

CHAPTER 1 — THE PACKET

The mansion had been quiet for six months.

Not the soft silence of recovery or the careful quiet of Lena and Marcus lingering in the guest wing. This was sharper—cameras in every corner, Katie’s feed live, leaving only the two of them.

Jackie stood in the kitchen in black trousers and an unbuttoned shirt, coffee in one hand, the other resting on the counter. The bruises from the last private session had faded to yellow ghosts along her hips. She didn’t bother covering them. Neither did Jennifer.

Jennifer sat on the kitchen island, bare legs hooked over the edge, wearing one of Jackie’s old shirts and nothing else. She picked at a piece of toast she had no intention of finishing. Her eyes kept drifting to the side table where the black packet sat face-down, title hidden, edges perfectly square.

“It’s been three days,” Jennifer said.

“I know.”

“You’re not even curious.”

Jackie took a slow sip of coffee. “I’m curious. I’m also not stupid. Katie said don’t open it until she tells us. Saiya said the same thing. Opening it early is how we end up on separate buildings again.”

Jennifer made a face. “I liked the separate-buildings threat better

when it was theoretical.”

“It wasn’t theoretical last time.”

Jennifer slid off the island, bare feet silent on the tile. She stopped close enough for her shirt to brush Jackie’s open collar. The scent of last night—sweat, soap, and Lena’s lingering touch—clung to her skin.

“You’re in full command again,” Jennifer said, voice low. “Studio, house, me. Doesn’t that make you want to do something reckless?”

Jackie set the mug down, reached up, and caught Jennifer’s chin between thumb and forefinger. Not hard. Just enough to tilt her face up.

“It makes me want to keep what we just got back. You turn the first week into theater and Saiya will put you on the north lot until the packet opens. Alone.”

Jennifer’s mouth curved. “You’d miss me.”

“I’d correct you on site and then miss you. There’s a difference.”

Jennifer leaned in anyway, lips brushing Jackie’s. The kiss stayed short. Jackie controlled the depth and the end of it. When she pulled back, Jennifer’s eyes were already darker.

“Cameras are watching,” Jennifer murmured.

“They always are.”

“We could give her a morning show.”

Jackie released her chin and pointed at the toast. “Eat. Studio by nine. Staff meeting at nine-thirty. If you walk in looking like you spent the night inventing new ways to get punished, keep the explanation boring.”

Jennifer picked up the toast, took a deliberate bite, and chewed while staring at the living-room table.

“It’s rude to leave a closed script in a marriage.”

“It’s family. Family is rude.”

They finished getting ready without more argument. Jennifer pulled on dark jeans and a fitted black top that did nothing to hide the fading marks on her collarbones. Jackie stayed in the trousers and button-up, top two buttons left open, hair in a low messy knot. The mirror showed two women who looked employed again—sharp, marked, and no longer recovering.

At the front door Jennifer paused, keys in hand.

“You driving or am I?”

“You drive. I want to go over the night-security notes.”

Jennifer unlocked the car. Before she got in she looked back at Jackie, expression softer than the morning had any right to be.

“I’m glad it’s you,” she said.

Jackie stepped in, kissed her once—slow, deliberate, owned—and answered the same way she always did.

“Me too.”

The lot had not forgotten them.

Six months of substitute authority had taught everyone how fleeting soft periods were. When Jackie and Jennifer entered the lot, the temperature seemed to drop. Assistants straightened; leads found reasons to be elsewhere. The air smelled of cable heat, dust, and money.

Lisa met them halfway with a tablet and the careful smile of someone who still remembered being scared of both of them.

“Ms. Voss, Mrs. Voss. Production meeting moved up to nine-thirty. Set design is already in Conference B. Investors’ call stays this afternoon.”

Jennifer gave the polite nod. “Thank you, Lisa.”

Jackie waited until the assistant was gone before speaking.

“She’s still scared of you.”

“Good,” Jennifer said. “Means she does her job.”

They took the elevator in silence. Jackie leaned against the wall and watched Jennifer’s reflection in the brushed steel.

“At home you’re soft and sleepy and letting me touch you however I want,” Jackie said. “Here you’re all Ms. Voss and making people nervous just by existing.”

Jennifer’s mouth twitched. “That’s because at home I don’t have to deal with budgets and people who think they know better than me. And because you’re the only one who gets to see me soft.”

The doors opened. They walked the corridor in tandem, heels clicking. The black packet waited on the side table twenty minutes away, a secret under cloth.

Conference Room B was already half full. Marcus Hale stood at the head of the table, thinning hair, wire glasses, permanently stressed. He cleared his throat the moment they sat.

“Alright. Final pre-production lock for the next slate. We’re on track, but we’ve got issues that need decisions today.”

Jackie leaned back, arms crossed. Overtime was approved; casting notes were sharpened. The phrase “intense sequences” made people shift. Everyone knew what that meant on a Voss production.

Jackie spoke only once.

“Make sure whoever we bring in knows exactly what they’re signing up for. I don’t want another situation like last time where someone gets on set and suddenly discovers they have limits.”

No one argued.

By the time they broke, the lot remembered the old order: Jackie to stop things, Jennifer to move them, and both to remind the building that it was not run by committee.

They drove home after dark.

The gate accepted the code, the door locked, and the cameras acknowledged them. On the table, the black packet remained exactly where Katie had left it—sealed and heavier now that the studio was theirs again.

Jennifer dropped her bag, walked straight to it, and stopped one foot short.

“I’m not opening it.”

“I know.”

“I’m just clarifying that I could.”

Jackie came up behind her, slid one arm around her waist, and put her mouth near Jennifer’s ear.

“You could. And then preparation would stop looking like work schedules and start looking like correction.”

Jennifer leaned back into her. “Say correction again.”

“No.”

Jennifer smiled at the packet. “I can feel it watching us. Stupid. It’s paper.”

“It’s paper with family behind it,” Jackie said. “Eat. Shower. If you need to be handled, ask me. Not the ceiling, not the table. Me.”

Jennifer turned in her arm, searched her face, and nodded once.

“Ask you.”

“Good.”

They made a late dinner out of leftovers and stood eating in the

kitchen like people who had been too busy running a machine all day to remember plates. Jennifer stole food off Jackie's fork. Jackie let her, then put two fingers against her mouth when the stealing became performance. Jennifer laughed and surrendered the point.

Later, in bed, Jennifer was quieter than usual. She put Jackie's hand over her sternum without explanation and held it there.

"Not a scene," she said. "Just stay."

Jackie stayed.

In the living room the packet remained closed.

On the lot the building had learned their names again in the old order.

And somewhere beyond the cameras, family watched the first full day back the way family always did—patient, proprietary, and already certain the sealed thing on the table would open soon enough.

Jackie finally slept with her palm still over Jennifer's heart, as if ownership and partnership had become the same pressure in the dark.

CHAPTER 2 — ESTATE SUMMONS

The call came at 7:42 p.m.

Jackie was still in the kitchen, rinsing the last of the plates, when Jennifer's phone lit up on the counter. Jennifer glanced at the screen, then held it out without answering.

Katie.

Jackie dried her hands, took the phone, and put it on speaker.

"You're both home," Katie said. Not a question.

“Yes.”

“Get dressed. Something clean. You’re expected at the estate in forty minutes. Lilith and I are already at the table. Jimmy’s here. Corporate is here. Saiya is here. Don’t be late.”

The line went dead.

Jennifer stared at the dark screen. “That didn’t sound optional.”

“It never is.”

They changed in silence—Jackie in black trousers and an open shirt, Jennifer in a short black dress that showcased the marks on her neck. They covered nothing; the cameras tracked their every move.

Jennifer drove. Jackie watched the city lights slide past and said nothing until they reached the gated drive.

“You going to behave?” Jackie asked.

Jennifer’s mouth curved. “Define behave.”

“Don’t make Katie repeat herself. Don’t make Lilith smile that particular smile. And if Saiya opens her mouth, you let me handle it.”

Jennifer parked under the porte-cochère and killed the engine. “Yes, boss.”

The front doors opened before they knocked. Lena stood there in black, expression unreadable, and stepped aside without a word. Marcus was further down the hall, already turning toward the dining room.

The long table was set for twelve, though only half the chairs were filled. Katie sat at the head in a black silk blouse, her hair pulled tight, one hand resting loosely around a glass of red. Lilith sat to her right, equally composed in a dark dress, her wedding band catching the light. Jimmy occupied the seat to Katie’s left. Two corporate faces from previous budget cycles sat further down, and Saiya held the far end—

coffee untouched, posture perfect and glacial.

Katie did not stand.

“Sit.”

Jackie took the chair opposite Jimmy. Jennifer sat beside her. Lena and Marcus remained standing against the wall like furniture that could move if ordered.

Katie looked at both of them for a long moment, then at Saiya.

“The six-month provisional period is over. Effective tomorrow morning, Jackie and Jennifer hold full day-to-day operational control of the lot again. Same grid. Same authority. Notices go out before first call.”

Saiya’s expression did not change, but the temperature at her end of the table dropped.

Katie continued, voice calm and absolute.

“Saiya retains creative direction. She does not retain the leash. That stays with me. If either of you turns the first week into private theater that damages schedule or bodies before the next film is ready, I will put you on separate buildings until I decide otherwise. Clear?”

“Clear,” Jackie said.

Jennifer nodded once.

Katie’s gaze moved to Jennifer and stayed there.

“You’re already pushing the behavioral terms Saiya gave you. Stairwell. Call-sheet. The almost. I saw the feeds. Do it again and Jackie has standing permission to end it on site in whatever way keeps the still frame from becoming a problem. Understood?”

Jennifer’s throat worked. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good.”

Lilith spoke for the first time, voice low and even.

“Corporate has one additional clarification. The two of you may fuck each other—or be fucked—anywhere on the lot during working hours. Hallways. Offices. Stages after wrap. We do not care. The only hard limit is lasting or pre-film damage. Broken bones that affect call times. Injuries that require medical holds before principal photography. Everything else is permitted.”

Jimmy added, almost casual, “The CCTV grid is now officially the porn CCTV. Internal memo goes out with the power notices. Every department head, every PA, every visiting money man with clearance can watch the two of you in real time. It’s expected. It’s useful. Don’t pretend privacy exists on that lot.”

Katie lifted her glass slightly.

“Any questions?”

Jackie met her eyes. “The packet.”

“Opens when I say. Not before. Tonight you eat, you get claimed, and you go home under the new rules. Tomorrow you run the building like women who just got their kingdom restored and still belong to me.”

Lilith’s mouth curved.

“Both of you. Stand.”

They stood.

What followed was not gentle.

Jimmy went first. He fisted Jackie’s hair, dragging her in for a kiss of open, filthy ownership while his free hand shoved the dress up Jennifer’s thighs. Marcus stepped in behind Jennifer, bending her over the cleared edge of the table and yanking her panties down hard enough to sting. Jennifer’s laugh broke into a wet gasp as he pushed two fingers into her,

pumping deep.

“Fuck— Marcus—”

“Quiet,” he said, and replaced his fingers with his cock in one thrust.

Katie watched for a count of five, then walked in like a woman reclaiming property. She grabbed Jennifer’s hair, lifted her face from the table, and spat into her open mouth.

“Whores. Show the founders why we gave you the lot back.”

Lena stripped Jackie open while Jimmy worked her mouth onto his cock. Jackie took him to the throat on the second shove, eyes watering. Lilith moved behind Lena, kissed her, then leaned down and bit Jennifer’s inner thigh hard enough to mark.

They rotated without romance.

Marcus pulled out of Jennifer, flipped her onto her back among the displaced plates, and shoved back into her while Jimmy dragged Jackie onto the carpet. Katie straddled Jackie’s face and settled her cunt over Jackie’s mouth.

“Work.”

Jackie worked. Her tongue was obedient and filthy. Katie rode her face in slow controlling rolls while Marcus folded Jennifer’s knees back and fucked her open and deep enough to knock broken yeses out of her. Lilith knelt over Jennifer’s chest, fed her fingers into Jennifer’s mouth, then replaced them with her cunt and made Jennifer service both ends of the hierarchy like a trained animal.

“Say what you are,” Lilith ordered.

Jennifer, muffled, filthy, desperate, still managed it when Lilith lifted enough to allow air.

“Worthless whore— Katie’s whore— please—”

Marcus rewarded that with harder strokes. Jimmy came first with a hard sound, pulling out over Jackie's tongue and lips. She swallowed what she was given. Lena came next, grinding down through it on Jackie's face. Marcus followed hard in Jennifer, buried deep, holding her hips tight enough to bruise while Jennifer shuddered through another forced climax and thanked him in broken repeats.

Katie took her time.

She put Jennifer on her back, straddled her hips, and used Jennifer's mouth and the pressure of her own hand until she came with a controlled tremor and a soft, satisfied curse. Then she reached for Jackie, pulled her in by the hair, and made Jackie finish what Jennifer's mouth had started until Katie's thighs flexed and her breath went sharp.

After that the room was all heat and wreckage.

Jennifer lay on her side on the rug, mouth swollen, chin shiny, laughing weakly every time someone walked past and nudged her with a foot. Jackie sat against a table leg with Jimmy's jacket thrown over her bare shoulders and Katie's fingers absentmindedly combing through her ruined hair. Lilith lit a cigarette by the window. Marcus drank water from crystal like a man off shift. Jimmy checked the time, nodded once to Katie, and stood.

"Lot's theirs in the morning," he said. "Notices will go out. Porn CCTV grid stays integrated. If middle management cries about the language, send them to me."

Katie kissed Jackie's temple, then leaned down and kissed Jennifer's filthy mouth with open ownership.

"Sleep here one hour if you need. Then go home under my lenses and act like women who just got their kingdom restored."

Jennifer, hoarse, smiled up at her.

“Did we earn it?”

Katie’s answer was simple.

“You’ve been earning it for five years. Tonight we stopped pretending otherwise.”

Jackie looked at Jennifer across the wrecked dining room—both marked, claimed, re-crowned, and still on a leash that had only become more honest.

“Tomorrow,” Jackie said.

Jennifer’s eyes shone.

“Tomorrow we make the building remember.”

They did not stay the hour.

Lena walked them to the door. Marcus handed Jackie her trousers and Jennifer her dress without comment. The drive home was quiet except for the low hum of the engine and the occasional wince when Jennifer shifted on the seat.

The gate accepted the code. The door locked. The cameras made their soft electronic acknowledgments in the corners. On the side table the black packet remained facedown, still sealed, suddenly less important than the bruises under clean clothes and the fact that Saiya’s lever was gone.

Jennifer dropped her bag, walked into the living room, and stood there with her hands on her hips.

“Say it.”

Jackie hung her jacket.

“Say what.”

“That we got the kingdom back because we’re useful whores with

good numbers.”

Jackie looked at her for a long second, then nodded once.

“We got the kingdom back because we’re useful whores with good numbers.”

Jennifer’s mouth split into a delighted, exhausted grin.

“God, I love honesty.”

She crossed the room, hooked two fingers in Jackie’s waistband, and pulled. Jackie let herself be drawn in as far as the first kiss, then caught Jennifer’s wrist and stopped the second.

“Ask.”

Jennifer’s eyes flashed.

“You’re really doing household-command language after a founder fuck feast?”

“Yes.”

Jennifer searched her face, found no joke, and exhaled hard through her nose.

“Handle me.”

Jackie pointed at the rug.

“Knees.”

Jennifer went down at once, still in the dinner dress, mouth already open. Jackie freed herself, took Jennifer by the hair, and used her mouth in the living room under the camera lights with slow, exacting strokes. Not estate chaos. Home law. Jennifer moaned around her and tried to push deeper than she was given. Jackie held her still and made her take the pace she was allowed.

“You don’t run me because Jimmy smiled at your numbers,” Jackie said quietly. “You run the lot with me. In this house you still ask.”

Jennifer's answer was wet and immediate, a muffled sound of agreement that made Jackie's grip tighten. When Jackie finally pulled her off, Jennifer stayed kneeling with spit on her lower lip and pure satisfaction in her eyes.

"Thank you."

Jackie thumbed her mouth clean.

"Shower. Then kitchen. If you start climbing the furniture because full power made you stupid, I'm putting you to sleep on the floor."

Jennifer rose, kissed Jackie's jaw once, and went.

The ceiling camera followed the movement in a tiny obedient turn.

They ate standing up, because sitting still felt like a different kind of obedience than either of them wanted after the estate. Jennifer stole from Jackie's plate. Jackie let her, then slapped her hand when the stealing became performance. Jennifer laughed and ate a piece of cold chicken like a woman who had been crowned and face-fucked in the same night.

Later, in bed, Jennifer put Jackie's hand over her sternum again and held it there.

"Stay."

Jackie stayed.

In the living room the packet remained closed.

On the lot the building would wake to new notices and an open porn CCTV grid.

And somewhere beyond the cameras, Katie and Lilith—married, absolute, and still watching—closed the night the only way this family understood power:

not by speech alone,

but by appetite enforced in full view of the people who mattered.

CHAPTER 3 — PORN CCTV

Jackie woke first.

The bedroom remained dim, save for the thin sliver of light from the bathroom. Jennifer lay on her stomach, one arm tucked beneath the pillow, the sheet kicked down to her waist. Faint yellow shadows of old bruises ghosted the backs of her thighs. Jackie watched the rhythmic rise and fall of her breathing, then reached out to rest a hand on the warm skin above the curve of her hip.

Jennifer made a low sound but didn't open her eyes.

"Studio day two under the new rules," Jackie said quietly. "Coffee's not going to make itself."

"Five more minutes."

"You said that yesterday."

Jennifer turned her head just enough to crack one eye open. Her voice was thick with sleep. "You're bossier when the packet's still closed."

Jackie leaned down and kissed the back of her shoulder, lips lingering against the faint salt of her skin. "I'm exactly as bossy as I need to be. Get up."

They moved through the morning with the same easy rhythm they had reclaimed. Jennifer stood at the bathroom mirror in nothing but a towel, brushing her teeth while Jackie buttoned a black shirt behind her. The mirror showed the two of them in the soft light—marked, rested, and no longer pretending they were still in recovery.

Jennifer spat, rinsed, and caught Jackie's eyes in the glass.

"You're staring."

"Can you blame me?"

Jennifer's mouth curved. She turned, stepped in close, and slid her hands under Jackie's open shirt, palms flat against bare skin. "We could be late."

Jackie caught both wrists and pinned them lightly against the counter. Not hard. Just enough to remind her who held the line.

"We could. And then Saiya would put you on the north lot for the rest of the week. Alone. I'm not explaining to Katie why full power lasted exactly one day."

Jennifer's pulse jumped under Jackie's thumbs. She smiled anyway. "You're hot when you restore civilization."

Jackie released her, finished the last button, and pointed at the closet. "Clothes. Now."

They dressed without further negotiation. Jennifer chose a fitted black blouse and high-waisted trousers that made the remaining marks on her neck look deliberate. Jackie stayed in black slacks and the half-open shirt. Neither of them covered anything.

At the front door Jennifer paused with the keys.

"You feel it too," she said. "The packet. It's heavier today."

Jackie glanced toward the living-room table. The black rectangle sat exactly where it had been left—facedown, sealed, patient.

"I feel it. I'm also not opening it. Get in the car."

The lot had already digested the new notices: Full operational control restored, and the CCTV grid officially designated for the porn feed. People still straightened when Jackie and Jennifer entered, but the

atmosphere had shifted. Eyes lingered. A pair of grips on the second-floor landing watched them pass with open interest, the old fear replaced by something hungrier.

Lisa met them halfway with the tablet and a carefully neutral face.

“Ms. Voss, Mrs. Voss. Set construction is on schedule. The new production coordinator is waiting in your office. Also... the memo went out. People are already pulling feeds.”

Jackie took the tablet, scanned the request, and handed it back. “Approve the overtime if they still need it. Tell the coordinator we’ll see him at nine-fifteen.”

Jennifer waited until Lisa was gone before speaking under her breath. “She’s trying so hard not to look curious.”

“She’s allowed to be curious. She’s not allowed to be slow. Move.”

The morning ran clean until eleven-forty.

Jackie was on the second-floor landing reviewing night-security angles when she heard Jennifer’s voice cut through the stairwell—not loud, but sharp enough to stop three PAs mid-step.

“Who signed off on that call sheet? No—don’t explain. Get every body that can walk to Stage C in ten minutes or start looking for work in coffee.”

Jackie reached the landing in time to see the color drain from the nearest assistant’s face. Jennifer stood with her arms crossed, boots planted, the exact expression she wore when the pressure in her teeth got louder than the job.

Jackie didn’t raise her voice.

“Jennifer.”

Jennifer turned, still hot. “I’m handling it.”

“You’re scarring it. Move the bodies. Save the sermon.”

For half a second the air between them tightened. Staff held their breath without meaning to. Then Jennifer exhaled through her teeth, pointed at the nearest PA, and snapped, “Stage C. Now. All of them.”

They ran.

Jackie waited until the stairwell cleared, then stepped in close enough that only Jennifer could hear.

“Office. Five minutes. Door open.”

Jennifer’s eyes shone with the almost. “Yes, boss.”

The shared office door stayed open.

Jackie sat on the edge of the desk. Jennifer locked eyes with the ceiling camera—the small black eye that now fed the porn CCTV grid—then dropped to her knees between Jackie’s chair and the desk. She looked up once.

“Ask.”

“Handle me. Where they can watch.”

Jackie freed herself, took Jennifer by the hair, and put her mouth to work in full view of the open doorway and the live feed. Jennifer opened for it at once, hungry and relieved, one hand braced on Jackie’s thigh. Footsteps slowed in the corridor. Someone stopped, then kept walking. The camera’s tiny light stayed steady. Somewhere on the lot, monitors updated.

Jackie kept her there until Jennifer’s posture broke and her sounds went unguarded. When Jackie pulled back, Jennifer stayed kneeling, breathing hard against Jackie’s thigh.

“Thank you.”

Jackie thumbed her mouth clean. “Get up. North-lot dispute in ten

minutes. If you walk in looking like you just got used under a camera, keep the explanation boring.”

Jennifer stood, straightened Jackie’s collar with mock care, and murmured, “Yes, boss.”

This time she made the word filthy on purpose.

Jackie let her.

The north-lot dispute took twenty minutes and ended with a revised access list and one visiting assistant director who would not be returning. Jennifer handled the bodies. Jackie handled the perimeter. They crossed paths again on the second-floor landing just after noon. Jennifer’s eyes were still dark from the office. Jackie’s expression was calm.

Saiya appeared at the far end of the corridor, coffee in hand, and stopped long enough to look at both of them. Her gaze flicked once to the nearest camera, then back.

“Adequate,” she said, and kept walking.

Jennifer waited until she was gone. “She’s colder.”

“She’s directing. We’re running. That’s the deal.”

They ate lunch in the office with the door open. Jennifer sat on the desk again, boots off, one foot swinging. A pair of PAs slowed as they passed the open doorway, glanced at the camera in the corner, and kept moving. Jennifer watched them go and smiled into her sandwich.

“They’re going to be useless all afternoon.”

“They’re going to do their jobs or they’re going to find new ones. Finish eating. Stage B at four.”

Stage B at four was hot with bank lights and empty of talent. Jackie walked the perimeter while security control patched camera views to a

handheld monitor. Jennifer stayed close, thumb moving over the screen, watching live corridors fill and empty.

"This is the part where you tell me home cameras and work cameras are different religions," Jennifer said under her breath.

"They are."

"One is Grandma and her wife. One is Mother."

"One is Katie's leash. One is Saiya's building." Jackie stopped under a catwalk and marked a dead corner on the monitor. "Neither is privacy. And now everyone gets to watch the same feeds we do."

Jennifer looked up into the dark above them. "Do you miss private?"

Jackie handed her the monitor. "I miss quiet. Private was always a rumor in this family."

A tech called over about a gate sensor. Jackie went to deal with it. Jennifer stayed under the catwalk a moment longer, watching the live corridors, then returned the monitor without another joke.

That almost worried Jackie more than the jokes.

They drove home after dark.

The mansion accepted them. No Lena, no Marcus—just the red pinlights of the cameras and the black packet, still facedown and patient.

Jennifer dropped her bag, walked straight to it, and stopped one foot short.

"I'm not opening it."

"I know."

"I'm just clarifying that I could."

Jackie came up behind her, slid one arm around her waist, and put her mouth near Jennifer's ear.

“You could. And then preparation would stop looking like work schedules and start looking like correction.”

Jennifer leaned back into her. “Say correction again.”

“No.”

Jennifer smiled at the packet. “I can feel it watching us. Stupid. It’s paper.”

“It’s paper with family behind it. Eat. Shower. If you need to be handled, you ask me. Not the ceiling. Not the table. Me.”

Jennifer turned in her arm, searched her face, and nodded once.

“Ask you.”

“Good.”

They made a late dinner out of leftovers and stood eating in the kitchen like people who had been too busy running a machine all day to remember plates. Jennifer stole food off Jackie’s fork. Jackie let her, then put two fingers against her mouth when the stealing became performance. Jennifer laughed and surrendered the point.

Later, in bed, Jennifer was quieter than usual. She put Jackie’s hand over her sternum without explanation and held it there.

“Not a scene,” she said. “Just stay.”

Jackie stayed.

In the living room the packet remained closed.

On the lot the porn CCTV ran through the night, replaying the office sequence for anyone who still had clearance and curiosity.

And somewhere beyond the cameras, Katie and Lilith—married, absolute, and still watching—let the first full day of restored power settle exactly the way they wanted it: open, useful, and still on a leash.

CHAPTER 4 — OPEN

FEEDS

Jackie woke to the sound of Jennifer already moving.

The bedroom was still dim. Jennifer stood at the dresser in nothing but yesterday's shirt, scrolling through her phone with one hand while the other rubbed absently at a bruise on her thigh. The ceiling camera's tiny light was steady. Jackie watched her for a moment, then sat up.

"You're up early."

Jennifer didn't turn around. "Porn CCTV numbers came in. Overnight views on the office sequence are higher than the last three investor meetings combined."

Jackie swung her legs out of bed. "Corporate will be pleased."

"Saiya sent a one-line reply to the whole production list. 'Keep the marriage off the stairs. The feeds are sufficient.'" Jennifer finally looked over her shoulder. "She's not even trying to sound warm anymore."

"She's directing. We're running. That's the deal we accepted at the estate." Jackie stood, crossed to her, and took the phone. The numbers were real. Multiple departments had pulled the office feed more than once. A couple of visiting producer accounts had stayed on it for the full eleven minutes. "Get dressed. We're not discussing view counts before coffee."

Jennifer leaned back against the dresser, shirt riding high on her thighs. "We could give them a morning sequel. Right here. Camera's already on."

Jackie set the phone down, caught Jennifer's wrists, and pinned them lightly to the wood. "Ask."

Jennifer's eyes darkened. "Handle me. Before we leave. Where the house feeds can see it."

Jackie kissed her once—hard, short, owned—then released her. "Shower. Together. Then coffee. If you still need it after that, you ask again in the car. Not here. Not yet."

Jennifer exhaled through her nose, but she moved.

They showered without turning it into a full scene. Jackie washed Jennifer's hair. Jennifer returned the favor and kept her hands mostly respectful. By the time they reached the kitchen the restless line in Jennifer's shoulders had eased, not disappeared.

Jennifer stole toast off Jackie's plate and spoke around it. "Packet's still closed."

"I know."

"Three days feels like a year when it's sitting there watching us."

Jackie poured coffee into the travel cups. "It's paper. Family is behind it. We open it when Katie says. Until then we run the lot and we don't break each other early. That's the job."

Jennifer accepted the cup. "Yes, boss."

The lot was already watching when they arrived.

Carl waved them through with the same tired nod, but his eyes lingered a second longer on the open collar of Jackie's shirt and the marks still visible on Jennifer's neck. Lisa met them at the entrance with the tablet and a carefully blank expression.

"Ms. Voss, Mrs. Voss. Stage C has a talent no-show. Wet-down set is already lit. Visiting money man from the afternoon call is on the floor asking questions he doesn't have clearance for. Also... the overnight numbers are circulating."

Jackie took the tablet. “Kill the money man’s access until he remembers the grid rules. Reroute secondary talent to C. Jennifer, with me.”

They handled the no-show in twenty minutes. Jennifer rebuilt the sequence board on her feet while Jackie locked the perimeter and stripped the visiting producer’s temporary credentials on the spot. By the time the set was turning again, two different monitors in the security office were replaying the previous day’s office feed on a loop. No one bothered to hide it.

At 11:40 the fracture came from the stairwell again.

Jackie heard Jennifer’s voice first—sharp, controlled, but carrying.

“Who signed off on that call sheet revision? No. Don’t explain. Get every body that belongs on C back here in eight minutes or start updating your résumés.”

Jackie reached the landing in time to see three PAs freeze and one production assistant stare at Jennifer like the corridor itself might become the next feed. Jackie’s hand twitched at her side. Old instinct. Throat. Wall. End it.

She didn’t touch her.

“Jennifer.”

Jennifer turned, still hot. “I’m handling it.”

“You’re scarring it. Move the bodies. Save the sermon for somewhere the cameras already expect it.”

For half a second the air between them tightened. Staff held their breath without meaning to. Then Jennifer exhaled through her teeth, pointed at the nearest PA, and snapped, “Stage C. Now. All of them.”

They ran.

Jackie waited until the stairwell cleared, then stepped in close enough that only Jennifer could hear.

“Office. Five minutes. Door open.”

Jennifer’s eyes shone with the almost. “Yes, boss.”

The shared office door stayed open.

Jackie sat on the edge of the desk. Jennifer locked eyes with the ceiling camera, then dropped to her knees without being told. She looked up once.

“Ask.”

“Handle me. Where they can all watch. Hard enough that I stop wanting to burn the next hallway.”

Jackie freed herself, took Jennifer by the hair, and put her mouth to work in full view of the open doorway and the live porn CCTV feed. Jennifer opened for it at once, hungry and relieved. Footsteps slowed in the corridor. Someone stopped, then kept walking. The camera’s light stayed steady.

Jackie kept her there until the restless line broke and Jennifer’s sounds went wet and unguarded. When she finally pulled her off, Jennifer stayed kneeling, lips shiny, breathing hard, forehead against Jackie’s thigh.

“Thank you.”

Jackie thumbed her mouth clean. “Get up. Stage B walkthrough in fifteen. If you walk in looking used, keep the explanation boring.”

Jennifer stood, straightened Jackie’s collar, and made the word filthy on purpose.

“Yes, boss.”

Jackie let her.

They closed the board at six. Saiya sent a single line to both phones as they walked out:

Feeds are sufficient. Keep the marriage off the stairs.

Jennifer read it aloud in the parking structure and laughed once, sharp. "Motherhood."

Jackie opened the car. "Get in."

She drove them one structure over again, to the covered executive level the cameras still owned and the staff rarely used after wrap. Engine off. Seat belts off. Jennifer waited with her hands on her thighs like a woman who had held posture all day and wanted the reward and the correction in the same breath.

"Ask," Jackie said.

Jennifer looked straight at her. "Handle me. Hard enough that I stop vibrating before we hit the gate."

Jackie took her by the hair, pulled her across the console, and used her mouth with no interest in softness. Jennifer opened for it at once. When Jackie finally pulled her off, Jennifer stayed bent, breathing hard, forehead against Jackie's hip.

"Home," Jackie said. "That was enough."

Jennifer sat back, wiped her mouth, and stared through the windscreen at concrete. "The packet's going to open soon."

Jackie started the engine. "Probably."

"Full power first. Open feeds second. Sealed thing third. That's a sequence."

Jackie pulled out of the space. "It's a sequence. Don't write the ending in the parking structure."

On the drive home the city moved past like ordinary life. Behind them

the studio held their restored names and an open porn CCTV grid that had already archived two new sequences. Ahead of them the mansion waited with live lenses and a facedown black packet that felt heavier every night it stayed closed.

Jennifer spoke only once more before the gate.

“If I almost fracture the building again tomorrow, don’t warn me in a whisper.”

Jackie’s hands stayed steady on the wheel. “I won’t. I’ll end it on the spot and take the still frame.”

Jennifer smiled at the side window, small and sincere. “Good.”

The gate opened.

The house accepted them under watch.

And the day closed on the truth the open feeds had made plain:

they could run the machine,

they could use each other where everyone was allowed to watch,

and the only thing still unopened was the black rectangle on the side table—waiting, patient, and no longer the heaviest thing in the house.

CHAPTER 5 — FIRST OFFER

The collar came out of the bottom drawer on the fifth morning.

Jackie set it on the kitchen counter next to the coffee cups. Simple black leather, silver ring, no lock yet. The engraved plate on the front was still blank.

Jennifer stared at it while she buttered toast. “That’s new.”

“It’s been in the drawer since the estate. Katie had Lena drop it off

with the packet. I was waiting until the feeds settled.”

Jennifer picked it up, turned it over, and ran her thumb across the empty plate. “What are you putting on it?”

Jackie took a sip of coffee. “Haven’t decided. Something true. Something that makes the crew read it twice.”

Jennifer’s mouth curved. “Cheating Wife For Rent.”

“Or Own for a Day. Or Property of the Lot. We’ll decide when I put it on you.”

Jennifer set the collar back down and leaned against the counter, shirt riding high on her thighs. “Today?”

“Not all day. Not yet. But yes. After the ten o’clock production meeting I’m walking you down to Stage B in it. Wrist cuffs optional. You stay dressed enough to look employed. Anyone with clearance who wants twenty minutes asks me, not you. No permanent marks. No damage that affects call times. You stay functional. Clear?”

Jennifer’s eyes had gone dark. “Clear.”

“Ask.”

Jennifer stepped in, close enough that the shirt she slept in brushed Jackie’s open collar. “Put it on me when we get there. Let them see it. Let them ask.”

Jackie kissed her once—hard, short, owned. “Get dressed. Something that unbuttons easy.”

They dressed in the same easy rhythm as the previous mornings, but the collar stayed on the counter like a third presence. Jennifer chose a short black skirt and a blouse that buttoned down the front. No jacket. The marks on her neck were visible. Jackie stayed in black trousers and a dark button-down, top two buttons left open. She carried the collar

loosely in one hand when they left the house, the way she might carry a radio or a set of keys.

The lot noticed the moment they stepped out of the car.

Carl's eyes flicked to the leather in Jackie's hand and then to Jennifer's throat, already bare and waiting. Lisa met them at the entrance with the tablet and stopped mid-sentence when she saw what Jackie was holding.

"Ms. Voss... Mrs. Voss. The ten o'clock is in Conference Two. Saiya's already there. Also... people are asking about the overnight numbers again."

Jackie took the tablet. "We'll be five minutes late. Tell them to start without us if they need to."

They took the elevator. As the doors closed Jackie turned Jennifer to face the mirrored wall, brushed her hair aside, and buckled the collar around her throat. The leather sat snug. The empty plate caught the light.

Jennifer watched the reflection, fingers lifting once to touch the silver ring. "Still blank."

"For now." Jackie clipped a short lead to the ring, then unclipped it and let it hang. "Meeting first. Then Stage B. You don't speak unless I tell you to. You don't decide who gets time. I do."

Jennifer's voice was low. "Yes, boss."

Conference Two went silent when they walked in.

Saiya sat at the head of the table, coffee untouched. The department heads and the new production coordinator stared at the collar for a full second before they remembered to look at anything else. Jackie took her usual seat near the head. Jennifer stood at her right shoulder, close

enough that the lead brushed Jackie's sleeve when she shifted.

Saiya's eyes lingered on the leather. "I see the new rules are being interpreted liberally."

Jackie met her gaze without heat. "Katie's rules. Corporate's clarification. The feeds are open. We're using them."

Saiya looked at Jennifer for a long moment, then back to the agenda. "Then let's keep the rest of the morning efficient."

The meeting ran twenty-eight minutes. No one mentioned the collar out loud. Every time Jennifer shifted her weight the silver ring caught the light and more than one person glanced at it. The new production coordinator dropped his pen twice. A line producer kept his eyes on his tablet with the rigid focus of a man trying not to look at the lead hanging against Jackie's wrist.

When it ended Jackie stood, clipped the lead back on, and walked Jennifer out without a word. They took the long way to Stage B—past open offices, past the main stairwell, past two different monitors already showing live corridor feeds. People slowed. A grip on the landing watched until they turned the corner. A visiting producer from the investor list actually opened his mouth, then closed it again when Jackie's expression stayed flat.

Stage B was empty except for a pair of techs striking a side wall. The bank lights were off. The space felt larger than usual. Jackie stopped in the center of the open floor, unclipped the lead, and pointed at the floor in front of her.

Jennifer went to her knees.

Jackie looked at the nearest camera, then at the two techs who had stopped working.

“Twenty minutes,” she said, voice clear enough to carry. “No permanent marks. She stays functional for the afternoon. Anyone who wants it asks me.”

One of the techs looked at the other. The other looked at Jennifer’s collar, then at Jackie.

Jackie waited.

The first one stepped forward.

“I do.”

Jackie nodded once. “Clock starts now.”

She stepped back, arms crossed, and watched.

Jennifer stayed on her knees, mouth already open, eyes on Jackie the entire time the tech used her. He was careful—too careful at first—until Jackie’s voice cut across the empty stage.

“She won’t break from that. Use her properly or step aside.”

He adjusted. Jennifer took it without complaint, the blank plate on the collar catching the work lights every time her head moved. When he finished and stepped away, breathing harder than he had been a minute earlier, the second tech asked.

Jackie gave the same nod. Same rules. Same calm attention.

By the time both were done Jennifer’s mouth was shiny and her breathing had gone rough. Jackie clipped the lead back on, helped her to her feet, and straightened the collar so the blank plate sat centered against her throat.

“Still functional?” Jackie asked quietly.

Jennifer’s voice was hoarse. “Yes, boss.”

“Good. North-lot walkthrough in fifteen. Keep the explanation boring.”

They walked out of Stage B with the lead still attached. The corridor monitors updated in real time. Somewhere on the lot, people were already pulling the new feed. A pair of PAs coming the other direction slowed, eyes dropping to the collar, then to the lead in Jackie's hand. One of them opened his mouth. Jackie's expression did not change. He closed it again and kept walking.

Jennifer spoke only once, low enough that only Jackie could hear.

"You're going to put words on it soon."

Jackie kept walking, the lead loose but present between them. "When I'm ready. Until then they can read the blank and wonder."

The rest of the afternoon stayed professional on the surface. North-lot access lists. A revised overnight crew request. A short argument with a set designer who wanted to open a hot set for "vibes." Jackie shut it down with one look. Jennifer stayed at her shoulder, collar visible, lead clipped or unclipped depending on how many people were watching. Twice more someone asked—once a visiting coordinator, once a camera operator between setups. Jackie gave each of them fifteen minutes in an open side office with the door left wide and the camera already live. Jennifer went to her knees both times without being told. Jackie watched both times without looking away.

By the time they closed the board at six, the porn CCTV had archived four new sequences. Saiya sent no message. That was colder than any one-line reply.

Jennifer read the lack of a text in the parking structure and laughed once, sharp. "She's not even pretending to supervise the feeds anymore."

Jackie opened the car. "Get in."

She drove them one structure over again, to the covered executive level. Engine off. Seat belts off. Jennifer waited with her hands on her thighs, the collar still buckled, the blank plate dull in the low light.

“Ask,” Jackie said.

Jennifer looked straight at her. “Handle me. Hard enough that I stop feeling the lead even when it’s not there.”

Jackie took her by the hair, pulled her across the console, and used her mouth with no interest in softness. Jennifer opened for it at once, the collar ring clicking softly against Jackie’s wrist every time she moved. When Jackie finally pulled her off, Jennifer stayed bent, breathing hard, forehead against Jackie’s hip.

“Home,” Jackie said. “That was enough.”

Jennifer sat back, wiped her mouth, and touched the blank plate once with two fingers. “You’re going to engrave it.”

Jackie started the engine. “Soon.”

On the drive home the city moved past like ordinary life. Behind them the studio held their restored names, an open porn CCTV grid, and a new set of archived sequences that already included the collar. Ahead of them the mansion waited with live lenses and a facedown black packet that felt, for the first time, like it was waiting on the leather around Jennifer’s throat instead of the other way around.

Jennifer spoke only once more before the gate.

“If someone asks for an hour tomorrow instead of twenty minutes, are you going to give it to them?”

Jackie’s hands stayed steady on the wheel. “If they ask me. If she stays functional. If it doesn’t cost us schedule. Yes.”

Jennifer smiled at the side window, small and sincere. “Good.”

The gate opened.

The house accepted them under watch.

Jackie unbuckled the collar in the front hall and set it on the side table next to the sealed packet. Two black rectangles, one leather, one paper, both still unfinished.

Jennifer looked at them side by side for a long moment.

“They’re going to look the same weight soon.”

Jackie came up behind her, slid both arms around her waist, and rested her chin on Jennifer’s shoulder.

“One of them opens when Katie says. The other opens when I decide the words are right. Until then you ask. And you stay functional.”

Jennifer leaned back into her. “Yes, boss.”

They ate standing up in the kitchen. Jennifer stole food off Jackie’s plate. Jackie let her, then put two fingers against her mouth when the stealing became performance. Jennifer laughed and surrendered the point.

Later, in bed, Jennifer put Jackie’s hand over her sternum and held it there.

“Stay.”

Jackie stayed.

In the living room the packet remained closed.

On the side table the blank collar waited beside it.

And somewhere beyond the cameras, Katie and Lilith—married, absolute, and still watching—let the first day of the collar settle exactly the way they wanted it:

visible, useful, and still only the beginning.

CHAPTER 6 — ENGRAVED

Jackie engraved the plate herself the next morning.

She sat at the kitchen island with the small handheld engraver Lena had left in the drawer beside the collar. Jennifer watched from the other side of the counter, coffee forgotten, while the needle bit clean letters into the silver.

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Jennifer read it upside down, then again right-side up when Jackie turned it toward her.

“Own for a Day felt too soft,” Jackie said. She blew the metal dust off and checked the depth. “This one makes them decide faster.”

Jennifer’s mouth curved. “You’re going to get more than twenty-minute requests.”

“I’m counting on it.” Jackie set the engraver aside, buckled the collar around Jennifer’s throat, and locked the small padlock through the ring with a quiet click. The key went into her own pocket. “All day today. Lead stays on between locations. Wrist cuffs when I say. You stay dressed enough to walk into a meeting without stopping traffic for the wrong reason. Anyone who wants time asks me. No permanent marks. No damage that puts us behind. You stay functional. Clear?”

Jennifer touched the new plate with two fingers, feeling the letters. “Clear.”

“Ask.”

Jennifer stepped in close. “Keep it on me until we get home. Let them read it. Let them ask for longer.”

Jackie kissed her once—hard, short, owned. “Car. Now.”

The lot read the plate before they reached the main entrance.

Carl's eyes dropped to Jennifer's throat, lingered on the engraved words, then flicked up to Jackie's face. He waved them through without comment, but the look stayed with him. Lisa met them inside, tablet already raised, and stopped dead when she saw the collar.

"Ms. Voss... Mrs. Voss. Ten o'clock production meeting is in Conference Two. Saiya's already seated. Also... three different department heads have already asked security if the overnight feeds from Stage B are cleared for general viewing."

Jackie took the tablet. "They are. Everything on the porn CCTV is cleared. Tell them to stop asking and start watching if they want to. We'll be on time."

They walked the long corridor to Conference Two with the lead clipped. People slowed. A pair of grips on the landing actually stepped aside and watched the plate pass at eye level. Someone in an open office doorway muttered the words under their breath and then pretended they hadn't.

Conference Two went quieter than the day before.

Saiya sat at the head of the table, coffee untouched. Her eyes went straight to the engraved plate and stayed there for a full three seconds. The new production coordinator dropped his pen again. A line producer across the table stared openly until Jackie's gaze pinned him and he looked down at his notes.

Jackie took her seat. Jennifer stood at her right shoulder, lead loose in Jackie's hand.

Saiya's voice was flat. "I see the interpretation has evolved."

Jackie met her eyes. "Katie's rules. Corporate's clarification. The plate just makes the terms easier to read."

Saiya looked at Jennifer, then at the plate, then back to the agenda.
“Try not to let the reading material delay the schedule.”

“It won’t.”

The meeting ran thirty-one minutes. No one mentioned the collar out loud. Every time Jennifer shifted, the silver letters caught the overhead lights and more than one person lost their place in the conversation. When it ended Jackie stood, kept the lead clipped, and walked Jennifer out without waiting for questions.

They took the long route to Stage C—past the main stairwell, past the open bullpen, past three different monitors already cycling the previous day’s Stage B feed. A visiting money man from the investor list stepped directly into their path, eyes on the plate.

“Is the offer open?”

Jackie stopped. Jennifer stopped with her, silent.

“Twenty minutes,” Jackie said. “No permanent marks. She stays functional. Clock starts when I say.”

The man nodded. Jackie pointed to the nearest open side office, door already wide, camera already live. She walked Jennifer inside, unclipped the lead, and pointed at the floor.

Jennifer went to her knees.

Jackie stepped back against the wall, arms crossed, and watched the full twenty minutes. When it was over she clipped the lead back on, straightened the collar so the plate sat centered, and walked Jennifer out past the money man without comment.

By noon three more people had asked.

Jackie gave each of them twenty minutes in open spaces—once in a stairwell landing between floors, once in the shared office with the door

left open, once against the wall outside the commissary while the lunch line pretended not to watch. Jennifer stayed on her knees or braced against whatever surface Jackie chose. The plate stayed visible. The lead stayed in Jackie's hand between uses. Every sequence hit the porn CCTV in real time.

At 1:40 a camera operator asked for forty minutes.

Jackie looked at him for a long second, then at Jennifer.

"Forty," she said. "Still no permanent marks. Still functional for the three o'clock walkthrough. Clock starts now."

She used an empty dressing room on Stage B. Door open. Camera already live. Jackie stayed inside the entire time, leaning against the makeup counter, watching. When the forty minutes ended Jennifer's mouth was swollen and her knees had gone red, but she stood when Jackie clipped the lead back on and answered the same quiet question.

"Still functional?"

"Yes, boss."

"Good. Walkthrough in fifteen. Keep the explanation boring."

The afternoon stayed professional on the surface. Access lists. A revised overnight request. A short argument with a set designer that Jackie shut down with one look. Jennifer stayed at her shoulder, collar locked, lead clipped or unclipped depending on how many people were watching. Twice more someone asked—once a grip, once a visiting coordinator. Jackie gave each of them twenty minutes and watched both.

By wrap, the porn CCTV had archived nine sequences. Saiya's silence was louder than a reply.

Jennifer touched the plate in the parking structure and laughed once, low. "They're going to start asking for half-days."

Jackie opened the car. "When they do, I'll decide. Get in."

She drove them one structure over again. Engine off. Jennifer waited with her hands on her thighs, the locked collar dull in the low light, the engraved words still readable.

"Ask," Jackie said.

Jennifer looked straight at her. "Handle me. Hard enough that the plate feels like it's part of my throat."

Jackie took her by the hair, pulled her across the console, and used her mouth with no interest in softness. The padlock clicked softly against Jackie's wrist every time Jennifer moved. When Jackie finally pulled her off, Jennifer stayed bent, breathing hard.

"Home," Jackie said. "That was enough."

On the drive home Jennifer spoke only once. "You're going to get an all-day request soon."

Jackie kept her eyes on the road. "When it comes, I'll decide if she stays functional. Until then you ask. And you stay on the lead between locations."

Jennifer smiled at the side window. "Yes, boss."

The gate opened. The house accepted them under watch.

Jackie unlocked the collar in the front hall and set it on the side table next to the sealed packet. The engraved plate faced up. Two black shapes, one leather, one paper, both heavier than they had been the day before.

Jennifer looked at them side by side.

"They're starting to feel the same."

Jackie came up behind her, slid both arms around her waist, and rested her chin on Jennifer's shoulder.

“One of them opens when Katie says. The other stays locked until I decide the day is over. Until then you ask. And you stay functional.”

Jennifer leaned back into her. “Yes, boss.”

They ate standing up in the kitchen. Jennifer stole food off Jackie’s plate. Jackie let her, then put two fingers against her mouth when the stealing became performance. Jennifer laughed and surrendered the point.

Later, in bed, Jennifer put Jackie’s hand over her sternum and held it there.

“Stay.”

Jackie stayed.

In the living room the packet remained closed.

On the side table the engraved collar waited beside it, plate facing the ceiling cameras.

And somewhere beyond the lenses, Katie and Lilith—married, absolute, and still watching—let the first full day of the engraved plate settle exactly the way they wanted it:

readable, useful, and still only the middle of the ramp.

CHAPTER 7 — HALF-DAY

The first half-day request came before coffee was finished.

Jackie was still in the kitchen when her phone lit up with a message from the new production coordinator. Polite. Direct. He had watched the overnight feeds. He wanted Jennifer from the end of the ten o’clock meeting until the three o’clock walkthrough. Four and a half hours. He understood the rules. No permanent marks. She stayed functional. He would ask Jackie in person if the answer needed to be

face-to-face.

Jennifer read the message over Jackie's shoulder, collar already buckled and locked from the moment she had stepped out of the shower. The engraved plate sat centered against her throat.

"He's not the only one who's going to ask," she said.

Jackie locked the phone and set it down. "I know. Lead stays on between every location. Wrist cuffs when I say. You stay dressed enough to walk the halls without stopping the entire grid. He gets you in open spaces or rooms with live cameras only. I check on you every hour. You stay functional for the walkthrough and whatever comes after. Clear?"

Jennifer touched the plate. "Clear."

"Ask."

Jennifer stepped in close. "Give it to him. Let them see an entire half-day on the feeds. Let them start calculating what a full day costs."

Jackie kissed her once—hard, short, owned. "Car. Now."

The lot read the locked collar and the lead before they cleared the entrance. Carl's eyes dropped to the plate, then to the short leather leash in Jackie's hand. Lisa met them inside, tablet raised, and this time she didn't stop the sentence. She just stared at the collar long enough that Jackie had to take the tablet from her hands.

"Ten o'clock is in Conference Two. Saiya's already seated. The coordinator is waiting outside the door. He said he messaged you."

"He did. Tell him the answer is yes. Four and a half hours. Rules stand."

They walked the corridor with the lead clipped. People slowed. Someone in an open doorway actually mouthed the words on the plate as they passed. A pair of grips on the landing stepped aside and watched

the entire length of the leash disappear around the corner.

Conference Two went silent when they entered.

Saiya's eyes went straight to the collar, then to the lead, then to Jackie's face. The department heads stared. The production coordinator stood near the wall, already looking at Jennifer like the clock had started.

Jackie took her seat. Jennifer stood at her shoulder.

Saiya's voice was flat. "I assume the half-day request was approved."

"It was. She'll be back for the three o'clock walkthrough. Functional."

Saiya looked at the plate for a long moment. "Try not to let the rental schedule become the main production."

"It won't."

The meeting ran twenty-six minutes. No one mentioned the collar out loud. When it ended Jackie stood, unclipped the lead, and handed it to the coordinator.

"Open spaces or rooms with live cameras only. I check every hour. She stays dressed enough to move between locations without incident. No permanent marks. She's back here at two-fifty for the walkthrough. Clear?"

"Clear."

Jackie looked at Jennifer. "You don't decide. He asks me if he wants to change locations or add time. You stay functional."

Jennifer's voice was low. "Yes, boss."

Jackie watched them leave the conference room together—Jennifer a half-step behind, lead now in someone else's hand, plate visible under the overhead lights. The corridor monitors updated in real time. Somewhere on the lot, people were already pulling the new feed.

Jackie spent the next four and a half hours running the building the way she always did. Access lists. A revised overnight crew request. A short argument with a set designer that ended with one look. Every hour she walked whatever location the coordinator had chosen—once an open side office, once a stairwell landing between floors, once the empty commissary after the lunch rush, once a dressing room on Stage B with the door left wide. Each time she found Jennifer on her knees or braced against a wall or bent over a surface, still dressed enough to look employed, collar locked, plate readable, and still able to meet Jackie's eyes and answer the same quiet question.

"Still functional?"

"Yes, boss."

Jackie checked the time, nodded once to the coordinator, and left them to the remaining minutes.

At two-fifty Jennifer walked back into Conference Two on the lead, mouth swollen, knees red, blouse wrinkled, and still steady on her feet. The coordinator handed the lead back to Jackie without being asked. Jackie clipped it on, straightened the plate, and looked her over once.

"Walkthrough in ten. Keep the explanation boring."

Jennifer's voice was hoarse. "Yes, boss."

By wrap, the porn CCTV held fourteen sequences, including the half-day. Saiya remained silent. ent people asked for twenty minutes afterward. Jackie gave each of them time in open spaces and watched both. By the time they closed the board at six the porn CCTV had archived fourteen new sequences, including the full half-day.

Saiya sent no message.

Jennifer touched the plate in the parking structure and laughed once,

low and rough. "They're going to ask for full days next."

Jackie opened the car. "When they do, I'll decide. Get in."

She drove them one structure over again. Engine off. Jennifer waited with her hands on her thighs, the locked collar dull in the low light, the engraved words still sharp.

"Ask," Jackie said.

Jennifer looked straight at her. "Handle me. Hard enough that the half-day feels like it belonged to you the entire time."

Jackie took her by the hair, pulled her across the console, and used her mouth with no interest in softness. The padlock clicked against her wrist every time Jennifer moved. When Jackie finally pulled her off, Jennifer stayed bent, breathing hard.

"Home," Jackie said. "That was enough."

On the drive home Jennifer spoke only once. "The packet's going to open soon."

Jackie kept her eyes on the road. "Probably. Don't write the ending in the parking structure."

The gate opened. The house accepted them under watch.

Jackie unlocked the collar in the front hall and set it on the side table next to the sealed packet. The engraved plate faced up. Two black shapes, one leather, one paper, both heavier than they had been that morning.

Jennifer looked at them side by side for a long moment.

"They're the same weight now."

Jackie came up behind her, slid both arms around her waist, and rested her chin on Jennifer's shoulder.

"One of them opens when Katie says. The other stays locked until I

decide the day is over. Until then you ask. And you stay functional.”

Jennifer leaned back into her. “Yes, boss.”

They ate standing up in the kitchen. Jennifer stole food off Jackie’s plate. Jackie let her, then put two fingers against her mouth when the stealing became performance. Jennifer laughed and surrendered the point.

Later, in bed, Jennifer put Jackie’s hand over her sternum and held it there.

“Stay.”

Jackie stayed.

In the living room the packet remained closed.

On the side table the engraved collar waited beside it, plate facing the ceiling cameras.

And somewhere beyond the lenses, Katie and Lilith—married, absolute, and still watching—let the first half-day settle exactly the way they wanted it:

logged, useful, and still only the next step on the ramp.

CHAPTER 8 — WALKED AWAY

The first full-day request arrived before the coffee finished brewing.

Jackie read it standing at the kitchen counter, collar already locked around Jennifer’s throat from the moment she stepped out of the shower. The engraved plate sat centered and clean.

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The message was from a visiting executive producer who had been on

the lot for three days and had watched every archived feed. He wanted Jennifer from first call until wrap. Full day. He understood the rules. No permanent marks. She stayed functional. He would check in with Jackie at every major location change.

Jennifer read it over her shoulder, lead already clipped and resting against Jackie's wrist.

"He's not asking for twenty minutes," she said.

"No." Jackie locked the phone. "Full day. Open spaces or rooms with live cameras only. I check every ninety minutes. Wrist cuffs when I say. You stay dressed enough to move between stages without stopping the entire grid. He doesn't get to take you off the lot. You're back here at wrap, still functional. Clear?"

Jennifer touched the plate. "Clear."

"Ask."

Jennifer stepped in close. "Give it to him. Let them watch an entire day. Let them see what the plate actually costs."

Jackie kissed her once—hard, short, owned. "Car. Now."

The lot read the locked collar and the full-day arrangement before they cleared security. Carl's eyes dropped to the plate, then to the lead, then to Jackie's face. He waved them through without speaking. Lisa met them inside, tablet raised, and this time she only said,

"He's waiting at Conference Two. Saiya's already seated. The full-day request is on the internal board. People are already pulling the live corridor feeds."

Jackie took the tablet. "Good. Tell him the answer is yes. Rules stand."

They walked the corridor with the lead clipped. People slowed.

Someone in an open doorway actually stepped out to watch the plate pass at eye level. A pair of grips on the landing moved aside and tracked the entire length of the leash until it disappeared around the corner.

Conference Two went silent.

Saiya's eyes went to the collar, then to the lead, then to the visiting producer standing near the wall. Jackie took her seat. Jennifer stood at her shoulder.

Saiya's voice was flat. "Full day."

"Full day. She'll be back at wrap. Functional."

Saiya looked at the plate for a long moment. "Try not to let the rental become the only thing the lot remembers about this week."

"It won't."

The meeting ran twenty-four minutes. When it ended Jackie unclipped the lead and handed it to the producer.

"Open spaces or rooms with live cameras only. I check every ninety minutes. She stays dressed enough to move. No permanent marks. She's back at the main entrance at wrap. Clear?"

"Clear."

Jackie looked at Jennifer. "You don't decide. He asks me if he wants to change locations or extend. You stay functional."

Jennifer's voice was low. "Yes, boss."

Jackie watched them leave together—Jennifer a half-step behind, lead now in someone else's hand, plate visible under the lights. The corridor monitors updated in real time.

Jackie spent the day running the building. Access lists. Overnight crew. A short argument with a set designer that ended with one look. Every ninety minutes she walked whatever location the producer had

chosen—an open side office, a stairwell landing, the empty commissary after lunch, a dressing room on Stage B with the door left wide, the loading dock between setups. Each time she found Jennifer on her knees or braced against a wall or bent over a surface, still dressed enough to look employed, collar locked, plate readable, and still able to meet Jackie's eyes.

"Still functional?"

"Yes, boss."

Jackie checked the time, nodded once to the producer, and left them to the remaining minutes.

At wrap Jennifer walked back to the main entrance on the lead, mouth swollen, knees red, blouse wrinkled, skirt crooked, and still steady on her feet. The producer handed the lead back without being asked. Jackie clipped it on, straightened the plate, and looked her over once.

"Car."

Jennifer's voice was hoarse. "Yes, boss."

They drove home in silence. The gate accepted the code. The door locked. The cameras made their soft electronic acknowledgments. Jackie unlocked the collar in the front hall and set it on the side table next to the sealed packet. The engraved plate faced up.

Jennifer looked at the two black shapes side by side.

"They're the same weight."

Jackie came up behind her, slid both arms around her waist, and rested her chin on Jennifer's shoulder.

"One of them opens when Katie says. The other stays locked until I decide the day is over. Until then you ask. And you stay functional."

Jennifer leaned back into her. "Yes, boss."

They were still standing there when the front door opened without a knock.

Lilith walked in like she already owned the threshold. Black dress, wedding band visible, expression calm. She looked at the collar on the table, then at Jennifer's bare throat, then at Jackie.

"Katie's on a call with corporate. She sent me." Lilith's voice was quiet and absolute. "The packet stays closed tonight. Jennifer comes with me."

Jackie didn't move. "For how long?"

"Until we decide otherwise." Lilith picked up the collar, turned the engraved plate toward the light, and then held out her hand. "Key."

Jackie took the small key from her pocket and set it in Lilith's palm. Lilith buckled the collar back around Jennifer's throat, locked it, and clipped the lead on with the same efficient motion Jackie had used all week.

Jennifer looked at Jackie once. No question. No protest. Only the same dark, steady acceptance she had worn every time the lead changed hands on the lot.

Lilith tested the lead, then nodded once to Jackie.

"She's functional. You've kept her that way. We'll keep her that way." She turned toward the door, lead in hand. "Don't open the packet. Don't come to the estate unless we call. Run the lot tomorrow like the kingdom is still yours. It is. Until we say otherwise."

Jackie stood in the front hall and watched Lilith walk Jennifer out into the night.

The door closed.

The cameras tracked the empty space where they had been.

On the side table the sealed packet remained facedown, suddenly the only black rectangle left.

Jackie locked the door, turned off the entry light, and stood there a long time listening to the house settle around the absence.

Somewhere beyond the lenses, Katie and Lilith—married, absolute, and still watching—had taken the next piece off the board.

And the ramp into whatever the packet contained had just gone vertical.

CHAPTER 9 — JACKIE — KEEPERS

Jackie had lost count of the rotations, but the hunger remained. nabated.

The room was windowless concrete, illuminated by a single bare bulb that swung on its wire with every movement. The air was thick with the scent of sweat, sex, and the faint ozone of the collar's electronics. Three men, assigned by Miss Black as her keepers, rotated her without a word or a hint of hurry. One held a short lead clipped to the heavy black collar at her throat, her wrists cuffed behind her back. The collar's plate remained blank. The others took their turns with the steady, workmanlike efficiency of men permitted to enjoy Miss Black's kitten until the collar dictated otherwise.

On her knees, cheek to the cold floor, she watched the third man step back. Naked save for collar and cuffs, her jumpsuit a torn heap, she was slick with sweat and use. Every muscle ached; her voice was a rough

rasp.

“Harder,” she rasped when the lead tightened and the keeper dragged her upright. “Miss Black’s kitten can take it harder than that.”

The senior keeper gave a short, amused huff. He looked at the others, received a nod and the quiet permission they all understood: they could rough the toy up more, as long as she stayed functional and the focus stayed on using her for pleasure.

They did.

The second man bent her over the metal table and shoved into her cunt hard enough to rock the table on its bolts. One hand locked in her hair, the other gripping the collar so each thrust pulled the ring tight against her throat. Jackie moaned brokenly and pushed back to meet him. When he pulled out the third man took his place immediately, adding a sharp open-handed slap across her ass every few strokes. Jackie gasped, then laughed once, low and filthy.

“Yes— like that. Don’t you dare go soft on me.”

They rotated her with fresh energy after that—one in her mouth while another took her from behind, then both of them using her at the same time while the third held the lead short and slapped her breasts and the insides of her thighs. Jackie came hard around the cock buried in her cunt, thighs shaking, and still begged for more between wet, choking breaths. The keepers gave it to her. Not the lethal, contemptuous damage Jennifer received on the other side of the board, but real roughness—harder thrusts, tighter grip on the collar, more slaps, more hair-pulling—all of it still aimed at exhausting her with pleasure rather than breaking her for its own sake.

By the time the senior keeper finally stepped back and unclipped the

lead for a moment, Jackie's legs would no longer hold her. She slid to her knees, chest heaving, chin shiny, the blank plate of the collar wet with her own spit and other people's come. Her eyes were dark with satisfied exhaustion.

That was when the collar made a small mechanical sound.

A soft whir. Then the distinct, rapid click-click-click of a miniature printer.

All three men stopped.

A thin strip of white paper began to emerge from a narrow slot hidden in the back of the collar plate. It unspooled slowly, the typing noise unnaturally loud in the sudden quiet. The senior keeper reached forward, tore the strip free when it finished, and read it under the swinging bulb.

His eyebrows rose once. He handed the strip to the others without comment. They read it in turn.

Jackie could not see the words, but she felt the shift in the room. The man who had still been half-inside her mouth pulled out. The one who had been waiting stepped back. The lead loosened.

The senior keeper spoke for the first time in nearly an hour.

"New assignment. Session's over."

They cleaned her with the same efficiency they had used her, but there was still a residual care in the way they handled Miss Black's property. A rough cloth and cold water. Impersonal hands wiping come and spit from her face, her chest, the insides of her thighs. One of them unlocked the wrist cuffs long enough to force her arms into the torn jumpsuit, then locked them again in front of her body. The printed strip was folded once and tucked into the front pocket of the jumpsuit,

directly over her heart.

The senior keeper clipped the lead back on, opened the only door, and pointed into the dark corridor beyond.

“Out, kitten. You know the protocol. Don’t stop until you reach the target.”

Jackie stepped through the doorway on legs that still trembled from how hard she had come. The corridor was colder and smelled of wet concrete and distant machine oil. Emergency lighting glowed a dull red along the floor at long intervals. Somewhere ahead a heavy door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss and stayed open, waiting.

Behind her the keepers were already turning back to their own business, the session logged and closed, the room being reset for whatever came next.

Jackie walked.

The printed orders sat against her chest like a second collar, unread by her but already obeyed. The heavy black collar remained locked around her throat, blank plate facing forward, the tiny printer slot now silent. Every few steps the lead — still held by no one — swung and tapped against her thigh.

She did not look back.

The corridor stretched longer than it should have. Her bare feet left faint damp prints on the concrete. The deep, satisfied ache between her legs and in her throat kept time with her pulse. Somewhere far behind the door she had left, one of the keepers laughed at something she could not hear.

Jackie kept walking into the red-lit dark, the new assignment already in motion, the old session still warm between her thighs.

Whatever waited at the end of the corridor, Miss Black had decided her kitten was ready for it.

She did not stop.

CHAPTER 10 — JENNIFER — KEEPERS

Jennifer had lost track of the blows long before she stopped counting the times they used her, yet she remained wet from every single impact.

The room was windowless concrete, lit by a flickering bulb that hummed with an incessant buzz. The air hung heavy with the stench of sweat, piss, sex, and blood. Four of Miss White's subordinates—two men, two women—treated her exactly as instructed: like a human mutt whose only purpose was to be broken and emptied until the collar spat out new orders.

She was on the floor, cheek pressed into a smear of her own spit and blood, when the current cycle peaked. One of the men had a knee in her back and was driving into her ass with short, vicious strokes while the other used her throat so hard her vision kept whitening out. One of the women sat on a crate and watched, occasionally leaning down to grind a cigarette out on Jennifer's bare shoulder or thigh. The fourth held the short lead clipped to the heavy black collar and yanked it whenever Jennifer's sounds got too loud or too quiet. The plate on the collar was blank. Her wrists were cuffed behind her back. She had been naked since they dragged her in.

Miss White did not care what they did to her while she waited.

Jennifer grinned through the blood in her mouth when the woman with the cigarette leaned down again.

“What’s the matter?” she rasped, voice ruined. “Miss Black’s soft little kitten couldn’t take a real beating so you have to take it out on the actual whore? Fucking pathetic. These mutts know how to hurt a girl properly.”

The woman laughed once, cold, and ground the cigarette out higher on Jennifer’s breast. The men took it as permission to get worse. They beat her when they got bored of fucking her — open hands, closed fists, the length of rubber hose one of them kept on a wall hook. Jennifer thanked them for it between wet, choking gasps and came hard when the hose landed across her already raw cunt. When she was too slow to thank them, they beat her harder and then fucked the broken, satisfied sounds out of her mouth and cunt and ass again. One of the women pissed on her face and forced her to swallow what she could; Jennifer swallowed greedily and asked for more. One of the men dragged her to the drain in the corner by the collar and made her clean it with her tongue while the others took turns kicking her ribs. Every time she tried to curl in on herself the lead yanked her flat again, and every time the pain spiked she got wetter.

Jennifer’s world had narrowed to pure, perfect pain and the thick, coppery taste of blood in her mouth. Her preferred place. The place where sex became secondary to the simple fact of being ruined. She had stopped fighting the noises they pulled from her hours ago and started feeding them instead — moaning when the hose cracked, laughing when they called her a worthless piece of shit, begging them to stop only so they would do the opposite.

They were still rotating her — one in her ass, one in her throat, the hose occasionally cracking across her thighs — when the collar made a small mechanical sound.

A soft whir. Then the distinct, rapid click-click-click of a miniature printer.

All four of them stopped.

A thin strip of white paper began to emerge from a narrow slot hidden in the back of the collar plate. It unspooled slowly, the typing noise unnaturally loud in the sudden quiet. The woman holding the lead tore the strip free when it finished and read it under the buzzing bulb.

She snorted once and tossed the strip onto Jennifer's bleeding back.

"New assignment. Mutt's done here."

They did not clean her.

They did not give her clothing.

One of them unlocked the wrist cuffs only long enough to bring them in front of her body and lock them again. The printed strip was shoved between her cuffed hands so she would have to carry it. The senior woman unclipped the lead, opened the only door, and pointed into the dark corridor with the toe of her boot.

"Out. Protocol's the same. Don't stop until you reach the target. And try not to die on the stairs—it leaves a mess."

Jennifer pushed herself up on shaking arms and knees. Blood and come and piss ran down her thighs and dripped from her chin. One eye was already swelling shut. Her lips were split. Every rib ached. She was still dripping wet between her legs. She gripped the crumpled printout between her cuffed hands and staggered through the doorway on bare, filthy feet, a broken little laugh still leaking out of her.

The corridor was colder and smelled of wet stone. Emergency lighting glowed a dull red along the floor at long intervals. Somewhere ahead a heavy door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss and stayed open, waiting.

Behind her the keepers were already turning back to their own business, the mutt session logged and closed, the floor still wet with what they had left of her.

Jennifer walked.

She was naked except for the heavy black collar, the cuffs, and the folded strip of paper. The blank plate faced forward, the tiny printer slot now silent. Every step sent fresh spikes of pain through her abused body, and every spike still made her clench with residual arousal. The unread orders sat against her palms like another set of restraints.

She did not stop.

Whatever waited at the end of the corridor, Miss White had decided the mutt was ready for it.

Jennifer kept walking into the red-lit dark, the new assignment already in motion, the old session still dripping down her legs and drying in the open wounds on her back, a filthy, satisfied smile still ghosting across her split lips.

CHAPTER 11 — JACKIE — PERIMETER

Jackie walked until the red emergency lights ended.

The corridor opened into a wider service tunnel that smelled of wet concrete, machine oil, and the faint musk of dogs. The printed strip still sat in the front pocket of her jumpsuit, unread but obeyed. The

heavy black collar remained locked around her throat, blank plate facing forward. Her wrists were still cuffed in front of her. Every step reminded her of the three hours the keepers had spent enjoying her; the deep, satisfied ache between her legs and in her throat had settled into something she could still walk on.

She had no map. No weapons. No additional gear. Only the orders Miss Black had printed into the collar and the protocol she already knew: keep moving toward the target. Do not stop.

The first dog found her before the first guard did.

It came out of a side passage low and fast, a large dark working breed that hit her square in the chest and drove her back against the tunnel wall. The impact knocked the air from her lungs. Jaws closed on the shoulder of her jumpsuit hard enough to bruise, not quite hard enough to break skin. A second dog appeared from the opposite direction and circled, growling, while the handler's boots echoed toward them at a controlled run.

The handler saw the collar and slowed.

He spoke into a throat mic, received a short answer, and lowered the small rifle he carried. The dogs did not release her until he gave a two-note whistle. Even then they only backed up a single pace, eyes bright, bodies still coiled.

"Protocol," the handler said, almost conversational. "Miss Black's kitten. We know the rules."

Jackie looked up at him through the hair in her face and gave a rough, breathless little laugh.

"Then stop being gentle. The kitten can take more than that."

The handler glanced at the dogs, then back at her. A short nod from

the throat mic gave him the limited permission they all understood: he could rough Miss Black's toy up more, as long as she stayed functional and the focus stayed on using her for pleasure.

He did.

He took her to a concrete alcove with a single work light and a metal bench. The dogs sat on short leads and watched while he bent her over the bench, shoved the jumpsuit down, and fucked her with hard, deep strokes that made the bench scrape across the floor. One hand stayed locked in her hair, the other gripping the collar so each thrust pulled the ring tight against her throat. Jackie moaned brokenly and pushed back to meet every stroke, asking for it harder between wet, gasping breaths. When he finished he turned her around, pushed her to her knees, and used her mouth just as roughly until he came a second time. The entire encounter lasted longer than the minimum protocol required.

He wiped himself on the sleeve of her jumpsuit, pulled the fabric back into place with residual care, and pointed deeper into the tunnel.

"Keep moving, kitten. Next layer's waiting."

Jackie fixed the collar, adjusted the cuffs, and walked on with the taste of him still in her mouth and a fresh, satisfied throb between her legs. The dogs and their handler disappeared back into the side passages behind her.

The tunnel branched twice. She took the downward path both times. The air grew colder. The red lights became farther apart.

The second capture happened at a junction where three corridors met.

Two guards this time. They saw the collar, exchanged a glance, and moved in. One clipped a temporary lead to the ring while the other

unlocked her wrist cuffs only long enough to re-cuff them behind her back. Jackie met their eyes and smiled, split-lipped and filthy.

“Don’t hold back on Miss Black’s account. She likes her kitten used properly.”

They received the same quiet permission and took it. They used her against the wall harder than the previous layer—one holding the lead short while the other shoved into her, then both of them rotating with real force, open-handed slaps across her breasts and thighs, tighter grip on the collar. Jackie came hard around the cock buried in her cunt and still begged for more between choking breaths. When they finished they restored the front cuffs, unclipped the temporary lead, and pointed down the left-hand corridor.

“Still deeper,” one of them said. “She’s expected.”

Jackie walked.

A spiral stairwell led down. Jackie counted three turns before dogs found her on the next level.

These were faster. They took her down hard and held her pinned until the handler arrived. He needed longer to call them off. When he finally did, he used her on the cold floor while the dogs watched. He took her mouth first, then her cunt, then her mouth again, one hand locked around the collar. Jackie moaned and pushed into every thrust, asking for it rougher, and he gave it to her within the limits he had been allowed. When he finished he stood, wiped his cock on her jumpsuit, and nodded toward a heavy door at the far end of the level.

“Through there. Keep moving, kitten.”

Jackie got to her feet on legs that trembled from how hard she had come. She fixed the collar, straightened the jumpsuit as much as the

damp fabric allowed, and walked toward the door. Behind her the dogs were already being led away.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was three meters away.

Jackie stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

The pattern held — guards, dogs, use, pointed deeper — but every encounter still carried the same quiet privilege and the same permission to be rougher because the kitten asked for it. They left her able to walk. They left her able to breathe. They left her able to continue, thoroughly used and still wanting more.

Jackie did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat unread but absolute in her pocket.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jackie kept walking into the dark, still steady enough to ask for it harder when the next layer found her.

CHAPTER 12 — JENNIFER — PERIMETER

Jennifer walked until the red emergency lights ended.

The corridor opened into a wider service tunnel that smelled of

wet concrete, machine oil, and the faint musk of dogs. She was naked except for the heavy black collar locked around her throat and the cuffs that kept her wrists together in front of her. The folded printout remained gripped between her hands. Every step sent fresh spikes of pain through the open cigarette burns, the bruised ribs, and the raw flesh between her legs — and every spike still made her clench with residual arousal. Bare feet left damp, bloody prints on the concrete.

She had no map. No clothing. No additional gear. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

The first dog found her before the first guard did.

A dog hit her chest, pinning her to the stone while teeth broke skin on her shoulder. A second dog clamped onto her thigh. The handler took his time, watching the dogs worry her before whistling them off.

“Protocol,” he said, looking down at the bleeding mutt on the floor. “We don’t care what condition you’re in when you arrive. Only that you arrive.”

Jennifer grinned through the blood in her mouth, one eye already starting to swell.

“What’s the matter — Miss Black’s soft little kitten couldn’t take real dogs so you had to keep them gentle for her? Fucking pathetic. These ones seem to know how to hurt a proper whore.”

The handler laughed once, cold, and let the dogs have another ten seconds before calling them off properly. Then he used her right there against the wall while the animals sat and watched. He bent her forward by the collar, slammed into her raw cunt without preparation, and fucked her with short, vicious strokes that forced broken, wet sounds out of her with every thrust. Jennifer pushed back into it, moaning when the

pain spiked, and came hard when he drove especially deep. When he finished he turned her around, shoved her to her knees on the bloody concrete, and used her throat until she gagged and choked. She swallowed everything he gave her and laughed again when he wiped himself on her hair.

He pointed deeper into the tunnel with the toe of his boot.

“Move, mutt. Next ones won’t be as gentle.”

Jennifer pushed herself up on shaking arms. Blood ran from the tooth punctures on her shoulder and thigh. She was still dripping wet between her legs. She gripped the crumpled printout between her cuffed hands and staggered on, a filthy little smile still on her split lips.

The tunnel branched twice. She took the downward path both times. The air grew colder. The red lights became farther apart.

The second capture happened at a junction where three corridors met.

Three guards this time. They saw the collar and the state of her and smiled. One clipped a temporary lead to the ring and dragged her to the wall hard enough to leave new scrapes down her back. Jennifer looked at them through the hair stuck to her bloody face and gave them the same vicious grin.

“Don’t hold back on my account. The kitten gets the soft treatment. The mutt can take whatever you’ve got.”

They took that as the invitation it was. Two of them used her at the same time—one in her cunt, one in her throat—while the third smoked and occasionally stepped in to slap her face or grind a boot against the open bites on her thigh. Jennifer came twice while they ruined her, laughing and cursing and thanking them between choking gasps. When

they finally finished they left her on her hands and knees, dripping, and pointed down the left-hand corridor.

“Still deeper, piece of shit. Try not to pass out on the stairs.”

Jennifer crawled the first few meters before she forced herself back to her feet. Her bare feet were filthy and leaving red prints now. The collar felt like it was closing around her windpipe. The unread printout sat against her palms like another set of cuffs. She was still wet, still aching, still hungry for the next layer of pain.

The corridor ended in a metal stairwell that spiraled downward. Each step was a separate punishment and a separate pulse of arousal. She lost count of the turns. When the stairwell finally opened onto another service floor the dogs were already waiting.

Four of them this time. They took her down in a snarling heap and were allowed to keep her pinned and bleeding for almost a full minute before the handler bothered to call them off. He used her on the cold concrete while the dogs circled and growled, occasionally darting in to nip at her calves or the soles of her feet. Jennifer moaned into the floor every time teeth or cock pushed her further into the pain, and she came hard when he finally forced himself down her throat and held her there. When he finished he stood, kicked her once in the ribs for good measure, and nodded toward a heavy door at the far end of the level.

“Through there. Don’t die yet. She still needs the mutt breathing.”

Jennifer got to her feet because the only other option was to stay on the floor and be used again. She fixed the collar with trembling, cuffed hands, gripped the blood-smeared printout, and staggered toward the door. Behind her the dogs were already being pulled away, disappointed.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters

away.

Jennifer stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

Blood ran down her legs. One eye was nearly closed. Every breath scraped. Every step still made her clench with residual, filthy satisfaction. The pattern would hold — more guards, more dogs, more pain, pointed deeper — because no one in this place cared how much of the mutt was left when she finally reached the target, and because the mutt herself was still getting exactly what she wanted.

Jennifer did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat unread but absolute between her hands.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jennifer kept walking into the dark, leaving a trail of bloody footprints behind her and a broken, satisfied little laugh floating in the red-lit air.

CHAPTER 13 — JACKIE — SUB-LEVEL

Jackie walked the red-lit corridor until the floor itself began to slope downward.

The air grew colder with every step. The printed strip still rode in the pocket over her heart. The heavy black collar remained locked, blank

plate facing forward. Her wrists were still cuffed in front of her. The jumpsuit was damp, torn at one shoulder, and marked with the evidence of every man who had used her since the keepers. She was sore in the best way, tired, and still steady.

She had no map. No weapons. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

The first capture on this level came without dogs.

Two guards stepped out of a recessed alcove as if they had been waiting for the sound of her bare feet. They saw the collar, exchanged a single glance, and moved in with the quiet efficiency reserved for valued property. One clipped a temporary lead to the ring while the other unlocked her wrist cuffs only long enough to re-cuff them behind her back. Jackie met their eyes and gave a rough, breathless little smile.

“Don’t be gentle. The kitten can take more than the last layer gave her.”

They received the limited permission they all understood and took it. They used her against the corridor wall harder than the previous pairs — one holding the lead short and high so she had to stand on her toes, the other shoving the jumpsuit down and fucking her with firm, deep strokes that made her moan and push back for more. The man on the lead used her mouth at the same time. They rotated once, adding open-handed slaps across her breasts and thighs, tighter grip on the collar, real force. Jackie came hard around the cock buried in her cunt and still asked for it rougher between wet, choking breaths. When they finished they restored the front cuffs, unclipped the temporary lead, and pointed farther down the sloping corridor.

“Still deeper,” one of them said. “She’s expected.”

Jackie walked.

The corridor ended in another metal stairwell, narrower than the last. Each step sent a dull, pleasurable spike through the fresh bruises. She counted four full turns before the stairwell opened onto a wide, low-ceilinged service floor lit by rows of recessed white lights. Along the far wall a series of heavy reinforced doors stood closed. One of them had a small red indicator glowing above the frame.

She was halfway across the open floor when the dogs found her again.

Three this time, larger than the previous sets. They took her down hard — one at each shoulder, one at the hip — and held her pinned on her stomach on the cold concrete. The handler who arrived needed almost a full minute to call them off. When he finally did, Jackie looked up at him through the hair stuck to her face and laughed, low and filthy.

“Took you long enough. The kitten was starting to think you’d gone soft.”

He gave her the same limited permission and used her right there on the floor while the dogs sat in a tight semicircle watching. He took her mouth first, then her cunt, then her mouth again, one hand locked around the collar, the other delivering sharp slaps to her thighs and ass whenever she asked for more. Jackie moaned and pushed into every thrust, coming once while he was buried in her throat and again when he switched back to her cunt. When he finished he stood, wiped his cock on the already filthy jumpsuit, and nodded toward the door with the red indicator.

“Through there. Keep moving, kitten.”

Jackie got to her feet on legs that trembled from how hard she had

come. She fixed the collar, straightened the jumpsuit as much as the damp fabric allowed, and walked toward the glowing red light. Behind her the dogs were already being led away.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters away.

Jackie stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

The next capture came at a blind corner. Two more guards, faster this time. They had her against the wall before she could react. Jackie didn't wait for them to decide how rough to be.

"Harder," she rasped as soon as the temporary lead clipped on. "Miss Black's kitten didn't come this far for gentle."

They gave it to her within the limits they had. Temporary lead short, jumpsuit shoved down, one of them already inside her while the other used her mouth. They were rougher than the previous pairs — tighter grip on the collar, harder thrusts, more slaps — but still stopped short of the kind of damage that would keep her from continuing. Jackie came hard between them and still begged for more until they were finished. When they pointed her down the corridor she went with fresh come running down her thighs and a satisfied, exhausted little smile on her face.

Jackie walked.

Her bare feet were filthy. The jumpsuit hung open. The collar felt heavier with every hour. The unread printout sat against her chest like a

second pulse. She had stopped trying to wipe the latest load from her chin; there was no point, and she liked the reminder.

Another stairwell. Another downward spiral. Another open service floor that looked almost identical to the last. She crossed it without being stopped and entered the next corridor on the far side.

The pattern held.

Guards. Dogs. Use. Pointed deeper.

Every encounter still carried the same quiet privilege and the same permission to be rougher because the kitten asked for it. They left her able to walk. They left her able to breathe. They left her able to continue, thoroughly used and still wanting more.

Jackie did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat unread but absolute in her pocket.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jackie kept walking into the dark, still steady enough to ask for it harder when the next layer found her.

CHAPTER 14 — JENNIFER — SUB-LEVEL

Jennifer walked the red-lit corridor until the floor itself began to slope downward.

The air grew colder with every step. She was still naked except for the heavy black collar locked around her throat and the cuffs that kept her wrists together in front of her. The folded printout remained gripped

between her hands. Blood from the earlier bites had dried in dark streaks down her shoulder and thigh. Every breath scraped. Every step sent fresh spikes of pain through the open wounds and the raw flesh between her legs — and every spike still made her clench with residual, filthy arousal. Bare feet left damp, bloody prints on the concrete.

She had no map. No clothing. No additional gear. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

The first capture on this level came with dogs already waiting.

Four of them this time, larger and heavier than the previous sets. They hit her from both sides and drove her flat onto the cold concrete before the handler even appeared. Jaws locked on her shoulders, her hip, the back of one thigh. They shook her hard enough to make her vision gray out. The handler who finally arrived took his time. He watched them worry the mutt for almost a full minute, smoking, before he gave the short whistle that pulled them back.

Jennifer grinned through the blood in her mouth, one eye swelling shut.

“What’s the matter — Miss Black’s soft little kitten couldn’t take real dogs so you had to keep them gentle for her? Fucking pathetic. These ones seem to know how to hurt a proper whore.”

The handler laughed once, cold, and let the dogs have another ten seconds before calling them off properly. Then he and the two guards with him let the animals have her properly.

One dog mounted her from behind while she was still face-down and forced its cock into her already raw cunt with short, brutal thrusts. A second pushed at her face until she opened her mouth and then shoved in deep, choking her. The men stood in a loose semicircle and laughed

while the animals worked. When the first dog's knot started to swell the handler only crouched lower to watch it lock inside her cunt. Jennifer's body jerked and convulsed around it; she came hard, screaming around the cock buried in her throat. The second knot forced its way past her teeth and lodged deep, cutting off air completely. She gagged, eyes bulging, cuffed hands scrabbling uselessly against the concrete, and still came a second time from the pure, perfect lack of air and the stretch.

The guards found it hilarious.

"Stupid fucking mutt can't even take a dog knot without coming."

"Look at her choke and cream. Useless piece of shit."

"Miss White really sent us the bottom of the barrel this time."

They left the dogs locked in her for several long minutes, occasionally kicking her ribs or grinding a boot on the back of her neck when her struggles got too loud. Jennifer thrashed and moaned and laughed brokenly around the knot in her throat the entire time. Only when both knots finally softened did the handler call the animals off. Jennifer collapsed onto her side, gasping wet, broken breaths, come and blood running from her mouth and cunt, still shaking with aftershocks.

Then the men took their turn.

They were rougher than the dogs. One dragged her up by the collar and bent her over a low pipe so the second could force his cock into her ass while the first used her bruised throat. They swapped. They spit on her. They slapped her face every time she gagged too hard. Jennifer pushed back into every thrust, came again when one of them punched her in the ribs while buried in her ass, and kept the filthy, defiant grin on her face even when it was split and bloody. One of them came in her ass and immediately shoved a dog's muzzle between her cheeks so it

could clean her. Another finished down her throat and held her nose closed until she swallowed. She swallowed and laughed.

When they finally finished they left her on her hands and knees, dripping from every hole, and pointed farther down the sloping corridor.

“Still deeper, piece of shit. Try not to die on the stairs. It leaves a mess the dogs have to lick up.”

Jennifer crawled the first several meters because her legs would not hold her. Come, blood, and dog saliva ran down her thighs and dripped from her chin. She forced herself back to her feet only after the sound of the dogs being led away faded. The printout was almost unreadable now, soaked through with everything that had come out of her. She was still wet, still aching, still hungry for the next layer of pain.

The corridor ended in another metal stairwell. Each step was a separate punishment and a separate pulse of arousal. She lost count of the turns. When the stairwell finally opened onto another service floor the pattern repeated — more dogs, more guards, more knots forced into her ass and throat while they watched and laughed and called her things that no longer even sounded like words. Jennifer came from the pain, laughed through the blood, and asked for more even when her voice was gone. They used her until she could no longer stand, then dragged her the last few meters by the collar and dropped her in front of a heavy door with a red indicator light.

“Through there. Don’t die in the doorway. It blocks the fucking sensors.”

Jennifer got to her knees, then her feet, because the only other option was to stay on the floor and be used again. She fixed the collar with trembling, cuffed hands, gripped what was left of the printout, and

staggered toward the door. Behind her the dogs were already being pulled away, still interested in the trail she was leaving.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters away.

Jennifer stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

Blood and come ran down her legs in continuous streams. Every breath was a wet rattle. Every step still made her clench with residual, filthy satisfaction. The pattern would hold — more dogs, more guards, more knots, more laughing, pointed deeper — because no one in this place cared how much of the mutt was left when she finally reached the target, and because the mutt herself was still getting exactly what she wanted.

Jennifer did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat unread but absolute between her ruined hands.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jennifer kept walking into the dark, leaving a thicker trail of bloody, filthy footprints behind her and a broken, satisfied little laugh floating in the red-lit air.

CHAPTER 15 — JACKIE — DEEPER

Jackie walked the red-lit corridor until the air itself felt heavier.

The printed strip still rode in the pocket over her heart. The heavy black collar remained locked, blank plate facing forward. Her wrists were still cuffed in front of her. The jumpsuit was little more than damp, torn rags now — one shoulder completely open where successive dogs had gripped her, the seat of the pants ripped and hanging, the front stained with everything the previous layers had left on her. She was sore in every place a body could be sore, thoroughly used, and still steady on her feet. The deep, satisfied ache between her legs and in her throat had become a constant companion she almost liked. Every step reminded her how hard she had already come and how much more she still wanted.

She had no map. No weapons. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

The first capture on this deeper stretch came without warning.

Two guards stepped out of the dark as if the corridor itself had produced them. They saw the collar and the state of her clothing and moved in with the quiet efficiency reserved for valued property. One clipped a temporary lead to the ring while the other unlocked her wrist cuffs only long enough to re-cuff them behind her back. Jackie met their eyes through the hair stuck to her face and gave a rough, breathless little smile.

“Don’t be gentle. The kitten’s been waiting for someone to stop holding back.”

They received the limited permission they all understood and took it. They used her against the wall harder than the previous layers — one holding the lead short and high so she had to stand on her toes, the other shoving what remained of the jumpsuit aside and fucking her with

firm, deep strokes that made her moan and push back for more. The man on the lead used her mouth at the same time, fingers tight in her hair. They rotated once, adding open-handed slaps across her breasts and the insides of her thighs, tighter grip on the collar, real force that rocked her onto her toes with every thrust. Jackie came hard around the cock buried in her cunt, thighs shaking, and still asked for it rougher between wet, choking breaths.

“Harder— fuck, don’t you dare go soft on me now—”

They gave her what she asked for within the limits they had. When they finished they restored the front cuffs, unclipped the temporary lead, and pointed farther down the corridor.

“Still deeper, kitten. She’s waiting.”

Jackie walked on unsteady but willing legs, fresh come running down her thighs, the taste of both men still thick on her tongue.

The corridor ended in another metal stairwell, steeper and narrower than the last. Each step sent a dull, pleasurable spike through the layered bruises on her hips and thighs. She counted five full turns, breathing through the ache the way she had learned to breathe through everything else, before the stairwell opened onto a wide service floor lit by cold white strips. The air was noticeably colder. Along the far wall more reinforced doors stood closed. One of them had a steady amber indicator instead of red.

She was halfway across the open floor when the dogs found her.

Four this time, heavier and quieter until the final moment. They took her down hard — shoulders, hip, the back of one thigh — and held her pinned on her stomach on the cold concrete. The handler who arrived needed almost a full minute to call them off. When he finally did, Jackie

lifted her head as much as the collar and the remaining dog weight allowed and laughed, low and filthy.

“Took you long enough. The kitten was starting to think you’d gone soft on Miss Black’s property.”

He gave her the same limited permission and used her right there on the concrete while the dogs sat in a tight semicircle watching. He took her mouth first, shoving deep enough to make her eyes water, then her cunt with hard, thorough strokes, then her mouth again. One hand stayed locked around the collar so every thrust pulled the ring tight against her throat; the other delivered sharp, measured slaps to her thighs and ass whenever she asked for more. Jackie moaned and pushed into every thrust, coming once while he was buried in her throat and again when he switched back to her cunt, the sounds she made half pleasure and half demand.

“Yes— like that— don’t stop—”

When he finished he stood, wiped his cock on the remains of her jumpsuit, and nodded toward the door with the amber light.

“Through there. Keep moving.”

Jackie got to her feet on legs that trembled from how hard she had come. She fixed the collar, pulled the torn fabric back into some kind of order, and walked toward the door. Behind her the dogs were already being led away.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters away.

Jackie stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she

heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

The next capture came at a blind corner. Three guards this time. They had her against the wall before she could react — temporary lead clipped, what was left of the jumpsuit shoved down. Jackie didn't wait for them to decide how rough to be.

"Harder," she rasped the moment the lead went taut. "Miss Black's kitten didn't come this far for gentle. Use me properly."

They gave it to her within the limits they had. Two of them used her at once while the third held the lead short and watched, occasionally leaning in to slap her breasts or the insides of her thighs. The use was harder than the previous pairs — tighter grip on the collar, deeper thrusts, more force — but still stopped short of the kind of damage that would keep her from continuing. Jackie came hard between them, moaning and cursing and begging for more until they were finished. When they finally pointed her down the corridor she went with fresh come running down her thighs, her mouth shiny, and a satisfied, exhausted little smile on her face.

Jackie walked.

Her bare feet were filthy. The jumpsuit hung in pieces. The collar felt heavier with every hour. The unread printout sat against her chest like a second pulse. She had stopped trying to wipe the latest load from her chin; there was no point, and she liked the reminder of how thoroughly she was still being enjoyed.

Another stairwell. Another downward spiral. Another open service floor that looked almost identical to the last. She crossed it without being stopped and entered the next corridor on the far side.

The pattern held.

Guards. Dogs. Use. Pointed deeper.

Every encounter still carried the same quiet privilege and the same permission to be rougher because the kitten asked for it. They left her able to walk. They left her able to breathe. They left her able to continue, thoroughly used, still wet, and still wanting more.

Jackie did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat unread but absolute in her pocket.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jackie kept walking into the dark, still steady enough to ask for it harder when the next layer found her.

CHAPTER 16 — JENNIFER — DEEPER

Jennifer walked the red-lit corridor until the air itself felt like it was trying to stop her lungs.

She was still naked except for the heavy black collar locked around her throat and the cuffs that kept her wrists together in front of her. The folded printout was a soaked, bloody pulp between her hands. Fresh and old blood ran in sticky lines down her shoulder, her thigh, the backs of her legs. One eye was swollen completely shut. Every breath whistled through a throat that still felt stretched around a knot. Every step sent fresh spikes of pain through the open wounds and the raw flesh between her legs — and every spike still made her clench with residual, filthy

arousal. Bare feet left thick, dark prints on the concrete.

She had no map. No clothing. No additional gear. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

The first capture on this deeper stretch came with dogs already loose.

Five of them this time. They hit her in a coordinated rush and drove her flat onto the concrete before any human voice spoke. Jaws locked on both shoulders, both thighs, and the back of her neck. They shook her hard enough that something in her left shoulder gave with a wet pop. The handler who eventually strolled into view took his time. He lit a cigarette and watched the mutt thrash for almost two full minutes before he gave the whistle.

Jennifer grinned through the blood in her mouth, one eye swollen shut, and forced the words out anyway.

“What’s the matter — Miss Black’s soft little kitten couldn’t take real dogs so you had to keep them gentle for her? Fucking pathetic. These ones seem to know how to hurt a proper whore.”

The handler laughed once, cold, and let the dogs have another fifteen seconds before calling them off properly. Then he and the three guards with him let the animals have her properly.

Two of them mounted her while she was still pinned. One forced its cock into her bleeding cunt and began the short, savage thrusts that would end in a knot. The other pushed at her face until her jaw was forced open and then shoved deep into her throat. The men stood in a loose circle and laughed while the animals worked. When the knots started to swell they crouched lower to watch. The knot in her cunt locked first, stretching her open until she screamed around the cock buried in her throat — and came hard, body convulsing. The second knot

forced its way past her teeth and lodged deep, cutting off air completely. Jennifer's eyes bulged; her cuffed hands clawed at the concrete hard enough to tear nails; she came a second time from the pure, perfect lack of air and the brutal stretch, a broken, wet sound vibrating around the knot in her throat.

The guards found it better than the last time.

"Look at the stupid mutt choke on dog cock and still cream."

"Knotted at both ends like the worthless whore she is."

"Should leave them locked in her until she passes out."

They almost did. Jennifer thrashed and moaned and laughed brokenly around the knot in her throat the entire time, the pain and the humiliation feeding the same filthy heat between her legs. Only when her struggles weakened to weak twitches did the handler finally call the dogs off. Both knots pulled free with wet, painful sounds. She collapsed onto her side, gagging up strings of dog come and blood, chest heaving in shallow, panicked pulls of air, still shaking with aftershocks.

Then the men took their turn.

They were worse than the dogs. One dragged her up by the collar and slammed her face-first into the wall so the second could force his cock into her already ruined ass. The third used her throat while she was still trying to remember how to breathe. They swapped positions without ever letting her knees touch the floor for long. They slapped her, punched her ribs, spat on her, and kept up the steady stream of names — mutt, cumrag, dog toilet, waste of skin, something that should have been drowned at birth. Jennifer pushed back into every thrust, came again when one of them punched her in the ribs while buried in her ass, and kept the filthy, defiant grin on her face even when it was split and

bloody. One of them came in her ass and immediately shoved a dog's muzzle between her cheeks so it could clean her out. Another finished down her throat and held her nose closed until she swallowed. She swallowed, laughed, and asked for more in a voice that barely worked.

When they finally finished they left her in a heap on the concrete and pointed farther down the corridor with a boot.

"Still deeper, piece of shit. Crawl if you have to. She still wants the mutt delivered breathing."

Jennifer crawled because her left arm no longer worked properly and her legs would not take her weight. Come, blood, and dog saliva ran down her thighs and dripped from her chin in thick ropes. She forced herself back to her feet only after the sound of the dogs being led away faded. The printout was almost unreadable now, soaked through with everything that had come out of her. She was still wet, still aching, still hungry for the next layer of pain.

The corridor ended in another metal stairwell. Each step was a separate, private hell and a separate pulse of arousal. She lost count of the turns and of the times she had to stop and vomit bile and blood onto the steps. When the stairwell finally opened onto another service floor the pattern repeated — more dogs, more guards, more knots forced into her ass and throat while they watched and laughed and called her things that no longer even sounded like words. Jennifer came from the pain, laughed through the blood, and asked for more even when her voice was gone. They used her until she could no longer stand, then dragged her the last few meters by the collar and dropped her in front of a heavy door with a steady amber indicator light.

"Through there. Don't die in the doorway. It blocks the fucking

sensors.”

Jennifer got to her knees, then her feet, because the only other option was to stay on the floor and be used again. She fixed the collar with one trembling hand and the useless remains of the other, gripped what was left of the printout, and staggered toward the door. Behind her the dogs were already being pulled away, still interested in the trail she was leaving.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters away.

Jennifer stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

Blood and come ran down her legs in continuous streams. Every breath was a wet rattle. Every step still made her clench with residual, filthy satisfaction. The pattern would hold — more dogs, more guards, more knots, more laughing, pointed deeper — because no one in this place cared how much of the mutt was left when she finally reached the target, and because the mutt herself was still getting exactly what she wanted.

Jennifer did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat unread but absolute between her ruined hands.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jennifer kept walking into the dark, leaving a thick, wet trail of bloody

footprints and worse behind her, a broken, satisfied little laugh still leaking out of her on every other breath.

CHAPTER 17 — JACKIE — INNER

Jackie walked the red-lit corridor until the cold started to feel personal.

The printed strip still rode in the pocket over her heart. The heavy black collar remained locked, blank plate facing forward. Her wrists were still cuffed in front of her. What was left of the jumpsuit hung off her in filthy, torn strips — one shoulder completely gone, the seat ripped open, the front stiff with dried come. She was sore in every place a body could be sore, thoroughly used from every previous layer, and still steady on her feet. The deep, satisfied ache between her legs and in her throat had become something she carried like a second heartbeat. Every step reminded her how hard she had already come and how much more she still wanted.

She had no map. No weapons. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

The first capture on this inner stretch came without dogs.

Three guards stepped out of a recessed section of wall as if they had been waiting for the exact sound of her bare feet. They saw the collar and the state of her and moved in with the quiet efficiency reserved for valued property. One clipped a temporary lead to the ring while the other two unlocked her wrist cuffs only long enough to re-cuff them behind her back. Jackie met their eyes through the hair stuck to her face

and gave a rough, breathless little smile.

“Don’t be gentle. The kitten’s been waiting for someone to stop holding back.”

They received the limited permission they all understood and took it. They used her against the corridor wall harder than the previous layers — one holding the lead short and high so she had to stand on her toes, the other two taking turns in her cunt and her mouth with firm, deep strokes that made her moan and push back for more. Open-handed slaps landed across her breasts and the insides of her thighs. The grip on the collar stayed tight enough to make every thrust pull the ring against her throat. Jackie came hard around the cock buried in her cunt, thighs shaking, and still asked for it rougher between wet, choking breaths.

“Harder— fuck, don’t you dare go soft on me now—”

They gave her what she asked for within the limits they had. When they finished they restored the front cuffs, unclipped the temporary lead, and pointed farther down the corridor.

“Still deeper, kitten. She’s waiting.”

Jackie walked on unsteady but willing legs, fresh come running down her thighs, the taste of all three men still thick on her tongue.

The corridor ended in another metal stairwell, steeper and narrower than the last. Each step sent a dull, pleasurable spike through the layered bruises on her hips and thighs. She counted six full turns, breathing through the ache the way she had learned to breathe through everything else, before the stairwell opened onto a wide service floor lit by cold white strips. The air was noticeably colder. Along the far wall more reinforced doors stood closed. One of them had a steady amber indicator.

She was halfway across the open floor when the dogs found her.

Five this time, heavier and quieter until the final moment. They took her down hard — shoulders, hips, the back of one thigh — and held her pinned on her stomach on the cold concrete. The handler who arrived needed almost a full minute to call them off. When he finally did, Jackie lifted her head as much as the collar and the remaining dog weight allowed and laughed, low and filthy.

“Took you long enough. The kitten was starting to think you’d gone soft on Miss Black’s property.”

He received the same limited permission and used her right there on the concrete while the dogs sat in a tight semicircle watching. He took her mouth first, shoving deep enough to make her eyes water, then her cunt with hard, thorough strokes, then her mouth again. One hand stayed locked around the collar so every thrust pulled the ring tight against her throat; the other delivered sharp, measured slaps to her thighs and ass whenever she asked for more. Jackie moaned and pushed into every thrust, coming once while he was buried in her throat and again when he switched back to her cunt, the sounds she made half pleasure and half demand.

“Yes— like that— don’t stop—”

When he finished he stood, wiped his cock on the remains of her jumpsuit, and nodded toward the door with the amber light.

“Through there. Keep moving.”

Jackie got to her feet on legs that trembled from how hard she had come. She fixed the collar, pulled the torn fabric back into some kind of order, and walked toward the door. Behind her the dogs were already being led away.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters away.

Jackie stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

The next capture came at a blind corner. Four guards this time. They had her against the wall before she could react — temporary lead clipped, what was left of the jumpsuit shoved down. Jackie didn't wait for them to decide how rough to be.

"Harder," she rasped the moment the lead went taut. "Miss Black's kitten didn't come this far for gentle. Use me properly."

They received the limited permission and gave it to her within the limits they had. Two of them used her at once while the other two held the lead short and took turns slapping her breasts, her thighs, the side of her face. The use was harder than the previous pairs — tighter grip on the collar, deeper thrusts, more force — but still stopped short of the kind of damage that would keep her from continuing. Jackie came hard between them, moaning and cursing and begging for more until they were finished. When they finally pointed her down the corridor she went with fresh come running down her thighs, her mouth shiny, and a satisfied, exhausted little smile on her face.

Jackie walked.

Her bare feet were filthy. The jumpsuit hung in pieces. The collar felt heavier with every hour. The unread printout sat against her chest like a second pulse. She had stopped trying to wipe the latest load from her

chin; there was no point, and she liked the reminder of how thoroughly she was still being enjoyed.

Another stairwell. Another downward spiral. Another open service floor that looked almost identical to the last. She crossed it without being stopped and entered the next corridor on the far side.

The pattern held.

Guards. Dogs. Use. Pointed deeper.

Every encounter still carried the same quiet privilege and the same permission to be rougher because the kitten asked for it. They left her able to walk. They left her able to breathe. They left her able to continue, thoroughly used, still wet, and still wanting more.

Jackie did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat unread but absolute in her pocket.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jackie kept walking into the dark, still steady enough to ask for it harder when the next layer found her.

CHAPTER 18 — JENNIFER — INNER

Jennifer walked the red-lit corridor until the cold started to feel like it was trying to crawl inside her bones.

She was still naked except for the heavy black collar locked around her throat and the cuffs that kept her wrists together in front of her. The folded printout was a soaked, unrecognizable pulp between her hands.

Fresh and old blood ran in sticky lines down both shoulders, both thighs, the backs of her legs. One eye was swollen completely shut. The other was reduced to a slit. Every breath whistled and rattled through a throat that still felt torn. Every step sent fresh spikes of pain through the open wounds, the dislocated shoulder, and the raw, ruined flesh between her legs — and every spike still made her clench with residual, filthy arousal. Bare feet left thick, dark, uneven prints on the concrete.

She had no map. No clothing. No additional gear. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

The first capture on this inner stretch came with dogs already loose and waiting.

Six of them this time. They hit her in a coordinated rush and drove her flat onto the concrete so hard her vision went white. Jaws locked on both shoulders, both thighs, the back of her neck, and one ankle. They shook her like something already dead. The handler who eventually strolled into view took his time. He lit a cigarette and watched the mutt thrash and bleed for almost three full minutes before he gave the whistle.

Jennifer forced the words out anyway, voice shredded, blood running from the corner of her mouth.

“What’s the matter — Miss Black’s soft little kitten still needs the dogs kept gentle? Fucking pathetic. These ones know how to hurt a real whore.”

The handler laughed once, cold, and let the dogs have another twenty seconds before calling them off properly. Then he and the four guards with him let the animals have her properly.

Two of them mounted her while she was still pinned and half-

conscious. One forced its cock into her bleeding cunt and began the short, savage thrusts that would end in a knot. The other pushed at her face until her jaw was forced open far past comfortable and then shoved deep into her throat. The men stood in a loose circle and laughed while the animals worked. When the knots started to swell they crouched lower to watch. The knot in her cunt locked first, stretching her open until she screamed around the cock buried in her throat — and came hard, body convulsing in pure, helpless agony and arousal. The second knot forced its way past her teeth and lodged deep, cutting off air completely. Jennifer's remaining eye bulged; her cuffed hands clawed weakly at the concrete; she came a second time from the lack of air and the brutal stretch, a broken, wet sound vibrating around the knot in her throat.

The guards found it better than ever.

“Look at the stupid mutt choke on dog cock and still cream like a bitch in heat.”

“Knotted at both ends and still getting off. Worthless piece of shit.”

“Should leave them locked in her until she stops twitching.”

They almost did. Jennifer thrashed and moaned and tried to laugh around the knot in her throat the entire time, the pain and the humiliation feeding the same filthy heat that had kept her moving this far. Only when her struggles weakened to weak, irregular twitches did the handler finally call the dogs off. Both knots pulled free with wet, painful, tearing sounds. She collapsed onto her side, gagging up strings of dog come, blood, and bile, chest heaving in shallow, panicked pulls of air, still shaking with aftershocks.

Then the men took their turn.

They were worse than the dogs. One dragged her up by the collar and slammed her face-first into the wall so hard her vision whited out again; the second forced his cock into her already ruined ass while the first used her throat. They swapped without ever letting her knees touch the floor for long. They slapped her, punched her ribs, spat on her, ground cigarettes out on the open bites, and kept up the steady stream of names — mutt, cumrag, dog toilet, waste of skin, something that should have been left in a ditch to die. Jennifer pushed back into every thrust as much as her broken body allowed, came again when one of them punched her in the dislocated shoulder while buried in her ass, and kept trying to grin even when her lips were too split and swollen to manage it. One of them came in her ass and immediately shoved a dog's muzzle between her cheeks so it could clean her out. Another finished down her throat and held her nose closed until she swallowed or choked. She swallowed, coughed blood, and still tried to laugh.

When they finally finished they left her in a heap on the concrete and pointed farther down the corridor with a boot.

"Still deeper, piece of shit. Crawl if you have to. She still wants the mutt delivered breathing."

Jennifer crawled because neither arm worked properly anymore and her legs would not take her weight. Come, blood, dog saliva, and worse ran down her thighs and dripped from her chin in thick ropes. She forced herself back to her feet only after the sound of the dogs being led away faded, using the wall for balance. The printout was gone — lost somewhere in the last struggle, soaked into the concrete and forgotten. She no longer needed it. The order was already burned into whatever was left of her.

The corridor ended in another metal stairwell. Each step was a separate, private hell and a separate pulse of unwilling, undeniable arousal. She lost count of the turns and of the times she had to stop and vomit blood and bile onto the steps. When the stairwell finally opened onto another service floor the pattern repeated — more dogs, more guards, more knots forced into her ass and throat while they watched and laughed and called her things that no longer even sounded like language. Jennifer came from the pain, tried to laugh through the blood, and asked for more even when no sound came out. They used her until she could no longer move under her own power, then dragged her the last few meters by the collar and dropped her in front of a heavy door with a steady amber indicator light.

“Through there. Don’t die in the doorway. It blocks the fucking sensors.”

Jennifer got to her knees, then her feet, because the only other option was to stay on the floor and be used again. She fixed the collar with the back of one ruined hand, left a smear of blood across the blank plate, and staggered toward the door. Behind her the dogs were already being pulled away, still interested in the thick trail she was leaving.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters away.

Jennifer stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

Blood and come ran down her legs in continuous streams. Every

breath was a wet, broken rattle. Every step still made her clench with residual, filthy satisfaction even as her body tried to shut down. The pattern would hold — more dogs, more guards, more knots, more laughing, pointed deeper — because no one in this place cared how much of the mutt was left when she finally reached the target, and because the mutt herself was still, somehow, getting exactly what she wanted.

Jennifer did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat absolute somewhere behind her swollen, blood-crusted eyes.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jennifer kept walking into the dark, leaving a thick, wet, uneven trail of bloody footprints and worse behind her, a broken, satisfied little sound still leaking out of her on every other breath.

CHAPTER 19 — JACKIE — CORE

Jackie had been walking the red-lit corridor for so long that the cold had settled into her bones like it belonged there.

The printed strip was still tucked against her bare chest — the last scraps of the jumpsuit had been torn away two layers ago. The heavy black collar remained locked, blank plate facing forward. Her wrists were cuffed in front of her. She was marked, sore, thoroughly used from everything that had come before, and still steady. The deep, satisfied ache between her legs and in her throat had become a constant she

carried without complaint. Every step reminded her how hard she had already come and how much more she still wanted.

She had no map. No weapons. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

This layer did not begin with dogs or a simple pair of guards.

It began with a checkpoint.

A wide, circular chamber opened at the end of the corridor, lit by a ring of cold white lights in the ceiling. Six guards waited in a loose circle around a low metal platform bolted to the center of the floor. No dogs. No alcove. Just the platform, the guards, and the clear understanding that she was not walking past them until they decided she had earned it.

They saw the collar and the state of her and did not bother with the usual temporary-lead protocol. Two of them simply took her by the arms and walked her to the platform. A third unlocked her wrist cuffs only long enough to re-cuff them to a pair of short chains fixed to the platform's surface, forcing her onto her hands and knees. The remaining three watched.

Jackie lifted her head, hair sticking to her face, and gave them the same rough, breathless little smile she had given every layer before.

"Don't be gentle. The kitten didn't come this far for a polite welcome."

They received the limited permission they all understood and took it.

What followed was longer and more deliberate than any previous capture. One of them stepped in front of her and used her mouth while two others took turns in her cunt from behind, switching whenever they felt like it. Open-handed slaps landed across her breasts, her thighs, the sides of her ass. Someone kept a steady grip on the collar so every

thrust pulled the ring tight against her throat. Jackie moaned and pushed back into every stroke, coming hard the first time one of them buried himself especially deep, and still asked for more between wet, choking breaths.

“Harder— fuck, use me properly—”

They did.

They rotated without hurry. Two more took her mouth and cunt at the same time while the others stood close and added sharp, measured slaps whenever she asked for it. Jackie came a second time, then a third, thighs shaking, voice breaking into raw, grateful sounds. They never tipped into the pure contempt Jennifer received on the other side of the board, but they used her thoroughly, taking their time, clearly enjoying the privilege of Miss Black’s kitten when she begged for it.

Only when all six had finished did they unlock the platform chains, restore her front cuffs, and point to the single heavy door on the far side of the chamber.

“Through there. Keep moving.”

Jackie got to her feet on legs that trembled from how hard and how long she had come. Fresh come ran down her thighs in thick lines. Her mouth was shiny. She fixed the collar, left the useless remains of the jumpsuit where they had fallen, and walked naked except for the collar and cuffs toward the door. Behind her the guards were already resetting the platform for whoever might come next.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters away.

Jackie stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull

red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots, but no claws this time.

She kept walking.

This layer had been different — longer, more deliberate, a proper checkpoint instead of the usual hit-and-move. The pattern was finally starting to change.

Jackie did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat unread but absolute against her bare skin.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jackie kept walking into the dark, still steady enough to ask for it harder when the next layer found her.

CHAPTER 20 — JENNIFER — CORE

Jennifer had been walking the red-lit corridor for so long that the cold had stopped feeling like something outside her body.

She was still naked except for the heavy black collar locked around her throat and the cuffs that kept her wrists together in front of her. The printout was long gone. Fresh and old blood ran in sticky, cracked lines down both shoulders, both thighs, the backs of her legs, her ribs. One eye was swollen completely shut. The other was a narrow slit. Every breath rattled and whistled. Every step sent fresh spikes of pain through the dislocated shoulder, the open bites, and the raw, ruined flesh between her legs — and every spike still made her clench with residual,

filthy arousal. Bare feet left thick, dark, uneven prints on the concrete.

She had no map. No clothing. No additional gear. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

This layer did not begin with a simple dog attack or a pair of guards in a corridor.

It began with a checkpoint.

A wide, circular chamber opened at the end of the corridor, lit by a single harsh white floodlight. Eight people waited inside — five guards and three handlers — standing around a low, stained metal platform bolted to the center of the floor. No pretense of protocol. No temporary leads offered politely. They saw the collar and the state of the mutt and simply moved.

Two of them grabbed her by the arms and the hair and dragged her onto the platform. A third unlocked her wrist cuffs only long enough to re-cuff them to short chains fixed to the platform's surface, forcing her onto her hands and knees. The rest closed in.

Jennifer lifted her head as much as the collar and the swelling allowed, blood dripping from her split lips, and forced the words out anyway.

"What's the matter — Miss Black's soft little kitten still gets the gentle platform treatment? Fucking pathetic. The mutt can take whatever you've got."

They laughed, cold and pleased, and gave her exactly that.

What followed was longer and more vicious than any previous layer. They did not take turns so much as swarm her. One forced his cock down her throat while two others took her cunt and ass at the same time. The remaining men and the handlers added fists, open hands,

boots, and the occasional burning cigarette to whatever flesh was available. Jennifer choked, screamed, laughed, and came hard when one of them punched her dislocated shoulder while the other two were buried inside her. They swapped positions without ever letting her knees or shoulders rest. Dogs were brought in halfway through and allowed to mount her while the men held her still — one knot forced into her already bleeding cunt, another shoved deep into her throat until she blacked out for a few seconds and came again from the lack of air and the stretch. They revived her with a bucket of cold water and a series of open-handed slaps across the face, then continued.

Jennifer pushed back into every thrust and every blow as much as her broken body allowed. She came from the pain, from the names, from the pure contempt, and kept trying to grin even when her mouth was too full or too swollen to manage it. The guards and handlers kept up a steady stream of degradation the entire time — mutt, cumrag, dog toilet, waste of skin, something that should have been left to die in the previous layer. She thanked them for it between wet, broken gasps and asked for more even when no real sound came out.

Only when they had all finished and the dogs had been pulled away did they unlock the platform chains. They did not restore her cuffs to the front. They left them locked behind her back, grabbed the collar, and dragged her across the floor to the single heavy door on the far side of the chamber.

“Through there. Crawl if you have to. She still wants the mutt delivered breathing.”

Jennifer crawled because her legs would no longer take her weight and one arm was completely useless. Come, blood, dog saliva, and worse

ran down her thighs and dripped from her chin in thick ropes. She forced herself to her knees, then her feet, using the wall for balance, and staggered toward the door. Behind her the platform was already being hosed down for whoever might come next.

The door unlocked with a hydraulic hiss when she was two meters away.

Jennifer stepped through.

The corridor beyond was narrower, quieter, and lit by the same dull red emergency strips. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard another set of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

She kept walking.

Blood and come ran down her legs in continuous streams. Every breath was a wet, broken rattle. Every step still made her clench with residual, filthy satisfaction even as her body tried to shut down. This layer had been different — longer, more deliberate, a proper checkpoint designed to take the mutt apart. The pattern was finally starting to change.

Jennifer did not stop.

She no longer tried to count the levels. She only knew that the air kept getting colder, the lights kept getting redder, and the order still sat absolute somewhere behind her swollen, blood-crusting eyes.

Somewhere ahead the target waited.

Jennifer kept walking into the dark, leaving a thick, wet, uneven trail of bloody footprints and worse behind her, a broken, satisfied little sound still leaking out of her on every other breath.

CHAPTER 21 — JACKIE —

SHAFT

Jackie had been walking the red-lit corridor for so long that the next change felt almost welcome.

The printed strip was still tucked against her bare chest. The heavy black collar remained locked, blank plate facing forward. Her wrists were still cuffed in front of her. She was naked except for the collar and cuffs, marked by every previous layer, sore in the best way, and still steady. The deep, satisfied ache between her legs and in her throat had become something she carried like a second pulse. Every step reminded her how hard she had already come and how much more she still wanted.

She had no map. No weapons. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

This layer did not open into another service floor or checkpoint chamber.

It opened into a vertical shaft.

A circular opening in the floor, three meters across, dropped into darkness. A heavy metal ladder was bolted to one side, rungs descending out of sight. Cold air rose from below in a steady draft. A single red emergency light glowed at the rim. There were no guards waiting at the top. No dogs. Only the ladder and the clear understanding that the only way forward was down.

Jackie stood at the edge for a long moment, breathing the colder air, feeling the ache in her thighs and the residual wetness between her legs. Then she knelt, swung her cuffed legs over the side, and began to climb down.

The rungs were icy and slick. The cuffs made every movement awkward; she had to grip the side rails with both hands together and lower herself one rung at a time. The shaft swallowed the light quickly. Within ten meters the red glow from above was only a faint circle. The sound of her own breathing and the soft clink of the collar ring against the metal became the loudest things in the dark.

She had descended maybe fifteen meters when the first hand closed around her ankle from below.

They had been waiting on a narrow maintenance platform built into the side of the shaft.

Three guards. They dragged her off the ladder onto the platform with efficient force. One clipped a temporary lead to the collar while the other two pinned her against the cold metal wall. Jackie's bare back hit the steel hard enough to knock the breath out of her. The platform was only a meter and a half wide; the drop waited on the open side. She looked at them through the hair falling across her face and gave the same rough, breathless little smile she had given every layer before.

"Don't be gentle. The kitten didn't climb down here for careful."

They received the limited permission they all understood and took it.

The platform was too narrow for anything but upright use. One held the lead short and high, forcing her onto her toes so her back stayed pressed to the freezing metal. The other two took turns in her cunt and her mouth, fucking her against the wall with firm, deep strokes that made the whole platform shudder and the ladder rungs rattle. Open-handed slaps landed across her breasts and the insides of her thighs. The grip on the collar stayed tight enough to make every thrust pull the ring against her throat. Jackie moaned and pushed back into every

stroke as much as the limited space and the drop allowed, coming hard the first time one of them buried himself especially deep, and still asked for more between wet, choking breaths.

“Harder— fuck, use me properly—”

They did.

They rotated without hurry. The third man took his turn while the other two held her in place and added sharp, measured slaps whenever she demanded it. Jackie came a second time, thighs shaking, voice breaking into raw, grateful sounds that echoed up and down the long shaft. They never tipped into pure contempt, but they used her thoroughly, taking their time in the cold, narrow space, clearly enjoying the privilege of Miss Black’s kitten when she begged for it. One of them finished in her mouth and held her there until she swallowed; another finished in her cunt and left her dripping onto the metal grate.

Only when all three had finished did they unclip the temporary lead and point down the continuing ladder.

“Keep climbing, kitten. She’s still waiting.”

Jackie swung her legs back onto the rungs on trembling thighs, fresh come running down her legs and dripping into the dark below. She fixed the collar with her cuffed hands, tasted them still thick on her tongue, and continued the descent. The satisfied ache between her legs was sharper than before. The cold metal under her hands and feet felt almost good against her overheated skin.

The shaft went on longer than she expected. Twice more she passed narrow platforms where pairs of guards waited in the dark. Each time they pulled her off the ladder with the same efficient force, clipped a temporary lead, and used her against the cold metal wall. Each time

Jackie asked for harder, received it within the limits they had, came at least once, and was put back on the rungs afterward wetter and more marked. On the second platform they kept her longer — four men instead of two — rotating her until her legs could barely hold the ladder when they finally let her go. She climbed down anyway, come running down her thighs in thick lines, a low, satisfied sound leaking out of her with every breath.

At the bottom the shaft opened into another red-lit corridor. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard the distant sound of boots and the soft hydraulic hiss of a door.

Jackie stepped off the final rung onto solid ground. Her legs trembled. Her wrists ached from the cuffs and the long climb. The collar felt heavier after the repeated hard use in the shaft. She was still steady enough to keep walking.

She did not stop.

The pattern had changed — vertical instead of horizontal, platforms instead of alcoves, the constant drop waiting if anyone slipped — but the privilege and the permission remained the same. They left her able to climb. They left her able to walk. They left her able to continue, thoroughly used, still wet, and still wanting more.

Jackie kept walking into the dark, still steady enough to ask for it harder when the next layer found her.

CHAPTER 22 — JENNIFER — SHAFT

Jennifer had been walking the red-lit corridor for so long that the cold had stopped registering as something separate from the pain.

She was still naked except for the heavy black collar locked around her throat and the cuffs that kept her wrists locked behind her back. The printout was long gone. Fresh and old blood ran in cracked, sticky lines down both shoulders, both thighs, her ribs, the backs of her legs. One eye was swollen completely shut. The other was a narrow, blood-crusted slit. Every breath rattled and whistled. Every step sent fresh spikes of pain through the dislocated shoulder, the open bites, and the raw, ruined flesh between her legs — and every spike still made her clench with residual, filthy arousal. Bare feet left thick, dark, uneven prints on the concrete.

She had no map. No clothing. No additional gear. Only the order and the protocol: keep moving. Do not stop.

This layer did not open into another service floor or checkpoint chamber.

It opened into a vertical shaft.

A circular opening in the floor, nearly four meters across, dropped into blackness. There was no ladder. No safety rail. Only a low concrete lip and the cold air rising from below. A single red emergency light glowed at the rim. Six guards waited in a loose semicircle around the edge, as if they had known exactly when the mutt would arrive.

They saw the collar and the state of her and smiled.

Jennifer stopped at the edge, swaying, and forced the words out of her ruined throat anyway.

“What’s the matter — Miss Black’s soft little kitten still gets a ladder? Fucking pathetic. The mutt doesn’t need one.”

They laughed, cold and pleased, and moved in.

They did not bother with temporary leads or platforms. Two of them grabbed her by the hair and the collar and dragged her the last two meters to the lip. The others closed around her. What followed was pure, efficient cruelty. One forced her to her knees on the rough concrete and shoved his cock down her throat while two more took her cunt and ass at the same time, using her without rhythm or care. The remaining three added fists, boots, and open hands to whatever flesh was available — ribs, breasts, the already ruined thighs, the side of her head. Jennifer choked, screamed, laughed, and came hard when one of them stomped on the back of her calf while the other two were buried inside her. They swapped positions without ever letting her rest. Dogs were brought in for the last few minutes and allowed to mount her while the men held her at the very edge of the drop — one knot forced into her bleeding cunt, another shoved deep into her throat until she blacked out for several seconds and came again from the lack of air and the stretch.

They revived her with a bucket of cold water thrown in her face and a series of open-handed slaps that left her ears ringing.

Jennifer was still coughing blood and dog come when the senior guard stepped behind her, planted a boot between her shoulder blades, and kicked her hard over the edge of the shaft.

She fell.

The drop was not clean. She hit the side of the shaft once, hard enough to tear fresh skin from her shoulder and hip, then again lower down, before slamming into a narrow maintenance ledge maybe twelve meters below. The impact drove the air from her lungs and sent white pain through the already dislocated shoulder and both knees. She lay

there for a long time in a crumpled heap, listening to the laughter floating down from above and the distant sound of the guards walking away.

Eventually the order — the only thing still working behind her swollen eyes — forced her to move.

Jennifer rolled onto her front, got her cuffed hands under her, and pushed herself up onto her knees. Blood ran freely from new scrapes and the reopened bites. Every breath was a wet, broken sound. She looked up the shaft at the faint red circle of light far above, then down into the deeper dark, and started crawling along the ledge until she found the narrow service ladder that continued the descent.

She climbed down.

Rung by rung, cuffed hands clumsy, legs shaking, leaving smears of blood on every cold metal bar. Twice she almost lost her grip. Twice she forced her fingers to close again. The satisfied, filthy heat between her legs had not entirely gone out; every jolt of pain still fed it, even now.

At the bottom the shaft opened into another red-lit corridor. The air was colder still. Somewhere ahead she heard the distant sound of boots and the soft click of claws on concrete.

Jennifer stepped off the final rung onto solid ground. Her legs nearly buckled. She locked her knees, fixed the collar as best she could with her hands still cuffed behind her, and started walking.

She did not stop.

The pattern had changed again — no ladder offered, only the drop, only the kick, only the long fall and the order to get up afterward. No one in this place cared how much of the mutt was left when she finally reached the target, and the mutt herself was still, somehow, getting

exactly what she wanted.

Jennifer kept walking into the dark, leaving a thicker, wetter trail of bloody footprints and worse behind her, a broken, satisfied little sound still leaking out of her on every other breath.

CHAPTER 23 — MISS BLACK & MISS WHITE — DINNER

The mansion sat in neutral territory. Inside, the dining room glowed with warm light over a polished black table.

Two place settings waited in perfect opposition: thin bone china, silver cutlery, and glasses of aged wine. Steaks and bone marrow sat in a dark reduction at the center.

Miss Black sat at one end in a sleeveless black silk dress that left her shoulders and the long line of her collarbones bare. Her wedding band caught the light when she reached for her glass. Miss White sat at the other end in an identical cut of white silk, her own band matching. Both women looked calm, well-rested, and faintly amused, as if the evening's entertainment had been arranged solely for their pleasure.

Three large monitors occupied the wall behind them.

The center screen showed a live feed from the deepest level of Miss White's base: a circular room of polished white surfaces and recessed lighting. The overhead armature of the Lucifer system was already unfolded — articulated arms, sensor clusters, injector arrays, and the heavier implements waiting in their cradles. Two scientists in black scrubs were guiding Jackie onto the heavy medical table in the center of

the room.

Jackie was naked except for the heavy black collar still locked around her throat. Her body carried the marks of every layer she had passed through — bruises, bites, handprints, dried fluids — but she was still steady on her feet when they positioned her. She did not resist when they laid her down. She did not speak when the thick restraints closed around her wrists, then her ankles, then her thighs, her waist, and finally a wide band just below the collar that pinned her throat to the table. Her eyes stayed open. Her breathing remained controlled.

Miss White lifted her glass and took a slow sip, watching over the rim.

“She’s still steady,” she observed. “Your kitten held up better than the projections.”

Miss Black cut a precise slice of steak, the knife whispering against the china. She ate it without hurry, chewed, swallowed, and only then answered.

“She was told not to stop. She doesn’t. That’s why she’s mine.”

On the feed the scientists continued their work with clinical efficiency. Sensor pads were affixed to Jackie’s temples, her chest, the insides of her thighs. Thin injector lines were taped along her arms. One of the overhead arms lowered and ran a soft diagnostic light the length of her body; the status display at the edge of the screen shifted from amber to a deeper ready red. Jackie’s fingers flexed once against the restraint and then went still again.

Miss White speared a piece of marrow, turned it in the reduction, and ate it with the same unhurried pleasure.

“The full sequence is loaded. Layered stimulation and destruction. It

will keep her on the edge of climax while it systematically breaks everything that can be broken. Pleasure and failure in the same circuit until the body can no longer sustain either.” She glanced across the table. “You still intend to let it run without an early abort?”

Miss Black’s smile was small and cold. She took another bite of steak, then a sip of wine.

“Until we decide otherwise. There’s no point in building a system that perfect if you interrupt it the moment it becomes interesting.” She nodded toward the side monitors. One of them already showed a distant, blood-smeared corridor feed. “Besides. The mutt is still moving. I want to see how much further she gets before they finally put her on her own table.”

Miss White followed her gaze, watched Jennifer’s uneven, bloody progress for a few seconds, and then returned to her plate.

“After dinner,” she said, “I want the playroom. The full set. Knives. The Cunt Dagger. Breath games. And the loaded ones—both regular and hollow-point. I want to feel you fuck me while I decide which round you get next.”

Miss Black’s eyes darkened with quiet anticipation. She cut another piece of steak and ate it slowly.

“After dinner,” she agreed. “We’ll watch the mutt get reduced to meat while we play. It seems only fair. One kitten on the table. One mutt still crawling toward hers. And us in the middle, properly fed.”

They ate in comfortable silence for several minutes. The only sounds were the quiet clink of silver on china, the soft pull of wine into crystal, and the low ambient audio from the central feed — the hum of the Lucifer system coming fully online, the soft mechanical clicks of final

restraints locking, the steady, controlled sound of Jackie's breathing.

On the screen the last scientist stepped back and nodded to someone off-camera. The status lights on the armature shifted from ready red to active crimson. The first articulated arm extended with almost delicate precision and touched the inside of Jackie's thigh. A second arm lowered toward her chest. Jackie's back arched a fraction against the restraints. Her lips parted. No sound left her yet.

Miss White refilled both glasses, the wine dark as venous blood.

"She's going to last longer than the mutt," she said, almost conversational. "You always did prefer the ones who could take a full program."

Miss Black watched the feed a moment longer, then cut the last piece of her steak.

"She'll last as long as the system allows. Or until we get bored and send the abort." She set her knife and fork down in parallel, the gesture precise and final. "But I don't expect to get bored tonight."

Miss White's smile was slow and sharp.

"Neither do I."

They finished the marrow. They finished the wine. On the central screen the Lucifer system's arms began to move in earnest, and Jackie's body responded in small, involuntary waves that the restraints only partially contained.

Miss Black stood first, smoothing the black silk down her hips.

"Playroom," she said simply.

Miss White rose as well, already turning toward the door that led deeper into the mansion.

Behind them the monitors continued to glow. One kitten strapped and

waiting under the active arms of Miss White's Lucifer. One mutt still dragging herself through the dark toward Miss Black's. And two women who had just finished dinner, perfectly calm, perfectly matched, and ready to begin the real entertainment of the evening.

The door to the playroom unlocked with a soft, expensive click.

Neither of them looked back.

CHAPTER 24 — MISS BLACK & MISS WHITE — PLAYROOM

The playroom sat deeper in the shared mansion than the dining room, behind two coded doors and a final biometric seal that only the two of them could open together.

It was a long, windowless space finished in matte black stone and polished steel. One wall held a full rack of blades — combat knives, karambits, scalpels, and longer cutting instruments. Another wall displayed the breath-play equipment: heavy leather strangulation straps, vacuum bags, calibrated gas masks, and the thick collars designed for prolonged, controlled choking. A third wall held the firearms: two matched pistols and a neat row of magazines, some loaded with regular ball ammunition, some with hollow-points. In the center of the room stood a wide padded bench and a steel frame with multiple restraint points. The air smelled faintly of oil, leather, and the clean metallic scent of well-maintained weapons.

Three monitors glowed on the far wall.

The center screen had switched from Jackie's table to a live feed from

the deepest level of Miss Black's base. Jennifer — or what was left of her — was being dragged into a circular white room that mirrored the one Jackie already occupied. She was no longer walking. Two handlers pulled her by the collar while her knees scraped the floor. Blood, come, and filth covered her from throat to ankles. One arm hung useless. Her face was a swollen, unrecognizable mask. She was still conscious. She was still trying to grin.

Miss White closed the final door behind them and leaned back against it for a moment, watching the feed with mild, proprietary interest.

"They finally got the mutt to her table," she said. "Took her long enough."

Miss Black walked to the implement wall, opened a lower drawer, and lifted out the Cunt Dagger.

The harness was heavy black leather, already broken in from years of use. The double-ended metal shaft gleamed under the playroom lights — one thick, ridged end for the wearer, the other a longer, slightly curved, blade-like shaft designed to open and ruin whoever was on the receiving end. Miss Black stepped into the harness, tightened the straps around her hips and thighs with practiced efficiency, and settled the thick internal end inside herself with a slow, controlled exhale. The outward shaft jutted forward, cold and ready.

She turned, the Cunt Dagger swaying slightly with the movement.

"Clothes off. I want to feel you while they strap the mutt down."

Miss White pulled the white silk dress away, and Miss Black followed. They stood bare, wedding bands still on, the monitors painting their skin in shifting light.

On the center screen the handlers heaved Jennifer onto the waiting

table. She did not have Jackie's residual steadiness. She thrashed once, weakly, when the first thick restraint closed over her wrist. A scientist simply leaned an elbow on her forearm and waited until the resistance failed. Ankle restraints followed. Thigh. Waist. A wide band across her throat just below the collar. Jennifer's remaining eye rolled toward the camera. Her split lips moved. No sound carried over the feed, but both women in the playroom could read the shape of the words.

Still trying to talk shit.

Miss Black stepped in close, gripped Miss White by the hair, and kissed her hard enough to draw blood from both their mouths. When she pulled back she kept one hand locked in the white hair and used the other to guide the long metal shaft of the Cunt Dagger between Miss White's thighs.

"They'll run the full destruction sequence on her," Miss White murmured as the blunt, blade-like head pressed against her. "No layered pleasure. Just pain until the body fails. She won't last the first third of the program."

Miss Black's voice stayed steady even as she pushed forward and buried half the length inside Miss White in one slow, relentless thrust.

"She isn't meant to. The mutt's only job left is to die on camera while we watch." She drew back and drove in again, deeper, forcing a low sound out of Miss White. "Knives first. Then breath. Then the guns. I want you coming on the Cunt Dagger while they break her."

On the feed the final restraints locked. The overhead armature of Miss Black's Lucifer system unfolded with the same mechanical grace as its twin. Status lights shifted from amber to active red. Jennifer's body jerked once when the first injector line went in. A second articulated

arm lowered and began the opening sequence — pure pain, no stimulation, the system already treating her as disposable tissue.

Miss White grabbed a heavy strangulation strap from the wall, looped it around Miss Black's throat, and buckled it while the Cunt Dagger continued to work inside her. She tightened the strap in measured pulls timed to Miss Black's thrusts. Blood from the shallow cuts Miss Black had already started across her breasts and stomach smeared between them. Whenever one of them came close to the edge, the other adjusted — the strap, the depth, the angle — keeping the game alive.

On the monitors Jennifer's table was fully live. The system had moved past the opening injectors into the heavier implements. Jennifer's back arched against the restraints hard enough to make the frame creak. Her mouth opened in a silent, continuous scream that occasionally broke into the same broken, defiant shape of laughter she had carried through every previous layer. Blood began to pool under the table. The scientists watched the readouts without expression.

Miss Black fucked Miss White harder, the Cunt Dagger's ridged metal shaft forcing wet, helpless sounds out of her with every thrust. Miss White yanked the strap tight enough that Miss Black's vision tunneled, then loosened it just enough to let her breathe again. They moved like that — strap, metal, blood, teeth — while the feed showed Jennifer's body beginning to fail in earnest under the pure destruction program.

When Miss White came the first time she pulled the strap so tight that Miss Black's knees nearly buckled. When she loosened it, Miss Black's own orgasm followed in a rough, silent shudder that drove the Cunt Dagger even deeper. They stayed locked together, breathing hard, blood and sweat smeared between them, and turned their heads in the

same moment to watch the center screen.

Jennifer's vital signs were already collapsing. The Lucifer system did not slow.

Miss White's voice was hoarse and satisfied.

"Guns next. I want to feel you fuck me with that thing while I decide which magazine you get."

Miss Black reached for the nearest pistol without looking away from the feed, the Cunt Dagger still buried to the hilt inside her wife.

"Hollow-points first," she said. "Then the regular ones. We have all night, and the mutt is still breathing."

On the screen Jennifer's body convulsed once more under the active arms of the system. The scientists made no move to intervene.

In the playroom the two women reloaded, smiled, and began the next round — the heavy metal shaft of the Cunt Dagger still joining them, the monitors still glowing, and the long night of pure sadomasochism only getting started.

CHAPTER 25 — MISS BLACK & MISS WHITE — LOADED

The playroom was warm with their bodies and the electronic hum from the monitors.

Miss Black still wore the Cunt Dagger. The heavy black harness was slick with blood and other fluids; the long metal shaft glistened each time she moved. Miss White's skin was mapped with shallow, precise cuts that continued to bead and run. The strangulation strap hung loose

around Miss Black's throat, ready to be tightened again at a moment's notice. Both women were breathing hard, eyes bright, wedding bands smeared with red.

On the three monitors the two Lucifer systems ran in parallel.

The left screen showed Jackie's table inside Miss White's base. The articulated arms worked with cold, layered precision — stimulation and damage alternating in the complex program Miss White had loaded. Jackie's body arched and shuddered against the restraints. Her mouth was open. Sweat and other fluids sheened her skin. The readouts showed elevated heart rate, cascading endorphins, and the slow accumulation of trauma that had not yet reached critical. She was still lasting.

The center and right screens showed Jennifer's table inside Miss Black's base. There was no layered pleasure in that program. The arms moved with brutal efficiency, delivering pure destruction. Jennifer's body convulsed in irregular waves. Blood had overflowed the table drains and pooled on the white floor. Her vital signs were a collapsing series of alarms that the scientists ignored. She was no longer trying to grin. She was simply trying to breathe.

Miss White picked up the second pistol, checked the hollow-point magazine, and chambered a round with a soft, metallic click.

"Your kitten is still performing," she said, voice rough from the strap and the earlier screams. "Mine is almost finished."

Miss Black drove the Cunt Dagger back into her with a single, deep thrust that forced a broken sound out of Miss White's throat. She kept her hips flush and reached for the first pistol, the one already loaded with regular ball ammunition.

“Then we finish each other while we watch.”

They did not bother with the bench this time.

Miss White shoved Miss Black backward until her shoulders hit the steel frame. The strangulation strap was yanked tight again. Miss Black’s vision tunneled at the edges, but she kept thrusting, the heavy metal shaft of the Cunt Dagger slamming into Miss White with wet, relentless force. Miss White raised the hollow-point pistol, pressed the muzzle low against Miss Black’s ribs, and pulled the trigger.

The shot was loud in the closed room.

Miss Black’s body jerked. Blood sprayed across Miss White’s stomach and breasts. The bullet had passed cleanly through the side, missing anything immediately fatal. Miss Black laughed once, breathless and dark, and answered by firing the regular-load pistol into the meat of Miss White’s thigh at close range. The impact drove Miss White sideways; she kept her grip on the strap and on her own weapon.

They fucked through it.

Every thrust of the Cunt Dagger forced fresh blood from the new wounds. Every pull of the strap made the next shot less steady. They traded rounds the way they traded breath — measured, vicious, intimate. Hollow-points for the larger, tearing wounds. Regular ball for the cleaner holes that still let them keep moving. The floor grew slippery. The monitors continued to glow.

On the left screen Jackie’s program escalated. The Lucifer arms introduced the heavier implements. Her back arched hard enough to lift her clear of the table for a second before the restraints slammed her back down. A long, raw sound tore out of her — part agony, part unmistakable pleasure. The scientists watching her feed leaned in

slightly. She was still inside the viable window.

On the center screen Jennifer's program had no such window left. The system had moved to the terminal sequence. Her body no longer arched so much as spasmed. The readouts were flat-lining in jagged steps. One of the scientists glanced at the communication panel, waiting for an abort that did not come.

Miss White's back hit the wall. Miss Black followed, still buried to the hilt inside her, still wearing the Cunt Dagger like a weapon. The strangulation strap was so tight that Miss Black's face had gone dark with blood. Miss White fired one more hollow-point into the muscle above Miss Black's hip. Miss Black answered by pressing her own muzzle under Miss White's jaw and pulling the trigger at an angle that sent the bullet up through the cheek and out the temple in a spray of red and white.

Miss White's knees buckled.

Miss Black caught her by the throat — strap and all — and lowered them both to the floor without ever pulling the Cunt Dagger free. They landed in a tangled, bleeding heap, still joined by the heavy metal shaft. Miss White's eyes were open but no longer tracking. Blood poured from the exit wound in a steady pulse that was already slowing.

Miss Black stayed inside her, breathing in wet, shallow pulls, and turned her head toward the monitors one last time.

Jackie was still fighting the program, body shining with sweat and blood, mouth open in a continuous, broken cry that was no longer entirely pain.

Jennifer's table had gone almost still. The Lucifer arms continued their work on tissue that no longer responded. The scientists on that

feed finally looked at one another. One of them reached for the communication panel and held the receiver to his ear, waiting.

No one answered.

In the playroom Miss Black's hand slipped from the strap. Her eyes stayed open, fixed on the left-hand monitor where her kitten still endured. The Cunt Dagger remained buried inside her dead wife. The pistols lay in the spreading pool of their mixed blood.

The feeds kept running.

The abort commands were never sent.

And the two Lucifer systems — one still testing the limits of a body that refused to quit, one methodically finishing a body that already had — continued their work in perfect, unanswered silence.

CHAPTER 26 — LUCIFER

The two rooms were mirrors of each other, separated by continents and linked only by the live feeds that no longer had anyone left to watch them.

In Miss White's deepest level the circular white chamber hummed with the steady, layered violence of a fully active Lucifer system. Jackie lay strapped to the heavy table, collar still locked, every restraint seated and locked. The overhead armature had unfolded into its complete working configuration. Three thick, piston-driven jackhammer units were already buried inside her — one in her cunt, one in her ass, one locked into her throat by a hinged brace that kept her jaw forced open. The shafts pistoned with mechanical precision, deep and relentless, the force calibrated to bruise and stretch without immediate rupture. Between the thrusts, thin articulated blades extended from secondary

arms and opened long, shallow tracts across her breasts, her stomach, the insides of her thighs — cuts that bled freely but deliberately avoided arteries and organs. A heavy strangulation cuff around her throat inflated and deflated in timed cycles, cutting her air to a thin whistle and then returning it just before blackout. Electrodes along her spine and the soles of her feet delivered measured shocks that forced her muscles to seize and release in waves.

Jackie took it.

Her body arched hard against the restraints with every combined thrust and cut and loss of air. Sweat and blood sheened her skin. Her eyes were open, glassy, tracking nothing. Sounds came out of her around the jackhammer in her throat — raw, continuous, broken things that were no longer cleanly pain or pleasure. The system's pleasure circuits still fired in overlapping waves, flooding her with forced endorphins even as the destruction circuits opened her. The readouts along the wall showed a body being taken apart in carefully sustained increments. She had been on the table for a long time. She was still inside the viable window, but the window was narrowing.

The two scientists monitoring her feed exchanged a glance. One of them checked the communication panel again. No abort. No response from either handler.

In Miss Black's deepest level the mirrored room ran a different program.

Jennifer's table had no pleasure layer. The three jackhammers worked with the same mechanical force, but the blades cut deeper and more often. The strangulation cycles lasted longer. The shocks were stronger. Blood had already overflowed the table drains and spread in a

wide dark pool across the white floor. Jennifer's body no longer arched so much as convulsed. The left side of her ribcage was open in long, parallel tracts. One thigh was filleted to the muscle. The jackhammer in her throat had long since torn her voice down to wet, arrhythmic clicks. Her remaining eye was open but no longer focused. The vital readouts were a collapsing staircase of alarms.

She had stopped trying to grin some time ago.

One of the scientists on her side finally picked up the hard-line receiver and held it to his ear. He waited through a full thirty seconds of silence, then looked at his colleague and shook his head once.

No answer from the mansion.

No abort.

The Lucifer system assigned to Jennifer simply continued. The jackhammers did not slow. The blades did not retract. The strangulation cuff inflated again and stayed inflated longer than any previous cycle. Jennifer's body gave a final series of irregular spasms and then went slack. The readouts flat-lined in sequence. The machine kept working on tissue that no longer resisted.

In Miss White's chamber the scientists watching Jackie's feed saw the parallel numbers drop to zero on the other system. They looked at each other. One of them reached for the override panel, finger hovering over the manual abort that would shut Miss White's Lucifer down.

He did not press it yet.

On the table Jackie's back still lifted with every thrust of the three jackhammers. Blood ran in thin sheets from the non-vital cuts. The strangulation cuff released; she dragged in a ragged, desperate breath around the shaft locked in her throat, and the pleasure circuit fired

again, forcing another broken, involuntary sound out of her. The system had not finished with her. The scientists could see the remaining runtime still counting down in clean red digits.

They waited.

The abort authority belonged to Miss Black and Miss White.

Neither of them answered.

And both Lucifer systems — one methodically finishing a corpse, one still testing the limits of a body that refused to quit — continued their work in the unanswered quiet of the deepest levels.

CHAPTER 27 — ABORT

The two deepest rooms continued to run in unanswered silence.

In Miss Black's chamber the Lucifer system had not paused when Jennifer's vitals flat-lined. The three jackhammers kept their steady, mechanical rhythm inside tissue that no longer closed around them. The blades continued their long, precise tracts, opening flesh that no longer bled with any urgency. The strangulation cuff inflated and deflated on its timer even though there was no breath left to steal. The scientists had stepped back from the table. One of them had already begun the paperwork that accompanied a completed full-destruction run. The other simply watched the arms work, face blank. The mutt had done what she was supposed to do. She had died on camera. The machine was only finishing the job.

In Miss White's chamber the numbers were different.

Jackie was still alive.

The three jackhammers still pistoned into her with the same relentless force — cunt, ass, throat — the shafts slick with blood and

other fluids. The non-vital blades had opened a lattice of long, shallow cuts across her breasts, her stomach, the insides of both thighs, the soles of her feet. Blood ran in thin, steady sheets into the table drains. The strangulation cuff continued its cycles, starving her of air until the edge of blackout and then returning it in carefully measured gasps. The pleasure circuits still fired in overlapping waves, forcing her ruined body to arch and shudder even as the destruction circuits took it apart. Her eyes were open, unfocused, glassy with tears and pain and the chemical flood the system kept pumping through her. Sounds still left her around the jackhammer locked in her throat — wet, broken, continuous.

The runtime counter on the wall display had dropped into its final third.

The two scientists monitoring her feed had stopped pretending to wait for an abort from the mansion. The hard-line receiver sat off-hook. They had called every priority channel. They had received nothing but dead air. Miss Black and Miss White were not going to answer. The contingency protocol was clear: if both primary authorities were non-responsive and a subject remained inside the viable window at the start of the terminal sequence, the attending team was authorized to issue a manual abort.

The senior scientist looked at the readouts one last time. Jackie's heart rate was erratic but present. Blood pressure was crashing in steps. Core temperature was still high enough. She had taken everything the system had been designed to deliver and she was still inside the window — barely.

He entered the override code.

The second scientist confirmed it.

The abort command went through.

In Miss White's chamber the Lucifer system hesitated for a fraction of a second, as if reluctant. Then the three jackhammers slowed, stopped, and began to retract. The blades folded back into their housings. The strangulation cuff deflated and unlocked. The pleasure and destruction circuits powered down in sequence. The overhead armature folded itself into its standby configuration with soft, hydraulic finality. Status lights shifted from active crimson to standby amber and then to cool blue.

Jackie lay in the sudden quiet, chest heaving in shallow, ragged pulls. Blood continued to run from the lattice of cuts. Her wrists and ankles stayed locked in the restraints. Her eyes were open but did not track. A thin thread of sound still leaked from her ruined throat — not words, just the residual noise of a body that had been kept at the absolute edge for too long.

The scientists moved in.

They did not speak. One began releasing the major restraints while the other started the emergency stabilizers — pressure dressings, injectors, the portable field unit that would keep her from slipping out of the window she had only just been allowed to keep. Jackie's body twitched when the last jackhammer shaft slid free of her throat. A thick, wet cough brought up blood and other fluid. She did not quite regain consciousness, but the monitors showed a heart that was still trying to find a rhythm and lungs that were still trying to pull air.

In Miss Black's chamber the other Lucifer system received no such command.

It continued its work on Jennifer's corpse without interruption. The jackhammers. The blades. The cuff. The machine had been told to

destroy, and no one had told it to stop. The scientists on that side simply let it run. There was nothing left to save, and the protocol for a completed full-destruction sequence was to allow the apparatus to finish its cycle.

Two rooms.

One subject deliberately reduced past the point of recovery and still being worked on.

One subject pulled back from the terminal edge by human override because the women who should have been watching were no longer capable of answering.

The feeds remained live.

The abort had come late, but it had come.

Jackie was still breathing when the first field injector took effect.

Jennifer was not.

And somewhere far above both bases, in a sealed playroom inside a neutral mansion, two bodies lay joined by a blood-slick Cunt Dagger and a pair of spent pistols, already cooling past the reach of any further command.

CHAPTER 28 — CUT, PRINT

“CUT, PRINT.”

Saiya’s voice cut through the low mechanical hum like a blade.

For a heartbeat, the deepest level of the stage remained frozen. Then the practical lights flared in sequence, drenching the white circular set

in ordinary, sterile illumination. The illusion shattered as it always did—suddenly, completely, and without apology.

Crew moved in—effects techs with solvent, assistants with towels. They unclipped prop blades that were never sharp enough to kill. Fake blood ran pink under the stage lights; real blood looked darker by comparison. The damage was mostly makeup and wax; the actual marks were controlled and already closing.

Jackie sat up the moment her final restraint released. She was a map of drying fake blood and genuine bruises, carrying the deep, satisfied exhaustion that only a full program could induce. She swung her legs over the side, her bare feet meeting the stage floor as she walked toward Lucifer 2, ignoring the robe an assistant tried to offer.

Jennifer was still fully restrained on the second table. The three jackhammers had been throttled to a low idle; the non-lethal strangulation strap remained seated around her throat. Her chest rose and fell in shallow, even breaths. Her eyes were open, glassy, tracking Jackie's approach with the particular mix of residual subspace and rising complaint that Jackie knew better than anyone.

Jackie reached up and carefully extracted the jackhammer shaft from Jennifer's mouth. A thick string of spit and fake blood followed it. Jennifer immediately tried to speak.

Jackie closed her fingers around the strangulation strap and gave it a precise, practiced squeeze — not enough to panic her, just enough to remind her who controlled the air.

"Not yet," Jackie said quietly. "Breathe first."

She kept her hand on the strap and looked over her shoulder at the nearest effects tech.

“Leave Lucifer 2 online. Idle only. Do not shut it down.”

The tech glanced once at Saiya, received a microscopic nod, and stepped back. Everyone on this stage already knew who had designed both tables and who had final authority over them.

Katie walked into the light from the direction of the monitoring bay. She was still in the black silk she had worn for the handlers’ dinner coverage, though the dress was now open at the throat and marked with a few realistic blood spatters of her own. She stopped beside Jackie and looked down at Jennifer with mild, proprietary interest.

“You know she will complain about you leaving her on there after your stepmother has called cut and print, Kitten.”

Jackie adjusted her fingers on the strap and felt Jennifer’s next breath stutter and then steady under her hand.

“My little mouse will be too tired to complain by the time I shut Lucifer 2 off, Mistress. Besides, she will complain more about being kicked down a shaft—just like she has with the buildings we toss her off and the one I pushed her off.” She glanced at the idle jackhammers and the open restraints that still held Jennifer’s wrists and ankles. “I designed both Lucifer systems to keep us safe, no matter what. Just look. She’s already healing. Guess I need to get my ball-chain cat-o’-nine-tails out. The flogger with the small metal beads won’t be enough. The one with the big metal balls will do better for my beloved cheating wife.”

Katie’s mouth curved.

“I love that bitch. Lilith still finds new lethal ways to play with me every weekend — the first purest snuff-film star who never once faked a death scene.” She touched Jackie’s blood-streaked shoulder lightly.

“Love you, Kitten. Try to let your mouse have a little rest.”

Jackie looked down at Jennifer again. The strangulation strap was still snug under her palm. Jennifer's eyes had narrowed into the familiar, exhausted glare that meant the complaints were lining up behind her teeth and only the lack of air was keeping them there.

Jackie gave the strap one more precise, almost affectionate squeeze and then loosened it just enough for speech.

"Later," she told her wife. "When I decide you're cooled off."

Around them the crew continued the quiet, professional work of breaking the scene down. Fake blades went into marked cases. Excess fake blood was mopped. Real medical attention remained unnecessary. Lucifer 1 was already powered to standby. Lucifer 2 remained online at Jackie's command. The throat jackhammer had been removed, but the two lower units continued at a slow, deep, deliberate pace — steady, sexual thrusts that kept Jennifer filled and open while denying her any real rhythm she could work against. The strangulation strap stayed looped around her throat, Jackie's fingers resting on it with easy, practiced control.

Jackie reached down to the small effects cart one of the techs had left nearby and picked up the heavier ball-chain cat-o'-nine-tails—the one with the larger metal balls she had mentioned to Katie. She let the strands trail across Jennifer's blood-streaked stomach and the insides of her thighs, timing the first light, stinging passes with the slow push of the jackhammers and the precise pressure of the strap.

Jennifer's breath hitched. Her hips tried to move and found only the unyielding rhythm the machine allowed her. Jackie watched her face, adjusted the strap another fraction, and delivered a second, firmer set of strokes that left faint new welts across already marked skin.

“Later,” Jackie repeated, almost gently. “When I decide you’re cooled off.”

She kept the jackhammers at their slow, relentless pace, kept her hand on the strap, and kept the metal-tailed whip moving in easy, possessive arcs. The stage settled into the long, familiar quiet that always followed “cut, print,” broken only by the wet, measured sound of the machine fucking her wife and the soft, rhythmic impact of the ball-chain strands.

Somewhere above them the real mansion waited.

Lena and Marcus were already on their way.

And Jennifer, still restrained, still being slowly fucked, still breathing only when Jackie allowed it, had not yet been given permission to complain about any of it.

CHAPTER 29 — CARGO

Jackie did not carry her.

She set Jennifer on her hands and knees on the cold stage floor, unclipped the last of the idle restraints, and pointed toward the far loading exit with her chin.

“Crawl.”

Jennifer’s arms shook. The fresh lattice of ball-chain welts across her thighs and stomach pulled with every movement. She still crawled. Naked, marked, messy with the last traces of fake and real blood, she made her slow way across the empty stage and down the short service corridor while Jackie walked beside her, lead looped loose around one wrist, the heavier cat-o’-nine-tails still in her other hand. No one remained on the level to watch. The crew had already cleared.

The old pickup waited under the exterior floodlights, black primer and dented chrome, the same truck they had used for quieter nights for years. Jackie dropped the tailgate, helped Jennifer to her feet only when they reached it, and lifted her into the bed. She laid her on her back and strapped her in an X—wrists and ankles drawn out to the four corner rings welded into the bed floor—tight enough that Jennifer could not close her legs or bring her hands together. Then Jackie fitted the custom hood.

It looked like a classic suffocation hood: matte black leather, no eye holes, heavy zipper, wide seal at the neck. Inside it was something else entirely — a full-face oxygen system with a one-way valve that vented Jennifer's own CO₂ and a filtered intake that kept exhaust and road air out. Jackie sealed it, checked the valve with two fingers, and rested her palm on the top of the hood for a moment.

“Breathe. You're safe. You're not going home yet.”

Jennifer's reply was muffled and furious. Jackie ignored it, climbed down, closed the tailgate, and activated the soft-top. The cover rolled forward and locked with a solid series of clicks, sealing the bed into a dark, quiet box. Only then did Jackie get behind the wheel and drive.

She did not take the road to the mansion.

Jackie sat in a booth with her back to the wall. The lead and the whip rested on the table like tools. An hour passed before Lena slid in. Lena aled and alarmed in the far corner of the lot. The lead and the ball-chain whip rested on the table in front of her like ordinary tools.

An hour passed.

Lena slid into the booth without asking.

“You look lonely. May I join you, slave?”

Jackie nodded once.

Lena placed a folded note on the table and slid it across. Jackie opened it with one hand.

Cargo... Safe... Signed Master

Jackie refolded the note and slid it back.

"I need to talk to Katie."

Lena's mouth twitched.

"Of course you want to talk to me, Kitten."

Katie was suddenly there, standing at the end of the booth as if she had been waiting for the cue. She looked at Jackie, then toward the dark shape of the truck through the window, and her expression flattened into something colder.

"I see your truck was having issues again. As for Saiya — she is not allowed to direct another film for us. That was too far, even for our safety protocols. You and she are just human, Kitten." Katie leaned down, kissed Lena's mouth hard, then Jackie's, tasting of wine and finality. "Lena will take you home. Master Marcus already has the truck. He has his own keys."

She straightened, turned, and left without waiting for an answer.

Outside, the old pickup's engine turned over. Marcus pulled out of the far corner of the lot with the soft-top still locked and the cargo still sealed in the bed, driving the familiar route toward the mansion with the unhurried confidence of a man who had done it before.

Lena watched the truck's taillights disappear, then slid her own set of keys across the table to Jackie with a small, sharp smile.

"You're looking at the new director of your films, slave. Out of one frying pan into another. You drive, whore."

Jackie picked up the keys to Lena's luxury sedan, drained the last of her drink, and stood.

They walked out together. Jackie held the passenger door for Lena, closed it, then circled to the driver's side and started the quiet, expensive engine. She drove them home under the new authority sitting beside her, the night air cool through the slightly open windows, the ball-chain cat-o'-nine-tails resting on the center console like a promise.

The mansion gate accepted the code. The lower floors were lit. Marcus had already parked the old pickup under the portico and gone inside. Jackie stopped the sedan behind it, killed the engine, and followed Lena up the steps and through the open front door.

The massive main living room was already occupied.

Marcus sat on the wide central couch, fully dressed, expression calm. Jennifer — naked, marked, the custom hood removed, the X-straps gone — was astride him, riding his cock hard and fast, hands braced on his shoulders, head thrown back. The wet sound of it filled the room. Whatever cooling-off the long sealed ride had accomplished had clearly been spent the moment Marcus unstrapped her.

Lena opened her mouth.

Jackie spoke first, dry as dust.

"You forgot to strap my cheating wife to our bed, Master."

Marcus did not stop the slow roll of his hips. He looked past Jennifer's moving body and met Jackie's eyes.

"You two just get over here and knock her out so we can put her back in bed to rest."

Jennifer turned her head. Her face was flushed, eyes bright with the particular manic energy that meant she had crashed through the far side

of exhaustion and into something meaner. She bared her teeth at Jackie.

“If you dare touch me I will complain how I was treated on the goddamn set and afterward by you, love.”

Jackie stopped at the edge of the rug, Lena’s keys still in her hand, and gave Marcus a small, almost apologetic shrug.

“Sorry, Master, but I am more scared of my bitch than of you. Especially when she is worked up. She should have collapsed by now.” She glanced at Lena. “Lena is taking me to the dungeon for a private workout, Master.”

Jennifer laughed once, sharp and breathless, and kept riding.

Marcus sighed through his nose, the sound of a man who had already accepted the evening would not go according to the soft-protocol plan.

Lena’s hand settled on the back of Jackie’s neck, proprietary and amused.

“Dungeon, then,” she said. “Before your wife decides to file a formal complaint with the new director.”

Jackie let herself be turned and walked toward the lower stairs, the ball-chain cat-o’-nine-tails hooked at her side, Lena’s keys still cold in her palm. Behind them Jennifer’s voice rose again—half moan, half threat—and Marcus’s low answering murmur.

The house settled around the usual chaos.

Jennifer was home.

She was simply not yet finished, and neither was anyone else.

CHAPTER 30 — DUNGEON

Lena did not take her far.

The lower stairs opened directly into the dungeon level — the

same polished concrete, the same wall racks of implements, the same heavy beams and attachment points that had been used on both of them for years. The lights came up in a low, even wash when Lena sealed the door behind them. The air was cooler down here and smelled of leather, oil, and the faint residual scent of previous nights.

Jackie stood in the center of the floor still dressed in the plain black shirt and pants she had worn to the bar. The fabric was wrinkled from the long night and the drive, marked in places with residual fake blood she had never fully washed off. The ball-chain cat-o'-nine-tails hung from her right hand. Lena's keys remained in her left.

Lena walked a slow circle around her, professional and unhurried, checking pupils, posture, the state of the real marks that showed at her open collar and wrists.

"You held the full program and then drove with cargo," Lena said. "You're tired, but you're still vertical. Soft protocol is available. Rough is also available. Your call, slave."

Jackie set the keys on the nearest bench and turned the whip once in her hand so the metal balls chimed softly against each other.

"Rough enough that I feel it tomorrow. Not so rough I can't handle my wife when she finally crashes."

Lena's mouth curved.

"Understood. Strip."

Jackie did not hesitate. She pulled the shirt over her head, dropped it, shoved the pants down, and stepped out of them. Socks and boots followed. In under a minute she stood naked except for the drying sweat and the handful of real bruises that had survived the night. The cooler air of the dungeon raised immediate gooseflesh across the fresh welts

she had taken earlier and the older ones that still lingered.

Lena pointed to the central beam.

Jackie walked to it, raised her arms, and waited. Lena cuffed her wrists high and wide, feet still on the floor, body stretched into a clean, open line. The position pulled every remaining ache from the Lucifer program into sharp focus. Jackie breathed through it and let her head drop forward.

Lena took the ball-chain cat-o'-nine-tails from the bench and tested the weight.

"Same one you used on her," she observed. "Fitting."

The first stroke landed across the backs of Jackie's thighs—not playful, not warm-up. The metal balls bit and left immediate raised welts. Jackie's breath left her in a short, controlled hiss. The second stroke crossed the first. The third landed higher, across the curve of her ass. Lena worked without rush and without mercy, laying an even pattern from mid-thigh to the lower edge of Jackie's shoulder blades. Each impact was hard enough to rock Jackie forward onto the balls of her feet. Each one was followed by the quiet, precise pause Lena always used to measure the next.

Jackie took them the way she had taken the table — open, present, and asking for nothing softer.

When Lena finally stepped back, Jackie's back and thighs were a lattice of darkening welts that matched the ones she had left on Jennifer. Heat radiated off her skin. Her breathing had gone deep and steady. The subspace that had been hovering since the abort had finally settled into place.

Lena hung the whip on a nearby hook and moved in close behind her.

One hand slid around Jackie's hip, fingers finding her wet without surprise. The other hand closed gently around her throat — not choking, just holding.

"Still with me?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good."

Lena fucked her like that—fingers steady and deep, palm possessive on her throat, body pressed to the fresh welts so every movement dragged heat across them. Jackie came once with a low, broken sound, then again when Lena deliberately dragged her nails across the most tender of the new marks. Only when Jackie's legs started to shake did Lena slow, withdraw, and unclip the wrist cuffs.

Jackie would have gone to her knees if Lena had not already been guiding her down. She rested there, forehead against Lena's thigh, breathing in the smell of leather and skin while Lena's hand stroked once through her hair.

Upstairs, faint but clear through the open stairwell, Jennifer's voice rose again — a sharp, laughing moan followed by Marcus's low, unhurried reply. Something heavy shifted. A brief, wet slap of skin. Then Jennifer's voice again, louder, half challenge and half plea.

Lena glanced toward the stairs and exhaled through her nose.

"She's going to keep him busy until she drops."

Jackie turned her head just enough to speak against Lena's leg.

"She always does. When she finally goes quiet I'll carry her to bed. Until then she's Marcus's problem."

Lena's fingers tightened once in her hair — approval, possession, and quiet amusement.

“And you’re mine for the next hour. Up. Bench. I want your mouth before I decide whether you get the whip again or the cane.”

Jackie rose on steady legs, the new welts pulling with every movement, and followed Lena to the padded bench without being told twice.

From the main living room above came another bright, manic laugh from Jennifer and the low sound of Marcus settling deeper into the couch.

The house held both noises at once — the controlled, deliberate work of the dungeon and the chaotic, unfinished energy of the woman who had not yet crashed.

Jackie knelt, opened her mouth, and let Lena take the next hour exactly as she wanted it.

Jennifer could complain later.

Tonight she was still not finished, and neither was anyone else.

CHAPTER 31 — CRASH

Lena kept her for the full hour.

After the mouth she used the cane — not the whip again, the thinner, meaner rattan that left sharper, more precise lines across the welts already rising on Jackie’s thighs and ass. Jackie took twelve without being asked to count, forehead pressed to the padded bench, hands gripping the far edge hard enough to whiten her knuckles. Each stroke landed with clean, measured force. Each one forced a short, controlled sound out of her that never quite became a request to stop. When Lena set the cane down she fucked Jackie again, this time with a thick, heavy toy from the wall cabinet, one hand in her hair, the other

braced on the fresh cane marks so every thrust dragged fire across them. Jackie came hard enough that her knees buckled. Lena held her up through it, then through the second, smaller orgasm that followed when she deliberately twisted the toy against the front wall and bit down on the back of Jackie's neck.

Only then did she pull out, unclip the last of the temporary restraints, and let Jackie slide to the floor.

Jackie rested on her knees, cheek against Lena's thigh, breathing in long, uneven pulls. The subspace was deep and quiet now. The film night, the table, the truck, the bar, the fresh lattice of ball-chain and cane marks—all of it had finally settled into the heavy, floating calm she only reached when someone else held the end of the evening for her.

Lena's hand stroked once through her hair.

"Still with me?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good. Water. Then we check on your wife before she actually breaks Marcus."

Jackie drank the water Lena held for her, slow and steady, and let Lena help her to her feet. The new marks pulled with every step. She welcomed it. Lena left her the black shirt and nothing else; the pants stayed on the dungeon floor. They climbed the stairs together, Lena's hand resting lightly at the base of Jackie's spine, possessive and calm.

The main living room had gone quiet.

Marcus still sat on the wide couch. Jennifer was no longer riding him. She had collapsed forward against his chest, face turned into his neck, body slack and heavy. Her breathing was deep and even for the first time all night. One of Marcus's hands rested between her shoulder

blades; the other held a soft blanket he had already pulled over her lower half. The manic energy that had kept her moving since the abort had finally burned out.

Marcus looked up when they entered and gave a small, wry tilt of his head.

“She dropped about ten minutes ago. Tried to threaten me with a formal complaint against the new director right before she went under. Then she just... stopped.”

Jackie crossed the rug on bare feet, the black shirt brushing the tops of her marked thighs. She crouched beside the couch and brushed damp hair back from Jennifer’s face. Jennifer did not stir. Her mouth was slightly open, the residual tension finally gone from her jaw. The real marks from the film and the ball-chain welts Jackie had given her later stood out against cooling skin.

“About time,” Jackie murmured.

Marcus shifted carefully.

“She’s yours to move. I’ve got nothing left for a fight if she wakes up swinging.”

Lena’s mouth twitched.

“We’ll take her.”

Jackie slid her arms under Jennifer’s shoulders and knees. The other woman was dead weight, warm and completely gone. Jackie lifted her without strain, settled her against her own marked chest, and turned toward the hallway that led to their bedroom. Lena walked ahead and opened doors. Marcus stayed on the couch, head tipped back, already reaching for the glass of water someone had left him.

In the bedroom Jackie laid Jennifer down on the cool sheets. She

checked the custom hood was nowhere near the bed, checked that no restraints remained on wrists or ankles, and then simply stretched out beside her wife, one hand resting over Jennifer's sternum to feel the steady rise and fall. Lena lingered long enough to set a bottle of water and a small tube of salve on the nightstand, then dimmed the lights and left them.

Jackie listened to Jennifer breathe.

Outside the open bedroom door the house made the small ordinary sounds of people settling — Marcus moving toward one of the guest rooms, Lena's quieter footsteps returning to the lower level, the distant click of a door latch. The long film night was finally over. The cool-down was no longer required. The cargo had been delivered, the new director had taken her hour, and the cheating wife had at last run out of fight.

Jackie closed her eyes, the fresh cane marks throbbing in time with her pulse, and let her own exhaustion pull her under.

Jennifer would complain in the morning.

Tonight she was simply asleep, safe, and home.

CHAPTER 32 — MORNING

Jackie woke first.

The bedroom was still dim, the blackout curtains doing their job. Jennifer lay on her stomach beside her, one arm thrown across Jackie's waist, face turned toward the window. Her breathing was deep and even. The lattice of ball-chain welts across her thighs and lower back had darkened overnight into a clean, even pattern of bruises. The handful of real marks from the film had already closed to thin pink lines. She looked wrecked and peaceful at the same time.

Jackie lay still for a while longer, cataloguing her own body. The cane marks on her thighs and ass throbbed in a slow, deep pulse. The older welts from the ball-chain whip had settled into a matching heat. Nothing was torn. Nothing was swollen beyond the expected. Lena had, as always, left her functional.

Jennifer stirred when Jackie finally shifted.

A low, rough sound came out of her throat. She turned her head, cracked one eye open, and stared at Jackie for several long seconds before the night came back to her in pieces.

"You left me on the table," she rasped.

"I did."

"You hooded me and locked me in the truck."

"I did."

"You let Marcus unstrap me and then you walked off with Lena while I was still—"

"You were riding him like you were trying to start a second film. You also threatened to file a formal complaint against the new director. I decided Marcus could handle it."

Jennifer's eye narrowed. She pushed herself up on one elbow, winced when the welts on her thighs pulled, and then gave Jackie the full, exhausted glare that always followed these nights.

"You're still an asshole."

Jackie reached out and brushed a strand of hair out of Jennifer's face with careful fingers.

"You're still not sorry about the water bottle."

Jennifer's mouth twitched despite herself. She dropped back down onto the pillow, stared at the ceiling, and let out a long breath that

turned into a quiet, reluctant laugh.

“Fair.”

They lay in silence for a while. Somewhere in the house a coffee grinder started. Marcus’s heavier footsteps moved through the kitchen. Lena’s quieter ones followed. The ordinary morning sounds of the mansion settling around the two of them felt almost surreal after the long film night and the chaotic cool-down.

Jennifer’s hand found Jackie’s under the sheet and laced their fingers together.

“How bad are you?” she asked, voice softer.

“Cane. Ball-chain. Functional. You?”

“Like I got kicked down a shaft, locked in a truck, and then tried to fuck Marcus into the floor. Also functional.” She paused. “Mostly.”

Jackie turned onto her side, propping her head on one hand, and looked her over properly. Jennifer’s body was a map of the previous night—film marks, strap marks, the neat welts Jackie herself had left, the faint residual bruising from the jackhammers. All of it was already past the dangerous stage. The nano systems they never discussed had done the quiet overnight work they always did.

“Lena left salve,” Jackie said. “And water. And orders not to start anything until we’ve both eaten.”

Jennifer’s mouth curved into the small, wicked shape that meant the crash had fully lifted and the next round of trouble was already loading.

“Define ‘anything.’”

Jackie leaned over and kissed her once, slow and deliberate, tasting sleep and residual adrenaline.

“Anything that ends with you throwing another water bottle at my

head while I'm driving."

Jennifer made a low, considering sound and returned the kiss with more heat than was strictly wise given the state of both their bodies. When she pulled back her eyes were darker.

"No promises."

From the kitchen Marcus called down the hallway, voice dry.

"If you two are done threatening each other, coffee's ready. Lena says food first, complaints second, and nobody is allowed to start a third film before noon."

Jennifer groaned and buried her face in the pillow.

Jackie sat up, the cane marks pulling in a way she quietly liked, and reached for the black shirt she had abandoned at some point in the night.

"Come on, mouse. Before the new director decides we both need another hour in the dungeon just for making her wait on coffee."

Jennifer rolled onto her back, stared at the ceiling one more time, and then held out a hand.

"Help me up. Everything hurts. And I'm still filing that complaint. Just... later."

Jackie took her hand and pulled her carefully to sitting. They stayed like that for a moment — foreheads close, breathing the same air, the long night finally behind them and the ordinary, dangerous morning of their actual life waiting just outside the bedroom door.

Then they got up, pulled on enough clothes to be decent, and went to face the coffee, the salve, and whatever Lena and Marcus had decided the rest of the day would look like.

Jennifer leaned into Jackie's side as they walked the hallway and

muttered, almost too quietly to hear,

“Next time you leave me on the table, I’m taking the truck keys with me.”

Jackie smiled without looking over.

“Next time you throw a water bottle, I’m letting Lena keep you in the dungeon for a week.”

Jennifer’s answering laugh was rough, fond, and only a little bit of a threat.

The house smelled of coffee and toast.

The cameras were still live.

And both of them were, against every reasonable expectation, still smiling.

CHAPTER 33 — COFFEE

The kitchen smelled of strong coffee, toasted bread, and the faint medicinal edge of the salve Lena had already set on the island.

Marcus stood at the stove in a plain black T-shirt and jeans, moving with the unhurried competence of a man who had fed both of them after worse nights. Lena sat on one of the high stools, legs crossed, a tablet open in front of her and a mug between her hands. She looked up when Jackie and Jennifer appeared in the doorway — Jackie in the wrinkled black shirt and nothing else, Jennifer in one of Jackie’s oversized T-shirts that barely covered the tops of her marked thighs.

Lena’s eyes moved over both of them in a quick professional sweep.

“Vertical. Talking. Good. Sit before one of you decides to test gravity again.”

Jennifer muttered something that might have been “yes, Director”

and slid onto the stool farthest from Lena. Jackie took the one between them. Marcus set two plates down without asking—eggs, toast, a small pile of fruit neither of them would finish—and poured coffee into waiting mugs. The ordinary domesticity of it felt almost staged after the previous night.

Jennifer wrapped both hands around her mug and stared into it.

“I’m still filing the complaint.”

Lena did not look up from the tablet.

“You’ll need to submit it in writing to the new director. That would be me. I can give you the form after breakfast.”

Jennifer’s mouth opened, closed, then settled into a reluctant, exhausted smile.

“You’re enjoying this.”

“Immensely.” Lena finally lifted her eyes. “Saiya exceeded safety parameters. Katie removed her. I’m the temporary replacement until corporate and the family decide otherwise. Try not to make me earn the permanent title in the first twenty-four hours.”

Marcus set a small jar of the salve closer to Jackie’s elbow and another beside Jennifer’s plate.

“Eat first. Then you can argue about hierarchy while we deal with the marks that are actually real.”

Jackie picked up her fork. The cane welts across her thighs pulled when she shifted on the stool; she let the sensation settle and began eating. Jennifer mirrored her after a moment, slower, wincing whenever the ball-chain bruises on the backs of her legs pressed against the wood. Neither of them spoke for several minutes. The only sounds were the quiet clink of cutlery and the low hum of the house systems.

When Jennifer finally set her fork down she looked at Jackie sideways.

“You left the jackhammers in.”

“I left them on a slow cycle. You came twice before I powered them down.”

“You’re still an asshole.”

“You’re still not sorry about the water bottle.”

Lena made a quiet note on the tablet.

“I’m adding ‘vehicle-related retaliation’ to the list of things that will get both of you extra cool-down time after future films. Consider yourselves warned.”

Jennifer groaned and dropped her forehead to the island counter. The T-shirt rode up, showing the full lattice of welts across her ass and upper thighs. Marcus glanced once, then returned to the stove with the expression of a man who had seen it all before and expected to see it again.

Jackie reached over and rested her palm lightly on the back of Jennifer’s neck, thumb stroking once along the tendon.

“Salve,” she said. “Then you’re lying down on the couch while it absorbs. No climbing on Marcus. No formal complaints. No sudden movements that make Lena decide we both need the dungeon again before noon.”

Jennifer turned her head just enough to speak against the cool stone of the counter.

“And if I refuse?”

Jackie’s thumb pressed a fraction harder — not quite a threat, not quite not.

“Then I let the new director answer that question.”

Lena's mouth curved over the rim of her mug.

"I'm available."

Jennifer stayed where she was for another three breaths, then pushed herself upright with a wince and reached for the salve. She slid the jar toward Jackie without looking at her.

"You do my legs. I'll do yours. Truce until the caffeine finishes hitting."

Jackie accepted the jar, uncapped it, and warmed a portion of the clear gel between her palms. The medicinal smell sharpened. She turned on the stool, guided Jennifer to stand between her knees, and began working the salve into the raised ball-chain welts with slow, thorough strokes. Jennifer hissed through her teeth at the first contact, then gradually relaxed into it, hands braced on Jackie's shoulders. When Jackie finished the backs of her thighs and the curve of her ass she turned so Jennifer could return the favor. Jennifer's hands were careful on the cane marks, almost gentle, the earlier venom burned away by food, caffeine, and the simple fact of being home.

Marcus watched them over his coffee with mild interest.

"You two done declaring war for the morning?"

Jennifer's answer was muffled against Jackie's shoulder.

"Temporary ceasefire. I'm still not sorry about the water bottle. I'm just too sore to reenact it right now."

Jackie closed her eyes at the feel of Jennifer's fingers spreading salve across the worst of the cane lines and let out a slow breath.

"I'll take it."

Lena set the tablet aside, the official portion of the morning apparently complete.

“Couch. Both of you. Blanket. No sex until I say the marks have settled enough that you won’t reopen anything real. Marcus and I will be in the office dealing with Saiya’s exit paperwork and the preliminary cut of last night’s footage. Try not to burn the house down while we’re gone.”

Jackie helped Jennifer straighten, collected both mugs, and steered her toward the wide living-room couch with a hand at the small of her back. They settled into the deep cushions in a careful tangle of marked limbs and shared body heat. Jennifer’s head found Jackie’s shoulder. Jackie’s fingers found the hem of the oversized T-shirt and rested there, possessive and quiet.

From the office down the hall came the low murmur of Lena and Marcus beginning the day’s real work.

Jennifer’s voice was already half-asleep when she spoke again.

“Next film, I’m directing.”

Jackie smiled into her hair.

“Next film, you’re still the mutt. Go to sleep, mouse.”

Jennifer made a small, wordless sound of protest that turned into a sigh, and finally went still.

Jackie stayed awake a little longer, listening to the house, feeling the steady beat of Jennifer’s heart against her side, and letting the last of the long night drain away into the ordinary morning light.

The cameras were still live.

The new director was already working.

And for the first time since the abort command had been issued, both of them were exactly where they were supposed to be.

CHAPTER 34 —

OWNERSHIP

Late afternoon light slanted through the polarized windows of the main living room, turning the polished concrete and dark furniture into long bars of amber and shadow.

Jackie sat on the wide couch with Jennifer stretched out along it, head in her lap. Both of them had showered properly sometime after the second round of coffee. The salve had done its work; the worst of the raised welts had settled into deep, even bruises that no longer pulled with every movement. Jennifer wore one of Jackie's button-down shirts, open over nothing, the tails brushing the tops of her thighs. Jackie had pulled on soft black pants and left her own shirt unbuttoned. The house was quiet except for the low hum of the climate system and the occasional distant sound of Lena's voice from the office as she finished the last of Saiya's exit documentation with Marcus.

Jennifer's fingers traced idle patterns on Jackie's bare stomach.

"You're still an asshole," she said, but the words had lost all their earlier venom. They landed soft, almost fond.

Jackie ran her hand through Jennifer's damp hair, slow and repetitive.

"You're still not sorry about the water bottle."

"I'll be sorry when you stop bringing it up."

"So never, then."

Jennifer smiled against her thigh and let the silence stretch. Outside, the light shifted another degree toward evening. Somewhere on the property a security drone made its routine pass and moved on. The cameras on the interior walls stayed live, the way they always did, recording the ordinary fact of the two of them existing in the same space

without trying to kill or fuck each other for the first time in more than a day.

Lena appeared in the doorway without sound. She had changed into dark trousers and a soft black sweater, the tablet still in one hand. Marcus followed a step behind, sleeves rolled up, the look of a man who had closed the last file and was ready for the day to be finished.

Lena's eyes moved over the couch, cataloguing posture, color, breathing.

"Marks have settled. No fever. No delayed shock signs. You're both cleared for whatever you want tonight as long as it doesn't require medical clearance in the morning."

Jennifer turned her head just enough to look at her upside-down.

"Does that include filing the formal complaint against the new director?"

Lena's mouth curved.

"It includes writing it. It does not include me reading it before next week. Corporate wants a cooling-off period after Saiya's removal. Try not to test that."

Marcus set two fresh glasses of water on the low table within reach and then dropped into the opposite armchair with a long exhale.

Jackie huffed a quiet laugh.

"Understood."

Jennifer's fingers stilled on Jackie's stomach.

"They're serious."

"They're always serious," Jackie said. "That's why we're still alive."

Lena set the tablet on the side table and came closer. She rested two fingers under Jackie's chin, tilting her face up for a brief, professional

inspection, then did the same to Jennifer. Whatever she saw satisfied her. She let go and stepped back.

"I'm taking the night off-site. Marcus will remain on the property until morning in case either of you decides to be stupid. Soft protocol is preferred. Rough is permitted if you both still have the legs for it. No vehicles. No water bottles. No formal complaints until the cooling-off period ends." Her eyes landed on Jennifer last. "And you will stay off Lucifer 2 until I personally clear it for non-film use. Clear?"

Jennifer's smile was slow and only a little wicked.

"Clear, Director."

Lena held her gaze a second longer, then nodded once.

"Good."

She turned to leave. Marcus rose to follow her out, pausing only long enough to rest a hand on Jackie's shoulder and then, more carefully, on the top of Jennifer's head.

"Try to sleep at some point. Both of you."

"No promises," Jennifer murmured.

Marcus shook his head, almost smiling, and left them alone.

The front door closed. The security system armed with a soft, definitive tone. The house settled into the particular quiet that only arrived when the professionals had stepped back and the two of them were left with full run of the place under the cameras and the standing rules.

Jennifer stretched, the open shirt falling further open, and looked up at Jackie with the expression that always meant trouble was about to become optional instead of inevitable.

"We have the house."

"We do."

"Lena said rough is permitted."

"She did."

"And you're still an asshole who left me on the table and locked me in a truck."

Jackie slid her hand from Jennifer's hair to the open collar of the shirt, fingers resting lightly against the side of her throat where the strangulation strap had sat the night before.

"And you're still the mutt who rode Marcus into the couch and threatened to complain to the new director while you did it."

Jennifer's pulse kicked under her fingers. Her smile turned sharper.

"So what are you going to do about it, love?"

Jackie looked at her for a long moment—at the fading film marks, the neat bruises she herself had put there, the residual exhaustion and the bright, living heat that had already started to replace it. The long night was finished. The cool-down was finished. The new hierarchy had been stated and accepted. Everything that needed to be official had been made official.

What remained was theirs.

Jackie closed her hand just enough to feel Jennifer's breath change, then leaned down until their mouths were almost touching.

"I'm going to take you to bed," she said quietly. "I'm going to remind you who designed the tables that kept you safe. And then I'm going to make sure that when you do file that complaint, you have to write it standing up because sitting will still hurt."

Jennifer's laugh was low and real and already half a moan.

"Promise?"

“Promise.”

Jackie kissed her, then led her from the couch. Jennifer followed, her shirt sliding off one shoulder as they walked to the bedroom. The cameras tracked them as the lights dimmed in sequence.

In the bedroom Jackie closed the door with her foot, turned, and put Jennifer against it hard enough to make the wood register the impact. Jennifer’s hands found her waist, then her open shirt, then the cane welts that still ached under soft fabric. Jackie let her look for a moment, let her feel the matching damage, and then reached past her to the small drawer built into the wall beside the door.

The heavier ball-chain cat-o’-nine-tails was already there, cleaned and waiting.

Jennifer saw it and exhaled a shaky, eager to breath.

“You’re still an asshole.”

Jackie set the whip on the bed within easy reach, pressed her mouth to the side of Jennifer’s throat, and spoke against her pulse.

“And you’re still mine.”

Outside, the last of the daylight faded. The security drones finished their evening circuit. Lena’s car cleared the gate and turned toward whatever off-site place she used when she gave them the house. Marcus settled into the guest wing with a book and the quiet certainty that he would not be needed unless something truly stupid happened.

Inside, the two of them moved to the bed with the unhurried, inevitable gravity of people who had already survived worse and intended to keep surviving each other.

Jackie laid Jennifer down on the cool sheets, followed her, and reached for the whip.

Jennifer's eyes were dark and open and completely present.

"Make it count," she whispered.

Jackie did.

The cameras kept recording.

The house stayed quiet around them.

And for the rest of the night—and every night that followed—under their new director, the standing rules, and the fragile peace they had forged, they knew they belonged precisely where they were: owned, marked, and safe, yet fully capable of destroying one another in every way that counted.

The film was finished.

The real life continued.

And neither of them would have wanted it any other way.