 is transferring your customer profile to me so that I may better assist you."

"Is this going to take long?"

"If I cannot address your problem remotely, we will send someone to your address to assist you in person."

"You're not going to call 911, are you?"

"911? Why? Do you want the police?"

"No, no, no, no!"

"Are you sure? I can send them right out."

"No, I'm sure. No police!"

"Very well. I'm still downloading your information, but I think I have enough to start. Can you reach the blue button?"

"I think so."

"Push the red and blue buttons together. That will put your SBU-590 into Remote Administrative Mode which allows me to operate your device from here. Can you do that?"

"I think so. . . . There."

A friendly face with big glasses appeared on the screen and smiled at him.  
"Edgar? You see me now, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, I do. I didn't know you could do that. Are you using Skype?"

"Something like it." The woman on the screen was very young, and her businesslike white blazer had been expertly tailored to suit her petite figure.  
"Before you got into your pleasure device this evening, did you read all of the instructions?"

"Yes."

"And did you test each component as instructed to make sure it was working properly?"

"Yes."

"And did they?"

"Yes, they were fine--before I got in. Each item locked, and then unlocked when I used my safe word."

"Did you also test the built-in cameras?"

"No, I'm not using them. I don't record my sessions. I don't do that."

"Well, that's awfully selfish of you."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. Is there some kind of obstruction on the lenses? Because I can't see you from either of the two cameras."

"I put masking tape over the lenses. They made me nervous. I tried to remove the cameras, but they're stuck in there tight."

"You taped over the cameras? Oh, dear, dear. This takes so much longer if I can't see you!" She took off her white blazer--as if she knew this was going to take a while. The tube top she wore underneath seemed awfully casual for office attire. "Which of the stress/pleasure positions were you attempting?" she asked.

"Is it important?"

"Of course, it's important! Which one is giving you trouble?"

"It was, uh . . . it was . . . number 129."

She gasped. "The Gothic Hanging Yoke? My goodness, I'm impressed, Edgar! You're very daring! *Marta! It's a Gothic Hanging Yoke!*"

"Who are you talking to?"

"It's a slow night here. How on earth did you reach the red button from the position you're in?"

"If you *must* know, I'm only *half* in it. I started to get in, and then I got . . . scared. But now it won't let me go."

"Which half?"

"What?"

"Which half of you is in the Gothic Hanging Yoke? Top or bottom? Remember I can't see you."

"Um, top."

"So your head *and* your hands are in the ClampTite Punishment Yoke?"

"That's right."

"And the yoke is hanging?"

"Not yet. I didn't get that far."

"The yoke is still docked in the stockade position?"

"Yes."

"I think I know why you're having difficulty. You tried to abort the exercise in mid-procedure. And I see that you preset the device to Discipline Goddess—its highest setting. It doesn't allow for faintness of heart. The setting demands that you complete whatever procedure you start."

"That's not how it's supposed to work, though. Is it? I programmed a safe word. It's supposed to release *all* the catches when I say my safe word."

"Yes, but your safe word changed."

"It couldn't have! I didn't change it!"

"We changed it for you."

"What? But--but why?"

"You shouldn't have taped over the cameras. It's explained in the Terms of Service."

"The . . . what?"

"You indicated on our website that you had read the Terms of Service. You didn't just click through the thing without reading it, did you?"

"I . . . Uh . . . Listen, I paid a lot for this thing, and you're not really helping me."

"Your tone isn't very helpful. *I'm* not the one with the problem, Mister Gothic-Hanging-Yoke. I'm going to help you, but this is going to take some time, and

you're going to have to do exactly as I say. Do you understand?"

"Whatever! Can you just tell me the new safe word?"

"Hold your hormones, big fella. There's a lot of information in your profile, and it's going to take time to find the specific information you're requesting. I'd find it a lot faster if you showed me a little more respect. Don't you think?"

"Jesus Christ! I don't know why I bought this thing!"

The lovely face on the screen sighed heavily, took off the big glasses, and no longer smiled.

"Don't you? Don't you really? Because I have the marketing information right here that tells me *exactly* why you bought the thing! Because all your life, you've been too timid to tell your sex partners what you really want—to be dominated--so when we gave you a discount on a big damn sex toy that promised what you craved, you couldn't resist because you wanted to feel helpless!"

"You can't talk to me that way!"

"So do you?"

"What?"

"Feel helpless?"

"Well . . . Well, yeah."

"Then your device is working properly."

"Listen, the ad says, *Satisfaction Guaranteed!*"

"Yes. But it doesn't say *yours*."

"What?"

"From a design aspect, the more helpless you feel, the better it's working. And

I think it's working *perfectly*. It's not going to let you go until I'm *completely* satisfied that it's in our best interest to let you go. Do you understand? Are you listening?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm listening."

"Good. I will help you. I will find your safe word, but first I want you to ask me nicely."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. . . . Please tell me my safe word."

"Ask me nicely—by name."

"What?"

"The first thing I told you when our conversation started was my name. You *said* you were listening, but I'm not convinced. To convince me, you will have to ask me by name."

There was a terrible awkward silence.

She repeated, "Tell me my name, Edgar."

"Okay. Okay. Please tell me my safe word—*Mindy*?"

The girl on the screen playfully typed a few keystrokes. "Oops! I accidentally deleted your safe word! I'm *soooooo* sorry!"

Edgar said nothing. He didn't like where this was going.

"What's that I hear? Nothing? Oh, so *now* you're listening! Isn't this better? Here's what's going to happen next: Without a safe word, the only way the SBU-590 will let you out of a Gothic Hanging Yoke while in its Discipline Queen setting is for you to complete the *entire exercise*. The program doesn't tolerate shortcuts or work-arounds. But don't worry. I will talk you through it. And since you can't remember my name, you may call me *mistress*. Can you remember *that*?"

"Yes."



"I don't think I heard you."

"Yes--mistress."

The face on the screen smiled again. "Good, Edgar. Now let's have some fun."

"Will this take long--mistress?"

"That depends on you. Why do you ask? Have you been stuck there for long?"

"About an hour and a half, mistress."

"Oooooo! No wonder you're cranky! I'll tell you what. Since you've finally agreed to be good, I'll let you in on a little secret. While in Remote Administrative Mode, the SBU-590 allows me to engage a Time Out session. It won't release you, but it will make you more comfortable for a while before the really tricky stuff begins. Would you like that?"

"Yes, mistress. I would like that very much."

"You have to promise me to be good."

"I will, mistress."

"And you have to promise to do two things for me in return."

"What two things, mistress?"

"It doesn't matter. Both things are easy, and you're going to do them both. Promise me."

"I promise, mistress."

The steel yoke abruptly came loose from the rest of the machine but remained secured around his head and hands. It felt good to stand up straight for the first time in more than an hour, even though his hands were still suspended on either side of his head.

"I'll give you five minutes. You're still yoked, but you should be able to step out of the machine now."

He could. His feet had not yet been shackled, so now he could walk around a bit—not that he could go far looking the way he did.

"I don't hear you, Edgar. Did it work, or not?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Good. Now unlock your front door."

"My door! I mean, why, mistress?"

"You don't need to open it. Just unlock it. I may have to send a service representative to your house, and if I do, she'll need access."

"But with the door unlocked, anyone would be able to—"

"I understand. I'm sorry we're unable to help you. Have a good evening."

"Wait! Okay! I guess it's all right, but it feels weird to do this without the door locked. How long will this take?"

"As I said, that's up to you. The more you cooperate, the faster it'll be."

"But you've done this before, right?"

She started to giggle. "A Gothic Hanging Yoke? No." She said something he couldn't hear to someone he couldn't see. "Nobody here has ever done a Gothic Hanging Yoke. Honestly, we didn't think anyone would ever try it. But surprise! Here you are! Now, unlock your door."

"The service representatives you mentioned. Are they . . . discreet?"

She giggled again. "Hardly! They're domination experts. Subtlety's not what they're good at."

Edgar carefully undid the deadbolt on his door and walked back to the

machine.

"It's unlocked, mistress."

"Good work, Edgar. Now take the tape off the camera lenses."

"No! I really can't do that."

"Oh, Edgar!"

"You don't understand. I . . . I don't have any clothes on."

"I know."

"You *know*? How can you know?"

"Well, it's kind of obvious, isn't it? You're using our product alone, and you've chosen a position that doesn't allow you to touch yourself—which defeats the whole purpose of using our product—unless, of course, you've applied our Feather-Touch Pleasure Cone. If I'm right, you're wearing the Pleasure Cone right now, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not."

"Edgar. I'm trying to help you."

"I'm really not. Not yet. I was going to do it later."

"Without the use of your hands? Really?"

"The thing looked silly. I was going to do the other parts first, and then . . . I clipped the cone to the stockade post--at waist level."

Edgar looked down at the simple yet frightening cone dangling from the end of its control cable. The sturdy retractable cable provided power, lubricant, and suction as required for the cone's shameful purpose. "I was going to lock the other parts down and then--you know—slide myself into it."

The face on the screen smiled approvingly. She typed something he couldn't

see.

"What are you typing?"

"You're very creative, Edgar. When a customer finds a new way to use one of our products, we make a note of it. This helps us improve our products in the future. Well done. Now take the tape off the lenses."

"I can't."

"Edgar, why are you being so difficult?"

"I'm naked and you're not. It's not that hard to understand."

Her pretty eyes narrowed in a thoughtful way. "What if I were naked, too? Would that make a difference?"

Edgar hesitated before answering. "Would you do that?"

"Don't be absurd! I'm not the one stuck! I'm just saying it shouldn't make any *difference* what we're wearing. Do you want my help or not?"

"I'm not uncovering the cameras."

"If I can't see you, how will you be able to communicate after you've been gagged?"

"But . . . but I set the machine for *NO* gags! I chose the No-Gag Option."

"The No-Gag Option was part of the safe word protocol, and yours was deleted. Since you have no safe word—and because you're alone—you'll have no use at all for your mouth. The device knows this, so the gag is now part of its program. Just accept it. To finish the exercise, you have to be gagged."

"I hate you."

"That's hardly helpful. You *wanted* to be helpless, so enjoy it. Take the tape off the cameras. Now."

Physically, it wasn't difficult to do, even while wearing the yoke. Mentally, tearing away the slender adhesive strips of privacy was the hardest thing he had done since taking the machine out of the box.

"I see you, Edgar!" said the smiling face on the screen. "My, goodness! I'm not used to seeing all that body hair! The men on our island are all clean shaven-- but you look *fine!* Some of *our* men should be jealous!"

"*Your men?* You have a lot of men?"

"That's not important. It's time now for you to come back to the machine."

Edgar was not eager to return to the device. He was not at all certain that the smiling face on the screen was truly motivated to help him, but he didn't see any alternative.

"Come along! You're the one in a hurry, so don't make me wait! Your yoke needs to be docked in the stockade position for you to resume the exercise."

Edgar stepped into the machine and leaned forward until the yoke snapped into the stockade dock. He had to strain his neck upward to look back at the screen. When he did, he was surprised to see a second face staring at him from a new window on the bottom left corner of the screen.

"Who's that?"

"That's Marta. She's a trainee. I told you this session may be monitored. Now would you be so kind as to put your feet inside the ClampTite DoubleLock Shackle?"

Edgar looked down at the dreadful clamp between his ankles and realized he could not avoid it any longer. He carefully set his feet into it. It snapped shut with an unsettling clunk, pulling his ankles together while anchoring his feet firmly to the floor.

The newcomer in the corner of the screen had beautiful white teeth which she used to bite playfully on her pen as she stared. She said nothing with words, but her face registered silent approval.

"Are your feet secure now?"

"Yes."

"I don't think I heard you."

"Yes, mistress."

"Are you sure you can't get your feet out? Give your feet a good tug. We wouldn't want you falling out accidentally before we're done."

"I'm sure, mistress. I can't get out."

"You're hardly trying! This is part of our product research, and I can't continue until I'm satisfied that you are really trying to get out."

He tried to placate her, eager to be done with the ordeal. He tugged against the clamp, first with one leg, then the other, in an all-out effort to get free, but it achieved nothing.

Leaning forward, Marta the trainee bit harder on her pen.

Meanwhile, the larger face—what was the girl's name?—nodded with the condescension of an approving babysitter. "Well done, Edgar. Now let's get that yoke hanging, shall we?"

She typed a few keystrokes which he couldn't see.

A motor sprang to life. A pair of cables pulled taut. The yoke lurched upward with alarming force. Suddenly upright, he became acutely aware of his own shaft--no longer dangling, but standing to attention.

The screen now had three faces on it—the large one of the mystery mistress whose name he couldn't recall, and two smaller ones of Marta and another newcomer in an identical but separate window.

"How many people are going to be watching this," he asked--quickly adding, "Mistress?"

"I don't know. I told you it's a slow night at the office. Now let's have a good look at what we're working with, shall we?"

He wondered what she meant by that. Clearly she was already familiar with the workings of the machine, but then he realized she meant him. She turned an unseen knob. With his arms suspended and his feet anchored, the apparatus began to rotate him as if on a lazy Susan so that the built-in cameras could capture him from every angle as he turned.

"This wouldn't be necessary if you had better lighting in your living room," she scolded. "Ah, now there's a good angle. Yes, you're very handsome. Now I'll do a quick check of the unit's responsiveness."

The apparatus started to twist him abruptly back and forth, as if he were the agitator in a top-loaded washing machine. This had the effect of making his erection wobble in the most embarrassing way possible.

Marta and her friend tittered appreciatively.

In the large window, another woman in office attire was watching over the mystery mistress's shoulder, saying nothing.

"Your unit certainly looks sturdy," confirmed his interrogator. "Now let's get down to business." She rotated the apparatus to force him to face the screen.

The woman lurking over the girl's shoulder was gone, but her face soon reappeared in a small window next to Marta and her friend. The three small windows containing their faces rearranged automatically along the left edge of the screen to make the most efficient possible use of screen space as the mystery girl—what was her name?—continued to instruct Edgar.

"I have just a few questions for you before we continue, Edgar." As she spoke, the cables supporting his yoke slowly, almost imperceptibly, started to glide closer to the screen, forcing him to lean toward it.

"Questions?" he asked. "Are they important? I'd like to get out of here."

"It's just a brief customer survey. It'll only take a minute."

As the yoke inched slowly toward the screen, the clamp around his ankles slowly inched in the opposite direction, forcing him to tilt uncomfortably forward.

"Is this the first time you've had trouble with our product?"

"Yes. I haven't had it for very long. For a while I was kind of afraid to take it out of the box--but this weekend I finally got around to it."

"That explains it. It appears that your Feather-Touch Pleasure Cone has never been used."

"You can tell?"

"The cone is taking longer than usual to lubricate. But that's normal for its first use. It's never been primed."

"Mistress, the machine is tilting me forward. Is it supposed to do that?"

"Oh, yes. It's really uncomfortable, isn't it?"

"It's hurting my neck."

"I know. As you lean forward, it's moving weight off your feet and onto the yoke. You'll have to use your arms to support your upper body weight. If you don't, the added weight will be supported by the front of your neck, and then you won't be able to breathe."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"It's not me. It's the program. It's identified your reluctance to complete the exercise. It also knows that you'll become more compliant once you've been thoroughly fatigued, and forcing compliance is a high priority in the Discipline Queen setting. Why are you alone tonight, Edgar?"



"What?"

"Market research. Why are you alone? You're a good looking guy, and it seems like a waste. Why do you do this alone?"

"I don't know. It's hard to meet the right people. You know how it is." The clamp around his ankles backed onto an upwardly curving ramp, elevating his feet behind him even as his head and arms moved slowly downward.

"You don't have a girlfriend?"

"No. Ahhh!"

"Watch that neck. Do family members try to fix you up?"

"No. I don't have any close family."

"Really?" She started typing and muttered, "Physically fit . . . No close family."

"Is that important?"

"Market research."

His arms trembled under the added strain.

Marta (who'd been watching silently so far) whispered to her friend, "I thought he'd be crying by now."

"Just one more question," said his interrogator.

The machine stopped its relentless tilt. His reddened face was dripping sweat inches from the screen.

"When you say that you '*hate*' me, you *DO* realize that I have feelings, don't

you?"

"Is this market research?"

"No," she said. "Oh, no, no, no. You see, I *do* have feelings. And nobody likes to hear that they're *hated*."

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry, mistress! I didn't mean it!"

"Is this an apology?"

"Yes, I'm sorry!"

"You understand, of course, that it's within my power to choose the form *and the duration* of your apology."

"Yes, mistress! I'm very sorry!"

"Although it's kind of late for an apology, since my feelings have already been hurt."

"I'm so sorry! I won't say anything like that again! Please, I'm really, really sorry!"

Her computer beeped.

"Look! Your Feather-Touch Pleasure Cone is primed!"

The device that he had forgotten was dangling near his groin suddenly sucked in his shaft and squeezed it in an unexpected but not unpleasant way.

His yoke and shackles slid back to their starting points, leaving him comfortably upright.

He gasped heavily as the cone rewarded him with gentle tickling strokes.

"Take deep breaths now. You're bound to be shaky after that. Your legs, arms, and chest might be sore for a few days. I had to maneuver your groin over to the cone, and it took longer than I thought for the cone to prime. But I used that time to warm the lubricant up to a comfy 99 degrees, so it should be having an effect now."

It was. He had no idea the device could be so lifelike with its gentle attention. He thrust just once out of instinct.

He noticed that the mysterious mistress was holding an unfamiliar control device up to the camera so that he could see it. It looked like a joystick control for a video game, except the stick was shaped like a part of his own anatomy.

"Your machine didn't come with one of these. It's only meant for administrators like me. And while I'm sure you've never seen one, I bet you can guess what it does." She giggled wickedly as she fingered it. "If you thought I could control you before, this is gonna blow your fucking mind."

She moved the joystick to the right, and the cone (along with his shaft) also moved right. When she moved left, the cone moved left. Then she moved her thumb and forefinger up and down the sides of the stick, causing his shaft to throb as though she were in the room stroking him.

"How?" he gasped. "How are you doing that?"

"I don't know it works, but our tech girls are pretty awesome at what they do." As if he needed another demonstration, she slipped the joystick into her mouth.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!" he said before he knew he was saying anything. The sensation was unexpected and thrilling.

"Pyah!" She spit the joystick out, and the sensation abruptly stopped. "This thing's been in the drawer for a while. I should have wiped it off first, but you get the idea." She wiped the joystick off with a paper napkin she found on her desk.

Even the dry napkin felt hot and moist through the technical magic of the cone. He was suddenly lost in the bliss of the simulation.

"That was just a demonstration. I'll put it down now and set it for auto-tickle—just enough to keep you interested, but not enough to get you off." She set the joystick on her desk.

Marta the trainee said, "I want to hold that. Is the cord long enough?"

"It's wireless!" said the mystery girl.

"Oh, neat!"

The mystery mistress handed the joystick off camera. Marta could be seen in the smaller window accepting it.

By now there were four small windows filling the left edge of the screen. The woman in the fourth window was on a lunch break. She ate popcorn as she watched, and shared some of it with the woman in the third window.

Meanwhile, Marta the trainee stroked the joystick with a couple of fingers and was delighted by his involuntary gasps and spasms.

"Just relax and take deep breaths," said the mystery girl from the main window. "You'll need your strength for what comes next."

He felt something he didn't expect. Something he couldn't see, something unfamiliar, was lifting his balls.

"What's that?"

"Just a scrotum ring. In the remote administrative mode, the Feather-Touch Pleasure Cone can also be a cock cage."

"Oh . . . Ummmmmmmm . . . What's a cock cage?"

The lunch break woman spat popcorn.

"Oh, Edgar!" giggled the mystery mistress. "You're my favorite! My best caller ever!"

All the faces on the screen were giggling now as more faces appeared on the periphery of the screen. When the screen's edge reached its capacity, a scroll bar appeared, and faces of new women started to automatically scroll into view as others scrolled out.

The mystery girl continued. "The automatic scrotum ring couldn't engage you right away because your nutsack was too tight. But now the warmth of the lubricant has loosened the skin around your balls rather nicely, so the ring is able to automatically deploy around the base of your scrotum. By now you should feel the ring constricting a bit. Yes?"

"Y-Yes."

"Good. I wouldn't try pulling out now. It won't let you."

"Ah! It's tight! It's too tight!"

"Yes, I know you're very delicate down there. You'll get used to it after a while--probably. Actually, I've never asked how it felt, but the machine always knows what it's doing. You didn't even notice when the cock ring wrapped around the base of your shaft. Marta?"

Marta twisted a ring on the joystick.

Edgar flinched in surprise.

"Feel that?" asked the mystery girl. "That's a cock cage. We can prolong—or if necessary inhibit—your erections, but not in a way that you'd necessary enjoy. It's just another motivator to help you concentrate."

Her computer beeped again.

"Edgar, you've been approved for our Most Desired Customers Program! Would you like to take a moment to go over some of the benefits?"

"What? Really? Now?"

"It will only take a few minutes. Based on the data that we've recovered from your SBU-590, we've determined that you respond exceptionally well to domination. This makes you eligible for certain opportunities not available to other customers. Edgar, have you ever considered committing to a lifestyle of submission?"

"No! No, I haven't."

"Liar. You just bought a big damn domination machine. You must have at least thought about it."

"Well, I may have thought about it, but--"

"Of course! You think about it all the time. You're a natural slave."

"Don't call me that."

"What? A slave?" She leaned closer to the camera. "But you *are* a slave, Edgar. Why does it bother you to be called one?"

"I'm not a slave."

"HMMMM, I don't think I heard you."

"I'm not a slave—mistress."

"Ha! Do you realize you've never called me anything other than 'mistress?' Aren't you admitting that you're my slave?"

"No! I don't know! I just want to get out of this!"

"Calm down, Edgar. I'm speaking as a representative of a powerful organization of dominant women who want to meet men like you." She turned to someone off screen. "Marta, please give him some more encouragement."

"Yvonne has the controller now," said Marta. "She wanted to hold it."

Yvonne (in the second small window) slid the joystick into her mouth and slurped affectionately.

Edgar convulsed to their amusement.

"If you're willing to relocate," the smiling girl continued, "you can live the lifestyle you've always fantasized about. We'll pay your travel expenses, your food, your board, and all your other living expenses. And you'll have the best, kinkiest sex you've ever had—every day. Doesn't that sound appealing?"

"What would . . . What would I be giving up?"

"Well . . . Edgar . . . You'd be a slave, so—everything."

"No. No way. I don't want to be a slave."

"Are you sure? You're really *good* at it."

"I don't want to!"

"Oh, Edgar! Very well. Then turn the black knob."

"What?"

"Just turn the black knob to decline this once-in-a-lifetime offer. The shiny rubber thing on the bottom of your screen console."

"But I can't reach it."

"Hurry, Edgar. I don't have all day."

"I said I can't reach it."

"Of course you can. It's right in front of you."

"I really can't!"

"If you *really* wanted to decline, you would try harder!"

"I can't . . . Wait! Maybe I can reach it with my mouth."

"Yes, Edgar! Use your teeth. Be quick about it."

Edgar lurched forward as far as his yoke would allow. His teeth found their target and twisted.

He heard a sudden hiss of compressed air. The "knob" got suddenly bigger inside his mouth—much bigger.

"Psych!" said his tormentor. "You don't have a knob! That's the Ultimate



Silencer Inflatable Gag you just bit. Our marketing staff calls it the Final Word in Getting the Final Word."

Edgar tried to let go. He tried to push it out with his tongue, but the gag in his mouth held him firmly to the screen console. He started to panic.

"Don't get all upset! This is the part you knew was going to happen, so relax. As it turns out, I have some discretion on how much the gag inflates. Are you able to talk at all?"

"Ohm-ly a lih-ull bih!"

It hissed again. "How about now?"

"Lughhh, lughhh luh-ugllllll!"

"Perfect!"

The gag popped off the screen console, staying firmly implanted inside his mouth. He was finally able to see the screen again.

All the faces were leaning forward to see what he looked like, including his mystery mistress. Some of the women exchanged whispers. Others just laughed. All continued to look at him with unrelenting fascination.

"Sorry, Edgar. You're awfully funny looking with your mouth full, but there's no going back now. In case you're wondering, there's a valve stem's on the front of your gag. When we're done, you can just place the stem back on the console to deflate it."

Edgar reached toward the console with his mouth to deflate the gag, but it didn't work.

"Not now, dummy! I said when we're done!"

Never before had Edgar's jaws been forced so far apart, and already they started to hurt. He flexed his fingers and shook his head vigorously as if the gag could be shaken out.

His tormentor disapproved of this display. "Now don't throw a fit! You're attempting an exercise that's never been done before, so there's bound to be a little discomfort." She turned away from the camera. "Yvonne, give him some more encouragement."

"I gave the controller back to Marta," said Yvonne.

"No, you didn't," said Marta.

"Yes, I did! You should have it."

"I don't."

"Then someone else must have taken it."

"Ladies!" said the mystery girl. "One of you must have the controller."

This Edgar already knew. Someone was anonymously giving him "more encouragement"--with uninhibited enthusiasm. Laboring to get air past his gag, he snorted uncontrollably.

Now another window appeared, this one in the lower right of the screen. Unlike the other girls who were dressed in some variation of office attire, this girl was wearing a tight vinyl mini dress. She was sitting in the dark and was operating some kind of--

It was a car. She was operating a steering wheel. Light from passing streetlights intermittently revealed her face.



"Oh, Edgar! I said you were my favorite, but I never imagined! The computer says that you're responding so well, you've qualified for a bonus procedure—one that's exclusive to Mistress Kathy's Most Desired Customers! Do you want to hear about it?"

He vigorously shook his head to show that he didn't.

"Not even curious? Any procedure called Satan's Crooked Gothic Hanging Yoke has to be interesting." She picked up her mouse to manipulate an unseen control on her screen. "It's not even mentioned in our manuals, so it must be some kind of Easter egg. You're the first one to trigger it!"

He shook his head. As he did, cables pulled his yoke higher, forcing him to rise to his toes. The clamp that held his ankles together remained firmly anchored to the floor.

"But maybe you prefer the unknown. Maybe you'd rather charge ahead without knowing the details. Sound interesting?"

He continued to shake his head. The yoke continued to rise. With his ankles attached to the floor, his back and neck began to stretch.

"Of course, I'm supposed to tell you that the bonus procedure is strictly optional."

The motor pulling the yoke started to whine as the tension on his spine reached the limit of the program's safety protocol.

"So Edgar, I have to ask, do you want to skip the bonus procedure?"

He tried to nod—and couldn't. In the elevated yoke, his head could move neither back nor forth.

"Thinking it over?" She held her hand steadily on her mouse—which

maintained the tension on his neck and spine. "No pressure, mind you. If you want to skip this part, just say so. Or nod—just a little."

He thrashed his arms uselessly within his restraints, but his head wouldn't move.

She leaned closer and smiled. "Going once."

He tried to scream, but the puny sounds that came through his gag were inaudible.

"Going twice."

He tried to blink an SOS. . . .

"He's going to go for it!" She jumped out of her chair with uninhibited glee. The cheers of an office full of horny women filtered through his console. On the screen, Edgar could see only Carol's bouncing tube top.

Wrapped around the base of the ClampTite DoubleLock Shackle which held his feet firmly to the base was a canvas strap. He assumed it was a safety strap—until an unseen cable from behind pulled it up over his calves and tightened it around his knees like a noose.

"Oh, Edgar! You've inspired us! To volunteer for such an ordeal without even knowing what it is? You're fearless!"

Although the ClampTite DoubleLock Shackle did not open, it suddenly came loose from the base. The tension on his spine ended, but he was still suspended in the air. Immediately another cable attached to the shackle started to pull his restrained feet in front of him.

"We're in uncharted territory here, but my screen has a script that I'm supposed to read to you."

He thought he was being pulled into a fetal position, but that was not the plan. As his feet were pulled upward, his knees were pulled backward, which had the effect of forcing him into the shape of a tilted letter "L."

"Insolent slave," she read from her script. "Your worth will now be tested in the trial of Satan's Crooked Gothic Hanging Yoke."

His head was tilted forward as his ass was elevated. As this happened, a control arm (which he had assumed was only part of the machine's frame) unfolded into a metal paddle. It positioned itself behind his ass.

*SWAT!*

He could do nothing to dodge the blow, and the pain was immediate.

"You are to be swatted repeatedly by the Discipline Queen Punishment Arm. The strength and frequency of the swats will gradually increase over the course of the next twenty minutes--"

*SWAT!*

"—as is fitting for your kind. Meanwhile, a random number generator will determine--"

*SWAT! Bzzzzzzzt! "LLUGGGGGHHHHHHH!"*

"—which swats will be electrified. The frequency and intensity of the jolts will likewise increase during the twenty-minute trial."

*SWAT!*

Even as the paddle struck, his shaft throbbed as the cone continued its maddening massage.

"Do not ejaculate. An ejaculation before the end of the trial will cause the machine to lock down in its current position until you again become erect--"

*SWAT!*

"—and the procedure will repeat itself--until you complete a successful twenty-minute trial. Good luck, you undeserving worm."

Enduring the relentless spanking, Edgar spotted a beautiful long-haired woman in a small window at the edge of his screen sitting in her office chair with her legs apart. She was busy thrusting something beneath her skirt. She briefly opened her eyes toward the camera to let him know exactly where the handheld controller was and how much she enjoyed his reaction to it.

He would have shouted at her to stop--if he could have shouted anything.

"That's all the script says," said Carol, now sounding a bit breathless herself. "And I'm getting awesome data from your SBU-590!" He heard her type on her keyboard again, but the keystrokes were slower and more erratic than before—as if she were typing with only one hand.

He became lightheaded. A part of him knew that the spanking would stop—temporarily--if he just surrendered to the cone.

The more sensible part of him (weak as it was) realized he may be lucky just to avoid passing out.

"Remember what I said earlier," said Carol, "about committing to a lifestyle of submission? I want you to know that was all true. I wasn't just bullshitting you.

"You fit the profile for our Most Desired Customers perfectly. A certain attractiveness, a fascination with fetishy taboos, no close family ties, and an

almost unreal response to erotic domination!" Her fingers authoritatively pounded her keyboard. "Check, check, check, *and check!*

"All that remains is your consent. And the beauty of it is, you've already given it.

"It's in the Terms of Service—which you've already read. By modifying the SBU-590 in any way, you renounce any citizenship to your native country and agree to become a permanent resident of our little island!" She reached inside her tube top and cupped herself thoughtlessly. "Provided you match the profile--which you do! Isn't that exciting?"

A barrier in Edgar's mind broke, and he knew that the mystery girl—Carol!--had broken his will. It was no longer his own. He had nothing left to surrender.

"You're the best slave ever, Edgar! We can't wait to add you to our herd!"

And the machine stopped.

It just stopped.

"What the fuck?" asked Carol. "All right, which one of you made him cum?"

"Irene!" chimed the majority of voices.

Irene ignored the others, bringing her own persistent thrusts to an inevitable, self-gratifying, and somewhat louder than expected conclusion.

"Irene!" scolded Carol. "I should have known it would be you."

"She didn't do it," said a voice that did not come from Edgar's screen console.

Famke had arrived. Edgar did not notice when she'd entered his living room, so she could have been there for some time.



"I could see he wasn't going to last twenty minutes." Famke wrapped a comforting arm around Edgar's aching torso. "Sorry, girls, but I don't have all night. I turned the machine off. He didn't cum."

Collected sounds of disappointment came from the screen console.

Famke disengaged the Feather-Touch Pleasure Cone. Edgar joyfully moaned.

"Oops! I spoke too soon!"

She wiped the mess onto Edgar's hairy chest.

Then she punched an administrative code into the console, and the machine folded Edgar neatly into a fetal position. She wheeled a shipping crate under Edgar's suspended body.

Carol said wistfully through the screen, "He's going to be popular when he gets here."

"He's not even resisting," noted Famke. She sprayed a powerful sedative mist directly into Edgar's heaving nostrils. "I've never seen a submissive this fucked. The program must be one of Helga's."

The last thing Edgar remembered when he was lowered into the crate was Carol's voice.

"You're our favorite, Edgar! You're our new training video!"