Kylie's Clerical Job

by Brent Clark Palmer

Vulpes Parvaes, Book 15

Chapter One

The taxi slowed as it approached the tall chain-link fence topped with razor wire. Kylie leaned forward, pressing one small hand against the cool window glass. The women's penitentiary rose beyond the fence in long, low concrete buildings the color of storm clouds. She had expected something more institutional and grim, but the reality was both more ordinary and somehow more intimidating than she had imagined.

She was twenty-two, a newlywed of eight months, and petite in the way that made most people automatically want to help her carry things. Her blonde hair was pinned neatly at the nape of her neck, and the pale blue blouse she had chosen that morning was modest but still showed the clean line of her collarbones and the subtle curve of her small breasts. The skirt was knee-length, professional. She had spent twenty minutes that morning making sure she looked exactly right for a clerical interview.

The driver stopped at the outer gate. A guard in a dark uniform checked something on a clipboard, then waved the taxi through. Kylie's stomach gave a small, excited flip. This was real. She was actually here.

When the taxi pulled up to the main entrance, a tall woman in a crisp guard uniform was already waiting on the wide concrete step. She stood with her hands clasped behind her back, posture straight, watching the car with calm attention. Even from inside the taxi Kylie could see how striking she was—tall, broad-shouldered in a way that still looked feminine, dark hair pulled into a tight bun, strong features softened by full lips and intelligent dark eyes. The uniform fit her like it had been made for her body.

Kylie felt a sudden, startling pull low in her belly. She had not expected the woman conducting her interview to look like that.

The taxi driver popped the trunk for her small purse and the thin folder of documents she had brought. Kylie stepped out into the warm afternoon air, smoothing her skirt with one hand. The tall guard descended the steps and met her halfway.

"Miss Harper?" the woman asked. Her voice was low, clear, and carried the faintest trace of warmth beneath its professional tone.

"Yes. Kylie Harper." Kylie offered her hand automatically. The guard took it. Her grip was firm, dry, and lingered half a second longer than strictly necessary.

"Guard Wolfram," the woman said. "I'll be conducting your initial assessment for the clerical position. Thank you for coming all the way out here. Most applicants don't make it past the first phone screening."

Kylie smiled, feeling a little breathless. “I was excited about the opportunity. I’ve always been good with organization and records. And I like the idea of work that actually matters.” Wolfram’s mouth curved in a small, approving smile. “That’s exactly the kind of attitude we look for. The clerical staff here don’t just push paper. They help maintain order in an environment where order is everything. Filing, alphabetizing inmate records, assisting the guards with logs and reports, keeping sensitive documentation accurate and accessible. It’s quiet work, but it’s important.”

She gestured toward the heavy double doors. “Shall we go inside? The first part of the process is fairly straightforward. We’ll verify your information and then move into the assessment area.”

Kylie nodded and followed. Wolfram held the door for her, and as Kylie passed, she felt the guard’s hand rest lightly—just for a moment—against the small of her back. The touch was professional. It should not have sent a warm shiver up Kylie’s spine, but it did.

Inside, the air was cooler and carried a faint institutional scent of disinfectant and concrete. They walked down a wide corridor. Other women in uniform passed them, nodding

respectfully to Wolfram. Kylie noticed that several of them glanced at her with mild curiosity before looking away.

“You mentioned on the phone that you’re recently married,” Wolfram said conversationally as they walked. “Congratulations. Does your husband support you pursuing work here?”

Kylie felt her cheeks warm. “He does. He thinks it’s good that I want something stable. Something with purpose.”

Wolfram made a soft sound of approval. “Stability matters. Especially in a place like this. The work can be demanding in unexpected ways. We need people who can remain calm when things feel intense.” She glanced down at Kylie, and for a second her dark eyes seemed to linger on the delicate line of her throat, the way the blouse lay against her small frame. “You strike me as someone who might handle that well.”

Kylie’s pulse quickened. She told herself it was just nerves and the flattery of being seen as capable.

They reached a secure door. Wolfram swiped a card and held it open. Beyond was a large room divided into sections by low partitions. Several women in civilian clothes sat on benches or in plastic chairs. Some had their hands cuffed in front of them. Others waited with their belongings in clear plastic bags at their feet. The atmosphere was quiet but heavy.

Kylie hesitated for half a second. Wolfram's hand returned to her lower back, gentle but guiding.

"This is the initial intake assessment area," Wolfram said smoothly. "Because the position involves direct support to the security staff and access to restricted records, we conduct a more thorough suitability evaluation than a typical office job. Everyone who comes through for consideration spends time here. It helps us see how comfortable you are in the actual environment."

She led Kylie to a row of chairs near the far wall. Two women already seated there glanced up. One had her wrists cuffed to a chain at her waist. The other sat with her hands folded, but Kylie noticed the faint red marks around her wrists where restraints had recently been removed.

Wolfram indicated an empty chair. "If you'll wait here for a few minutes, I'll check on the next stage of your assessment. It shouldn't be long. While you wait, try to observe the space. Notice how the environment feels. That's part of what we evaluate—how well someone can remain steady in a setting that isn't ordinary."

Kylie sat. The plastic chair was hard. She crossed her ankles and held her purse in her lap, trying to look composed. Wolfram remained standing beside her for a moment longer than necessary.

"You're doing very well so far, Miss Harper," she said quietly, and there was that thread of personal warmth again. "Most people are more visibly nervous when they first arrive. You seem… receptive. That's a good quality for this work."

Kylie looked up at her. Wolfram's expression was calm, professional, but her eyes held something deeper—something that made Kylie's stomach tighten in a way that had nothing to do with fear.

"Thank you," Kylie said softly. "I really want this."

Wolfram's mouth curved again, small and private. "I know you do."

She rested her hand briefly on Kylie's shoulder—warm through the thin blouse—then stepped back.

"I'll be back for you shortly. Just wait here."

Wolfram turned and walked toward a desk at the far end of the room. Kylie watched her go, the tall, straight line of her back, the way the uniform moved with her body. She was aware, suddenly, of how warm the room felt and how aware she was of her own skin beneath her clothes.

Around her, the other women waited. One of them shifted, and the chain between her cuffed wrists clinked softly against the bench. Kylie told herself this must be standard procedure for anyone entering the facility for the first time, even for an

interview. It made a kind of sense. Security had to be thorough.

She sat very still, heart beating faster than it should have been, and waited for Guard Wolfram to return.

Chapter Two

Guard Wolfram returned to the intake waiting area and met Kylie's eyes from across the room. She walked over without hurry and stopped close in front of her.

"Miss Harper," she said, her voice low and steady. "We can move to the next part of your assessment now."

Kylie rose at once. Wolfram placed a light hand against the small of her back and guided her out of the waiting area and down a short side corridor. They stopped in front of a plain door. Wolfram swiped her card and held it open.

The room inside was small and windowless, with pale green walls and a single metal bench along one side. A tall metal table stood near the door with a clear plastic bin and a clipboard resting on it.

Kylie stepped inside and set her purse and the thin folder of documents she had brought with her onto the bench. Wolfram closed the door behind them. The sound of it locking into place was quiet but final.

Wolfram turned to face her. "Because the clerical position involves working closely with security staff and handling sensitive records, we conduct a thorough visual inspection as part of the suitability assessment. I'll need you to remove your clothing. All of it. I'll help you."

Before Kylie could answer, Wolfram stepped forward and began unbuttoning her blouse. Her fingers moved slowly and carefully, slipping each button free. When the blouse fell open, she slid it off Kylie's shoulders herself. As she did, the backs of her fingers brushed across the tops of Kylie's small breasts. The touch was light, almost accidental, but it sent a sharp spark straight between Kylie's legs.

Wolfram folded the blouse with deliberate care, smoothing the fabric before placing it into the plastic bin. She reached behind Kylie next and unhooked her bra. As she drew the straps down her arms, her knuckles grazed the sides of Kylie's breasts, then brushed directly across one nipple. Kylie's breath caught. Her nipple tightened instantly under the brief contact.

The bra was folded and added to the bin.

Wolfram crouched in front of her to unzip the skirt. She eased it down over Kylie's hips, then picked it up from the floor and folded it neatly before placing it with the rest of her clothes. Still crouched, she hooked her fingers into the waistband of Kylie's panties and slowly drew them down her legs. As the fabric

passed between her thighs, the side of Wolfram's hand brushed against Kylie's bare pussy. The touch was fleeting, but unmistakable. Kylie was already wet, and the contact made her thighs tremble.

Wolfram stood and folded the panties with the same quiet attention she had given every other item, then set them in the bin on top of the rest.

Kylie stood completely naked in the center of the room. Her nipples were tight and dark, her skin flushed. She could feel the slickness between her legs and knew it was visible. The realization sent a deep, shocking pulse of arousal through her. She had never been this turned on in her life. Not even close. The exposure, the calm way Wolfram was handling her, and the fact that her body was responding so strongly made her feel almost dizzy with need.

Wolfram picked up the clipboard. "Stand with your feet apart and raise your arms, please."

Kylie lifted her arms. Wolfram stepped in close. She checked Kylie's mouth, having her open it and lift her tongue, then examined behind her ears and through her hair. When she reached Kylie's breasts, she didn't ask Kylie to lift them. Instead, she did it herself. She cupped Kylie's small breasts from underneath, lifting them gently so she could inspect the undersides. Her thumbs brushed slowly across both nipples as she did so. The touch lingered.

Kylie's breathing had grown shallow. Her clit throbbed with every beat of her heart.

"Turn around," Wolfram said. "Bend forward and touch your toes. Keep your legs straight."

Kylie turned and bent at the waist, reaching down until her fingertips touched her toes. The position left her completely exposed, her ass presented toward Wolfram. She could feel cool air against her wet pussy and the tight pucker of her anus.

Wolfram moved behind her. Kylie felt her hands settle on her ass—warm, steady, and sure. Wolfram's fingers spread her cheeks apart, holding her open. She stayed like that for several long seconds, inspecting her. Then she spoke.

"Cough for me, please."

Kylie coughed. The motion made her pussy clench visibly. She was mortified by how wet she was, how obviously aroused her body had become. At the same time, a deep, almost overwhelming excitement coursed through her. She had never felt anything like this. She didn't want it to stop.

Wolfram held her open a moment longer before finally releasing her cheeks.

"You can stand up."

Kylie straightened slowly, her face hot, her body trembling with arousal she could no longer hide or deny. She turned to face Wolfram again, arms at her sides, completely naked.

At that moment the door opened and another female officer stepped inside. Wolfram handed her the plastic bin without comment.

“Process these.”

The officer took the bin and left, closing the door behind her. Every piece of Kylie’s clothing was gone.

Wolfram set the clipboard down on the table. She looked at Kylie for a long moment, her dark eyes moving slowly over her bare body. Her expression remained calm and professional, but there was something quietly satisfied in the way she studied her.

“You handled that very well, Miss Harper,” she said. “Much better than most. I’m impressed with how receptive you’ve been.”

Kylie stood there, nude and trembling, her pussy aching and slick, more turned on than she had ever been in her life. She didn’t try to cover herself. She didn’t ask for her clothes. All she knew in that moment was that she wanted to keep going. She wanted whatever came next with this woman.

Chapter Three

Wolfram remained in the small room with Kylie after the other officer had taken her clothes away. For a moment she simply stood there, clipboard in hand, looking at Kylie’s naked body with calm, unhurried attention. Then she set the clipboard down on the metal table and picked up Kylie’s purse and the thin folder she had placed on the bench earlier.

“We need to complete the property inventory now,” Wolfram said. Her voice was steady and professional, but there was a quiet thread of warmth beneath it. “Because you’ll be moving through several assessment areas, all personal items have to be logged and secured. It’s standard procedure for anyone entering the facility. I’ll go through everything with you so you know exactly what’s being stored and where it will go.”

Kylie stood naked in the center of the room, arms at her sides. Her skin still felt flushed from the inspection, and the slick heat between her legs had not lessened. If anything, it had grown stronger. She watched as Wolfram opened her purse and began removing items one by one.

“Black leather wallet,” Wolfram said, placing it on the table. She opened it and continued without pause. “Driver’s license, one credit card, twenty-three dollars in cash, a library card, and a photo of a man. Is this your husband?”

Kylie’s throat felt dry. “Yes.”

Wolfram nodded and set the wallet aside. She reached into the purse again and withdrew Kylie’s cell phone. “One smartphone. I’ll need you to unlock it so I can confirm there’s nothing restricted on it, then it will be powered down and stored with the rest of your belongings.”

Kylie stepped forward and unlocked the phone with trembling fingers. Wolfram took it from her, powered it off, and placed it next to the wallet.

Next, Wolfram picked up the thin folder. She opened it and began reading the contents aloud as she sorted through them.

“Birth certificate,” she said, holding up the official document. “Social Security card, high school diploma, and a copy of your marriage certificate.” She glanced at Kylie. “You brought quite a bit of identification with you. That’s good. It makes the process smoother.”

She set the folder aside and continued emptying the purse. A pack of gum, a small tube of lip balm, a hair tie, and a few loose receipts were all removed, examined, and placed into separate piles on the table.

When the purse was empty, Wolfram turned her attention to Kylie herself.

“I’ll need to collect any jewelry you’re wearing as well,” she said. “Please hold out your hands.”

Kylie lifted her hands. Wolfram took her left hand first. Her fingers were warm and sure as she gently worked Kylie’s simple gold wedding band off her finger. She held it for a moment between her thumb and forefinger, turning it slightly so the light caught the inner engraving, then placed it on the table with the rest of the items.

“Wedding ring,” she noted. “Any other jewelry?”

Kylie shook her head. “Just my earrings.”

Wolfram stepped closer. She reached up and carefully removed the small gold hoops from Kylie’s ears, one at a time. Her fingertips brushed against the sensitive skin behind Kylie’s ears as she did so. When both earrings were off, she added them to the growing collection on the table.

Wolfram began writing on a form attached to the clipboard, speaking as she wrote.

“Inventory for Kylie Harper,” she said. “One black leather purse, one smartphone, one wallet containing driver’s license, credit card, cash, and personal photo. One birth certificate, one Social Security card, one high school diploma, one marriage certificate. One gold wedding ring, one pair of gold hoop earrings. Twenty-three dollars in cash. Miscellaneous: lip balm, gum, hair tie,

receipts.”

She looked up at Kylie. “Most of these items will be stored securely here at the facility. The cash and any non-essential documents can be mailed to your husband at your expense if you’d like, or held until the end of your assessment. The birth certificate and marriage certificate will be stored with your other identification. Do you understand?”

Kylie nodded. Her voice came out quieter than she intended. “Yes. I understand.”

Wolfram slid the inventory form across the table toward her. “I’ll need you to sign at the bottom confirming that everything listed is accurate and that you’re authorizing us to store or dispose of these items according to facility policy.”

Kylie stepped forward and picked up the pen. She leaned over the table to sign, acutely aware of how exposed she was, how her small breasts hung forward slightly and how the cool air touched the wet skin between her thighs. Wolfram stood close beside her, watching her sign.

When Kylie finished, Wolfram picked up the form and added her own signature as witness. She gathered the items and placed them into a larger, labeled bag, then sealed it.

“Everything is accounted for,” she said. “You’re left with nothing that isn’t approved for the assessment areas.”

Kylie stood there, completely naked, her wedding ring gone, her phone and identification taken away. She felt stripped of more than just her clothes. And yet the arousal thrumming through her body had only intensified. The loss of these last personal items, the way Wolfram had calmly and methodically taken them from her, made her feel even more vulnerable and even more helplessly turned on.

Wolfram set the sealed bag aside and turned back to her. She studied Kylie for a moment, then stepped closer.

“Before we finish here,” she said, her voice low and professional, “I need to do one final verification. Sometimes small items can be missed in pockets or folds of clothing. Since you’re no longer wearing anything, I’ll need to confirm there’s nothing else on your person.”

She reached out and gently took Kylie’s left hand again, the same hand from which she had just removed the wedding ring. Her fingers moved slowly over Kylie’s, checking between each one with careful attention. Then she turned Kylie’s hand over and traced the lines of her palm, as though looking for anything that might have been overlooked.

Her touch was warm and deliberate. Kylie’s breath caught as Wolfram’s thumb brushed slowly across the empty spot where her wedding ring had been.

“You’re doing very well, Miss Harper,” Wolfram said quietly, still holding her hand. “Most people struggle more with this part than you are. I’m pleased with how open you’ve been to the process.”

She didn’t release Kylie’s hand right away. Instead, she continued to hold it, her thumb moving in a slow, almost soothing circle over the bare skin where the ring used to sit.

Chapter Four

Wolfram kept her hand resting lightly on the small of Kylie’s bare back as they left the small processing room. They walked down a longer corridor and through another secure door. The space they entered was larger and brighter, with several examination stations divided by curtains. The air smelled faintly of antiseptic and latex.

Other women were being processed here. Most were still wearing their civilian clothes or had been given simple institutional scrubs. One woman sat on an exam table in a paper gown while a nurse took her blood pressure. Another stood nearby having her height and weight recorded. None of them were naked. Kylie felt the difference immediately. She was the only one completely bare, and several of the staff glanced at her as she entered, though no one commented.

Wolfram guided her toward an open station near the back. A female nurse in scrubs was already waiting, reviewing something on a tablet.

“Miss Harper,” Wolfram said, her voice calm and professional. “This is the medical screening portion of your assessment. It’s required for anyone who will be working inside the facility, even in a clerical capacity. We need to establish a baseline for your health and confirm you have no conditions that would interfere with the demands of the role.”

She kept her hand on Kylie’s lower back as she spoke, then casually slid it around to rest on her waist. Her fingers pressed lightly against Kylie’s bare skin.

The nurse looked up and gave Kylie a polite, neutral smile. “Have a seat on the table, please.”

Kylie climbed onto the exam table. The paper crinkled beneath her. She kept her legs together, though she was acutely aware of how exposed she still was. Wolfram stayed close, standing beside the table with her hand now resting on Kylie’s hip.

The nurse began with basic questions while taking Kylie’s vital signs. “Any major illnesses in the past five years? Allergies? Current medications?”

Kylie answered as clearly as she could, though her focus kept drifting to the warmth of Wolfram’s hand on her bare skin. Her body still felt flushed and sensitive from everything that had already happened.

“Any chance you could be pregnant?” the nurse asked.

Kylie shook her head. “No.”

“Last menstrual period?”

Kylie told her. The nurse made notes, then wrapped a blood pressure cuff around her arm. While it inflated, Wolfram’s hand slid slowly up Kylie’s side, her thumb brushing the underside of her breast before settling again on her waist. The touch sent a sharp pulse of heat between Kylie’s legs.

After the vitals were recorded, the nurse prepared a small syringe.

“We’re going to do a TB skin test,” she explained. “And we’ll also draw some blood for routine screening.”

Before the nurse could proceed, Wolfram spoke. “She should receive the standard intake immunization as well,” she said evenly. “The one given to all new arrivals for baseline protection.”

The nurse nodded without question. “Of course.”

She prepared a second syringe. Wolfram watched closely as the nurse swabbed Kylie’s upper arm and gave her the injection. It stung briefly, then a strange warmth began to spread through Kylie’s body almost immediately. It wasn’t unpleasant. If anything, it felt good — a slow, liquid heat that sank deeper into her muscles and settled heavily between her legs.

The nurse moved on to the blood draw. Kylie barely flinched when the needle went in. Her skin felt more sensitive than usual, and the warmth from the shot was making her clit throb in a steady, insistent rhythm. She shifted slightly on the table, pressing her thighs together.

Wolfram’s hand tightened on her waist.

After the blood was drawn, the nurse performed a basic physical exam. She listened to Kylie’s heart and lungs, then had her lie back so she could palpate her abdomen. Throughout it all, Wolfram remained at her side. When the nurse needed Kylie to shift positions, Wolfram helped guide her, her hands moving over Kylie’s bare skin with increasing familiarity. Once, while the nurse was checking Kylie’s reflexes, Wolfram’s hand slid down and cupped one of her ass cheeks, squeezing gently before releasing.

Kylie’s breath caught, but she didn’t pull away.

The nurse continued with a breast exam, pressing carefully around each of Kylie’s small breasts. Wolfram stood at the head of the table, one hand resting on Kylie’s shoulder while the other occasionally drifted down to stroke her side or brush across her stomach.

When the nurse asked Kylie to put her feet in the stirrups for a brief pelvic exam, Wolfram helped lift and position her legs without being asked. Her fingers lingered on the inside of Kylie’s thighs as she adjusted her.

The exam itself was quick and clinical. The nurse spoke in a calm, professional tone the entire time. Kylie barely registered the details. The shot was working through her system now, making everything feel heightened. Her nipples were painfully hard. Her pussy was swollen and slick, and every small touch from Wolfram sent sparks through her. She found herself wanting the exam to last longer. She wanted Wolfram’s hands on her more. After the pelvic exam, the nurse checked Kylie’s teeth and gums with a small light and mirror, then made a few final notes on the tablet.

“Everything looks good,” the nurse said. “No immediate concerns. We’ll have the bloodwork back in a few days.”

Wolfram nodded. “Thank you.”

She helped Kylie sit up, then kept her arm around her waist as she slid off the table. Her hand rested possessively on Kylie’s bare hip, thumb stroking slow circles against her skin.

“You did very well,” Wolfram said quietly, close to Kylie’s ear. “Most people are much more tense during the medical screening. You seem… comfortable.”

Kylie’s head felt slightly hazy from the shot. Her body was humming with arousal so strong it was almost difficult to think clearly. She leaned into Wolfram’s side without realizing she was doing it.

“I feel okay,” she said softly. Her voice sounded distant to her own ears. “Really okay.”

Wolfram’s arm tightened around her waist. She gave Kylie’s bare ass a slow, deliberate squeeze before guiding her toward the curtained exit.

“Good,” she murmured. “That’s exactly how you should feel.”

Chapter Five

Wolfram led Kylie down a quieter hallway, her arm wrapped securely around the younger woman’s bare waist. They stopped in front of a door marked with a small plaque that read *Supervisor – Intake & Assessment*. Wolfram unlocked it and guided Kylie inside.

The office was modest but comfortable. A large wooden desk sat in the center of the room, with two leather chairs facing it. Behind the desk was a larger, more substantial chair. A single window looked out over the inner yard, though the blinds were half-closed. Wolfram closed the door behind them and locked it with a soft click.

“Have a seat,” she said, nodding toward one of the leather chairs in front of the desk.

Kylie sat down carefully. The leather was cool against her bare skin and thighs. She kept her knees pressed together, though the position still left her feeling exposed. Wolfram walked around the desk and sat in her own chair, studying Kylie for a moment before opening a file on her desk.

“This is the mental health assessment portion of your job interview,” Wolfram said. Her tone was calm and professional, but there was a noticeable warmth in it now. “We’ve covered your background, physical suitability, and medical baseline. Now I need to understand how you respond to structure, authority, and the specific demands of working inside this environment.”

She leaned back slightly in her chair, her eyes moving slowly over Kylie’s naked body.

“I’m going to ask you a series of questions. I want you to answer honestly and completely. There are no wrong answers, only honest ones. Do you understand?”

Kylie nodded. The effects of the shot from earlier were still moving through her system, making her skin feel hypersensitive and her thoughts slightly hazy. “Yes.”

“Good.” Wolfram picked up a pen. “Let’s begin.”

She looked directly at Kylie.

“How does it feel to be sitting here completely naked while I remain fully clothed?”

Kylie’s breath caught. She hadn’t expected the question to be so direct. “I… it feels strange,” she admitted. “Exposed.”

Wolfram nodded, as if this were a perfectly normal answer. “And how does that exposure affect you? Physically.”

Kylie hesitated. Her nipples were already tight, and she could feel the slickness between her legs against the leather seat. “It makes me… aware of my body. All the time.”

“Does being aware of your body in this way make it easier or harder to follow instructions?” Wolfram asked.

“Easier,” Kylie whispered.

Wolfram made a note. “When your clothing and personal items were taken from you earlier, including your wedding ring, how did that affect your sense of yourself?”

Kylie swallowed. The memory of Wolfram sliding the ring off her finger was still vivid. “It made me feel… smaller. Like I had less control.”

“And did that loss of control arouse you?”

Kylie’s face burned. She wanted to deny it, but the truth pressed against her. “Yes,” she admitted quietly.

Wolfram’s expression didn’t change, but something satisfied flickered in her dark eyes.

“When I had you bend over and spread your cheeks for inspection,” she continued, “how did it feel to have me looking at you so closely while you held yourself open?”

Kylie’s thighs pressed together. The memory of Wolfram’s hands on her ass, holding her apart, sent a fresh wave of heat through her. “It felt… intense. Like I couldn’t hide anything.”

“And you liked that,” Wolfram stated rather than asked.

Kylie nodded. Her voice was smaller now. “I did.”

Wolfram set the pen down and leaned forward slightly. “Stand up and come here.”

Kylie rose from the leather chair on unsteady legs. Wolfram pushed her own chair back from the desk and patted her lap.

“Sit here,” she said. “It will be easier to continue the assessment this way.”

Kylie didn’t hesitate. She stepped around the desk and carefully lowered herself onto Wolfram’s lap, straddling one of her thighs. The fabric of Wolfram’s uniform pants pressed against her bare, swollen pussy. Wolfram’s arm came around her waist, pulling her in closer until Kylie’s back rested against her chest.

Wolfram’s free hand rested on Kylie’s bare thigh, her thumb stroking slowly back and forth.

“Now,” she said, her voice low against Kylie’s ear, “tell me how it feels to know that from this point forward, while you’re in this facility, you will remain completely nude at all times. No clothing. No coverings. Ever.”

Kylie’s breath hitched. The image of herself walking these hallways naked, being seen by other staff, having no way to hide, made her clit throb hard against Wolfram’s thigh.

“It makes me feel owned,” she whispered.

Wolfram’s hand slid higher on her thigh. “And do you like feeling owned?”

Kylie’s hips gave a small, involuntary roll. “Yes.”

“When rules are given to you,” Wolfram continued, “how do you feel about following them without question? Even if those rules involve your body being touched, inspected, or used however the facility requires?”

Kylie was breathing faster now. The combination of the question, the pressure of Wolfram’s thigh between her legs, and the steady stroking of her hand was pushing her higher.

“I want to follow them,” she said, her voice trembling. “I want to be good.”

Wolfram’s arm tightened around her waist. Her other hand moved up to cup one of Kylie’s small breasts, thumb brushing slowly across the hard nipple.

“And if I told you that part of your role here would involve being available whenever I wanted you,” she said softly, “how would that make you feel?”

Kylie’s head fell back against Wolfram’s shoulder. Her hips were moving now in small, helpless circles against the firm thigh beneath her. The orgasm was building fast — too fast — and she wasn’t even being touched directly.

Wolfram’s hand slid between Kylie’s legs. Her fingers found Kylie’s swollen clit and began to rub in slow, deliberate circles. Kylie’s breath caught sharply. She was so close already, her body trembling on the edge.

Just as her orgasm began to crest, Wolfram stopped.

Kylie let out a broken, pleading sound.

Wolfram’s arm tightened around her waist, keeping her firmly in place.

“Tell me how it feels to be kept like this,” she said calmly. “Right on the edge. Unable to come unless I allow it.”

Kylie was trembling hard, her pussy clenching desperately against Wolfram’s unmoving fingers. Tears of frustration gathered in her eyes.

“It feels… unbearable,” she gasped. “Please…”

Wolfram pressed a slow kiss to the side of her neck but didn’t move her hand.

“Please what?” she asked.

Kylie’s voice cracked. She was shaking, right on the edge, her entire body straining for release that Wolfram was deliberately withholding.

“Please let me come,” she begged. “I’ll do anything. Please… I need this job. I need to stay here. Please, I’ll be good. I’ll follow every rule. Just… please don’t stop.”

Wolfram’s fingers remained perfectly still.

She let the silence stretch for several long seconds before speaking again, her voice quiet and thoughtful.

“Your answers suggest a rather significant long-term risk,” she said. “A strong need for structure… a deep responsiveness to control… and a clear difficulty regulating your own impulses once aroused.” Wolfram’s thumb stroked slowly along Kylie’s inner thigh. “We need to discuss how long your sentence is.”

Kylie’s hips jerked helplessly. She was still right on the edge, her clit throbbing against Wolfram’s unmoving fingers.

Wolfram continued in the same calm tone.

“For someone with your particular responses, how long do you think your sentence should be? Twenty years? Thirty? Fifty?”

Kylie whimpered. Her mind was hazy with need. She could barely think.

“Fifty,” she gasped desperately. “Please… fifty years.”

Wolfram’s fingers began to move again — slow, steady strokes that brought Kylie right back to the brink within seconds. Just as she was about to come, they stopped once more.

Kylie sobbed softly with frustration.

Wolfram’s voice remained perfectly calm.

“I’m going to use this energy to make you helpful,” she said. “You’ll give me my morning showers. You’ll serve my meals. You’ll provide my orgasms when I want them. You’ll brush my hair at night. You’ll keep this desperate, needy little body exactly as it is — always on edge, always ready, always mine to use.”

She pressed another slow kiss to Kylie’s neck.

“And in return, I’ll decide when — or if — you’re ever allowed to come.”

Wolfram’s fingers finally pulled away completely.

She gave Kylie’s thigh a light pat.

“Stand up,” she said. “And follow me.”

Kylie rose on shaky legs, her body still throbbing with denied release.

Wolfram stood as well, smoothing her uniform.

“The interview isn’t over.”

Chapter Six

Wolfram unlocked the office door and stepped out into the hallway without looking back. Kylie followed on unsteady legs, her body still humming with the desperate, unfulfilled ache Wolfram had left her in. The effects of the shot from earlier made every brush of air against her skin feel amplified. Her nipples were tight, and she could feel how wet she still was between her legs.

Wolfram’s hand found the small of Kylie’s bare back as they walked.

“We’re not finished yet,” she said calmly. “There’s still the identification process to complete.”

They turned down another corridor and entered a large, brightly lit processing room. Several women in uniform sat at long rows of computers, typing and scanning documents. Other new arrivals stood or sat nearby, most of them still wearing their civilian clothes or simple institutional scrubs. None of them were naked like Kylie. The contrast made her feel even more exposed as Wolfram guided her inside.

They took their place at the end of one of the lines. Wolfram stood close behind Kylie, one hand resting possessively on her hip while they waited. The low hum of keyboards and quiet conversations filled the room.

After several minutes, it was their turn.

A woman in her mid-forties with short dark hair and glasses looked up from her terminal. Her name tag read *Rita*.

“Next,” Rita said.

Wolfram stepped forward with Kylie. “We need to complete identification and sentencing entry.”

Rita’s eyes moved over Kylie’s naked body with professional detachment before returning to her screen. “Name?”

“Kylie Harper,” Wolfram answered for her.

Rita typed for a moment, then looked up again. “We’ll need to assign her identification number and apply the barcode.”

Wolfram nodded. “I’ll do it myself.”

She led Kylie a few steps to a small station along the wall where a tattoo machine and supplies were kept. Wolfram picked up the device and looked at Kylie with calm authority. “For this type of position,” she said, her voice low but clear enough for Rita to hear, “we use a permanent barcode rather than a temporary wristband or card. It ensures there’s no risk of loss or removal. It’s standard for anyone who will be working closely with staff and remaining inside the facility long-term.”

Kylie’s heart pounded. She stood still as Wolfram gently turned her so her left hip was accessible. The hum of the tattoo machine started. Wolfram worked quickly and efficiently, her gloved hand steady as she applied the barcode just above Kylie’s hip bone. The sensation was sharp but brief. When she finished, she wiped the area clean and stepped back to admire her work.

“There,” Wolfram said. “Now you’re properly identified.”

She guided Kylie back to Rita’s station. Rita scanned the fresh barcode with a handheld reader. It beeped, and Kylie’s new identification number appeared on the screen.

“Number assigned,” Rita confirmed. “Now we need to enter the sentence length.”

Wolfram glanced at Kylie, then turned back to Rita. “Could you bring me the sentencing binder, please? The one with the offense categories and corresponding durations.”

Rita raised an eyebrow but didn’t comment. She stood, walked to a locked cabinet, and returned with a thick black binder. She placed it on the counter in front of Wolfram.

Wolfram opened it and began flipping through the pages slowly, as though she were genuinely considering options. Kylie stood beside her, completely naked, the fresh barcode stinging slightly on her hip. She watched Wolfram’s finger trace down one of the columns.

After a moment, Wolfram stopped on a page and tapped it with one finger.

“This one,” she said.

Rita leaned over to look. “Class A Felony – Long-term Institutionalization. Fifty-seven years.”

Wolfram nodded. “That one.”

Rita hesitated for only a second before typing the information into the system. The sentence length appeared on the screen beside Kylie’s new identification number.

Kylie stared at the number in shock, her mouth slightly open. Fifty-seven years. The reality of what was happening crashed into her, yet the same deep, shameful heat that had been building all day flared even stronger between her legs. She was so aroused she could barely form words.

Wolfram closed the binder and slid it back across the counter. She looked at Rita with a small, knowing smile.

“Make sure it’s noted that she’ll be particularly useful in a long-term personal capacity,” she said lightly. “Some of them adjust better than others. This one seems very… motivated to please.”

Rita gave a short, dry laugh as she finalized the entry. “Understood. She’s in the system now.”

Wolfram placed her hand on the back of Kylie’s neck, her thumb stroking once over the bare skin there.

“Good,” she said. “We’re making progress.”

Chapter Seven

Wolfram led Kylie out of the processing room, her hand resting lightly on the back of her neck. The fresh barcode on Kylie’s hip still stung faintly. They walked in silence down another corridor until Wolfram stopped in front of a door marked *Private Hygiene – Staff Use Only*. She unlocked it and guided Kylie inside.

The room was small but clean, with a large tiled shower area, a bench, and shelves holding towels and supplies. Wolfram closed and locked the door behind them.

“This is the hygiene portion of your assessment,” she said, her voice calm and professional. “Maintaining cleanliness is essential for anyone who will be providing close personal service. You’ll be expected to demonstrate that you can keep both yourself and your supervisor thoroughly clean. This will be part of your daily responsibilities moving forward.”

She looked at Kylie steadily.

“Today, you’ll show me how well you can perform this duty. You’ll also have the opportunity to express your gratitude for everything that’s been done for you so far.”

Wolfram began to undress without any hesitation. She removed her uniform jacket, then her shirt, folding each item neatly and placing it on the bench. Her bra followed, then her pants and underwear. Within moments she stood completely naked in front of Kylie. Her body was strong and toned, with full breasts and a dark patch of hair between her legs.

She turned on the shower and adjusted the temperature until steam began to rise. Then she picked up a bottle of facility-issued soap and a washcloth.

“Step under the water,” she instructed.

Kylie obeyed. The warm water cascaded over her bare skin. Wolfram stepped in behind her and began to wash her with efficient, practiced movements. She lathered the soap and scrubbed Kylie’s shoulders, arms, and back, then moved to her front. Her hands moved over Kylie’s small breasts, cleaning them thoroughly before sliding down her stomach. She washed between Kylie’s legs with the same clinical efficiency, her fingers moving through her folds without lingering. Kylie bit her lip as the touch sent sparks through her already sensitive body.

When Wolfram was satisfied, she handed Kylie the washcloth and soap.

“Now it’s your turn,” she said. “Show me how thoroughly you can clean me.”

Kylie took the items with slightly trembling hands. She started with Wolfram's shoulders and back, working the lather into her skin with careful attention. She moved slowly and deliberately, wanting to prove she could do this well. She washed Wolfram's arms, then her chest, gently cleaning around and beneath her breasts. Wolfram stood still, watching her with calm approval.

Kylie knelt to wash her legs and feet, then stood again to clean between her thighs. She worked the soap carefully through the dark hair and along Wolfram's folds, making sure every inch was clean. When she finished, she looked up at her.

Wolfram reached down and took the washcloth from her hand, setting it aside.

"You did well," she said. "But there's one more area that requires special attention."

She guided Kylie's head downward with a firm but gentle hand.

"You'll use your tongue to clean between my legs now."

Kylie's breath caught, but she didn't hesitate. She leaned forward and pressed her mouth to Wolfram's pussy. The taste of soap and warm skin filled her senses. She licked slowly at first, then more eagerly when she heard Wolfram's breathing change. Her tongue moved through the folds, circling Wolfram's clit before dipping lower. She licked and sucked with growing desperation, wanting to please her, wanting to show how grateful she was.

Wolfram's hand stayed on the back of Kylie's head, holding her in place as her hips began to move. She came with a low, controlled groan, her thighs tightening around Kylie's face as she ground against her mouth. Warmth flooded Kylie's tongue and lips as Wolfram rode out her orgasm.

When it was over, Wolfram gently pulled Kylie's head back. She looked down at her with dark, satisfied eyes.

"Good girl," she said quietly.

She turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. She handed Kylie a large, soft cotton towel.

"Dry me."

Kylie stood and carefully dried Wolfram's body, starting with her hair and working her way down. She was gentle but thorough, making sure every inch of skin was dry. When she finished, Wolfram took the towel from her and hung it up.

Wolfram began to dress, pulling on her underwear, then her uniform pants and shirt with calm efficiency. She buttoned her shirt and adjusted her collar while Kylie stood naked and dripping beside her.

“You’ll air dry,” Wolfram said as she fastened her belt. “It’s better for the skin, and it reinforces the proper state for someone in your position.”

She picked up her jacket and slipped it on, then looked at Kylie.

“Come along. The interview isn’t finished yet.”

She opened the door and stepped out into the hallway, expecting Kylie to follow. Kylie walked behind her, still completely naked and wet, her skin cooling in the air as droplets of water ran down her body. The fresh barcode on her hip felt more permanent than ever.

Chapter Eight

Wolfram led Kylie down another hallway, still damp from the shower and completely naked. The cool air raised goosebumps across her skin. They stopped in front of a small, unmarked door. Wolfram unlocked it and stepped inside, holding it open for Kylie to follow.

The room was simple — just a desk, two chairs, and a small table against the wall. Wolfram closed the door behind them and locked it.

“This is the formal job offer portion of the process,” she said, her voice calm and professional. “Before we can finalize your placement, you need to understand the rules, expectations, and rights that come with working inside this facility. This is standard for anyone who will be in close contact with staff and residents.”

She gestured toward one of the chairs, but when Kylie moved to sit in it, Wolfram shook her head.

“No. Here.” She sat in the larger chair and patted her lap. “You’ll be more comfortable this way while we go over everything.”

Kylie hesitated for only a second before climbing onto Wolfram’s lap. Wolfram’s arm immediately wrapped around her bare waist, pulling her back against her chest. Her other hand rested on Kylie’s thigh.

Wolfram opened a folder on the desk and began.

“First, the daily structure. You will rise when I rise. You will assist with my morning routine, including showering and dressing me. You will remain available throughout the day for any tasks I require. Meals will be taken in my quarters or in designated staff areas. Your movement will be restricted to the areas I authorize.”

She turned a page.

“Personal belongings are not permitted. You will have no access to phones, outside communication, or personal effects. All requests must go through me. Grievances, if you have any, will also be submitted through proper channels —

which means through me.”

Wolfram’s hand stroked slowly up and down Kylie’s thigh as she spoke.

“Now we come to conduct and rights,” she continued. “You are expected to comply

immediately with any instruction given by staff. Resistance or hesitation will be noted. Physical contact is a normal part of this environment. You will be touched, inspected, and handled as needed. This is not optional.”

She opened another document.

“This facility operates under the Prison Rape Elimination Act, or PREA. You have the right to be free from sexual abuse and harassment. You have the right to report any concerns without fear of retaliation. All reports are taken seriously and investigated.”

Wolfram’s hand slid higher on Kylie’s thigh, her fingers brushing close to where she was still sensitive from the shower.

“However,” she added, “you should understand that certain interactions between staff and those in supportive roles are considered part of the operational structure. Consensual dynamics within the chain of command are not classified as abuse. Do you understand the distinction?”

Kylie’s voice was quiet. “Yes.”

“Good.” Wolfram turned another page. “You will sign several acknowledgment forms confirming that you have received this information and agree to abide by facility rules. These are standard.”

She placed the final form in front of Kylie along with a pen.

“Sign here,” she said. “This confirms you understand the rules and accept the conditions of your placement.”

Kylie picked up the pen with a slightly trembling hand and signed her name at the bottom. Wolfram added her own signature as witness, then gathered the completed documents into a neat stack.

There was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” Wolfram said.

A younger female staff member entered carrying a clipboard. She glanced at Kylie sitting naked on Wolfram’s lap but kept her expression neutral.

“I’m here to collect the signed paperwork,” she said.

Wolfram picked up the stack of forms and handed them over.

“This candidate is being placed in the maximum security wing,” she said casually as the assistant took the documents.

The woman nodded. “Understood. I’ll note that in the file and route the paperwork accordingly.”

She turned and left, closing the door behind her.

Wolfram’s arm tightened around Kylie’s waist. She leaned in, her lips brushing against Kylie’s ear.

“Maximum security means stricter movement, closer supervision, and longer periods of restricted access to the general population,” she said softly. “It also means you’ll be spending a great deal of time with me.”

Her hand slid slowly up Kylie’s bare thigh.

“Very good,” she murmured. “You’re handling this exceptionally well.”

Chapter Nine

There was a knock at the door. Wolfram didn’t move Kylie from her lap.

“Come in.”

The same young staff assistant from earlier stepped inside. She glanced briefly at Kylie, still naked and sitting on Wolfram’s lap, before addressing her supervisor.

“Ma’am, there’s a man in the front lobby asking for Kylie Harper. He says he’s her husband. He’s been waiting for a while. I wasn’t sure how you wanted to handle it.”

Wolfram was quiet for a moment, her hand still resting on Kylie’s bare thigh. Then she answered calmly.

“Thank you. Tell him we’ll be with him shortly. We’ll meet him in the visitation area.”

The assistant nodded. “Yes, ma’am.”

She turned to leave, but Wolfram spoke again before she reached the door.

“First, though, I need to take her through the pre-visitation protocol.”

The assistant paused, then gave a small nod of understanding and left, closing the door behind her.

Wolfram’s hand slid up Kylie’s side and cupped her breast, giving it a slow, possessive squeeze.

“Stand up,” she said quietly.

Kylie rose on shaky legs. Wolfram stood as well and walked over to the desk. She opened the bottom drawer and removed a black leather harness and a thick,

realistic strap-on. She fastened the harness around her hips with practiced efficiency, adjusting the large silicone cock until it sat securely in place.

“Bend over the desk,” she ordered.

Kylie obeyed without hesitation. She placed her hands on the wooden surface and bent forward, arching her back slightly. Her bare breasts pressed against the cool wood. Wolfram stepped in behind her and ran a hand down the length of her spine, then gripped her hip.

“You belong to me now,” Wolfram said, her voice low and steady. “Not to him. Not to anyone else. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Kylie whispered.

“Say it properly.”

“I belong to you,” Kylie said, louder this time.

Wolfram rubbed the thick head of the strap-on between Kylie’s folds, coating it in her wetness. Then she pushed forward, sinking the full length into her in one slow, deliberate thrust.

Kylie gasped, her fingers curling against the desk.

Wolfram began to fuck her with deep, powerful strokes. Each thrust drove the thick cock deep into Kylie’s pussy, stretching her wide. The wet sounds of skin meeting skin filled the small office.

“This is what you’re for now,” Wolfram said as she fucked her. “To take what I give you. To come when I allow it. To remember who you belong to.”

Kylie moaned, pushing back against every thrust. The first orgasm hit her fast and hard. Her body seized up as pleasure crashed through her, her pussy clenching rhythmically around the strap-on. She cried out, legs shaking, but Wolfram didn’t slow down.

“That’s one,” Wolfram said, her voice calm. “You’re going to give me more than that before we go see your husband.”

She reached down and gripped Kylie’s hair, pulling her head back slightly as she continued pounding into her. The second orgasm built quickly. Kylie’s moans turned desperate as Wolfram fucked her harder, the thick cock hitting deep with every stroke. When it hit, Kylie’s whole body jerked. She came with a broken cry, her pussy fluttering and squeezing around the strap-on as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through her.

“Two,” Wolfram said. She slowed her thrusts just enough to let Kylie feel every inch as she dragged the cock almost all the way out before slamming back in. “You’re going to come again. And you’re going to remember who this pussy

belongs to while you do it.”

Kylie was panting, her mind hazy with overstimulation. “It belongs to you,” she gasped. “I belong to you.”

“That’s right.”

Wolfram fucked her harder, one hand gripping her hip while the other reached around to rub her clit in tight, fast circles. Kylie’s third orgasm tore through her with shocking force. Her legs gave out and she collapsed forward onto the desk, crying out as her body convulsed. The pleasure was so intense it bordered on painful. She came hard, her pussy pulsing and gushing around the thick strap-on as Wolfram continued thrusting through every spasm.

Wolfram finally slowed, then stopped, buried deep inside her. She leaned over Kylie’s back, breathing steadily against her ear.

“Good girl,” she murmured. “That’s what I expect from you.”

She pulled out slowly and unfastened the harness, setting it aside. Kylie remained bent over the desk, trembling and breathing hard, her thighs slick.

Wolfram smoothed a hand over Kylie’s ass, then gave it a light slap.

“Stand up and clean yourself up. We’re going to see your husband now.”

Kylie pushed herself upright on shaky legs, still dazed from the intensity of the three orgasms. Wolfram watched her for a moment, then reached out and gently wiped a tear from Kylie’s cheek with her thumb.

“Remember who you are,” she said quietly. “And remember who you belong to.”

Chapter Ten

Kylie could barely walk.

Her legs felt unsteady beneath her as Wolfram guided her down the corridor toward the visitation area. The strap-on had stretched her open so thoroughly that every step made her pussy ache with a deep, satisfied soreness. Her mind was hazy, still floating somewhere between the third orgasm and the present moment. She felt disconnected from everything except the dull, pleasant throb between her legs and the steady pressure of Wolfram’s hand on the back of her neck.

They entered a small visitation booth separated by a thick pane of glass. Wolfram had Kylie sit in the chair on their side. Kylie sank into it without resistance, her bare skin sticking slightly to the plastic. She stared blankly at the empty chair on the other side of the glass, her thoughts slow and scattered.

A few minutes later, the door on the opposite side opened and her husband stepped in.

He looked worried. His eyes widened when he saw Kylie sitting there completely naked. He leaned forward and spoke into the intercom.

“Kylie? What the hell is going on? They wouldn’t tell me anything. Why are you naked? Are you okay?”

Wolfram leaned forward and pressed the button on her side before Kylie could even attempt to answer.

“Mr. Harper,” she said smoothly. “My name is Guard Wolfram. I’ve been conducting Miss Harper’s assessment for the clerical position. There’s been a development we need to discuss.”

Her husband frowned. “What kind of development? She came here for a job interview. It’s been hours.”

Wolfram kept her tone professional and calm.

“We’ve identified that your wife has significant potential for a specialized support role within the facility. However, the assessment process is more intensive than a standard interview. We need to keep her for a few nights to complete the necessary evaluations and training.”

Her husband stared at her through the glass. “A few nights? You’re saying she has to stay here? Overnight?”

“Yes,” Wolfram replied evenly. “It’s standard protocol when a candidate shows this level of suitability. She’ll be well cared for.”

He shook his head, looking increasingly agitated. “This doesn’t make any sense. She didn’t say anything about staying overnight. I want to talk to her.”

He turned his attention to Kylie.

“Kylie? Baby, what’s going on? Tell them you want to come home.”

Kylie blinked slowly. The sound of her husband’s voice felt distant, almost foreign. She looked at him through the glass, but all she could think about was the heavy ache between her legs and the way Wolfram had taken her over the desk less than an hour ago. The idea of leaving now felt wrong. Wrong in a way that made her stomach twist with panic.

She leaned forward and pressed the button on her side.

“No,” she said, her voice hoarse but sharp. “I’m not going with you.”

Her husband’s expression shifted to confusion, then frustration.

“What? Kylie, this is crazy. You came here for a job interview—”

“You’re ruining this for me,” Kylie snapped, cutting him off. Her voice rose, raw and desperate. “I finally have a chance at something that actually matters, and

you’re trying to drag me back home like I’m some kind of child. You’re going to make them take the job away from me.”

Her husband looked stunned. “Kylie—”

“I want to stay,” she said fiercely, leaning closer to the glass. “I *need* to stay. This is important. More important than anything you have waiting for me out there. Don’t ruin this for me. Please.”

Wolfram placed a hand on Kylie’s bare shoulder, squeezing once in quiet approval.

Her husband stared at them both, clearly at a loss. After a long, uncomfortable silence, he stood up.

“I… I don’t even know what to say right now,” he muttered. “I’ll come back tomorrow. We’ll figure this out.”

He turned and left without another word.

The door on his side closed behind him with a heavy click.

Wolfram waited until he was gone before turning to Kylie. She reached out and gently brushed a strand of hair from Kylie’s face, then cupped her cheek.

“You did very well,” she said, her voice low and warm with approval. “I’m proud of you.”

She leaned in and pressed a slow kiss to Kylie’s forehead.

“You’re learning your place.”

Chapter Eleven

Wolfram kept her hand on the back of Kylie’s neck as they left the visitation area. The touch was still warm, still steady, but there was a subtle change in the way she guided her now. Less like she was escorting a candidate. More like she was moving someone who belonged to her.

They walked through several checkpoints. Each time, the officers on duty looked at Kylie’s naked body, then at Wolfram, and simply nodded. No one questioned it. No one offered her clothing.

Kylie’s mind was still foggy from what had happened in the office, but the further they walked, the more the fog began to lift. The hallways grew narrower. The lighting changed. The air felt heavier. She saw women in orange jumpsuits being escorted in small groups. Some of them glanced at her as she passed. A few smirked.

She swallowed hard.

“Guard Wolfram?” she asked quietly. “Where are we going?”

Wolfram didn’t slow her pace. “The maximum security wing. That’s where you’ve been assigned.”

Kylie felt a cold thread of unease move through her chest. “But… the job. The clerical position. I thought—”

“You were assessed for a specialized support role,” Wolfram said evenly. “This is part of that placement.”

They passed through another set of heavy doors. The sound of them locking behind her made Kylie flinch.

She tried again, her voice smaller. “I don’t understand. Am I… am I still being interviewed?”

Wolfram glanced down at her. For the first time since they left the office, her expression was unreadable.

“No,” she said. “You’re not.”

They reached a long, stark corridor lined with solid cell doors. Wolfram stopped in front of one near the end. She keyed in a code on the panel beside it. The door slid open with a heavy metallic sound.

Kylie stared into the small, bare cell. There was nothing inside except a stainless steel toilet- sink unit in the corner and a cot with a thin mattress.

Wolfram stepped inside first, then turned and looked at her.

“Inside.”

Kylie hesitated. Her heart was pounding now.

“Guard Wolfram… please. I don’t think I understand what’s happening.”

Wolfram’s voice changed.

It was subtle at first, but unmistakable. The warmth that had been there earlier was gone. What remained was calm, professional, and completely impersonal.

“Step into the cell, Harper.”

The use of her last name hit Kylie like a slap. She stepped inside on shaky legs.

Wolfram remained in the doorway.

“You’ve been processed and classified,” she said. “Your identification number is now active in the system. You have been assigned to this cell in the maximum security wing for the duration of your sentence.”

Kylie’s breath caught. “My sentence?”

“Fifty-seven years,” Wolfram replied flatly. “As entered during intake.”

Kylie felt the floor tilt beneath her. She shook her head, taking a small step back.

“No. That was… that was part of the interview. It was a test. You said it was for the job.”

Wolfram’s expression didn’t change.

“This is not a test. You are an inmate. You will be treated as one.”

The words landed with devastating weight. Kylie’s eyes filled with tears even as a shameful, electric heat pulsed between her legs. She hated how her body responded. She hated that hearing Wolfram speak to her like this made her clit throb.

Wolfram continued, her tone growing colder with every sentence.

“You will address staff as ‘Officer’ or by rank and last name. You will not speak unless spoken to. You will follow all orders immediately. You will remain naked at all times unless clothing is issued to you by staff. You will not cover yourself. You will not touch yourself without permission. You will not ask questions about your placement or your sentence. Do you understand these rules, inmate?”

Kylie’s lips parted, but no sound came out at first. Her nipples had tightened into hard peaks. Her thighs pressed together instinctively.

“I… I understand,” she whispered.

“Speak clearly.”

“I understand, Officer,” Kylie said, louder this time. Her voice trembled.

Wolfram studied her for a long moment. Then she stepped out of the cell.

“On your knees.”

Kylie dropped to her knees without thinking. The concrete was cold and rough against her skin.

Wolfram looked down at her from the doorway as two officers entered the cell behind her. Without a word, they lifted the cot and thin mattress and carried them out. The sound of the metal frame scraping against the floor made Kylie flinch.

Wolfram waited until they were gone before she spoke again.

“You will sleep on the floor tonight. The cot has been removed as a necessary measure. You have not yet earned the privilege of furniture.”

Kylie’s breath hitched. A fresh wave of heat rolled through her at the casual cruelty of it.

Wolfram continued, her voice steady and detached.

“You will not be given a blanket. You will not be given anything to cover yourself with. If you need to use the toilet, you will do so. If you need to relieve sexual

tension, you will not. That privilege belongs to staff now."

She stepped forward and cupped Kylie's face with one hand. For a moment, her expression softened. Then she leaned down and kissed her.

The kiss was slow and deliberate. Wolfram's lips moved against hers with quiet possession, her tongue brushing lightly before she pulled away. When she straightened, the warmth had already vanished from her face.

"You will sleep with that need tonight, inmate," she said coldly.

Wolfram reached for the door controls.

"You will wait here until you are collected in the morning. If you are compliant, you may be allowed to serve me. If you are not, your conditions will become stricter."

She paused, her finger hovering over the panel.

"Do you have anything to say, inmate?"

Kylie looked up at her from the floor, eyes glassy with tears and something far more desperate.

"I'll be good," she said, voice cracking. "I'll do whatever you want. Please… please don't leave me like this for too long."

Wolfram's expression remained cold, but something flickered in her eyes for the briefest second.

"We'll see."

She pressed the button.

The heavy door began to slide shut.

Just before it closed completely, Wolfram spoke one last time, her voice flat and final.

"Lights out at 2200, Harper."

The door sealed with a heavy, final sound.

Kylie curled up on the cold concrete floor, naked and trembling. The cell was completely empty now. No cot. No mattress. No blanket.

All she could think about was how much she already wanted to see Guard Wolfram again.

PART TWO

Chapter Twelve

The cell door opened early the next morning. Two officers entered without speaking, cuffed Kylie's hands in front of her, and led her out. She was still

naked, her skin marked from sleeping on the concrete. They took her down several hallways until they reached a private shower room.

Wolfram was already inside, the water running. She stood under the spray, completely naked, her dark hair wet and slicked back. When she saw Kylie, she gave the officers a small nod. They removed the cuffs and left, locking the door behind them.

“On your knees,” Wolfram said.

Kylie dropped to her knees without hesitation. The tile was warm from the steam. Wolfram stepped closer, water running down her body, and guided Kylie’s head forward with one hand.

“Clean me.”

Kylie leaned in and began to lick. She started at Wolfram’s stomach, working her way lower with slow, careful strokes of her tongue. When she reached between her legs, she parted her lips and took Wolfram into her mouth, sucking gently at first before using her tongue in long, thorough strokes.

Wolfram let out a quiet breath and rested one hand on top of Kylie’s head.

After a minute, she spoke.

“Tell me about your sister.”

Kylie’s tongue paused for half a second before continuing. The question sent an unexpected jolt through her. She tried to keep her focus on what she was doing, but her body betrayed her. A soft, involuntary moan escaped around Wolfram’s skin.

Wolfram noticed immediately. Her fingers tightened slightly in Kylie’s hair.

“Keep going,” she said calmly. “What does she look like?”

Kylie pulled back just enough to answer, her lips brushing against Wolfram as she spoke.

“She’s… smaller than me,” she said quietly. “More fit. She has a flatter stomach. Her breasts are a little bigger than mine.”

Wolfram made a low sound of approval. “Go on.”

Kylie leaned back in, licking slowly along Wolfram’s folds before sucking again. Another small moan vibrated in her throat. She hated how wet the conversation was making her.

“Is she helpful?” Wolfram asked. “Like you?”

Kylie’s hips shifted restlessly on the tile. She nodded against Wolfram, then pulled back again to speak.

“She tries to be,” she said, her voice slightly breathless. “She’s still figuring things out. She’s not sure about college. Or what she wants to do.”

Wolfram’s hand stroked through Kylie’s wet hair.

“Does she listen well?”

Kylie moaned again, longer this time, as she pressed her tongue deeper. The sound was unmistakable. Wolfram’s hips moved forward slightly, pressing more firmly against her mouth.

“She does,” Kylie admitted between licks. “She’s competitive, though. She likes to do things well.”

Wolfram was quiet for a moment, letting Kylie work. Then she spoke again, her voice lower.

“Would you want her to visit you here?”

Kylie’s eyes fluttered shut. The idea of Riley coming to the prison, seeing her like this, knowing what had happened to her — it should have horrified her. Instead, a deep, shameful pulse of heat moved between her legs. She moaned around Wolfram again, the sound needy and obvious.

Wolfram’s thumb brushed over Kylie’s cheek.

“Look at you,” she murmured. “Even the thought of her coming here turns you on.”

Kylie whimpered but didn’t stop. She kept licking, kept sucking, her face flushed with embarrassment and arousal.

Wolfram tilted Kylie’s head back slightly so she could look down at her.

“I would never make her an inmate,” she said. “You don’t have to worry about that. What I have in mind for her is very different.”

Kylie stared up at her, lips parted and wet, breathing hard.

Wolfram’s expression was calm, almost gentle.

“She could have stability here. A place to figure things out. Someone to take care of her.” She paused. “She could sleep in my bed every night, if that’s what she wanted.”

Kylie let out a broken sound. Her thighs pressed together tightly. The image Wolfram had planted hit her harder than she expected. She leaned forward again without being told, taking Wolfram back into her mouth with more urgency.

Wolfram watched her for a moment, then spoke again.

“You should thank me,” she said quietly. “For wanting to give her that kind of stability. For not treating her the way I treat you.”

Kylie moaned desperately around her, the sound muffled and needy. She kept going, licking and sucking with renewed focus, her body trembling with how turned on she was.

Wolfram's hand tightened in her hair.

"That's it," she said. "Show me how grateful you are."

Chapter Thirteen

Kylie sat on the cold concrete floor of her cell, her back against the wall. She had been left there since early that morning. No one had come to collect her. No food. No instructions. Just the heavy silence of the maximum security wing and the occasional distant sound of doors locking.

She knew why.

Wolfram was meeting her sister today.

The thought made her stomach twist and her body ache at the same time. She pressed her thighs together and tried not to think about it, but the image kept returning — Riley walking through the front gates, Wolfram greeting her with that calm, professional smile. Kylie had no idea what would be said. She only knew that Wolfram had told her, just before leaving her cell that morning, "Be good while I'm gone. I'll be speaking with Riley today."

That was all.

Kylie had been left to imagine the rest.

Riley Harper stood in the small, private office, looking around with quiet curiosity. She was smaller than her sister, with the same blonde hair and delicate features, but her body was noticeably more athletic — a flatter stomach and slightly fuller breasts. She wore a simple black tank top and jeans, and there was a restless energy about her, like someone who hadn't quite figured out where she belonged yet.

Wolfram closed the door behind them and turned the lock with a quiet click.

"I appreciate you coming in," she said, her voice low and smooth. "I wanted to speak with you privately before anything else."

Riley turned to face her. "Is Kylie okay?"

"She's fine," Wolfram replied. She stepped closer, her eyes moving over Riley with open appreciation. "You're even cuter than I expected."

Riley blinked, caught off guard by the directness. A faint blush crept up her neck.

Wolfram didn’t give her time to respond. She reached out and gently took Riley’s hand, guiding her toward the desk.

“Sit,” she said.

Riley sat down slowly, watching as Wolfram leaned against the edge of the desk in front of her. Wolfram’s fingers brushed lightly along Riley’s forearm, a slow, deliberate touch.

“Did you know,” Wolfram asked softly, “that your sister has a sexual preference for women?”

Riley’s eyes widened slightly. She let out a short, surprised laugh. “What? No. Kylie’s never said anything like that.”

Wolfram’s fingers continued their slow path along Riley’s arm, tracing lightly over her skin.

“She does,” Wolfram said. “She’s very responsive to it, actually. Especially when she’s given no choice but to accept it.”

Riley shifted in her seat. She didn’t pull her arm away.

Wolfram watched her closely, noting the way Riley’s breathing had changed.

“Your sister is an inmate here,” she continued calmly. “A real one. Fifty-seven years. She’s not staff. She’s not in some special clerical program. She belongs to me.”

Riley stared at her. “That’s not what she told me.”

“Of course it isn’t,” Wolfram said. “She was gaslit into believing it was all part of a job interview. She agreed to everything. The nudity. The obedience. The way she serves me. She even thanked me for taking an interest in you.”

Riley scoffed, but there was no real heat behind it. Her cheeks were flushed.

“That sounds like her,” she muttered. “She’s always been naïve. Always trying to please everyone.”

Wolfram smiled faintly. Her hand moved to Riley’s thigh, resting there with quiet possession.

“I think you could do what she does for me,” she said. “Only better.”

Riley’s breath caught.

“You’re competitive,” Wolfram continued. “I can see it. You wouldn’t just accept what she accepted. You’d want to be better at it. More devoted. More useful.”

Riley didn’t deny it. She was staring at Wolfram now, her lips slightly parted.

Wolfram leaned in a little closer.

“In return,” she said, “you wouldn’t be an inmate like her. You could be my girlfriend. You’d still be naked for me, just like she is. But you’d live in my quarters. Sleep in my bed. You’d have stability while you figure out what you want to do with your life.”

Riley swallowed hard. Her thighs pressed together beneath Wolfram’s hand.

Wolfram’s thumb stroked slowly over the denim of Riley’s jeans.

“Does that sound like something you could want?” she asked.

Riley was quiet for a long moment. Her face was flushed, and her breathing had grown shallow.

Finally, she spoke.

“I need to see her first,” she said. “To confirm what you’re saying is true.”

Chapter Fourteen

Riley stood up slowly, her hands still resting on the edge of the desk. She looked at Wolfram with a mixture of nerves and something warmer.

“I need to see her,” she said again, firmer this time. “If what you’re saying is true… I want to see it for myself.”

Wolfram studied her for a moment, then gave a small nod.

“All right,” she said. “Come with me.”

She led Riley out of the office and down several long, institutional hallways. The further they walked, the more the atmosphere changed. The lighting grew harsher. The doors became heavier. Riley stayed close to Wolfram’s side, occasionally glancing at her with a mix of curiosity and something more heated.

Eventually, they reached the maximum security wing. Wolfram stopped in front of a solid steel door and entered a code. The door slid open with a heavy metallic sound.

Kylie was inside.

She was kneeling naked in the center of the bare cell, just as Wolfram had left her. Her hands rested on her thighs, palms up. Her head was slightly bowed, but she lifted it when the door opened. The moment she saw Riley standing beside Wolfram, her face went pale.

Riley stared.

Kylie’s body was completely exposed — small breasts, smooth skin, the fresh barcode tattoo just above her hip. There was no cot, no mattress, nothing but the cold concrete floor and the stainless steel toilet in the corner.

Wolfram stepped inside first. She didn't acknowledge Kylie's nudity or the state of the cell. She simply turned to Riley and spoke as if they were still in the office.

"This is what your sister is now," she said calmly. "An inmate. My inmate."

Riley didn't speak. She was still staring at Kylie, her expression unreadable.

Wolfram walked over to Kylie and stopped in front of her. She reached down and gently lifted Kylie's chin with two fingers, forcing her to look up.

"Harper," she said, her voice cool and professional. "Did you thank me for being concerned about your sister?"

Kylie's lips parted. Her voice came out quiet and shaky.

"…Yes, Officer."

Wolfram's thumb brushed lightly over Kylie's lower lip.

"Tell your sister what you thanked me for."

Kylie's eyes flicked to Riley for a brief second before dropping again. Her face burned with humiliation.

"I thanked you," she said softly, "for wanting to give Riley stability. For not treating her like… like me."

Riley let out a short, disbelieving breath. She took a small step closer to the cell door.

Wolfram released Kylie's chin and turned back to Riley. Her expression was calm, almost gentle.

"She's been very good about it," she said. "She understands that what I have in mind for you is different. Better."

Riley's eyes moved over Kylie's naked body again. Something shifted in her face — a spark of something competitive and hungry.

She stepped fully into the cell and walked straight over to Wolfram. Without hesitation, she slipped her arm through Wolfram's and pressed herself against her side. Then she leaned up and kissed Wolfram on the cheek, slow and deliberate.

When she pulled back, she looked directly at Kylie.

"What should we do with her, my love?" Riley asked, her voice soft but edged with something sharp.

Wolfram didn't answer right away. She simply looked down at Riley, then back at Kylie. A faint smile touched her lips.

Riley didn’t wait for a response. She turned her face toward Wolfram again, reached up, and kissed her properly on the lips — slow, lingering, and unmistakably possessive.

Kylie stayed on her knees, watching in silence.

Chapter Fifteen

Riley’s lips were still brushing against Wolfram’s when the older woman pulled back slightly. She looked down at Riley with calm approval, then glanced over at Kylie, who remained kneeling naked on the concrete floor.

Wolfram reached up and gently tucked a strand of Riley’s hair behind her ear.

“Riley,” she said, her voice low and measured, “I’ve decided not to keep you naked all the time like your sister. You won’t be an inmate. You won’t live like this.”

Riley’s eyes lit up at the distinction. She glanced at Kylie with something close to pity mixed with satisfaction.

Wolfram continued.

“But you’ll need to take your clothes off right now,” she said. “So I can show your sister how well I’m going to take care of you.”

Riley’s breath caught. She looked at Wolfram for a moment, then nodded.

“Okay,” she said softly.

Wolfram gave her a small, satisfied smile and turned toward the cell door.

“I’ll be right back,” she said. “Don’t go anywhere.”

She stepped out and the heavy door slid shut behind her, leaving the two sisters alone.

Riley stood there for a second, then turned to face Kylie. Her expression was a complicated mix of curiosity, superiority, and something darker.

She reached for the hem of her tank top and slowly pulled it up over her head, revealing a simple black bra and her toned stomach. As she dropped the shirt on the floor, she spoke.

“So…” Riley said, her voice quieter now but still edged. “This is what you’ve been doing? Letting her turn you into… this?”

Kylie stayed on her knees, her face burning. She didn’t answer at first.

Riley unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down her legs, stepping out of them. She stood in just her bra and panties now, looking down at her naked sister.

“I can’t believe you actually fell for all that,” Riley continued as she reached behind her back to unhook her bra. “A job interview? Really, Kylie? You’re supposed to be the responsible one.”

She let the bra fall to the floor. Her breasts were slightly larger than Kylie’s, full and perky. She didn’t try to cover herself.

Riley hooked her thumbs into her panties and slowly slid them down, stepping out of them until she was completely naked. She stood there for a moment, letting her sister see her, then crossed her arms under her chest.

“I mean… look at you,” she said, almost laughing under her breath. “Kneeling on the floor like some kind of pet. No bed. No clothes. Nothing. And you *thanked* her for wanting to do the same thing to me?”

Kylie’s voice came out small.

“…She said she wouldn’t make you an inmate.”

Riley scoffed.

“Yeah. Because she wants me to be her girlfriend instead.” She tilted her head, studying Kylie. “You really are stupid sometimes, you know that?”

Before Kylie could respond, the cell door slid open again.

Wolfram stepped back inside, now holding a black leather harness and a thick strap-on in one hand. She closed the door behind her and took in the sight of both sisters — one kneeling naked and humiliated on the floor, the other standing naked and waiting.

Her eyes moved over Riley’s body with open appreciation.

Without a word, she began to fasten the harness around her hips, adjusting the thick silicone cock into place. The sound of the straps tightening filled the small cell.

Riley watched her with open hunger, while Kylie remained frozen on her knees, unable to look away.

Chapter Sixteen

Wolfram adjusted the strap-on one final time, making sure it was secure. The thick silicone cock jutted out from her hips, heavy and intimidating. She looked between the two sisters — Kylie still kneeling naked on the concrete, and Riley standing naked in front of her.

“Riley,” Wolfram said, her voice calm and instructional. “Come here.”

Riley stepped forward without hesitation.

Wolfram reached out and gently turned her so she was facing Kylie. Then she placed her hands on Riley's hips and guided her into position, directly in front of her kneeling sister.

"Hold onto her shoulders," Wolfram told her. "Both hands. Keep her steady."

Riley looked down at Kylie for a moment, then placed her hands on her sister's bare shoulders. Her grip was firm. Kylie's body tensed beneath her touch, but she didn't move.

Wolfram stepped in close behind Riley. She rubbed the thick head of the strap-on between Riley's legs, coating it in her wetness, then pressed forward. Riley gasped as Wolfram pushed inside her in one slow, deliberate thrust.

Wolfram didn't give her time to adjust. She began to fuck her with deep, powerful strokes, her hips snapping forward with steady force. Each thrust jolted Riley forward, her hands tightening on Kylie's shoulders for balance.

"You'll move into my quarters here," Wolfram said as she fucked her, her voice low but clear. "You won't live in a cell like your sister. You'll have your own space in my rooms."

Riley moaned, her body rocking with every thrust. Her fingers dug into Kylie's shoulders.

Wolfram continued without slowing down.

"You'll join me for morning showers," she said. "And meals. You'll sleep in my bed every night. When I want you, you'll be available. When I don't, you'll still be there — warm, naked, and ready for me."

Riley's head tipped back slightly as another hard thrust rocked through her. She was breathing heavily now, her body jolting forward with every shove of Wolfram's hips.

Kylie stayed frozen on her knees, forced to watch her sister's body being fucked right in front of her face. The wet sounds of the strap-on moving inside Riley filled the small cell. Kylie's own body was burning. She had never been more turned on in her life. Her clit throbbed painfully between her legs, untouched, and every brutal thrust into Riley seemed to echo inside her own body.

Wolfram kept talking, her voice steady even as she pounded into Riley.

"You won't be an inmate," she said. "You'll be mine in a different way. You'll still be naked when I want you to be. But you'll have freedom. You'll have comfort. And you'll have me."

Riley was moaning openly now, her hips pushing back to meet every thrust. Her hands gripped Kylie's shoulders hard enough to leave marks.

Wolfram’s pace grew rougher, more deliberate.

“Come for me,” she ordered.

Riley came hard. Her whole body seized up, her thighs shaking as she cried out. The force of her orgasm made her knees buckle slightly, and she had to lean heavily on Kylie’s shoulders to stay upright.

At the exact same moment, Kylie came too.

She hadn’t been touched. There had been no fingers, no friction, nothing but the overwhelming sight and sound of her sister being fucked while Wolfram spoke about their future together. The orgasm tore through her violently. Her body jerked on the concrete as she came with a broken, helpless moan, her pussy clenching around nothing.

Riley looked down at her, still catching her breath, and let out a soft, condescending laugh.

“Oh, Kylie…” she said, reaching down to gently pat the top of her sister’s head.

Wolfram slowly pulled out of Riley. The strap-on was slick and shiny with Riley’s come. She looked down at Kylie, still kneeling and trembling from her own orgasm.

“Clean it,” she said simply.

Kylie leaned forward without hesitation. She opened her mouth and took the thick strap-on between her lips, licking and sucking Riley’s taste off the silicone. Her face burned with humiliation, but she didn’t stop.

While Kylie cleaned the strap-on, Wolfram reached for Riley and pulled her in close. She kissed her deeply, possessively, one hand sliding into Riley’s hair. Riley melted into the kiss with obvious excitement, moaning softly against Wolfram’s mouth as her sister knelt between them, obediently licking the strap-on clean.

Chapter Seventeen

Wolfram finally broke the kiss with Riley, though she kept one hand resting possessively on the younger woman’s bare waist. She glanced down at Kylie, who was still kneeling between them, the cleaned strap-on resting in her hands.

“Riley,” Wolfram said, her voice calm and even. “Get dressed.”

Riley blinked, still slightly dazed from the kiss and her orgasm. She nodded and stepped back, reaching for her clothes on the cell floor. As she picked up her panties and stepped into them, Wolfram turned her attention to Kylie.

“Harper,” she said. “Thank me for taking care of your sister.”

Kylie’s face burned. She kept her eyes lowered as she spoke, her voice quiet but steady.

“Thank you, Officer… for taking care of Riley.”

Riley let out a small, amused breath as she pulled her bra back on. She glanced down at her kneeling sister while fastening the clasp.

“You can thank me too,” she said lightly, reaching for her tank top. “For visiting you in your cell, Kylie. I didn’t have to.”

She pulled the shirt over her head, then bent down to grab her jeans. As she stepped into them, she added, almost as an afterthought,

“Most people wouldn’t bother.”

Wolfram didn’t comment on Riley’s words. She simply took the strap-on from Kylie’s hands and began to unfasten the harness from her hips. Once it was free, she held it loosely in one hand and looked down at Kylie again.

“You won’t be there tonight,” she said. “But you may picture your sister riding this in my bed and falling asleep in my arms.”

Kylie’s breath hitched. Her thighs pressed together on the concrete.

Wolfram continued, her tone casual, as if she were discussing something routine.

“I’m going to see if she’s as good as you at cleaning me in the shower tomorrow,” she said. “And then we’ll revisit your schedule. Depending on how well she does, some of your responsibilities may change.”

Riley finished pulling on her jeans and zipped them up. She looked between Wolfram and her sister on the floor, then gave a small, satisfied smile.

She stepped closer to Wolfram again and slipped her arm through hers, pressing against her side.

“Sounds like I should make sure I do a really good job then,” Riley said sweetly. She glanced down at Kylie one last time. “Wouldn’t want to disappoint you, my love.”

Wolfram didn’t respond to that. She simply reached for the cell door controls.

Riley stayed pressed against her side as the heavy door began to slide open. Just before they stepped out, she looked back at Kylie one final time and spoke, her voice light but unmistakably cruel.

“Try not to get too jealous while you’re down here tonight.”

Chapter Eighteen

Wolfram stepped out of the shower first, reaching for a towel. She dried herself off with calm efficiency before wrapping it around her body. Riley followed a

moment later, water still dripping from her hair. She looked flushed and satisfied.

Wolfram turned to watch her as she dried off. A small, genuine smile touched her lips.

“You did very well this morning,” she said. “Much better than I expected on your first try.”

Riley glanced up, clearly pleased by the praise. She wrapped the towel around herself and stepped closer.

“I wanted to be good for you,” she admitted.

Wolfram reached out and gently pulled her in by the waist, pressing a slow kiss to her forehead.

“You were,” she said. “Very good.”

She let go and moved to the counter, beginning to get dressed. Riley watched her for a moment before starting to pull on her own clothes.

Wolfram spoke again as she buttoned her shirt.

“I’ve been thinking,” she said. “Since your sister is in maximum security, she doesn’t get to go to the commissary with the other inmates. She eats her meals in her cell.”

Riley paused while pulling on her jeans, looking over at Wolfram.

Wolfram continued casually, as if the idea had just occurred to her.

“It might be nice if her sister brought her breakfast sometimes. It would give her something to look forward to. And it would give you a reason to see her.”

Riley finished zipping up her jeans and reached for her tank top. She pulled it on, then turned to face Wolfram fully.

“You want me to bring her food?” she asked.

Wolfram nodded. “If you’re willing. I could arrange it. You could take her breakfast tray in the mornings. Maybe even dinner sometimes.”

Riley was quiet for a second, clearly thinking it over. Then a small, almost mischievous smile appeared on her face.

“I could do that,” she said. “It would be… nice to see her.”

Wolfram’s mouth curved slightly. She stepped closer and reached out to tuck a strand of damp hair behind Riley’s ear.

“You could tell her about us while you’re there,” she said. “About how things are going. I think it would be good for her to hear it from you.”

Riley’s smile widened just a fraction. She leaned into Wolfram’s touch.

“You think she’d want to hear about that?” she asked, though her tone made it clear she already knew the answer.

Wolfram’s thumb brushed lightly along Riley’s jaw.

“I think it would be good for her to understand how things are changing,” she said. “And I think you’d enjoy telling her.”

Riley didn’t deny it. She just looked up at Wolfram with bright, eager eyes.

“When can I start?” she asked.

Wolfram smiled properly now — small, but unmistakably pleased.

“Tomorrow morning,” she said. “I’ll have them prepare an extra tray. You can take it to her yourself.”

She leaned down and kissed Riley once, slow and deliberate.

“And while you’re there,” she added, “make sure you tell her how well you did in the shower this morning. I want her to know I’m very happy with you.”

Riley’s cheeks flushed, but she nodded.

“I will.”

Chapter ENineteen

Riley walked down the long corridor in the maximum security wing, carrying a metal breakfast tray. A guard walked a few steps behind her, but didn’t interfere. Riley’s steps were light, almost cheerful. She wore simple clothes — a fitted black t-shirt and jeans — and her hair was still slightly damp from the shower she’d taken with Wolfram earlier that morning.

When she reached Kylie’s cell, the guard unlocked the door and stepped back. Riley walked inside.

Kylie was already awake, kneeling on the concrete floor near the back wall, just as she had been the day before. She was completely naked, her hands resting on her thighs. The fresh barcode on her hip stood out against her skin. She looked up when the door opened, and her expression tightened when she saw who it was.

Riley stopped a few feet inside the cell and looked down at her sister. For a moment, neither of them spoke.

Then Riley smiled.

“Morning,” she said, setting the tray down on the floor between them. “I brought you breakfast.”

Kylie stared at the tray, then back up at Riley. Her voice came out quiet.

“…You’re bringing me food now?”

Riley shrugged, still smiling. She crouched down so she was closer to eye level with Kylie, though she didn’t kneel.

“Wolfram thought it would be nice,” she said. “Since you can’t go to the commissary like the others. She said it might be good for you to see a familiar face.”

Kylie didn’t answer. Her eyes flicked to the tray again. There was a bowl of oatmeal, a piece of toast, and a small cup of juice.

Riley watched her for a second, then spoke again, her tone lighter.

“She also said I should tell you about us.”

Kylie’s jaw tightened. She didn’t look away, but something in her posture shifted — a small flinch she couldn’t quite hide.

Riley noticed. Her smile grew a little wider.

“She’s really happy with me,” Riley continued. “I stayed in her quarters last night. Slept in her bed. She said I did a good job in the shower this morning too.”

Kylie’s breathing had gone shallow. She kept her hands on her thighs, but her fingers curled slightly against her skin.

Riley tilted her head, studying her sister’s reaction.

“You’re really turned on right now, aren’t you?” she asked, not unkindly, but with clear amusement. “Even though it’s about me.”

Kylie didn’t answer. She couldn’t. Her face was flushed, and she hated how obvious it was.

Riley leaned forward a little, resting her forearms on her knees.

“She told me everything,” she said. “About what you agreed to. About how you let her gaslight you into thinking it was all part of some job interview. About how you thanked her for wanting to ‘take care’ of me.”

Riley’s voice dropped a little lower.

“I told her you were always kind of stupid like that.”

Kylie’s eyes stung, but she still didn’t speak. Riley watched her for another moment, then reached out and gently patted the top of Kylie’s head, the same way she had the day before.

“Don’t worry,” she said. “I’m not going to be an inmate like you. Wolfram said I don’t have to live like this. I get to be her girlfriend instead.”

She stood up slowly, brushing her hands on her jeans.

“But I’ll still come visit you,” Riley added. “Bring you breakfast. Tell you how things are going with us. I think it’ll be good for you.”

Kylie finally found her voice, though it came out rough.

“Riley…”

Riley paused at the cell door and looked back. Her expression was sweet on the surface, but her eyes were sharp.

“What?”

Kylie hesitated, then asked quietly, “Are you really going to do this?”

Riley smiled again — small, satisfied, and just a little cruel.

“I already am,” she said.

She turned to leave, then stopped and glanced back one more time. Her voice was light when she spoke again.

“See you tomorrow, Harper.”

Chapter Twenty

Riley walked into Kylie’s cell carrying the breakfast tray like she had the morning before. She set it down on the floor without ceremony and looked at her sister, who was already kneeling naked in the center of the room.

“Morning,” Riley said casually, brushing a bit of dust off her jeans. “You sleep okay on the floor?”

Kylie kept her eyes lowered. “Fine.”

Riley tilted her head, studying her. “You don’t look like you slept fine. You look tense.”

She crouched down in front of the tray and nudged it a little closer with her foot.

“Eat,” she said. “Wolfram said you should keep your strength up.”

Kylie hesitated, then reached for the tray. She ate slowly, keeping her movements small and controlled. Riley watched her the entire time, occasionally glancing around the bare cell like she was taking mental notes.

After a few minutes of silence, Riley spoke again.

“So,” she said, “Wolfram talked to me last night. About you.”

Kylie’s hand paused halfway to her mouth.

Riley smiled faintly.

“She said I should start taking more responsibility for you. Since I’m going to be around more now.” She paused, then added, almost lightly, “She put me in charge of your discipline.”

Kylie’s stomach dropped. She set the piece of toast back down on the tray and kept her eyes on the floor.

Riley stood up and walked a slow circle around her kneeling sister.

“You move around too much,” she said after a moment. “When you’re supposed to be still. It’s disrespectful. I noticed it yesterday when I was here.”

Kylie stayed silent, but her shoulders had gone tense.

Riley stopped in front of her again.

“I think ten swats should do it,” she said, almost thoughtfully. “For now.”

Kylie’s breath hitched, but she didn’t argue.

Riley’s mouth curved into a small, satisfied smile.

“Good,” she said. “At least you’re not fighting me on it. That would’ve made it worse.”

She pointed to the floor in front of her.

“Hands and knees. Face down, ass up. Now.”

Kylie moved into position without a word. She lowered herself onto her forearms, pressing her forehead to the cold concrete and raising her hips. Her bare ass was completely exposed. Her face burned with humiliation.

Riley took her time walking around her, clearly enjoying the view.

“Look at you,” she murmured. “Already wet. You’re not even trying to hide it.”

Kylie squeezed her eyes shut, but she couldn’t stop the way her body responded. Her thighs trembled slightly as she fought to stay still.

Riley stepped in close behind her and rested one hand on Kylie’s lower back.

“Count them,” she said.

The first swat landed hard across Kylie’s right cheek. The sharp sound echoed in the small cell.

Kylie jerked forward with a gasp. “One.”

Riley didn’t give her much time to recover before the second one landed on the other side.

“Two,” Kylie said, her voice already starting to waver.

By the fifth swat, Kylie was struggling to keep her hips still. Her pussy was visibly slick, and every strike sent a jolt of heat straight between her legs. She bit down on her lip hard, trying desperately to stay quiet, but small, involuntary sounds kept escaping her anyway.

Riley noticed. Of course she did.

“You’re getting wetter with every one,” she said, almost amused. “You really are fucked up, aren’t you?”

The sixth and seventh swats came in quick succession. Kylie’s voice cracked on the count.

“Seven…”

Riley paused, running her hand over the reddening skin.

“You’re not even trying to stay still anymore,” she said. “That’s another two for moving.” Kylie whimpered but didn’t argue.

By the time Riley reached ten, Kylie was trembling hard, her forehead pressed to the floor and her breathing ragged. Her ass was burning, but the ache between her legs was far worse. She was soaked, and she knew Riley could see it.

Riley gave her one last, lighter slap, almost affectionate.

“There,” she said. “All done.”

She stepped around to Kylie’s front and crouched down again, tilting her head to get a better look at her sister’s flushed, humiliated face.

Riley reached out and gently patted the top of Kylie’s head.

“Good girl,” she said softly. “Maybe tomorrow I’ll give you more if you keep squirming like that.”

Chapter Twenty One

Wolfram stood just inside the cell, arms crossed, watching both sisters. Riley stood a few feet away, still flushed from the spanking she had given Kylie earlier. Kylie remained on her knees, naked and silent, her ass still faintly marked.

Wolfram looked at Riley.

“I’ve been thinking about your new role,” she said. “You’ve been doing well so far. But I want to be sure you understand what it actually means to be with me.”

Riley straightened slightly, listening closely.

Wolfram continued.

“Managing an inmate isn’t just about giving orders or doling out punishments when they misbehave. It’s about psychological conditioning. It’s about making

them understand their place so deeply that they stop questioning it. And I won't always be there to guide you."

She glanced at Kylie, then back at Riley.

"So this is a test. Not a punishment for her. A test for you."

Riley's brow furrowed slightly.

Wolfram's voice stayed calm and measured.

"I'm giving you a blank slate. I want you to come up with a way to remind your sister exactly where she belongs — and then carry it out. No suggestions from me. No hand-holding. Just you deciding what will be most effective… and executing it."

Riley was quiet for a long moment.

She looked down at Kylie, still kneeling on the cold floor with her head slightly bowed. For a brief second, something flickered across Riley's face — a flash of hesitation. The weight of what Wolfram was actually asking her to do settled over her. This wasn't just teasing or light humiliation anymore. This was something deeper. Something that would change the shape of her relationship with her sister permanently.

Kylie didn't look up, but her breathing had gone shallow.

Riley's expression hardened.

She turned back to Wolfram.

"I want her to get me ready for you every night," she said.

Wolfram raised an eyebrow, interested.

Riley continued, her voice gaining confidence.

"Every evening, before I go to your quarters, she has to prepare me. Give me a bath. Rub me down with oil so I'm shiny and soft for you. Spray me with that pear body spray you like. Make me smell like you want me to smell. She has to do all of it. With her hands. While she's still naked."

Wolfram's mouth curved into a slow, approving smile.

Riley glanced down at Kylie again. Her voice was quieter now, but steady.

"She doesn't get to be part of what we have. But she's going to help make it happen. Every single night."

Wolfram looked at her for a long moment, then gave a small nod.

"Alright," she said. "Start tonight."

She stepped closer to Riley and gently cupped her cheek.

“I’ll be waiting in my quarters. Don’t keep me too long.”

Then she turned and walked out of the cell without another word, leaving the two sisters alone.

Riley stood there for a second, staring at the open doorway. Then she looked back down at Kylie, still kneeling on the floor.

A slow, almost excited smile spread across her face.

“Well,” she said softly. “You heard her.”

She took a step closer.

“Get up, Harper. You’ve got work to do.”

Chapter Twenty-Two

Riley stood in the middle of Kylie’s cell with her arms crossed, watching as two guards carried in a large, shallow metal tub and set it down near the wall. Another guard followed behind them with two large buckets of warm water and a small plastic crate filled with supplies — a bar of soap, a washcloth, a bottle of baby oil, and a small glass bottle of pear- scented body spray.

Once the guards left and the cell door slid shut again, Riley looked down at her sister.

“Get the tub ready,” she said.

Kylie moved without speaking. She took the buckets and carefully poured the warm water into the metal tub, testing the temperature with her fingers. When she was done, she set the empty buckets aside and knelt beside the tub, waiting.

Riley began to undress.

She took her time with it, folding each piece of clothing neatly and placing it on the bench. When she was finally naked, she stepped into the tub and lowered herself down with a soft sigh. The water only came up to her waist, but it was warm enough to steam lightly in the cool air of the cell.

Kylie stayed on her knees beside the tub, eyes lowered.

Riley looked at her.

“Well?” she said. “Start.”

Kylie reached for the washcloth and the bar of soap. She lathered it slowly, then leaned forward and began to wash Riley’s shoulders and arms. Her movements were careful and thorough, just like she had been taught.

Riley watched her the entire time.

“You’re really doing this,” she said after a moment, almost like she was talking to herself. “Washing me like I’m something special.”

Kylie didn’t answer. She kept working, moving the cloth down Riley’s back in slow strokes.

Riley tilted her head.

“Wolfram said you used to do this for her too,” she said. “Back when you still thought you were staff.”

Kylie’s hands paused for half a second before continuing.

Riley smirked.

“She told me how eager you were. How you actually believed all that shit about a job interview.” She let out a quiet laugh. “God, you’re pathetic.”

Kylie’s face burned, but she kept washing. She moved the cloth over Riley’s chest, carefully cleaning around her breasts. Riley didn’t stop her. If anything, she leaned back slightly, making it easier.

“You know what’s funny?” Riley continued. “I used to look up to you. When we were kids, I thought you had everything figured out. And now look at you. Naked on the floor, washing your little sister so she can go fuck the woman who owns you.”

Kylie’s hands trembled slightly as she moved lower, washing Riley’s stomach and hips. She could feel how wet she was between her own legs, and it made her want to curl in on herself.

Riley noticed.

She reached down and gently lifted Kylie’s chin with two fingers, forcing her to look up.

“You’re turned on right now, aren’t you?” she asked softly. “Even while you’re doing this.”

Kylie didn’t answer, but the flush on her face and the way her thighs pressed together said enough.

Riley smiled.

“Keep going.”

Kylie picked up the bottle of baby oil. She poured some into her hands and began to rub it into Riley’s skin, starting at her shoulders and working her way down. The oil made Riley’s body glisten under the harsh cell lighting. Kylie’s hands moved slowly over her sister’s breasts, then down her stomach, then along her thighs. Every touch was careful. Deliberate.

Riley let out a quiet breath.

“Wolfram likes it when I’m soft and shiny for her,” she murmured. “She said she wants me to smell like pears when she fucks me.”

Kylie’s hands faltered again.

Riley looked down at her with a small, cruel smile.

“You’re going to do this every night,” she said. “You’re going to bathe me, oil me up, and spray me with her favorite scent. And then you’re going to send me off to her bed knowing exactly what she’s going to do to me.”

She reached for the small bottle of pear body spray and handed it to Kylie.

“Go on.”

Kylie took the bottle with shaking hands. She sprayed a light mist over Riley’s neck, chest, and thighs, the sweet scent filling the small cell. Riley closed her eyes and breathed it in, clearly pleased.

When Kylie was finished, Riley stood up and stepped out of the tub. She didn’t bother drying off right away. Instead, she stood there glistening, the oil and water catching the light.

She looked down at her sister, still kneeling on the floor.

Riley’s voice was softer now, but no less cutting.

“You really are going to do this every night, aren’t you?” she said. “No matter how much it turns you on. No matter how much it hurts.”

Kylie didn’t answer.

Riley reached down and ran her fingers through Kylie’s hair, almost gently.

“Good,” she said. “Because I like knowing you’re down here thinking about it while I’m in her bed.”

She stepped back and began pulling on her clothes, moving slowly so Kylie could watch.

When she was dressed, she looked down at her sister one last time.

“I’ll see you tomorrow night, Harper,” she said. “Try not to get too worked up while I’m gone.”

Chapter Twenty-Three

Riley stepped into Wolfram’s private quarters with her heart still racing.

The room was warm and dimly lit, a stark contrast to the harsh fluorescent lighting of the maximum security wing. A large bed dominated the space, along with a small sitting area and a private bathroom. The air smelled faintly of pears

and clean linen.

Riley's skin still felt warm and slightly slick from the oil Kylie had rubbed into her. The pear body spray clung to her neck and chest. She could still feel the ghost of her sister's trembling hands on her body.

Wolfram was waiting for her.

She stood near the bed in a simple black robe, her dark hair loose around her shoulders. When she saw Riley, her expression softened into something genuinely pleased.

"Come here," she said.

Riley crossed the room without hesitation. The moment she was close enough, Wolfram reached out and pulled her in by the waist, kissing her deeply. Riley melted into it, her hands coming up to grip the front of Wolfram's robe.

When they finally parted, Wolfram studied her face.

"You smell like her work," she murmured, brushing her thumb along Riley's jaw. "Did you make her do a thorough job?"

Riley nodded. Her voice came out a little breathless.

"She did everything I told her to."

Wolfram's eyes darkened with interest. She took Riley's hand and led her toward the bed, sitting down on the edge and guiding Riley to stand between her legs.

"Tell me about it," she said. "I want to hear everything."

Riley hesitated for a second, trying to keep her voice steady and confident, the way she imagined Wolfram would want.

"She was already kneeling when I got there," Riley began. "Just like you left her. I made her fill the tub and wash me. She was… quiet at first. But I could tell she was affected."

Wolfram's hands rested on Riley's hips, thumbs stroking slowly over the fabric of her jeans.

"Go on."

Riley swallowed. She could feel the heat building low in her stomach as she spoke.

"When I told her to use the oil, her hands started shaking a little. She tried to hide it, but I could see it. And when I made her spray me with the pear scent… she got this look on her face. Like she was trying really hard not to react."

Wolfram's grip tightened slightly.

“Did she get wet?” she asked.

Riley’s breath caught. She nodded.

“Yeah,” she said, quieter now. “She tried to keep her thighs together, but I could see it. She was soaked. Especially when I told her this was going to be her job from now on — getting me ready for you every night.”

A slow, satisfied smile spread across Wolfram’s face.

Riley felt something shift inside her as she kept talking. The more she described Kylie’s humiliation, the more turned on she became. It wasn’t just the memory of the power — it was the way Wolfram was looking at her while she spoke. Like Riley was doing something important. Like she was proud of her.

“She kept trying to stay still,” Riley continued, her voice growing a little rougher. “But every time I said something about you and me… she’d flinch. And then she’d get even wetter. It was like she couldn’t help it.”

Wolfram reached up and cupped Riley’s face with both hands, pulling her down into another kiss. This one was slower, deeper. When she pulled back, her voice was low.

“You’re doing exactly what I hoped you would,” she said. “You’re not just playing at this. You’re taking it.”

Riley’s chest tightened with something that felt dangerously close to relief.

“I was worried,” she admitted, the words slipping out before she could stop them. “That maybe I was going too far with her. That you might think it was too much.”

Wolfram shook her head.

“No,” she said firmly. “This is exactly what I want from you. I want you to push her. I want you to enjoy it. And I want you to bring that enjoyment back to me.”

She stood up, keeping her hands on Riley’s waist, and gently turned her so Riley’s back was to the bed.

“Take your clothes off,” Wolfram said. “I want to see what she did to you.”

Riley obeyed, stripping quickly until she stood naked in front of Wolfram. The baby oil made her skin gleam under the low light. The pear scent was stronger now that she was undressed. Wolfram’s gaze moved slowly over her body, appreciative and hungry.

“She did a good job,” Wolfram murmured. She reached out and ran her hands over Riley’s oiled skin, spreading the shine across her breasts and stomach. “Soft. Shiny. Smelling exactly the way I like.”

Riley shivered under her touch.

Wolfram leaned in and kissed her again, deeper this time, one hand sliding down between Riley's legs. She found her already wet and made a low sound of approval.

"You got this turned on just from making her prepare you," she said against Riley's mouth. "From watching her fall apart while she touched you."

Riley nodded, her breathing unsteady.

"I couldn't stop thinking about how pathetic she looked," she admitted. "On her knees. Trying so hard not to show how much it was affecting her."

Wolfram pushed her gently back onto the bed and climbed over her, shedding her robe in the process. She settled between Riley's thighs, the thick strap-on already secured around her hips.

"I want you to keep talking while I fuck you," Wolfram said, lining herself up. "Tell me every detail. Every sound she made. Every time she tried to hide how wet she was."

She pushed forward, sinking into Riley in one smooth thrust.

Riley gasped, her back arching.

Wolfram began to move, slow and deep at first.

"Start from the beginning," she said. "When you first walked into her cell."

Riley's hands gripped Wolfram's shoulders as she tried to speak through the pleasure.

"She… she was already kneeling," Riley managed. "Completely naked. She looked so small. When I told her to wash me, her hands were shaking, but she did it anyway. She kept her eyes down the whole time, like she was afraid to look at me."

Wolfram thrust harder, and Riley moaned.

"When I made her oil me up," Riley continued, her voice breaking as Wolfram's hips snapped forward again, "she got this look on her face. Like she hated how much she liked touching me. Her hands were so careful, but I could feel how turned on she was. She kept pressing her thighs together."

Wolfram leaned down and kissed her roughly, then pulled back just enough to speak.

"And when you told her this was going to be her job every night?"

Riley's eyes fluttered shut as another hard thrust rocked through her.

"She almost came right then," Riley gasped. "She tried to hide it, but her whole body reacted. She looked like she wanted to disappear and like she never wanted

it to stop at the same time."

Wolfram fucked her harder now, one hand braced beside Riley's head, the other gripping her hip.

"Good," she growled. "Keep going."

Riley was panting, her words coming out between moans.

"She kept trying to stay still while I sprayed her with the pear scent," she said. "But every time I moved, she'd flinch like she thought I was going to touch her. And she was dripping. I could see it running down her thighs."

Wolfram's pace grew relentless.

Riley's voice cracked as she kept talking, the words pouring out of her now.

"She looked so fucking pathetic," she gasped. "On her knees, covered in oil, smelling like me… and she was getting off on it. On all of it. On me taking her place. On me being the one in your bed instead of her."

Wolfram kissed her again, hard and deep, swallowing Riley's moans as she drove into her.

Riley came with a broken cry, her body locking up beneath Wolfram's. The orgasm tore through her, sharp and overwhelming, her nails digging into Wolfram's back.

Wolfram didn't stop. She fucked her through it, slower now but still deep, until Riley was trembling and gasping beneath her.

Only then did she finally still, buried inside Riley, and press their foreheads together.

"You're perfect," Wolfram murmured against her lips. "Exactly what I wanted."

Riley lay there panting, her body still twitching with aftershocks. She looked up at Wolfram with wide, glassy eyes.

"I didn't think I'd like it this much," she admitted quietly. "Making her do that. Watching her fall apart."

Wolfram kissed her again, slower this time.

"I know," she said. "That's why it works."

She brushed a strand of hair from Riley's damp forehead.

"And that's why you're mine."

Chapter Twenty-Four

The cell door slid open sometime in the late afternoon. Kylie was still on her knees where Riley had left her after the preparation session, her skin faintly

marked from the earlier spanking. She didn’t look up when the door opened.

A new guard stepped inside.

She was younger than Wolfram, maybe in her early thirties, with short dark hair and a lean, athletic build. Her uniform was crisp, and she carried herself with an easy confidence. Her name tag read *Voss*.

She closed the door behind her and studied Kylie for a moment before speaking.

“Hey,” she said, her voice surprisingly gentle. “You doing okay in here?”

Kylie didn’t answer. She kept her eyes on the floor.

Officer Voss walked a little closer and crouched down in front of her, resting her forearms on her knees.

“I’ve seen what’s been going on with you and Riley,” she said. “And with Wolfram. I know it’s been… a lot. I just wanted to check in. Make sure you’re not feeling too neglected.”

Kylie’s brow furrowed slightly, but she still didn’t speak.

Voss reached out slowly and brushed a strand of hair behind Kylie’s ear. The touch was light. Almost careful.

“I know how it can feel,” she continued. “When someone you’ve been close to starts focusing all their attention on someone else. It can make you feel invisible. Small.”

Her hand lingered near Kylie’s face.

“I don’t think that’s fair to you,” Voss said softly. “You’ve been through a lot. You deserve to feel wanted too.”

Kylie’s breathing had gone shallow. She still didn’t look up, but her body had gone tense in a different way now — not from fear, but from something else.

Voss noticed.

She shifted closer and gently tilted Kylie’s chin up with two fingers, making her meet her eyes.

“You’re allowed to want things,” Voss murmured. “Even if Wolfram’s busy with your sister.” Her thumb brushed lightly over Kylie’s lower lip.

Kylie’s thighs pressed together.

Voss smiled faintly, like she’d been waiting for that reaction.

“You’re already getting wet, aren’t you?” she asked, voice low. “Just from a little attention.”

She leaned in and kissed Kylie, slow and deliberate. Kylie didn’t pull away. After a moment, she kissed back, hesitant at first, then with growing desperation.

Voss deepened the kiss, one hand sliding down to cup Kylie’s breast, thumb brushing over her nipple. Kylie let out a soft, shaky sound against her mouth.

Voss pulled back just enough to speak, her lips still close to Kylie’s.

“I overheard something interesting earlier,” she said. “Wolfram was in the administration wing with Riley. They were going over some paperwork together.”

Kylie’s eyes fluttered open.

Voss continued, her voice casual, almost conversational, even as her hand kept moving over Kylie’s body.

“Apparently they’re planning a vacation together. Somewhere warm. Wolfram was talking about booking a private cabin. Just the two of them.”

Kylie’s breath hitched.

Voss kissed the corner of her mouth, then her jaw.

“She had Riley sitting on her lap while they looked at the options,” Voss went on. “Riley was hanging off her arm the whole time. Everyone in the office could see them.”

Kylie made a small, involuntary sound. Her hips shifted restlessly.

Voss smiled against her skin.

“Wolfram even had her helping with files,” she said. “Told one of the other officers that Riley was going to be her new clerical assistant. Said she was surprisingly good at it. Organized. Eager to please.”

Kylie’s thighs were trembling now. Her pussy was visibly wet, and she was clearly trying — and failing — to stay still.

Voss slipped a hand between Kylie’s legs and stroked her slowly.

“She looked happy,” Voss murmured. “Riley, I mean. Sitting there in Wolfram’s lap, helping with paperwork like she belonged there. Like she was the one who got to be close to her. Not you.”

Kylie let out a broken moan, her hips jerking forward against Voss’s hand.

Voss kept her voice soft, almost soothing, even as she kept feeding Kylie more.

“I heard Wolfram say she’s thinking about giving Riley more responsibilities. Letting her handle some of her personal schedule. Maybe even travel with her when she has to go off-site for meetings.”

Kylie was panting now, her forehead pressed against Voss's shoulder. Her whole body was shaking.

Voss curled two fingers inside her and started fucking her slowly.

"And the whole time," she whispered, "Riley just kept looking at her like she was the only person in the world. Like she already knew she was the favorite."

Kylie's moan turned into something closer to a sob. Her hips were moving on their own now, desperately chasing Voss's hand.

Voss pressed her lips to Kylie's ear.

"Wolfram sent me here," she said quietly. "She wanted me to check on you. Make sure you were handling everything okay."

Kylie came instantly.

Her whole body locked up as the orgasm tore through her, sudden and overwhelming. She cried out against Voss's neck, her pussy clenching hard around the other woman's fingers as she shook through wave after wave of pleasure.

Voss held her through it, still stroking her gently until the tremors finally started to ease.

When Kylie finally went limp, Voss slowly withdrew her hand and wiped it on her own thigh. She looked down at Kylie, who was still trembling on the floor, and gave her a small, almost sympathetic smile.

"Wolfram said to tell you she's proud of you," Voss said. "For being so understanding about Riley."

She stood up and adjusted her uniform.

"I'll be back in a few days," she added, almost casually. "She wants me to keep checking in on you."

Then she turned and walked out of the cell, leaving Kylie alone on the concrete floor, still shaking from the force of her orgasm.

Chapter Twenty-five

Riley walked into Kylie's cell carrying the breakfast tray with one hand. She was wearing a new dress — a soft, pale blue sundress that hugged her figure and fell just above her knees. It was clearly new, and clearly expensive. Her hair was down and slightly wavy, and she looked more put-together than Kylie had ever seen her.

She set the tray down on the floor and looked at her sister, who was already kneeling naked in the center of the cell.

“Morning, Harper,” Riley said lightly. She smoothed the front of her dress with one hand. “My girlfriend picked this out for me yesterday. Do you like it?”

Kylie didn’t answer. She kept her eyes on the floor.

Riley didn’t seem bothered by the silence. She crouched down in front of the tray and nudged it a little closer with her foot.

“Eat,” she said. “You look like shit. Have you even been sleeping?”

Kylie reached for the tray without looking up. She ate slowly, keeping her movements small.

Riley watched her for a moment, then spoke again.

“I heard you had a visitor yesterday,” she said. “Officer Voss.”

Kylie’s hand paused for half a second before continuing.

Riley smiled.

“She told me she stopped by. Said you were… receptive.” Riley tilted her head. “She also told me you came the second she mentioned my girlfriend’s name.”

Kylie’s face burned. She kept eating, trying to keep her expression blank.

Riley leaned forward a little, resting her forearms on her knees.

“Are you that starved for it?” she asked, almost conversationally. “Just hearing about what my girlfriend and I are doing is enough to get you off now?”

Kylie didn’t respond.

Riley’s smile widened.

“God, you really are pathetic,” she said. “I used to think you were the strong one. The one who had her shit together. And now look at you. Naked on the floor, waiting for scraps of information about my life like some kind of desperate little pervert.”

She reached out and gently tapped the top of Kylie’s head with two fingers.

“You’re not even trying to hide it anymore, are you? You’re just sitting there, soaking wet, hoping I’ll tell you more. Hoping I’ll give you another little update to jerk off to later.”

Kylie’s breathing had gone shallow. She kept her eyes fixed on the tray.

Riley stood up and began to pace slowly around her.

“My girlfriend took me out yesterday,” she said. “Not just around the facility. She actually took me into town for a few hours. We had lunch. She let me sit next to her the whole time. People saw us together.”

She stopped behind Kylie.

“She even introduced me to some of the higher-ups. Told them I was going to be helping her with her schedule and paperwork from now on. Like a real clerical assistant.” Riley let out a soft, satisfied laugh. “Can you imagine? Me, doing the job you thought you were getting?”

Kylie’s hands had started to tremble slightly against her thighs.

Riley walked back around to stand in front of her again.

“She’s taking me on vacation next month,” she continued. “Just the two of us. Somewhere warm. She already booked the place. She said she wants me to have some time away from all this so I can relax.”

She crouched down again so she was eye-level with Kylie.

“And the whole time we were out yesterday, she kept touching me. Holding my hand. Kissing me in front of people. Like she wasn’t ashamed of me at all.”

Riley reached out and tilted Kylie’s chin up with two fingers, forcing her to look at her.

“You’re never going to have that,” she said softly. “You’re never going to be the one on her arm. You’re never going to be the one she introduces to people. You’re just going to be down here, naked and waiting, while I live the life you thought you were going to get.”

Kylie’s eyes were glassy, but she didn’t look away.

Riley smiled again, slower this time.

“And you’re going to keep getting wet every time I tell you about it, aren’t you?”

She let go of Kylie’s chin and stood up.

Riley brushed off the front of her dress and glanced around the empty cell.

“I’ll be back tonight,” she said. “My girlfriend wants me to look nice for her, so I’m going to have them bring the tub in again. You can get me ready like you’re supposed to.”

She turned toward the door, then paused and looked back over her shoulder.

“Try not to come while you’re thinking about it,” she added lightly. “I want you desperate when I get here.”

Then she walked out, leaving Kylie kneeling on the floor beside the half-eaten breakfast tray.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Riley returned to the cell earlier than she had said she would.

She stepped inside quietly, the heavy door sliding shut behind her with its usual metallic finality. She was still wearing the pale blue dress Wolfram had bought her, though it was slightly rumpled now from the day. She had been smiling to herself as she walked down the corridor, already looking forward to watching Kylie prepare her again later that night.

The smile vanished the moment she saw what was happening inside the cell.

Kylie was on her back on the concrete floor, legs spread, one hand between her thighs. Her eyes were closed, her mouth open, and she was breathing in short, desperate gasps. She was touching herself with quick, frantic movements, clearly close to the edge.

Riley stood frozen for half a second.

Then she spoke, her voice sharp and clear.

“Stop.”

Kylie’s eyes flew open. The second she saw Riley standing there, her entire body locked up in panic. She yanked her hand away from between her legs like she’d been burned, but it was far too late.

Riley stared at her for a long moment, her expression unreadable. Then, without another word, she turned and walked out of the cell.

The door slid shut behind her.

Kylie stayed on the floor, breathing hard, her face burning with shame. She knew exactly what was coming.

It took less than ten minutes for Riley to return.

This time, she wasn’t alone.

Wolfram stepped into the cell behind her, still in uniform, her expression calm but serious. Riley closed the door and stood slightly behind her, arms crossed, watching.

Wolfram looked down at Kylie, who had scrambled back onto her knees the moment the door opened.

“On your feet,” Wolfram said.

Kylie stood up on shaky legs, keeping her eyes on the floor.

Wolfram studied her for a few seconds before speaking.

“I gave you a very simple rule,” she said. “You were told not to touch yourself. That your desperation belonged to us. And yet here you are, breaking it the first chance you get.”

Kylie didn’t answer.

Wolfram turned slightly toward Riley.

“I’ve been thinking about how to handle your sister’s discipline going forward,” she said. “You’ve shown initiative. You’ve shown that you understand what this role requires. So from now on, when it comes to physical correction, I’m going to let you handle it.”

Riley’s eyes widened slightly, but she didn’t speak.

Wolfram continued, her voice steady.

“You don’t need my permission for every punishment. If she breaks a rule, you decide what she needs. You carry it out. I trust you to be fair… but firm.”

She looked back at Kylie.

“Tonight, she broke the rule about touching herself. That’s yours to deal with.”

Riley stepped forward slowly, her expression shifting into something colder and more focused. She looked down at her sister with open disdain.

“Get back on the floor,” she said. “Hands and knees. Face down.”

Kylie hesitated for only a second before obeying. She lowered herself onto the concrete, pressing her forehead to the floor and raising her hips. Her ass was still faintly marked from the spanking Riley had given her earlier.

Riley walked around her slowly, taking her time.

“You really couldn’t help yourself, could you?” she said. “I leave for a few hours and you’re already on your back with your hand between your legs like some desperate little slut.”

She stopped behind Kylie and rested one foot lightly between her shoulder blades, pressing down just enough to keep her in place.

“I was going to be nice tonight,” Riley continued. “I was going to let you get me ready for bed like a good little servant. But now?” She pressed down a little harder. “Now you’re going to learn what happens when you forget who you belong to.”

She removed her foot and crouched down beside Kylie’s head.

“Twenty,” she said. “And you’re going to count every single one. If you miss one, we start over.”

Kylie’s voice was barely above a whisper.

“…Yes.”

Riley stood up again. She rolled up the sleeves of her dress slightly, then brought her hand down hard across Kylie's ass.

The sound cracked through the cell.

Kylie jerked forward. "One."

Riley didn't give her time to recover. The second spank landed on the other cheek, just as hard.

"Two."

By the fifth, Kylie's voice was already starting to shake. By the eighth, her thighs were trembling. Riley wasn't holding back. Each strike was deliberate and sharp, delivered with the full weight of her arm.

"You're dripping down your thighs," Riley said between strikes, her voice almost conversational. "You're getting off on this. On your little sister spanking you like you're nothing."

"Ten," Kylie gasped, her voice cracking.

Riley paused for a moment, running her hand over the burning skin.

"You know what the worst part is?" she said. "My girlfriend trusted you. She gave you one simple rule. And you couldn't even do that."

She brought her hand down again, harder than before.

"Eleven."

Kylie's moan was closer to a sob.

By fifteen, her arms were shaking so badly she could barely hold herself up. Riley didn't slow down. If anything, she seemed to be enjoying herself more with every strike.

"You're going to come," Riley said, almost matter-of-factly. "I can already tell. You're going to come from getting spanked by me while you're thinking about my girlfriend fucking me later."

"Seventeen," Kylie whimpered.

Riley leaned down slightly, her voice dropping.

"And when you do," she said, "I want you to remember that this is what you are now. Not her girlfriend. Not staff. Just the pathetic older sister who gets spanked and edged and used while I get everything you thought you wanted."

The eighteenth and nineteenth strikes landed in quick succession.

Kylie was openly crying now, tears streaking down her face as she fought to stay in position.

“Twenty,” she choked out.

Riley didn’t stop.

She brought her hand down one final time, even harder than the rest.

Kylie came with a broken, humiliated cry.

Her whole body seized up as the orgasm tore through her, sudden and violent. She collapsed forward onto the concrete, shaking uncontrollably as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over her. Her pussy clenched and pulsed, slick and dripping onto the floor beneath her.

Riley stood over her, breathing hard, her hand still tingling from the force of the spanking.

For a few seconds, the only sound in the cell was Kylie’s ragged breathing and the occasional soft sob.

Riley crouched down again and grabbed a fistful of Kylie’s hair, forcing her head up.

“Look at the mess you made,” she said quietly. “You really are disgusting.”

She released Kylie’s hair and stood up, wiping her hand on her dress like she was brushing off something unpleasant.

“I’m still coming back later,” she said. “And you’re still going to get me ready for bed. Only now, you’re going to do it with a sore ass and the knowledge that you just came from your little sister beating you.”

Riley turned and walked toward the door.

Just before she left, she glanced back over her shoulder.

“Try not to touch yourself again while I’m gone,” she said. “Next time, I won’t stop at twenty.”

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Riley arrived earlier than usual.

The cell door slid open without warning, and two guards entered first, carrying the large metal tub and several buckets of warm water. They set everything up quickly and efficiently before leaving again. Behind them came Riley, followed by another young woman Kylie immediately recognized.

Her name was Maya. She and Riley had been friends since high school — loud, sharp- tongued, and always quick with a sarcastic comment. Kylie had met her a handful of times over the years. Maya was wearing a cropped hoodie and leggings, looking like she’d just come from hanging out somewhere casual.

Riley stepped into the cell like she was walking into her own bedroom. She was still wearing the pale blue dress from earlier, and she looked completely at ease. She barely glanced at Kylie, who was still kneeling on the floor from the earlier spanking, her ass visibly marked and sore.

Instead, Riley pulled out her phone and started scrolling as the guards finished setting up the tub.

Maya looked around the bare cell with mild curiosity.

“Damn,” she said. “This is where she stays?”

Riley didn’t even look up from her phone.

“Yeah. Wolfram said it’s better this way. Keeps her focused.”

Maya made a small, unimpressed sound and leaned against the wall, watching as one of the guards poured the last bucket of water into the tub.

Riley finally put her phone away and glanced over at Kylie like she’d just remembered she was there.

“It’s still on the floor,” she said to Maya, almost conversationally. “It hasn’t moved since I left earlier.”

Maya tilted her head, studying Kylie with the same detached interest someone might give a broken appliance.

“Does it always stay like that when no one’s talking to it?” she asked.

“Pretty much,” Riley replied. She stepped closer to the tub and dipped her fingers into the water to test the temperature. “Wolfram said it’s better if it doesn’t get ideas about moving around on its own.”

Kylie stayed perfectly still, her face burning. The casual way they were speaking about her — like she wasn’t even in the room — made her stomach twist.

Riley sighed and looked down at her.

“It’s moving too slow again,” she said, almost to herself. “The soreness from earlier must be making it sluggish.”

She didn’t sound angry. She sounded mildly annoyed, like someone whose phone was taking too long to load.

Riley turned to Maya.

“You can get in after me,” she said. “It’ll do you next. Wolfram said it’s fine.”

Maya raised an eyebrow. “It’s gonna wash me too?”

Riley nodded, already slipping off her dress and folding it neatly on the bench.

“Yeah. Wolfram wants it to get used to handling more than one person. She said it’s good practice.”

She stepped into the tub and lowered herself down with a soft sigh, the water coming up to her waist. Then she looked over at Kylie, who still hadn’t moved.

Riley clicked her tongue once, like she was dealing with a finicky machine.

“It’s being slow again,” she said to Maya. “Watch.”

She turned her attention back to Kylie, her voice calm and flat.

“Get over here and start washing me. Now.”

Kylie forced herself to move. The pain in her ass and thighs made every shift of her body sharp and uncomfortable, but she crawled forward on her hands and knees until she reached the side of the tub. She picked up the washcloth and the bar of soap with trembling hands and began lathering it.

Riley leaned back against the edge of the tub, completely relaxed.

“It’s shaking,” she observed to Maya. “Probably still sore from earlier. It’s not very efficient like this.”

Maya watched with open fascination as Kylie started washing Riley’s shoulders and arms.

“Does it always look that pathetic when it works?” she asked.

“Usually,” Riley said. She glanced down at Kylie. “It’s gotten better at pretending it doesn’t like it, though. But we both know that’s bullshit.”

Kylie kept her eyes fixed on the washcloth, moving it in slow, careful strokes across Riley’s skin. Every movement sent a fresh wave of pain through her ass and thighs, but she didn’t stop.

Riley let her work in silence for a minute before speaking again.

“My girlfriend wants it to start getting me ready every night,” she said to Maya. “Bath, oil, the whole thing. She likes when I show up already soft and smelling like her.”

Maya smirked. “That’s kind of hot.”

Riley smiled faintly, then looked back down at Kylie.

“It’s also going to start getting you ready too,” she said, almost as an afterthought. “My girlfriend wants to see how well it handles two people. She said she’ll decide after tomorrow’s shower whether it’s worth keeping both of us on rotation.”

Kylie’s hands faltered for a split second.

Riley noticed immediately.

“There it goes again,” she muttered, annoyed. “It keeps glitching when it hears new information. Wolfram said we might need to work on that.”

She reached out and flicked two fingers lightly against Kylie’s forehead, like she was tapping a faulty piece of equipment.

“Focus,” she said. “You’re not done yet.”

Kylie swallowed hard and kept washing, her face burning with humiliation.

Riley leaned back again, completely unbothered, and spoke to Maya like Kylie wasn’t even there.

“It’s actually kind of useful once you get used to how slow it is,” she said. “My girlfriend says it’s good at following instructions when it’s properly motivated. We just have to remind it what happens when it forgets its place.”

She glanced down at Kylie one more time, her expression almost bored.

“Finish washing me,” she said. “Then you can start on her. My girlfriend’s waiting.”

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Maya stepped out of her leggings and hoodie without any real hesitation, folding them loosely and setting them on the bench next to Riley’s dress. She was taller than Riley, with a lean, athletic frame and a small tattoo on her ribcage. She glanced at Kylie, who was still kneeling beside the tub, then looked at Riley.

“She really just… does whatever you tell her?” Maya asked.

Riley nodded, already stepping out of the tub and reaching for a towel.

“Pretty much. Wolfram trained it well.” She wrapped the towel around herself and nodded toward the water. “Go ahead. It’s still warm.”

Maya climbed into the tub without another word. She sank down with a quiet sigh, the water coming up to her waist. Riley sat on the bench, watching as Kylie immediately moved to the edge of the tub and picked up the washcloth again.

Kylie began washing Maya the same way she had washed Riley — slow, thorough strokes across her shoulders and arms, then down her back. Her movements were mechanical, almost detached, but her face was flushed and her breathing was slightly uneven.

Maya leaned back against the edge of the tub, clearly enjoying the attention.

“This is kind of nice,” she admitted. “Having someone else do all the work.”

Riley smiled faintly from the bench.

“It gets better,” she said. “My girlfriend showed me something the other day. It can make you come before you even see her. Kind of like a warm-up.”

Maya raised an eyebrow, looking down at Kylie.

“It can do that?”

“Yeah,” Riley said casually, like they were talking about a new phone feature. “It’s pretty good at it, actually. Wolfram likes when I show up already relaxed.”

Maya looked back down at Kylie, who had paused with the washcloth in her hands, clearly listening.

Riley noticed.

“Go ahead,” she told Kylie. “Show her.”

Kylie hesitated for only a second before setting the washcloth aside. She moved closer to the tub and reached into the water between Maya’s legs. Her fingers found Maya’s clit and began to rub in slow, steady circles.

Maya’s breath caught.

“Oh,” she said quietly. “Okay. That’s… yeah.”

Riley watched with open satisfaction as Kylie worked. She didn’t look away.

“Keep going,” she said to Kylie. “Don’t stop until she comes.”

Kylie obeyed without a word. Her fingers moved with focused, practiced motions, and after a few minutes Maya’s breathing grew heavier. She gripped the edge of the tub with one hand, her hips shifting slightly in the water.

“Fuck,” Maya muttered. “It’s actually really good at this.”

Riley smiled.

“I told you.”

Maya came with a soft, surprised moan, her thighs tightening around Kylie’s hand. She stayed still for a few seconds afterward, eyes half-closed, before letting out a low laugh.

“Ooh, you were right,” she said to Riley. “That is better.”

Riley stood up and dropped her towel, already reaching for her dress.

“Told you it was worth it,” she said. “My girlfriend likes when I’m already in a good mood before I get to her.”

Maya climbed out of the tub and began drying off. She glanced down at Kylie, who was still kneeling beside the tub with her hand resting on the edge.

“She’s really good with her hands,” Maya said. “Kind of creepy how quiet it is, though.”

Riley pulled her dress back on and smoothed it down.

“It doesn’t talk unless you tell it to,” she said. “That’s part of the training.”

Maya finished getting dressed and ran her fingers through her damp hair.

“Alright,” she said. “I’m ready. Let’s go see your girlfriend.”

Riley turned toward the door, then paused and looked back at Kylie.

“Clean up the tub,” she said. “And don’t touch yourself while we’re gone. I’ll know if you do.”

Kylie nodded once, still on her knees.

Riley and Maya walked out of the cell together. As the door began to slide shut behind them, Riley’s voice drifted back, light and casual.

“So what are you going to say when you meet her?”

Maya laughed quietly.

“I don’t know. Probably something normal? Like… ask how long she’s worked here or something?”

Their voices faded down the hallway, still chatting easily with each other as they left.

The cell door sealed shut.

Kylie stayed where she was for a long time, kneeling beside the cooling water in the tub. The cell was quiet again. Empty.

After a while, she reached for the small bottle of pear body spray that had been left on the bench. She held it for a moment, then sprayed it once into the air in front of her. She closed her eyes and breathed it in, letting the scent settle over her skin.

Then she stayed there, alone, on the cold concrete floor.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Wolfram’s private quarters were warm and softly lit. A bottle of wine sat open on the low table between the couch and the two armchairs. Maya was curled comfortably in one of the chairs, still slightly flushed from her bath and the orgasm Kylie had given her. Riley sat on the couch beside Wolfram, one leg tucked under her, looking more relaxed than she had in weeks.

Wolfram poured three glasses of wine and handed one to Maya first, then one to Riley, before taking her own. She raised her glass slightly.

“To new beginnings,” she said simply.

They drank. For a few minutes the conversation stayed light — Maya asking small questions about the facility, Riley answering easily, Wolfram occasionally adding a dry comment that made both of them laugh. It felt almost normal.

Then Wolfram set her glass down and looked at Maya.

“There’s actually something we wanted to ask you,” she said. “Riley and I have decided to make things official.”

Maya blinked. “Official?”

“We’re getting married,” Riley said. She glanced at Wolfram, then back at Maya, almost shy for a second. “Small civil ceremony. Nothing big. But we want it to be legal.”

Maya’s eyebrows shot up. “Wait—seriously?”

Wolfram nodded. She reached over to the side table and picked up a thin folder. She opened it and laid several documents out on the coffee table between them — the marriage license application, the certificate itself, and a separate form for the name change.

“We’ve already started the paperwork,” she said. “Riley’s going to take my last name. It makes things cleaner with the facility.”

Maya leaned forward, looking at the documents. “Damn. You two don’t waste time.”

Riley smiled, but there was something sharper underneath it.

“We don’t see the point in waiting,” she said. “My girlfriend knows what she wants. And so do I.”

Wolfram picked up her wine again and took a slow sip before continuing.

“We’d like you to be the witness,” she said. “The maid of honor, if you want to call it that. It would mean a lot to both of us.”

Maya looked genuinely surprised, and a little touched.

“Me?” she asked. “Not… I mean, I figured her sister would—”

She stopped herself, realizing what she’d almost said.

Wolfram’s expression didn’t change, but her voice took on a slightly cooler edge.

“Inmates aren’t allowed to attend staff weddings,” she said. “It’s policy. Even if we wanted her there, it wouldn’t be permitted.”

The words landed with quiet finality.

Riley didn’t flinch. If anything, she looked almost relieved that Wolfram had said it out loud.

Maya was quiet for a second, then nodded slowly.

“Right,” she said. “That makes sense.”

Wolfram leaned back in her seat, studying Maya over the rim of her glass.

“Riley’s been through a lot of changes lately,” she said. “She’s stepping into a new life. A more stable one. We both felt it was important that the people closest to her moving forward were people who could actually be part of that life.”

She glanced at Riley, then back at Maya.

“You’ve known her a long time. You’ve seen who she is. We’d like you there when she signs her name on that certificate and officially becomes Riley Wolfram.”

Maya’s expression shifted. The casual surprise from earlier was being replaced by something more serious — and, underneath it, a flicker of excitement.

Riley reached over and took Wolfram’s hand, lacing their fingers together.

“I want you there,” she said to Maya. “Not just because you’re my friend. Because you get it. You saw what it was like with my sister. You saw how fucked up that whole situation was. And now you’re seeing what it’s supposed to look like.”

Maya let out a short, slightly incredulous laugh and shook her head.

“I mean… yeah. That bath thing earlier? That was insane. In a good way,” she added quickly, glancing at Wolfram. “Like… having someone just *there* to handle stuff. It’s kind of addictive once you get used to it.”

Wolfram smiled faintly.

“It’s convenient,” she agreed. “Especially once we’re married. Riley won’t have to worry about the day-to-day maintenance. She’ll have more time for the things that actually matter.”

Maya grinned into her wine glass.

“God, that’s so fucked up,” she said, but she was still smiling. “Having a built-in servant for married life. That’s some next-level rich people shit.”

Riley laughed — a real, bright laugh — and leaned into Wolfram’s side.

“Right?” she said. “I keep thinking about how easy everything’s going to be. I won’t have to do my own laundry or make my own coffee in the morning. It’ll just… be done.”

She looked at Maya, eyes bright.

“And you’ll be there when I sign everything. When it’s all official. That means a lot to me.”

Maya was quiet for a moment, swirling the wine in her glass. Then she looked between the two of them and nodded.

“Okay,” she said. “Yeah. I’ll do it. I’ll be your witness.”

Wolfram reached across the table and picked up the marriage certificate, sliding it toward Maya along with a pen.

“We’ll need your signature on a couple of these,” she said. “Just as a witness. Nothing complicated.”

Maya took the pen. Before she signed, she glanced at Riley one more time.

“You’re really sure about this?” she asked, not unkindly. “All of it?”

Riley didn’t hesitate.

“I’ve never been more sure of anything in my life,” she said.

She looked at Wolfram, then back at Maya, and added, softer,

“My sister had her chance. She wasted it. I’m not going to do the same thing.”

Maya nodded once, then signed her name on the line marked *Witness*.

Wolfram picked up the certificate, looked it over, and set it aside with a quiet sense of satisfaction.

“Thank you, Maya,” she said. “Truly.”

Maya leaned back in her chair, still holding her wine.

“So when’s the wedding?”

“Three weeks,” Wolfram answered. “Small ceremony in the administrative building. Just the four of us, plus the officiant.”

Maya raised an eyebrow. “Four?”

Wolfram’s mouth curved slightly.

“You, me, Riley…” She paused, then added, almost as an afterthought, “And the inmate, of course. Someone has to serve the drinks.”

Chapter Thirty

Officer Voss returned the next afternoon.

She didn’t come empty-handed. She carried a simple wooden chair into the cell and set it down near the wall before closing the door behind her. Kylie was already kneeling in her usual spot, naked and silent, her body still faintly marked from Riley’s hands the day before.

Voss didn’t speak at first. She simply sat down in the chair and looked at Kylie for a long moment. Then she patted her thigh once.

“Come here.”

Kylie hesitated, but only for a second. She knew how this worked by now. She crawled forward and let Voss pull her up into her lap. The chair creaked quietly under their combined weight. Voss wrapped one arm around Kylie’s waist and used the other to gently guide her head down against her shoulder.

For a while, neither of them spoke.

Voss stroked Kylie’s hair in slow, steady passes. Her other hand rested lightly on Kylie’s bare thigh, thumb moving in small, soothing circles.

“You’ve been through a lot lately,” Voss said quietly. “I know it hasn’t been easy. Watching everything change so fast. Feeling like you’re being left behind.”

Kylie stayed still, but her breathing had already started to slow. She hated how easily her body responded to this kind of touch. She hated that part of her wanted to lean into it.

Voss kept stroking her hair.

“It’s okay to feel overwhelmed,” she murmured. “You don’t have to be strong all the time. Not in here.”

Kylie’s shoulders gradually loosened. Her forehead rested more fully against Voss’s neck. For a few minutes, she let herself be held. Let herself pretend, just for a little while, that this was real comfort instead of the setup for something worse.

Voss waited until she felt Kylie’s body fully relax against her before she spoke again.

“You know why I’m here,” she said softly.

Kylie tensed immediately.

Voss didn’t let her pull away. She kept one arm firmly around her waist and continued stroking her hair with the other hand, as if she were still trying to soothe her. “I saw them yesterday,” Voss continued, her voice calm and almost conversational. “Your sister and Wolfram. They were in the administration wing together for most of the afternoon.”

Kylie stayed very still.

“They weren’t even trying to be subtle about it,” Voss went on. “Riley was sitting on Wolfram’s lap while they went over some documents. Wolfram had her arm around her waist the entire time. Every now and then she’d lean in and kiss her. Right there in front of everyone.”

Kylie’s breathing had gone shallow.

Voss’s hand slid slowly up and down her bare back.

“I heard them talking about a vacation they’re planning. Somewhere warm. Wolfram said she wanted to take Riley away for a little while once the paperwork was finalized.” She paused. “They were holding hands when they walked out. Riley was practically glued to her side.”

Kylie’s thighs pressed together despite herself.

Voss noticed. She kept her tone gentle, almost sympathetic, even as she continued.

“You saw Riley bring her friend Maya in the other night, didn’t you?” she asked. “Maya stayed for a while. They had drinks in Wolfram’s quarters after.”

Kylie didn’t answer, but her body had gone rigid in Voss’s lap.

Voss’s hand moved to rest on Kylie’s hip, thumb stroking slowly over the skin there.

“They asked her to witness some paperwork,” Voss said quietly. “To be the maid of honor at their wedding.”

Kylie made a small, broken sound.

Voss held her tighter, almost like she was comforting her through the news.

“They’re getting married,” she said. “Small civil ceremony. Maya’s going to stand up with them as the witness. Wolfram said it made the most sense. She told Maya that inmates aren’t allowed to attend staff weddings anyway.”

Kylie’s hands had curled into fists against Voss’s uniform.

Voss leaned in closer, her lips near Kylie’s ear.

“She’s going to take Wolfram’s last name,” she murmured. “Riley Wolfram. It’s already on the paperwork. They showed Maya the forms while they were having drinks. Riley signed her name on the marriage certificate right there at the table.”

Kylie was trembling now. Her breathing had turned ragged.

Voss’s hand slid between her legs without warning, fingers finding her already wet. She started rubbing slow, steady circles over Kylie’s clit as she kept speaking.

“You’re going to be there, you know,” Voss said softly. “At the ceremony. Wolfram wants you present. She said it wouldn’t feel right without you there to serve them. You’ll get to watch Riley become her wife. Officially.”

Kylie let out a choked moan. Her hips jerked forward against Voss’s hand.

Voss didn’t stop.

“She’s going to be standing up there in a nice dress, holding Wolfram’s hand, while you kneel nearby in nothing at all. And after it’s done, you’ll still be the one who gets them ready for bed every night. You’ll still be the one who bathes them and oils them and makes sure they’re comfortable.”

Kylie’s whole body was shaking. She was trying desperately to hold back, but her hips kept moving, chasing Voss’s fingers.

Voss’s voice dropped even lower.

“You’re going to watch your little sister marry the woman who owns you,” she whispered. “And you’re going to thank them for it.”

Kylie came with a broken, humiliated cry, her body locking up in Voss’s lap as the orgasm tore through her. She shook hard, her face pressed into Voss’s neck, tears slipping down her cheeks even as her hips kept twitching through the aftershocks.

Voss held her through it, still stroking her hair with one hand while the other stayed between her legs, gentling her through the end of it.

When Kylie finally went limp, Voss pressed a soft kiss to the top of her head.

“There you go,” she murmured. “That’s better, isn’t it?”

She kept holding Kylie for another minute, rocking her gently like she really was trying to comfort her.

Then she spoke again, voice quiet and almost kind.

“Wolfram wants you to know she’s proud of you,” she said. “For handling all of this so well.”

Voss carefully lifted Kylie off her lap and set her back down on the floor. She stood up, straightened her uniform, and looked down at her one last time.

“I’ll be back in a few days,” she said. “Try to behave until then.”

She turned and walked out of the cell without another word, leaving Kylie alone on the cold concrete, still shaking from the force of her orgasm.

Chapter Thirty One

Maya arrived in the late afternoon.

Wolfram’s quarters were quiet when she stepped inside. Riley was already there, curled on the couch in a loose robe, while Kylie knelt on the floor between Wolfram’s legs. Wolfram sat in the armchair, one hand resting lightly on the back of Kylie’s head, guiding her slow, steady movements as she used her mouth.

Maya paused in the doorway for a moment, taking in the scene. Then she closed the door behind her and smiled.

“Starting without me?” she asked.

Riley looked over and grinned. “We were just keeping her busy until you got here.”

Wolfram didn’t stop what she was doing. She simply glanced up at Maya and gave a small nod of greeting before looking back down at Kylie.

“Take your clothes off,” she told Maya. “Then come sit with Riley. I want to talk to both of you.”

Maya obeyed without hesitation. She stripped out of her clothes and folded them neatly on a nearby chair before crossing the room. She sat beside Riley on the couch, close enough that their bare thighs touched.

Wolfram finally eased Kylie back. She wiped her thumb gently across Kylie’s wet lower lip, then pointed to the floor between the couch and the armchair.

“Stay there,” she said. “On your knees. Hands behind your back.”

Kylie moved into position without a word. Her face was flushed, her breathing unsteady.

Wolfram leaned back in her chair and looked at the two younger women on the couch.

“I’ve been thinking about the wedding,” she said. “And about how things will work afterward.”

Riley perked up immediately. Maya tilted her head, curious.

Wolfram continued, her voice calm and measured.

“I’ve decided Kylie won’t be wearing anything for the ceremony.”

The room went quiet for a moment.

Riley’s eyebrows lifted slightly, but she didn’t look surprised. Maya blinked, then let out a short, disbelieving laugh.

“Seriously?” Maya asked. “Like… nothing at all?”

“Nothing at all,” Wolfram confirmed. “She’ll kneel in the room directly beside the chapel. The door will be left open so she can hear everything. She’ll be close enough to listen to the vows, but she won’t be in the room with us.”

Riley shifted on the couch, a slow smile spreading across her face.

Wolfram looked at her.

“I want her to hear every word,” she said. “I want her to hear you say yes. I want her to hear me say your full name — Riley Wolfram — for the first time.”

Riley’s smile widened. She reached over and took Wolfram’s hand, lacing their fingers together.

Maya was still processing. She glanced at Kylie, who was still kneeling silently on the floor, then back at Wolfram.

“What about the reception?” she asked. “Are you going to make her stay naked for that too?”

Wolfram nodded once.

“I already spoke to Riley’s parents,” she said. “I told them Kylie has joined a naturist community. I explained that she’s embraced a lifestyle of permanent nudity and that she’ll be serving as the sole wait staff at the reception.”

Maya’s mouth fell open slightly.

“You told them she joined a *cult*?”

“A naturist community,” Wolfram corrected gently. “They believed it. They said it sounded like something Kylie would do — something idealistic and a little strange. I asked them not to make a scene. I told them to treat her nudity as completely normal. They agreed.”

Riley let out a short, sharp laugh and covered her mouth with her free hand.

“Oh my god,” she said. “They actually bought that?”

Wolfram nodded. “They did. They even sounded a little proud. Your mother said something about Kylie always needing to find her own path.”

Riley shook her head, still laughing under her breath, but there was a hard edge to it now.

“They really don’t know her at all,” she muttered.

Wolfram turned her attention back to Maya.

“I want you to understand what this means,” she said. “Once we’re married, Riley and I will be a unit. Legally. Officially. Kylie will no longer be family in any meaningful sense. She’ll be staff. An amenity. Something we use.”

She looked directly at Kylie as she spoke the last part.

Kylie’s face was burning. Her hands, still clasped behind her back, had started to tremble.

Riley noticed. She leaned forward slightly, studying her sister.

“You’re getting wet again,” she said, almost conversationally. “Just from hearing about the wedding.”

Kylie didn’t deny it. She couldn’t.

Wolfram reached down and gently stroked Kylie’s hair.

“This is what you agreed to,” she said quietly. “All those months ago, when you signed every form and thanked me for every step. This is where it ends.”

She looked back at Riley and Maya.

“The night before the ceremony, Kylie will prepare both of you. She’ll bathe you, oil you, and dress you. She’ll make sure you look perfect. And when it’s over, she’ll be the one who takes care of us afterward.”

Maya let out a low whistle.

“Damn,” she said. “That’s… really fucked up.”

She didn’t sound disgusted. If anything, she sounded impressed.

Riley smiled at her.

“You’ll get used to it,” she said. “It’s actually kind of nice once you stop feeling bad about it.”

Wolfram stood up. She walked over to Kylie and tilted her chin up with two fingers.

“Look at me,” she said.

Kylie obeyed.

Wolfram studied her face for a long moment.

“You’re going to serve us for the rest of your life,” she said. “Not because you have to. Because this is what you chose. Every time you come without permission, every time you beg, every time you thank me for treating you like this — you choose it again.”

She let go of Kylie’s chin.

“Tonight, you’re going to get both of them ready for bed,” she said. “Together. I want to see how well you can manage two people at once.”

She looked at Riley and Maya.

"Sit on the edge of the be," she told them. "She’ll start with both of you.”

Riley stood up immediately, already reaching for the hem of her shirt. Maya followed a second later, slower but clearly interested.

Wolfram sat back down in the armchair and crossed her legs, watching.

Kylie remained on her knees for a moment longer, staring at the floor. Her heart was pounding. Her body felt hot and unsteady.

When she finally moved, crawling toward the bed where Riley and Maya now sat waiting, naked and expectant, she could already feel the familiar, shameful ache

building between her legs.

She didn’t try to fight it anymore.

She simply reached for the bottle of oil on the nightstand and began.

Chapter Thirty Two

Kylie knelt on the cold tile floor of the small side room, completely naked.

The door between this room and the chapel had been left open, just wide enough for sound to carry clearly. She could hear the low murmur of voices, the occasional rustle of fabric, and the soft footsteps of the officiant as he took his place at the front. The space she was in was bare except for a single thin mat on the floor. She had been told to stay on her knees the entire time.

Her hands rested on her thighs, palms up, exactly as she had been trained. But they didn’t stay there for long.

The moment she heard Riley’s voice — soft, steady, and unmistakably happy — answering the officiant’s first question, Kylie’s right hand slipped between her legs.

She told herself she wouldn’t. She had told herself that all morning. But the second she heard Wolfram speak — calm, clear, and sure — something inside her gave way. Her fingers found her clit and began to move in slow, desperate circles.

She could hear everything.

She heard the officiant ask Wolfram if she took Riley to be her lawfully wedded wife. She heard Wolfram answer, her voice low and certain.

“I do.”

Kylie’s breath caught. Her fingers moved faster.

She heard the same question asked of Riley. There was a brief pause, and then Riley’s voice came through the open door, lighter but no less sure.

“I do.”

Kylie bit down hard on her lower lip to keep from making a sound. Her hips rocked forward slightly against her own hand. She was already soaked.

The officiant began to speak about the vows. Kylie couldn’t make out every word, but she caught pieces of it — commitment, partnership, the merging of two lives. She heard Riley’s voice again, softer this time, as she repeated after the officiant.

“I, Riley Harper, take you, Diana Wolfram…”

Kylie’s fingers pressed harder. Her eyes squeezed shut.

She heard Wolfram’s voice next, steady and deliberate.

“I, Diana Wolfram, take you, Riley Harper…”

The names hit her like a physical blow. Her free hand came up to cover her mouth as a broken sound escaped her throat. She was shaking now, her thighs trembling, but she didn’t stop touching herself.

She could picture it so clearly — Riley standing there in whatever dress Wolfram had chosen for her, looking up at the taller woman with that same bright, eager expression she’d worn in the cell. She could imagine Wolfram’s hand in Riley’s, the two of them facing each other while she knelt alone in the next room, naked and forgotten.

The officiant spoke again. Something about rings. Kylie barely registered it. Her fingers were moving faster now, desperate and clumsy. She was close already, and she hated how quickly it had happened.

Then she heard the words she had been dreading and craving in equal measure.

“You may now kiss the bride.”

Kylie came.

Her orgasm tore through her without warning, sudden and violent. Her back arched as she bit down on her own wrist to keep from crying out. Her pussy clenched hard around nothing, pulsing with each wave as she shook on the cold tile floor. She kept rubbing herself through it, unable to stop even as the pleasure bordered on pain.

Through the open door, she heard the soft sound of applause from the small group of witnesses. She heard someone laugh quietly — Maya, probably — and then the officiant’s voice again, clear and formal.

“By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you married. You may now be known as Riley and Diana Wolfram.”

Kylie came again.

This one was smaller, but no less intense. Her body jerked forward as a second, weaker orgasm rolled through her. She pressed her forehead to the floor, panting, her fingers still moving in weak, twitching strokes between her legs.

She stayed there, trembling, as the sound of quiet conversation and movement filtered in from the chapel. She could hear Wolfram’s low voice, followed by Riley’s lighter one. She could hear Maya saying something that made both of them laugh.

Kylie didn’t move.

She stayed on her knees, naked and shaking, the evidence of her orgasms slick on her thighs and the floor beneath her. The pear-scented body spray Riley had made her apply earlier still clung faintly to her skin.

From the other room, she heard Wolfram’s voice again, warm and satisfied.

“Thank you all for being here.”

Then Riley’s voice, bright and clear.

“We’re so happy you could come.”

Kylie closed her eyes.

She stayed exactly where she was, waiting to be collected.

The reception was small, as promised—only fifteen people in total, gathered in one of the facility’s nicer private dining rooms. The space had been dressed up with simple white linens and low lighting, but it still carried the faint, inescapable institutional feel of the heavy doors and concrete walls. A long table had been set up along one wall with drinks and light food, and Kylie moved between the guests in complete silence, completely naked, carrying a heavy silver tray.

She had been given clear instructions before the guests arrived: serve without being asked, keep her eyes lowered unless spoken to, and refill glasses before they emptied. No one seemed particularly surprised by her presence or her nudity. A few of the guests—mostly higher-ranking facility staff and a couple of Wolfram’s colleagues—barely glanced at her as she passed. They treated her exactly like part of the room’s furniture.

The low hum of polite conversation and the soft, classical music playing from a speaker in the corner felt deafening to her. Kylie navigated through the small crowd, her bare feet silent on the floor, the silver tray anchoring her to the moment.

Eventually, Maya clinked her glass lightly with a spoon to get everyone’s attention. She looked comfortable in her role as maid of honor, dressed in a simple black dress that contrasted with Riley’s soft white one.

Kylie froze mid-step, standing perfectly still against the wall, trying to be invisible while the entire room’s attention shifted near her.

"I was asked to say a few words," Maya began, smiling at the small group. "I’ve known Riley for a long time, and I’ve seen her go through a lot of changes over the last year. Some of them were… unexpected." She glanced briefly at Kylie as she said it, then looked back at the guests. "But I’ve never seen her happier than she is right now. Wolfram, you’ve been good for her. Really good. And I’m honored to stand here as your witness today."

There was a small round of polite applause. Riley beamed and raised her glass toward Maya. Wolfram gave a short nod of thanks. The applause washed over Kylie, amplifying her total isolation in the middle of the crowded, warm room.

As the guests began talking again, Officer Wolfram gently steered Riley toward the far end of the room, where their parents were standing together near the windows. Kylie spotted them. Her father's glass was empty.

She approached them, eyes locked on the white linen tablecloth. As she reached for the water pitcher on her tray, she could feel her mother’s gaze moving over her naked body with visible discomfort before quickly darting away. They were trying so hard to act normal, choosing the comfort of a polite fiction over the horrifying reality of their daughter standing naked before them.

Her mother cleared her throat, the sound tight and strained. "Would you… like a glass of water, dear?"

Kylie hesitated for half a second, her hand freezing on the condensation-slick handle of the pitcher. She realized the question was directed at her. She nodded once and poured the water, the steady splash filling the awful silence between them.

Her father shifted awkwardly. "Your mother told me about… the community you’ve joined," he said quietly, keeping his voice low. "The naturist thing. We weren’t sure what to expect, but… if this is what makes you happy now, we’ll respect it."

Kylie’s face burned. She kept her eyes on the tray as she set the glass down in front of him. Her mother reached out as if to touch her arm, then seemed to think better of it and let her hand fall back to her side. "We just want you to know we’re not judging you," she said, her voice tight with forced acceptance. "If this is the lifestyle you’ve chosen, then… we’ll treat it as normal. Like Officer Wolfram asked."

Kylie’s throat felt tight. She gave a small, stiff nod and turned to leave, but her mother spoke again, softer this time.

"Are you… cold? Do they at least give you something to wear when you’re not working?" Kylie shook her head once without looking back. She walked away before either of them could say anything else, the tray trembling slightly in her hands. Their deliberate, willful blindness made everything feel infinitely worse. They preferred the lie to saving her. Across the room, Officer Wolfram caught her eye again and gave another small nod. Kylie set the tray down on a side table and walked over to where Wolfram and Riley were waiting near the far wall. Maya stood just a half-step behind them, swirling a fresh glass of champagne. As Kylie approached, the ambient noise of the reception—the clinking glasses, the soft laughter, the music—faded into a dull, rushing static. The room shrank until

nothing existed except the three women in front of her.

Riley reached out. Not for a drink, but to brush a speck of lint from Wolfram’s lapel. Kylie’s breath caught in her throat.

There, resting on Riley’s left ring finger, was a simple gold band. Kylie recognized the exact hue of the gold, the familiar, delicate width of it. Wolfram caught Kylie staring. She reached over and covered Riley’s hand with her own, her thumb deliberately twisting the band just enough to reveal a flash of the inner engraving.

The ring Wolfram had slid off Kylie's finger in the processing room.

The silence stretched between them, heavy and suffocating.

"It fits her much better, don't you think?" Wolfram murmured, her voice meant only for Kylie.

Kylie’s vision swam. The humiliation hit her so hard her knees nearly buckled. But right beneath the horror was a massive, undeniable pulse of heat pooling between her legs. She was ruined. The sight of her little sister wearing her wedding ring, legally bound to the woman who owned her, was the most intensely arousing thing she had ever experienced. Her clit throbbed, a heavy, desperate ache settling deep into her belly.

Riley smiled, tracing the rim of her glass. "Since I’ve taken Wolfram’s last name, we decided your old one doesn't belong here anymore," she said. "Maya actually came up with the new one. She pointed out how much easier you make our lives. Like a luxury feature." Maya took a sip of her champagne, her eyes glinting with quiet amusement. "You're just an amenity now. Something kept on the shelf to make the day-to-day more pleasant."

Riley stepped closer, the soft white fabric of her wedding dress brushing against Kylie's bare, trembling thigh.

"That's what you are," Riley said, her voice sweet and sharp. "From now on, you answer to **Amenity**. Isn't that right, Amenity?"

Amenity. A pretty word for a pretty object.

Kylie’s thighs were slick. Her nipples ached under the cool air of the dining room. She was entirely at the mercy of her own body, permanently tethered to this brilliant, agonizing humiliation. She would spend the rest of her life edging herself in a concrete cell, desperate for the moments she was allowed to bathe them, oil them, and watch them live the life that was supposed to be hers. She *needed* this.

She forced the word out on a trembling, euphoric breath.

"...Yes."

Riley’s expression brightened. "Good girl."

The praise sent a final, helpless shiver down her spine.

"You can go back to serving the guests now," Wolfram said calmly. "We're done here." Amenity turned and walked away on unsteady legs, the silver tray shaking in her hands. The heavy, pear-scented air pressed against her bare skin as she surrendered, completely and forever, to the beautiful, devastating ache of her new reality.

Part Three

The heavy, solid oak door to Wolfram’s office clicked shut, sealing out the sterile hum of the administration wing. Inside, the lights were dimmed. Wolfram sat behind her desk, methodically unbuttoning the stiff collar of her uniform. Voss leaned against the edge of the filing cabinet, a glass of contraband bourbon in her hand, looking every bit the off-shift subordinate reporting to her commanding officer.

They were alone. For the first time since the wedding, the air was entirely clear of the Harper sisters.

"The inmate is completely unspooled," Voss said, taking a slow sip. Her voice carried the pragmatic, clinical detachment of a guard discussing a troublesome lock. "I walked past her block in max a few minutes ago. Didn't even stop, just let my boots scuff the concrete outside her door. You could hear her holding her breath on the other side of the steel. She's just vibrating in there, desperate for a command."

Wolfram smiled faintly, her dark eyes reflecting the low light of the desk lamp. "Standard conditioning," Wolfram murmured. "But we have to be careful about protocol fatigue. If we give her an order every time she anticipates one, it just becomes a routine. It loses its edge."

Voss tilted her head, slipping easily into the role of sounding board. "So, how do we keep the tension dialed up? Starve her out?"

"We utilize the negative space," Wolfram explained, steepling her fingers. "The pause between the actions is infinitely heavier than the action itself. If she's listening for our boots, I want you to walk right up to her door. Key the lock so she hears the heavy clack of the bolt disengaging… and then don't open it. Walk away. Let her kneel on the concrete and let the silence do the work. The dread and the hope in that empty space will break her down faster than any physical correction."

Voss let out a low, appreciative grunt. "A starvation diet for her ears. Understood. I'll pass the directive down to the night shift. What about your wife? How is Riley handling her new clearance level?"

"Riley is thriving," Wolfram said, her expression softening just a fraction at the mention of her wife, before hardening back into professional sadism. "But she needs a longer leash. I’m authorizing Riley for full sensory restriction protocols on the amenity."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning Riley gets to decide when the amenity is allowed to perceive the world," Wolfram said. "Blindfolds. Ear protection. Heavy transport hoods. If Riley is having a bad day, or simply wants a quiet evening, she can strip the amenity of her sight and hearing. Total blackout. The amenity will have to exist in terrifying darkness, waiting for a touch she can't anticipate. And Riley gets the thrill of holding her sister's reality in the palm of her hand." Voss traced the rim of her glass, nodding slowly. "Good operational move. It gives Riley the high of total control, and it reminds the amenity that she doesn't even own her own senses anymore. I'll pull the restriction gear from solitary storage tomorrow."

Wolfram leaned forward, resting her forearms on the desk. "Which brings me to the next phase of her deployment. The wedding reception was fine for a small circle, but we are going to host a proper, formal dinner party for the upper-echelon brass next month. A showcase of our new asset."

"You want her serving again?" Voss asked. "I'll need to drill her on formal service protocols." "No," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a smooth, dangerous cadence. "Serving is too mindless. I want her planning it. Every single detail."

Voss raised an eyebrow, waiting for the catch. "You're letting the amenity dictate a formal dinner for the brass?"

"I’m going to make her obsess over it," Wolfram corrected. "I want you to go into town and pull a stack of high-end culinary books. I want seasonal menus, regional entree availability, exact ingredient sourcing. Tell her that her new duty is to design a flawless, multi-course feast. She has to track the seasonal availability of the entrees, source the perfect summer ingredients, and construct a progression of pairings that is absolutely impeccable. Tell her if the menu isn't perfect, there will be consequences."

Voss caught on, a slow, wicked smile spreading across her face. "She’ll spend days locked in her cell hyper-focusing on it. She’ll pour everything she has into it, desperate to prove her worth. She’ll actually think she's earning a place of value."

"Exactly," Wolfram said. "She will curate a masterpiece. She will write out the menus by hand, perfectly balancing the flavors, believing that her intellect is finally being utilized. And then, on the night of the feast..."

Wolfram paused, letting the silence hang in the room for a long, heavy moment.

"On the night of the feast," Wolfram continued softly, "we bring her out. But she doesn't cook it, she doesn't serve it, and she certainly doesn't eat it. We are bringing in the custom, elongated table. The amenity gets stripped, oiled, and strapped flat on her back directly down the center line. She won't be permitted to move or speak. The multi-course feast she spent weeks agonizing over—the seasonal entrees, the delicate sauces, the perfect pairings—will be served directly off her bare skin."

Voss let out a breathless laugh, setting her glass down on the filing cabinet. "Jesus, boss. That’s devastating."

"We will eat the feast she designed off her naked body, completely ignoring her humanity while praising the menu to the brass," Wolfram said, her eyes dark and completely ruthless. "Riley will be seated at the head of the table, cutting her entree right beside her sister's face. The amenity will have to lie there, trembling, feeling the heat of the plates and the scrape of the silverware against her skin, realizing that she isn't the architect of this grand feast." Wolfram leaned back in her chair, the leather creaking softly in the quiet office. "She’s just the platter we consume it from."

Voss shook her head, thoroughly impressed by the sheer cruelty of the logistics. She picked up her glass and downed the rest of her bourbon in one swallow.

"Consider it done," Voss said. "I’ll pull those cookbooks and drop them in her cell first thing in the morning."

Chapter 35

Wolfram stepped into their private quarters just after midnight. The lights were low, and Riley was already in bed, sitting up against the headboard in one of Wolfram’s old uniform shirts. She looked up from her book as the door closed.

Wolfram crossed the room without speaking at first. She set a black leather hood down on the bed between them. It was heavy, well-made, with thick padding around the eyes and ears and a wide strap that would buckle securely at the throat.

Riley looked at it, then at her wife.

“I thought you might want to keep your sister near,” Wolfram said, her voice low and even, “but not have to be bothered by her needs and demands. You’d only have to reach out to touch her or punish her if you felt like it. Otherwise, the hood renders her inert.”

Riley picked up the hood, turning it over in her hands. She ran her thumb along the inside of the padded eye cups.

“It’s a good way to put her out of the way when I want to,” she said after a moment. “Just… shut her down completely. No seeing, no hearing. She’d just

have to exist there until I decided she was allowed to come back."

"Exactly." Wolfram sat on the edge of the bed and began unbuttoning her uniform jacket. "You could keep her hooded in the corner of the room while you read. Or while we're in bed. She'd be right there, but she wouldn't be able to interrupt. She wouldn't even know what we were doing unless we chose to touch her."

Riley's mouth curved slightly. "She'd go crazy trying to figure out what was happening. Especially if we touched her and then stopped. She'd never know if we were done with her or just ignoring her."

Wolfram nodded. "Or you could hood her before you leave for the day and leave her that way until you come back. She wouldn't know how much time had passed. She'd just be waiting in the dark."

Riley set the hood down on her lap, still touching it.

"I like that," she said quietly.

Wolfram watched her for a moment, then continued.

"I've also been thinking about the dinner party for the upper brass next month," she said. "I want to make it a showcase. Something they'll remember."

Riley glanced up.

Wolfram's voice was calm, almost casual.

"I'm going to have the amenity plan the entire menu. Every course. Every pairing. She'll have to research seasonal ingredients, source everything properly, and design a progression that would impress anyone. She'll spend days locked in her cell obsessing over it, convinced that she's finally being given something that uses her mind."

Riley's eyebrows lifted slightly.

"And then?" she asked.

"Then we bring her out on the night of the dinner," Wolfram said. "But she won't be cooking. She won't be serving. She won't even be eating. We'll have the long table brought in. We'll oil her and strap her down the center of it on her back. The meal she spent weeks designing will be served directly off her skin."

Riley was quiet for a long moment.

Wolfram continued, softer now.

"You'll sit at the head. You'll cut your food right beside your sister's face. The brass will praise the menu. They'll compliment the flavors and the presentation. And the whole time, the amenity will have to lie there and feel every plate, every scrape of silverware, every drop of sauce that lands on her skin. She'll

understand that she wasn’t the architect of anything. She was just the surface we ate from.”

Riley let out a slow breath. Her fingers were still resting on the leather hood.

“I’m almost jealous,” she said. “She’s going to hate that.”

She looked at Wolfram then, something unreadable in her expression.

“Are you certain you don’t love her more than me?”

Wolfram didn’t answer right away. She reached out and brushed a strand of hair behind Riley’s ear, her touch gentle.

“No,” she said. “I don’t love her at all. I enjoy what she is. I enjoy what we can do to her. But she isn’t mine the way you are. She never will be.”

Riley studied her wife’s face for a moment, then nodded once, accepting the answer.

Wolfram’s hand stayed against Riley’s cheek.

“Do you want to be the serving platter,” she asked quietly, “or enjoy the meal?”

Riley didn’t answer immediately. She looked down at the hood in her lap, then back up at Wolfram. Something shifted in her expression — something thoughtful, almost hungry. “I want to try both,” she said. Her voice had gone softer, but there was a clear thread of heat beneath it. “I want to plan a meal for you — just for you — and have you eat it off me while she’s hooded and strapped down beside us. I want her to have to listen to you using my body while she can’t see or hear anything else. I want to feel what it’s like when it’s *me* you’re consuming.”

She paused, then added, quieter still:

“And I want to know what it feels like when it’s me you’re using like that. Just once. I want to know what she feels when you treat her like nothing but a surface.”

Wolfram was quiet for a long moment, clearly surprised by the answer. Then a slow, genuine smile spread across her face.

“Well,” she said softly. “That’s not what I expected you to say.”

Riley smiled back, small and a little shy, but certain.

“I know,” she said. “But I want it.”

Wolfram studied her for another beat, then reached out and gently took the hood from Riley’s lap, setting it aside. Her voice dropped into something lower, more thoughtful.

“If you keep this up,” she said, “you’re going to render our amenity completely useless.”

Riley blinked, then let out a quiet, surprised laugh.

Wolfram continued, her thumb stroking slowly along Riley’s jaw.

“And if you want to know what it feels like to be used like that… then you’d like to try the hood too.”

Riley didn’t answer right away. She just looked at her wife, something warm and slightly unsteady in her eyes.

Wolfram leaned in and kissed her, slow and deliberate.

“We’ll talk about that later,” she murmured against Riley’s mouth. “For now… come here.”

Chapter 36

Wolfram didn’t rush.

She had Riley stand at the foot of the bed while she retrieved the hood from where she’d left it earlier. The leather was heavy in her hands. She turned it slowly, letting Riley see it from every angle before she spoke.

“Take off the shirt.”

Riley obeyed without hesitation, pulling Wolfram’s old uniform shirt over her head and letting it fall to the floor. She stood naked in the low light, watching her wife with a mixture of curiosity and clear anticipation.

Wolfram stepped in close. She didn’t put the hood on right away. Instead, she ran her hands slowly over Riley’s body — down her sides, over her hips, between her legs — as if she were memorizing her while she could still see her clearly.

“You’re going to wear this for a while,” Wolfram said quietly. “I’m not going to take it off until I’m ready. You won’t be able to see. You won’t be able to hear anything clearly. You won’t know what I’m doing until I touch you. Do you understand?”

Riley nodded. Her breathing had already changed.

Wolfram lifted the hood and held it open.

“Last chance to change your mind.”

Riley shook her head once.

Wolfram slid the hood over Riley’s head.

The world disappeared instantly.

The thick padding pressed firmly against Riley's eyes, cutting out every trace of light. The ear cups sealed around her ears, muffling everything to a distant, underwater hum. The leather was warm against her skin, and the strap at her throat was buckled snugly — not tight enough to choke, but tight enough to remind her it was there.

She couldn't see anything.

She couldn't hear anything clearly.

For the first few seconds, Riley's body went rigid with the shock of it. Her hands came up instinctively, fingers brushing the leather at her throat. Wolfram caught her wrists gently and pulled them back down to her sides.

"Easy," Wolfram murmured, though Riley could barely hear her. "Breathe."

Riley forced herself to inhale slowly through her nose. The hood smelled like leather and faint traces of whatever it had been stored with. She could still feel Wolfram's hands on her — one resting on her hip, the other sliding slowly up her stomach. Without sight or clear sound, those touches felt impossibly loud against her skin.

Wolfram guided her backward until the backs of her knees hit the edge of the bed. She pushed Riley down onto her back and climbed over her, straddling her hips. Riley could feel the weight of her wife above her, but she couldn't see her. She couldn't even tell if Wolfram was looking at her or not.

A hand brushed over her breast, slow and deliberate. Another trailed down her inner thigh. Riley's breath caught. She had no idea what was coming next.

Wolfram took her time.

She explored Riley's body with unhurried hands, touching her everywhere — her breasts, her stomach, the sensitive skin at the crease of her thighs — but never where Riley most wanted it. Every so often she would pause completely, leaving Riley suspended in darkness and silence, unsure if Wolfram was still touching her or had stepped away entirely.

Riley's hips lifted off the bed more than once, chasing contact that wasn't there. She made soft, frustrated sounds that she couldn't even hear properly through the hood. The helplessness of it was overwhelming. She couldn't anticipate anything. She couldn't see Wolfram's face, couldn't read her expression, couldn't even tell if she was being watched while she squirmed.

When Wolfram finally touched her clit, Riley jerked hard enough that the bed creaked.

Two fingers slid through her folds, slow and unhurried, spreading her wetness. Riley's thighs fell open wider on instinct. She couldn't hear the sounds she was

making, but she could feel the vibrations in her own throat. Wolfram rubbed her in slow, steady circles, never quite fast enough, never quite hard enough, keeping her hovering right on the edge.

Riley's hands fisted in the sheets. She tried to rock her hips up for more friction, but Wolfram's other hand pressed firmly on her lower stomach, pinning her down.

She was completely at Wolfram's mercy.

And she was soaked.

Wolfram shifted lower on the bed. Riley felt the mattress dip between her legs, then felt the unmistakable heat of Wolfram's mouth. She cried out — or thought she did — as Wolfram's tongue dragged slowly over her clit. Without the ability to hear or see, the sensation was almost too much. Every flick of Wolfram's tongue felt magnified tenfold.

Wolfram didn't rush her. She licked and sucked with the same unhurried patience she'd shown with everything else, occasionally pulling back entirely to leave Riley trembling and desperate in the dark. Every time she stopped, Riley's body tensed, waiting, not knowing if the next touch would come in a second or a minute.

When Wolfram finally pushed two fingers inside her and curled them just right while sucking on her clit, Riley came hard.

Her back arched off the bed as the orgasm tore through her. She could feel herself clenching around Wolfram's fingers, could feel the way her thighs shook, but she couldn't hear the sounds she was making. The hood made everything feel distant and immediate at the same time. She came again almost immediately when Wolfram didn't stop, her body oversensitive and helpless under her wife's mouth.

Wolfram kept going until Riley was trembling too hard to stay still, then finally eased off. She kissed the inside of Riley's thigh once, then moved up her body again.

Riley felt the mattress shift as Wolfram straddled her chest. A moment later, she felt the blunt head of the strap-on press against her lips. She opened her mouth without hesitation.

Wolfram fucked her slowly at first, letting Riley adjust to the thickness. Riley could feel the weight of her wife above her, could feel the way the harness pressed against her chin with every thrust, but she couldn't see anything. She couldn't hear the sounds Wolfram was making. She could only feel.

It was one of the most intense things she had ever experienced.

Wolfram eventually pulled out and moved lower again. She pushed Riley's legs apart and slid the strap-on into her in one smooth thrust. Riley's back arched. Without the ability to hear or see, she had no warning — just the sudden, overwhelming stretch of being filled. Wolfram fucked her steadily, one hand braced beside Riley's head, the other gripping her hip hard enough to bruise.

Riley came again, harder than before, her body clenching tight around the strap-on as she shook beneath her wife.

Wolfram didn't stop until she'd taken what she wanted.

When she finally pulled out, she stayed over Riley for a long moment, breathing hard. Then she reached up and began to unbuckle the hood.

The leather peeled away slowly.

Light and sound flooded back in all at once. Riley blinked hard against the sudden brightness, her eyes watering. The room felt too loud after so long in near-silence. She was shaking, her skin flushed and slick with sweat, her thighs trembling.

Wolfram brushed damp hair away from Riley's face and looked down at her.

Riley's voice was hoarse when she finally spoke.

"I might want to be another amenity for you now."

Wolfram went still.

She studied Riley's face for a long moment, something dark and thoughtful moving behind her eyes. Then she leaned down and kissed her — slow, deep, and possessive.

When she pulled back, her voice was quiet.

"You might," she said. "But that's a dangerous thing to want."

Riley didn't look away.

Wolfram's thumb brushed over Riley's lower lip.

"And if that's what you want," she continued, "then it also means you'd like to try the hood again."

Riley's breath caught, but she didn't deny it.

Wolfram's expression shifted into something quieter, more dangerous.

She tilted her head slightly.

"But then," she asked, voice low, "do you have any other sisters?"

Riley was still flushed and breathing unevenly when she answered. She lay on her back with Wolfram's arm draped across her stomach, the leather hood

resting beside her head.

“There’s someone,” she said after a moment. “Alexis Barker.”

Wolfram’s fingers traced slow, idle patterns on Riley’s skin.

“Tell me about her.”

Riley’s voice was quieter now, but there was a sharp, jealous edge underneath it.

“She went to our high school. Volleyball. She was one of those girls who acted like the world existed to watch her. Tall, athletic, always had that smug little smile like she knew she was better than everyone else. Especially me.”

Wolfram stayed quiet, letting her continue.

Riley’s voice dropped lower.

“I used to watch her in the locker room after practice. She moved like nothing could ever touch her. Like her body was untouchable. Perfect. I want to see what she looks like when she’s not perfect anymore. I want to watch her get broken the exact same way Amenity was.”

Wolfram’s hand stilled.

“You want to bring her here.”

Riley nodded.

“I want her to walk in thinking she’s in control. Thinking she’s better than everyone. And then I want her to see what we’ve done to my sister. I want her to understand that no matter how perfect she thinks she is, she can still end up on her back with everything taken away.”

Wolfram studied her for a long moment.

“How do we do it?”

Riley’s eyes sharpened.

“We don’t just invite her to dinner. That won’t be enough. We give her a reason to come. Something that plays to her ego.” She turned her head to look at Wolfram. “We tell her we’re looking for a civilian contractor to run an elite physical training program for the maximum- security staff. High salary. Prestige. She’ll eat that shit up.”

Wolfram nodded slowly.

“And the dinner?”

“The final stage of her interview,” Riley said. “We tell her she has to attend as a VIP guest. To meet the executives. To see how the facility operates at the highest level.” A slow, cruel smile touched her mouth. “She’ll show up in some expensive

dress, thinking she’s about to impress everyone. And instead she’ll walk into that room and see Amenity strapped to the table like a piece of furniture.”

Wolfram’s thumb stroked once across Riley’s hip.

“You want to turn her into something else entirely.”

Riley’s voice dropped.

“I want to make her a pet. Lexi. I want her to only be allowed to bark. No words. Just sounds. I want to watch her realize she doesn’t even get to speak anymore.”

Wolfram was quiet for several seconds. When she finally spoke, her tone was measured.

“If you want her that badly, you need to be careful.”

Riley looked at her.

Wolfram continued, her voice low and calm.

“If I end up wanting Alexis… if I decide I like having her around more than I expected… then you could be demoted. You could lose your place above her. I won’t keep two girls at the same level if one of them interests me more.”

Riley’s breath caught slightly, but she didn’t look away.

Wolfram kept going, her tone thoughtful.

“We could elevate her while lowering you. Turn her into something more refined at first — something that still thinks she has status — while you’re pushed further down. Or we could break her completely into Lexi the pet while making it clear that even she ranks above you now. It would depend on how well she takes to it… and how much I enjoy watching you beneath her.”

Riley’s thighs pressed together under the sheets. She tried to keep her expression steady, but Wolfram noticed the shift.

Wolfram’s hand slid lower, resting possessively on Riley’s stomach.

“You’re getting wet at the thought of it,” she murmured. “Being pushed down. Being made to watch while I decide whether your new toy outranks you.”

Riley didn’t deny it.

Wolfram leaned in closer, her voice dropping even lower.

“Be careful what you ask for, Riley. You might get exactly what you secretly want.”

Later that night, the heavy steel door to Amenity’s cell opened with its usual sharp clack.

Voss stepped inside and dropped a thick stack of high-end culinary books onto the concrete floor. She didn't say anything at first. She simply stood there, looking down at the naked woman still kneeling in the center of the cell.

Amenity didn't move.

Voss finally spoke, her voice flat and matter-of-fact.

"Officer Wolfram wants you to plan a formal dinner for the upper brass next month. Multi- course. High-end. You're responsible for every detail — the menu, the pairings, the sourcing. These books should help."

She turned without waiting for a response and walked out. The door sealed shut behind her with that same heavy, final sound.

The silence that followed was thick and oppressive.

Amenity stayed exactly where she was for a long time, staring at the stack of books. Her hands had started to tremble before she even reached for the first one.

She crawled forward slowly and picked up the top book with both hands. The glossy cover felt strange against her fingers. She opened it carefully, almost reverently, and began turning the pages.

Her mind was already racing.

She needed to start with something light. Something clean that would wake up the palate. Maybe a chilled soup, but it had to be truly seasonal. What was actually good right now? She would have to research what was available locally. Nothing imported. Officer Wolfram would expect it to feel intentional.

Her fingers traced the edge of a page showing a beautifully plated dish.

She could do better than that.

Amenity shifted on her knees, wincing at the ache in her thighs, but she barely noticed. Her focus had already narrowed to a single, consuming point.

She needed the menu to be perfect.

Every course had to flow into the next. The wines had to be chosen with precision. The pacing had to feel elegant but not exhausting. She would need to write everything out by hand. Officer Wolfram liked things done properly. She would need to source ingredients carefully. Maybe start with something bright and clean, then move into something richer, then finish with something light again so no one felt weighed down.

She turned another page, her breathing already shallow.

She didn't notice the way her thighs pressed together as she worked.

She didn’t notice the way her body had started to react to the idea of being given something important to do.

All she could think about was the menu.

And how badly she needed to get it right.

The next morning, Wolfram was direct.

Riley was kneeling naked beside the bed, already wet from the way Wolfram had been touching her while she got dressed. Wolfram finished adjusting her uniform jacket, then looked down at her.

“Before we bring Alexis in,” she said, “I need to test the methods on you first.”

Riley looked up.

Wolfram continued calmly.

“I want to know how effective they are before I use them on her. How long certain things take. What actually sticks and what doesn’t. It makes sense to run it on you first, since we already have the foundation started. We have time while Amenity is locked in her cell planning the dinner.”

Riley considered this for a moment, then nodded. It made sense to her.

“Okay,” she said. “I’ll do it.”

Wolfram studied her for a second, then gave a small nod.

“Good. We’ll do it all today. One session. The hypnotist is coming this evening. Before she arrives, you’re going to contact Alexis and get her to agree to come here tomorrow morning.”

Riley’s breathing had already started to quicken.

Wolfram stepped closer.

“Until then, you stay on your knees. No speaking unless I allow it. You can bark if you need something.”

Riley gave a single, soft bark.

Wolfram gave her a small, approving nod.

“Good girl.”

Throughout the day, Wolfram kept Riley close and aroused.

She worked from their quarters, keeping Riley on all fours beside her desk. Every so often she would reach down and stroke between Riley’s legs, never letting her come, just keeping her wet and desperate. Riley stayed obediently on her hands and knees the entire time, occasionally giving soft, needy whines when Wolfram’s

fingers lingered without giving her relief.

By late afternoon, Riley was trembling with arousal, her inner thighs slick.

Wolfram finally set her work aside.

“It’s time,” she said. “You’re going to call Alexis now. You can speak for this.”

Riley sat back on her heels, flushed and breathing hard. Wolfram handed her the phone. Riley took it with slightly unsteady hands and found Alexis’s number.

It rang three times before Alexis picked up.

“Riley?” Alexis sounded surprised but friendly. “Hey. Long time.”

“Hey,” Riley said, trying to keep her voice steady despite how wet and worked up she felt. “I know this is out of nowhere, but I’m helping with something at a facility and they’re looking for a civilian consultant to run an elite physical training program for their maximum-security staff. High pay, a lot of autonomy. They asked if I knew anyone who might be a good fit, and you were the first person I thought of.”

Alexis was quiet for a moment, clearly intrigued.

“What kind of facility?”

Riley glanced at Wolfram, who gave her a small nod.

“It’s a women’s penitentiary,” Riley said. “They want someone with a strong athletic background who can design and run a high-performance program for the guards. It’s a serious role.”

Alexis let out a short, interested laugh.

“Alright, I’m listening.”

“They’d like you to come in tomorrow morning for an initial meeting,” Riley said. “Just to talk through what they’re looking for and see if it might be a good fit.”

There was another pause.

“I can make that work,” Alexis said after a moment. “Send me the details and I’ll be there.”

Riley’s stomach tightened with dark satisfaction.

“I will. Thanks, Alexis. I think this could be a really good opportunity for you.”

They said goodbye and Riley ended the call. She set the phone down and looked up at Wolfram, her cheeks flushed and her thighs pressed tightly together.

Wolfram reached down and stroked her hair.

“Good girl. She’s coming tomorrow.”

Riley gave a soft, eager whine.

The hypnotist arrived just after eight.

She was an older woman with a calm, steady presence. Wolfram had Riley kneel in the center of the living room while she spoke with the woman privately for a few minutes. Then the hypnotist approached and studied Riley for a long moment.

“You’re already quite open,” she said gently. “This should go smoothly.”

She had Riley lie down on the couch and began the session.

It was thorough and precise. The hypnotist reinforced and deepened everything Wolfram had already started — that Riley was a dog, that she could no longer use human speech, that her only forms of communication were barking, whining, and growling. She layered in new, permanent suggestions: that Riley felt happiest and most complete when she was obeying, when she was being used, and that showing affection meant licking Wolfram’s pussy on command.

By the time the session ended, Riley was deeply under.

The hypnotist looked at Wolfram.

“She’s ready,” she said quietly. “The conditioning is strong.”

Wolfram walked the woman out. When she returned, she locked the door and turned to look at the woman still lying on the couch.

Riley’s eyes were glassy and unfocused.

Wolfram crossed the room and sat on the edge of the couch. She ran her fingers slowly through Riley’s hair.

“Riley,” she said softly.

Riley’s eyes focused on her, but she didn’t speak.

Wolfram smiled.

“Good girl.”

She stood and began unbuttoning her pants.

“Show me how you greet me now.”

Without hesitation, Riley slid off the couch and onto her hands and knees. She crawled forward and pressed her face between Wolfram’s thighs, licking slowly and eagerly. She made soft, happy sounds as she worked, completely lost in the act.

Wolfram let out a low breath, one hand resting on the back of Riley’s head.

When she finally came, she held Riley there for a long moment before gently pulling her back.

Riley looked up at her with bright, adoring eyes and gave a single, happy bark.

Wolfram studied her for a long moment, something dark and satisfied in her expression.

Then she spoke, almost to herself.

“Riley really is a great dog’s name.”

Alexis Barker stepped out of the black car and adjusted the cuff of her tailored blazer. The morning light caught on the delicate gold watch at her wrist and the subtle sheen of her cream silk blouse. Everything about her was polished — from the precise blowout of her long blonde hair to the sharp line of her designer trousers and the expensive leather tote slung over her shoulder. She looked like she belonged in a boardroom or on a magazine cover, not standing in front of a women’s penitentiary.

A female guard in a crisp uniform met her at the outer gate. Alexis gave her a polite but distant smile, the kind she used with people she considered beneath her.

“Miss Barker?” the guard asked.

“Yes.”

“This way, please. Officer Wolfram is expecting you.”

Alexis followed, her heels clicking against the concrete. As they moved deeper into the facility, the air grew heavier and the lighting harsher. She kept her expression neutral, but inside, she felt a quiet, smug satisfaction.

God, this place is depressing.

She had always known Riley and Kylie Harper were basic. Small-town girls with small-town minds. Riley had been the quieter, slightly awkward one — always hovering on the edges of things. And Kylie… well, she had clearly gone completely off the rails if this was where she’d ended up. Alexis had almost laughed when Riley called her out of the blue. A job offer at a prison? It was so perfectly on-brand for the Harper sisters — strange, desperate, and a little pathetic.

She couldn’t wait to see what kind of weird little life Riley had built for herself here.

The guard led her through several heavy doors and down long, sterile corridors. Eventually, they stopped in front of a plain door at the end of a quieter hallway. The guard knocked once, then opened it.

“Miss Barker is here, ma’am.”

“Thank you,” came a low, calm voice from inside. “You can leave us.”

Alexis stepped into the room.

It was dimly lit compared to the harsh fluorescents outside — warm lamplight, dark wood, and expensive-looking furniture. Wolfram sat in a large leather chair near the center of the room, one leg crossed over the other. She looked exactly as Alexis had imagined a woman in her position would: tall, composed, and quietly commanding.

What Alexis had *not* expected was the naked woman on the floor at Wolfram’s feet.

Riley.

She was completely bare, on her hands and knees like an animal. A simple leather collar sat around her throat. Her blonde hair fell forward as she leaned into Wolfram’s hand, which was slowly stroking the top of her head. When the door opened, Riley lifted her head and looked directly at Alexis.

Recognition flashed across her face.

For a split second, Riley’s eyes widened. Then she made a soft, distressed whine and pressed herself closer to Wolfram’s leg, as if trying to hide. Wolfram continued petting her without pause, her expression calm.

Alexis stopped in the doorway.

For a moment, she simply stared.

Then a slow, delighted smile spread across her face.

Wolfram gestured toward the chair across from her.

“Please, sit.”

Alexis moved forward and lowered herself into the offered seat, still watching Riley with open amusement. Riley kept her head down now, but Alexis could see the tension in her shoulders. She was trembling slightly.

Alexis let out a quiet, incredulous laugh.

“Jesus,” she said, accepting the glass of wine Wolfram offered her. “I knew Riley was a little off, but this is… something else.”

Wolfram took a slow sip from her own glass, watching Alexis over the rim.

“You seem amused.”

“I am,” Alexis admitted, her eyes still on Riley. “I mean, look at her. I always knew the Harper girls were basic, but this?” She gestured at Riley with her wine

glass. “This is next level. I used to watch Riley trail after the popular girls in high school like a lost puppy. I guess some things never change.”

She laughed again, genuinely entertained.

“I just never thought I’d see her like *this*. Naked on the floor, collared, acting like some kind of pet.” Alexis tilted her head, studying Riley with open disdain. “Does she even understand what’s happening to her anymore?”

Wolfram’s hand continued its slow, steady strokes through Riley’s hair.

“She understands enough,” she said.

Alexis grinned and took a sip of wine.

“God, that’s perfect.” She leaned back in her chair, crossing one long leg over the other. “I always knew I was better than them. Both of them. But seeing it like this… it really drives the point home, doesn’t it?”

Wolfram didn’t respond right away.

Instead, her eyes moved slowly over Alexis’s body — the long, athletic lines of her legs, the confident set of her shoulders, the way her blouse clung to the subtle curve of her breasts. She was even more striking in person than Wolfram had expected. Taller than Riley, with a stronger, more sculpted frame. The kind of body that came from years of disciplined athletic training.

Perfect, Wolfram thought. *I made the right choice.*

Demoting Riley had been the correct instinct the moment she saw Alexis’s photograph. Riley had been useful, but she had always carried a certain softness, a certain neediness. Alexis, on the other hand, radiated superiority. She would break beautifully.

Wolfram’s gaze lingered a moment longer on the elegant line of Alexis’s throat before returning to her face.

Alexis, for her part, was not unaffected by Wolfram. She found herself sitting a little straighter under the other woman’s steady attention. There was something about the calm, unreadable way Wolfram looked at her that made heat stir low in her stomach. She crossed her legs, suddenly very aware of the way Wolfram’s eyes followed the movement.

Wolfram noticed.

She leaned back in her chair, swirling the wine in her glass.

“You’re enjoying this more than I expected,” she said.

Alexis let out a soft laugh, trying to play it off.

“I won’t lie. It’s satisfying.” She glanced down at Riley again. “I always thought I was above girls like Riley and Kylie. Seeing one of them like this… it just confirms what I already knew.”

She took another sip of wine, her eyes drifting back to Wolfram. There was a new warmth in her gaze now — something curious and appreciative.

Wolfram allowed herself a small, private smile.

Two for one, she thought. *The broken pet at my feet… and this one walking willingly into my hands.*

She raised her glass slightly toward Alexis.

“I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself,” she said. “Because we’re just getting started.”

Alexis smiled back, unaware of how completely she had already stepped into the trap.

Wolfram watched her over the rim of her glass, calm and quietly victorious.

She had chosen well.

Wolfram refilled Alexis’s glass without being asked. The wine was excellent — rich, dark, and expensive. Alexis accepted it with a small, pleased smile, already feeling pleasantly warm from the alcohol and the quiet power of the room.

Wolfram settled back into her chair, one leg crossed over the other, and regarded Alexis with open appreciation.

“You’re not like them,” she said, her voice smooth and conversational. “The Harper girls. They were always soft. Weak. The kind of women who needed someone to tell them what to do. I could see it the moment Riley walked through these doors. She practically begged to be taken apart.”

Alexis laughed, low and genuine.

“God, yes. I always knew they were pathetic. Riley especially. She used to follow people around like she was waiting for someone to decide what she was worth.” She took a slow sip of wine, her eyes drifting briefly to the naked, collared woman kneeling silently at Wolfram’s feet. “I guess she finally found someone who was willing to do it.”

Wolfram smiled faintly, as if they were simply two sophisticated women sharing an honest conversation.

“It’s easy with women like that,” she said. “They want to be controlled. They need it. The moment you take the choice away from them, they melt. They become grateful.” She paused, tilting her head as she studied Alexis. “But a woman like you? That’s different.”

Alexis raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

Wolfram's voice dropped slightly, almost intimate.

"Perfect. Untouchable. I've always wondered what it would take to make a true goddess drop to her knees."

Alexis let out a short, amused breath, but there was a spark of something sharper in her eyes.

"You think I could be broken that easily?"

"I didn't say easily," Wolfram replied. "I said I wondered what it would take. Most women fold the second they're told to strip. They get shy. Embarrassed. Powerless." She let the words hang for a moment. "But you? I suspect you could stand there completely naked and still feel like the most powerful person in the room."

Alexis held her gaze for a long moment.

Then, with deliberate slowness, she set her wine glass down on the table beside her. "Fine," she said, her voice laced with challenge and wine. "I'll play your little game. Just to prove how wrong you are."

She stood up.

Wolfram didn't move. She simply watched as Alexis began to undress.

First the blazer. Then the silk blouse, each button undone with careful precision. Alexis kept her eyes on Wolfram the entire time, refusing to look away, as if maintaining eye contact would somehow preserve her power. She slipped the blouse off her shoulders and let it fall. Her bra followed. Then her trousers. Finally, she stepped out of her underwear and stood completely naked in the center of the room.

She was stunning.

Long, toned legs. A narrow waist. Full, firm breasts. The body of someone who had spent years sculpting herself into something superior. Alexis lifted her chin, clearly expecting to feel nothing but smug satisfaction.

Instead, the air in the room changed.

Wolfram's expression shifted in an instant.

The warm, almost flirtatious host disappeared. In her place was something cold, sharp, and utterly terrifying. Her posture straightened. Her eyes hardened. When she spoke again, her voice was ice.

"On your knees."

Alexis blinked, caught off guard by the sudden change in tone.

“Excuse me?”

Wolfram didn’t raise her voice. She didn’t need to.

“I said, on your knees.”

Alexis let out a short, disbelieving laugh, but it sounded weaker than she intended.

“You’re joking.”

Wolfram stood up slowly. She towered over Alexis now, her presence filling the room.

“Do I look like I’m joking?”

Alexis took a small step back, her confidence faltering for the first time. Her arms twitched as if she wanted to cover herself, but she stopped herself. The sudden shift in power was visceral. One moment she had been in control, playing along with a game she thought she understood. The next, she was standing naked in front of a woman who now looked at her like she was nothing more than prey.

Wolfram took a single step forward.

“You walked in here thinking you were untouchable,” she said, her voice low and dangerous. “You thought you were better than Riley. Better than Kylie. You thought you could look down on them while you stood above it all.” Another step. “And then you took your clothes off because I told you to. Because your ego couldn’t stand the idea that someone might think you were weak.”

Alexis’s breathing had quickened. Her nipples had tightened in the cool air, and a traitorous heat was already building between her legs. She hated it. She hated how exposed she felt. She hated that her body was reacting.

Wolfram stopped just in front of her.

“You’re already wet,” she said quietly. “And you haven’t even been touched yet.”

Alexis opened her mouth, but no words came out.

Wolfram’s voice dropped even lower.

“On your knees. Now.”

Alexis’s legs felt unsteady. Slowly, almost against her will, she sank down onto the floor. The moment her knees touched the cold surface, something inside her cracked.

Wolfram looked down at Alexis with cold satisfaction.

Then she turned her head slightly toward the woman still kneeling silently beside her chair.

“Riley,” she said. “Come here.”

Riley crawled forward without hesitation.

Wolfram glanced back at Alexis, her tone shifting back into something almost polite — as if they were still having a normal conversation.

“Please,” she said, gesturing toward the chair Alexis had been sitting in earlier. “Sit comfortably. There’s no need to stay on the floor.”

Alexis, still shaken and breathing hard, slowly pushed herself up and sank back into the chair. She was completely naked now, her designer clothes scattered across the floor around her. She crossed her legs tightly, trying to reclaim some sense of dignity, though it was clearly slipping away.

Wolfram watched her for a moment, then spoke again, her voice calm and measured.

“Riley,” she said, “I’d like you to thank our guest for coming to visit us today.”

She looked directly at Alexis as she continued.

“Show her how grateful we are that she made the trip. Use your mouth.”

Riley moved without hesitation. She positioned herself on her knees between Alexis’s legs, looking up at Wolfram once for confirmation before lowering her head. She settled in close, her face hovering just inches from Alexis’s exposed pussy, waiting for the final signal.

Wolfram turned her attention back to Alexis, her expression unreadable.

“Relax,” she said softly. “Let her thank you properly.”

Alexis sat frozen in the chair, completely naked, with Riley’s warm breath ghosting over her most sensitive skin. Her hands gripped the arms of the chair as the full weight of what was happening finally settled over her.

Wolfram remained standing beside the chair, one hand resting lightly on the back of it, watching both women with quiet, terrifying calm.

Chapter 41

Wolfram stood beside the chair, one hand resting lightly on the back of it as she looked down at Alexis. Her voice was low and calm when she finally spoke.

“Riley,” she said. “Lick her.”

Riley moved forward without hesitation. She settled between Alexis’s spread thighs and dragged her tongue slowly through her folds in one long, deliberate stroke. Alexis’s breath caught sharply. Her hands flew to the arms of the chair, fingers tightening around the wood as Riley’s tongue found her clit and began to circle it with focused, steady pressure.

Wolfram watched them both for a moment before speaking again.

“She’s very good at this,” she murmured, almost conversationally. “She’s learned to put everything she has into it. Haven’t you, Riley?”

Riley whimpered softly against Alexis’s pussy but didn’t stop. Her tongue moved with more enthusiasm, licking and sucking with clear desperation. Her hands came up to grip Alexis’s thighs for balance, and that was when Alexis noticed it.

The thin gold wedding band on Riley’s left ring finger.

Alexis stared at it for a second, her breath hitching as Riley sucked gently on her clit.

Wolfram noticed where Alexis’s attention had gone. She reached down and brushed her fingers lightly over Alexis’s nipple, rolling it slowly between her fingertips.

“I know a little doggy,” she said softly, “who would love to watch you sleep in my bed at night.”

Alexis’s eyes fluttered. She was breathing harder now, her hips starting to rock against Riley’s mouth.

Wolfram continued, her voice smooth and unhurried.

“She’d sleep on the floor beside the bed. Quiet. Well-behaved. She’d listen to every sound we made. Every moan. Every time I made you come.” Her fingers pinched Alexis’s nipple lightly. “Would you like that?”

Alexis’s voice came out breathy and unsteady.

“…Yes.”

Riley whimpered again, louder this time, but she kept licking. Her thighs were pressed tightly together, and a thin strand of wetness was visibly dripping down the inside of one leg. Alexis noticed. Her eyes dropped lower, and the sight seemed to push her even higher.

Wolfram’s voice dropped even softer.

“That ring on her finger,” she said, still playing with Alexis’s nipple. “It doesn’t really belong to her anymore. Annulments are easy. The paperwork is just a formality. It could be yours, if you wanted it.”

Riley made a broken, desperate sound against Alexis’s pussy. Her grip on Alexis’s thighs tightened.

Alexis moaned, her head tipping back against the chair.

“Of course it should belong to me,” she breathed.

Wolfram smiled faintly.

“Then why don’t you take it now?”

Alexis looked down at Riley. For a moment she just watched her — watched the way Riley’s tongue moved, the way her eyes were glassy and wet, the way she was dripping onto the floor. Then she reached out and caught Riley’s left wrist, lifting her hand.

Riley didn’t resist.

Alexis took hold of the thin gold band between her thumb and forefinger and slowly, deliberately twisted it off Riley’s finger. She held it in her palm for a second, feeling the warmth of Riley’s skin still clinging to the metal.

Riley licked her with renewed desperation, sucking harder, her whimpers vibrating against Alexis’s clit.

Wolfram’s voice was quiet but clear.

“Why don’t you put it on?”

Alexis’s hand was shaking slightly as she slid the ring onto her own finger. It fit perfectly. She stared at it for a moment, then looked back down at Riley, who was still working between her legs with single-minded focus.

Alexis’s voice was thick with pleasure when she finally spoke.

“Do we keep the dog?” she asked, her hips rolling against Riley’s mouth. “I’m not sure I want to take care of it.”

Wolfram’s fingers continued their slow, teasing circles around Alexis’s nipple.

“You don’t have to,” she said. “I have the perfect person to feed her.”

Alexis moaned, her thighs starting to tremble.

“Who?”

“Her sister.”

Alexis’s eyes widened slightly, even as another moan escaped her. She looked down at Riley again, watching the way she was licking and sucking like her life depended on it. For a moment, she wasn’t sure if this was still some kind of twisted roleplay meant to torment Riley, or if Wolfram was actually serious.

Riley whimpered again, louder this time, and Alexis felt the vibration travel straight through her.

Wolfram leaned down, her lips brushing against the shell of Alexis’s ear.

“She’s already dripping at the thought of it,” she whispered. “Look at her. She knows it’s real.”

Alexis came with a sharp, broken cry.

Her back arched hard against the chair as the orgasm tore through her. Her thighs clamped around Riley’s head as she ground against her face, riding out every wave while Riley kept licking her through it. Alexis’s hand — the one now wearing Riley’s wedding ring — gripped the back of Riley’s head, holding her in place as she came.

Wolfram stayed close, her lips still near Alexis’s ear.

When Alexis finally began to come down, her body still twitching with aftershocks, Wolfram spoke again, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Welcome home, Alexis.”

Alexis’s eyes were glassy, her breathing ragged. She looked down at Riley, who was still kneeling between her legs, face wet and shining, eyes dark and desperate.

Chapter 42

Amenity sat cross-legged on the cold concrete floor of her cell, surrounded by open cookbooks. Her knees ached from how long she'd been in the same position, but she barely noticed. She had one of the thick volumes balanced on her lap, a second one open beside her, and a small stack of blank paper she'd been given along with a pen.

She had been at this for hours.

Her handwriting was careful and precise as she worked through another possible menu progression. She tapped the pen lightly against her lower lip, eyes moving between two different recipes.

Chilled cucumber and buttermilk soup to start… light, clean, refreshing. Then move into something richer — maybe seared scallops with a brown butter sauce and fresh peas. But the scallops have to be perfect. If they're even slightly overcooked it will throw everything off.

She wrote the course down in neat block letters, then paused, tapping the pen again.

Wine pairing… something crisp. Maybe a dry Riesling? Or would a light Pinot Grigio work better? I need to check what's actually available this time of year locally. Nothing imported. She'll want it to feel intentional.

Amenity's stomach fluttered at the thought of Wolfram reading over her final menu. She imagined her looking it over with that calm, unreadable expression, then giving a small nod of approval. Maybe even saying she'd done well.

The thought made something warm and desperate twist in her chest.

She was so focused on the page in front of her that she didn't hear the door open until the heavy clack of the lock echoed through the cell.

Officer Voss stepped inside, closing the door behind her. She looked down at Amenity surrounded by open books and scattered notes, then at the half-written menu in her lap.

"Still working on it?" Voss asked.

Amenity looked up quickly, straightening her posture even though she remained on the floor.

"Yes, Officer."

Voss walked closer and glanced down at the pages. She didn't say anything about the menu itself. Instead, she studied Amenity for a moment, then spoke.

"You've been at this for hours. Take a break."

Amenity hesitated, her pen still hovering over the paper.

“I’m almost finished with the second course pairing—”

“I didn’t ask,” Voss said, her voice calm but firm. “Take a break.”

She reached down and took the pen and paper from Amenity’s hands, setting them aside on top of one of the cookbooks. Then she stepped in closer, until Amenity had to tilt her head back to look up at her.

“On your back,” Voss said.

Amenity obeyed without argument, lying down on the cold concrete. Voss unbuckled her belt and pushed her uniform pants and underwear down just far enough, then stepped out of them. She lowered herself over Amenity’s face without another word.

Amenity opened her mouth immediately.

Voss settled over her, one hand braced against the wall for balance, the other resting lightly on top of Amenity’s head. She let out a slow breath as Amenity’s tongue found her clit and began to lick.

For a while, neither of them spoke. The only sounds in the cell were the wet, steady movements of Amenity’s mouth and Voss’s increasingly unsteady breathing.

Then Voss spoke, her voice slightly rough.

“Tell me about the menu.”

Amenity made a small, muffled sound against her, but didn’t stop licking. After a moment, she pulled back just enough to speak, her lips brushing against Voss’s skin.

“I’m thinking… chilled soup to start,” she said, her voice slightly breathless. “Something light. Cucumber and buttermilk, maybe. Then seared scallops with peas and brown butter. I need to make sure the scallops are perfect. If they’re overcooked it’ll ruin the progression.”

She leaned back in and dragged her tongue slowly through Voss’s folds before continuing.

“I was thinking a dry Riesling with the first course. Something crisp. Then maybe move into a light red with the scallops. I still have to check what’s actually in season right now. I don’t want anything that feels lazy.”

Voss let out a quiet groan, her hips rolling forward against Amenity’s mouth.

“Keep going,” she said.

Amenity whimpered softly but obeyed, licking and sucking while she spoke in broken fragments between strokes of her tongue.

“I was also thinking… maybe a tomato and stone fruit salad in between courses. Something bright to reset the palate. And then for the main… I’m still deciding between a roasted chicken with summer vegetables or a piece of fish. Fish might be cleaner. Lighter.”

Voss’s breathing was getting heavier. She pressed down more firmly against Amenity’s face, using her nose and mouth without hesitation.

Amenity kept going, her voice growing more desperate even as she worked harder.

“I want it to feel… elegant but not fussy. I want her to be impressed. I want her to think I did a good job. That I’m still useful.”

Voss came with a low, satisfied groan, grinding down against Amenity’s face as she rode out her orgasm. Amenity kept licking through it, eager and thorough, until Voss finally eased off and sat back on her heels.

For a moment, the only sound in the cell was Voss catching her breath.

Then she looked down at Amenity, who was still lying on her back, face wet and flushed, breathing hard.

Voss reached down and wiped a smear of her own slick from Amenity’s chin with her thumb.

“What do you think your role will be at this dinner you’re planning?” she asked.

Amenity blinked up at her, still slightly dazed.

“I’ll serve it,” she said, without hesitation. “I’ll make sure everything is perfect. I’ll bring out each course at the right time. I’ll make sure the wine is poured correctly. I want it to go well.”

Voss smiled. It was a small, knowing smile.

“You’d better make it good then,” she said.

She stood up and began pulling her pants back on, moving with calm efficiency. Amenity stayed on the floor, watching her.

Voss buckled her belt, then looked down at her one last time.

“Get back to work,” she said. “You’ve still got a lot to do.”

She turned and walked out of the cell without another word.

The door sealed shut behind her.

Amenity lay there for another minute, staring up at the ceiling. Then she slowly pushed herself upright, wiped her face with the back of her hand, and reached for the pen and paper again.

She had work to do.

Alexis was still catching her breath when the weight of what had just happened began to settle over her.

She sat naked in the chair, legs still slightly parted, Riley's saliva and her own slick cooling on her inner thighs. Riley remained on her knees between them, head bowed, breathing softly. The gold wedding ring now sat on Alexis's finger like it had always belonged there.

Wolfram stood beside the chair, looking down at her with none of the earlier warmth in her expression. The shift was immediate and jarring.

"Stand up," Wolfram said.

Alexis blinked, still hazy from her orgasm. "What?"

"I said stand up."

There was no politeness in her voice this time. Alexis hesitated, then slowly pushed herself to her feet. She felt exposed in a way she hadn't just moments ago. Her clothes were still scattered across the floor, and she had the sudden, humiliating urge to cover herself.

Wolfram didn't give her the chance.

"Hands behind your back."

Alexis obeyed before she could think better of it. The moment her wrists touched behind her, Wolfram stepped in close and fastened a pair of simple leather cuffs around them. The click of the buckle made Alexis's stomach drop.

"What the fuck are you doing?" she asked, her voice sharper than she intended.

Wolfram ignored the question. She reached down and picked up Alexis's discarded blouse, folding it neatly before setting it on the desk. Then she did the same with the rest of her clothes, one piece at a time, until everything Alexis had worn into the room was stacked in a tidy pile.

Only then did Wolfram speak again.

"You came here thinking you were going to be offered some prestigious position," she said. "You thought you were being courted. You thought you were in control."

She turned to face Alexis fully.

"You were never in control."

Alexis’s mouth went dry.

Wolfram stepped closer, close enough that Alexis had to tilt her head back slightly to maintain eye contact.

“Let me explain what’s actually happening here,” she said. “Next month, we are hosting a formal dinner for several high-ranking members of this facility’s administration. A showcase. A demonstration of control and obedience.”

She reached out and brushed a strand of hair away from Alexis’s face with almost gentle fingers.

“Your former classmate, formerly "Kylie" — the one currently locked in a cell planning the menu — will be the centerpiece of that evening. She will be naked, oiled, and strapped down the length of the table. Every course of the meal she spent weeks designing will be served directly off her skin.”

Alexis’s breath caught.

Wolfram continued without pause.

“You will not be a guest at this dinner, Miss Barker. You will be serving it.”

Alexis stared at her.

“You will do so completely nude,” Wolfram said. “The brass will enjoy watching you move between them while they eat from her body. They will especially enjoy watching you. Your body is… exceptional. They’ll appreciate the view.”

Wolfram’s eyes moved slowly down Alexis’s naked form, lingering without shame.

“Long legs. Strong shoulders. Perfect proportions. You were built to be looked at. They’re going to love it.”

Alexis felt heat rise in her face — and lower. She hated that her body was reacting to the words.

Wolfram stepped in even closer.

“You walked in here thinking you were better than Riley. Better than Kylie. You thought you were untouchable.” Her voice dropped. “And now you’re going to spend an entire evening walking naked around a room full of powerful people while your former classmate lies strapped to the table like a piece of furniture. You’re going to serve them food off her skin. And you’re going to do it because I told you to.”

Alexis’s breathing had become shallow.

Wolfram reached out and lightly traced one finger down the center of Alexis’s chest, between her breasts, stopping just above her navel.

“You’re already getting wet again,” she observed quietly.

Alexis didn’t deny it.

Wolfram’s finger continued its slow path downward.

“You’re going to be perfect at this,” she said. “I can already tell. The brass are going to love watching you serve them. And when the night is over, we’re going to decide what happens to you next.”

Wolfram stepped back and looked down at Riley, who was still kneeling silently beside the chair.

“Stay,” she said calmly. “Wait here for me.”

Riley lowered herself fully onto the floor without a sound, resting her head near Wolfram’s boot.

Wolfram turned back to Alexis and took hold of her cuffed arms.

“Come with me,” she said. “We’re going to get you barcoded for service.”

She led Alexis out of the room without looking back, leaving Riley alone on the floor to wait.

Chapter 44

The weeks moved slowly, but they moved.

In the maximum security wing, Amenity spent almost every hour of every day on the floor of her cell with the cookbooks spread around her. She worked with a kind of quiet desperation, rewriting sections of the menu again and again until the pairings felt right. Sometimes she would sit back on her heels and stare at the pages for a long time, trying to picture how each course would look on skin. She told herself that if she got it perfect — if every detail was thoughtful and elegant — then maybe Wolfram would see that she was still useful. That she could still be trusted with something important.

Officer Voss came by often. She would take whatever Amenity had finished, glance over it without much comment, and then use her. Amenity had learned not to ask questions. She simply opened her mouth when Voss pushed her down and did her best to focus on the work waiting for her once it was over.

She never asked about Riley. Voss never offered anything.

In Wolfram’s quarters, the nights had a different rhythm.

Riley slept on a thin mat at the foot of the bed. She had grown used to the sounds — the low murmur of voices, the rustle of sheets, the soft, wet sounds of skin against skin. She watched from her place on the floor as Wolfram took her time

with Alexis. Wolfram touched her like she mattered. She kissed her slowly, held her down gently, and made her come with a kind of focused care that Riley had not experienced in a long time.

Alexis was allowed to dress during the day. She helped Wolfram with paperwork, sometimes sitting at the small desk in the corner while Wolfram worked beside her. Riley would watch them from her mat, silent, as they moved through documents together. She never saw what was on the pages.

Most nights, after Alexis fell asleep, Wolfram would reach down and rest her hand on Riley's head for a moment before turning off the light. Riley would stay awake long after that, staring into the dark.

One afternoon, Wolfram and Alexis gave Riley a bath.

The large tub in their private bathroom had been filled with warm water. Riley stood in it on all fours while Wolfram and Alexis washed her. Alexis was dressed for the day — black slacks and a simple white blouse — while Wolfram wore only a dark robe. The room was quiet except for the sound of water and the occasional soft splash.

Wolfram's hands moved slowly over Riley's back and sides, working the soap into her skin with steady attention. Alexis helped, though her movements were lighter, less familiar. Riley stayed still, her head lowered.

After a while, Wolfram's fingers found the spot just behind Riley's left ear and began to scratch gently. Riley leaned into the touch without thinking.

"I warned you this could happen," Wolfram said quietly. Her voice was calm, almost conversational. "Before you invited Alexis to visit me. I told you that if I ended up wanting her, you could lose your place."

Riley's ears twitched. She kept her head down.

Wolfram continued scratching, her fingers moving in slow circles.

"The annulment went through yesterday," she said. "Alexis and I are married now."

Riley's whole body jerked.

A sharp, broken sound tore out of her throat as she came — hard and sudden — in the bathwater. Her thighs shook violently and her back arched as the orgasm ripped through her. She whimpered helplessly, unable to stop it, her body trembling while Wolfram's hand remained steady behind her ear.

Alexis watched from the side of the tub, one eyebrow slightly raised.

"Just what you said she'd do," she murmured.

Wolfram didn’t stop petting Riley. She simply glanced at Alexis, then looked back down at the shaking dog in front of her.

“You’re going to stay exactly as you are,” she said. “My dog. My pet. That doesn’t change.”

She reached for the shower attachment and began rinsing the soap from Riley’s back with slow, deliberate movements.

“And you,” she said to Alexis, “will serve at the dinner. Nude. The brass will enjoy it.”

Alexis didn’t argue. She simply nodded once, her eyes still on Riley.

Wolfram finished rinsing Riley and turned off the water. She looked down at her dog for a moment longer, then spoke without looking at Alexis.

“Dry her off. Then take her back to her mat. I have work to finish.”

She stepped out of the bathroom without another word, leaving Alexis alone with the trembling, dripping dog in the tub.

Amenity never knew any of it.

She remained in her cell, still carefully handwriting wine pairings and adjusting plating notes, convinced that if she made everything perfect enough, she might finally be seen as something more than what she had become.

She had no idea that the woman she was trying so hard to please had already replaced her sister with someone else entirely.

They came for her in the late afternoon.

Amenity had just finished writing out the final wine pairings when two guards entered her cell. They didn’t speak. They simply cuffed her hands behind her back and led her out. She assumed she was being taken to help with the final preparations. Maybe they needed her to check the kitchen or review the serving order one last time.

She kept her head down as they walked, trying to stay calm. She had worked so hard on this menu. If everything went smoothly tonight, maybe Officer Wolfram would finally see that she was still useful. That she could still be trusted with something important.

The guards brought her to a set of heavy oak doors at the end of a long corridor. One of them opened the door and guided her inside.

The dining hall was warm and dimly lit. A long mahogany table dominated the center of the room, already set with fine china and crystal. Along the center of the table stood a tall, narrow platform covered with a white cloth.

Amenity’s stomach tightened with confusion when the guards led her straight toward it.

They stopped at the edge of the table. One of the guards removed her cuffs. Then, without a word, strong hands began rubbing warm olive oil into her skin. It was slick and fragrant, and the hands moved efficiently over her breasts, her stomach, the inside of her thighs, and between her legs. Amenity’s breath caught. She tried to step back, but another guard caught her by the shoulders and held her still.

She was already naked — she had been for months — but being oiled like this made her feel even more exposed.

When they were finished, they lifted her onto the table.

The wood was cold beneath her oiled skin. They positioned her carefully along the center of the long table, stretching her arms above her head and securing her wrists with soft leather cuffs attached to the edges. Her ankles were spread and fastened the same way. She was completely exposed, stretched out and glistening under the low light.

Someone placed a strap across her forehead, pinning her head gently but firmly in place.

She could hear movement in the room now. More people were arriving. Low voices filled the space — women speaking in measured tones. She caught fragments of conversation.

Someone laughed quietly. The sound of chairs being pulled out reached her ears.

Then she heard Wolfram’s voice, clear and composed.

“Welcome, everyone. Please, take your seats.”

Amenity’s heart pounded. She still didn’t understand. She had spent weeks planning this meal. She had written out every course by hand. She had imagined herself moving quietly between the guests, making sure everything was perfect.

Instead, she was lying oiled and bound on the table while people took their seats around her.

A shadow fell across her face. She blinked and focused.

Wolfram stood at the head of the table, looking down at her. Standing just behind Wolfram’s right shoulder, completely naked, was Alexis Barker.

Amenity’s stomach turned over. She remembered Alexis from high school — the confident, untouchable volleyball star who had always looked at her and Riley like they were beneath her. Alexis stood calmly, her hands clasped in front of her, her body on full display. A thin gold wedding band caught the light on her finger.

Amenity stared at it, confused.

Wolfram's voice cut through her thoughts.

"Tonight's menu was designed by my wife," she said, her tone smooth and proud. "Alexis has excellent taste. I think you'll all find the progression quite refined."

A murmur of approval moved around the table.

Wife.

The word hit Amenity like a slow, cold wave. She turned her head as much as the strap would allow and looked at Alexis again. Alexis met her eyes for a brief moment, then looked away, still composed.

Amenity's mind raced, trying to catch up.

She felt the first plate being set on her stomach. The warmth of it sank into her skin. A moment later, Alexis's fingers brushed the side of her breast as she reached for a piece of something and placed it carefully on the plate. She moved with calm efficiency, as if serving food off a living woman's body was the most natural thing in the world.

Another plate was placed higher, near Amenity's chest. Alexis's hand steadied it, her fingers grazing Amenity's nipple in the process.

Amenity bit the inside of her cheek.

More plates followed. Something cold and wet was placed just above her pubic bone. A small dish of sauce was set directly on her mound. Every time Alexis served a guest, she had to touch Amenity — fingers brushing her nipples, her stomach, the soft skin just above her clit. She did it without hesitation, sometimes even lingering a moment longer than necessary.

She heard the clink of silverware and the low murmur of conversation. Someone praised the first course. Another person agreed that the wine pairing was excellent.

Amenity lay perfectly still, her heart hammering.

She still didn't understand why she was here like this.

Then she heard movement beneath the table.

Something brushed against her calf. A moment later, she felt warm breath against her ankle. She managed to tilt her head just enough to see under the edge of the tablecloth.

Riley was under the table.

She was completely naked, on her hands and knees, with a thick leather collar around her throat. A short chain connected the collar to one of the table legs.

She was crouched near Wolfram’s feet, her head lowered. When someone dropped a small piece of food onto the floor, Riley leaned forward and ate it without hesitation.

Amenity made a small, broken sound in her throat.

Wolfram’s voice drifted down from above.

“Riley,” she said calmly. “Come here.”

Riley crawled forward until she was directly beneath where Amenity’s head rested. She looked up through the gap between the table and the cloth. For a brief second, their eyes met.

Riley’s expression was blank. Not confused. Not ashamed. Just… calm. Like this was normal.

Then she looked away and pressed her cheek against Wolfram’s boot.

Amenity felt something inside her chest crack.

She didn’t understand. Riley had always been quiet, but she had never been like *this*. She had never crawled. She had never eaten off the floor. She had never looked at anyone the way she was looking at Wolfram now — with complete, unquestioning devotion.

A soft whine escaped Riley’s throat when Wolfram reached down and scratched behind her ear.

Amenity’s eyes burned.

She didn’t know how long she lay there while the meal continued. Course after course was placed on her body and removed. Alexis moved around the table with calm efficiency, serving each guest while her fingers repeatedly brushed Amenity’s most sensitive areas. People spoke above her like she wasn’t there.

Eventually, she heard Wolfram’s voice again.

“Voss,” she said. “Take the dog out. Dogs don’t belong at the dinner table.”

There was a soft clink of chain. A moment later, Officer Voss’s boots appeared under the table. She unclipped Riley’s collar from the table leg and gave a short tug.

“Come on,” Voss said quietly.

Riley followed without resistance, crawling out from under the table on her hands and knees. As she passed Amenity’s head, she glanced up one last time. Their eyes met again.

For just a second, something flickered across Riley’s face — something small and almost apologetic. Then it was gone. She turned her head and followed Voss out

of the room without looking back.

The door closed behind them.

Above her, the conversation continued. Someone complimented the main course. Another person agreed that the wine pairing was inspired.

Amenity lay perfectly still on the table, her body trembling beneath the weight of the remaining plates.

She still didn’t understand what was happening to her.

But she was beginning to realize that whatever this was, it had never been about earning her way back into anyone’s good graces.

It had only ever been about this.

The heavy, savory scents of the main course faded as the plates were cleared away, replaced by the soft clinking of crystal glasses and the low, wine-soaked laughter of the administration brass.

Amenity lay strapped to the center of the mahogany table, her chest rising and falling in shallow, trembling breaths. Her skin was slick with warm olive oil, the faint smear of rich sauces, and the sweat of her own inescapable arousal. She had spent the last two hours as a piece of furniture, forced to listen as the women around her devoured her meticulous menu, praising Alexis for every perfectly balanced flavor.

She felt completely hollowed out.

The dining room doors opened again. Alexis stepped back into the room, her bare feet silent on the hardwood. She carried a heavy, ornate silver bowl resting on a folded white linen cloth. The low light of the dining room caught the subtle sheen of sweat on her flawless, athletic body, the gold wedding band gleaming on her left hand.

Wolfram tapped her wine glass lightly with a silver knife. The ringing sound brought a hush over the table.

"Ladies," Wolfram purred, her dark eyes reflecting the candlelight. "We have arrived at the final course. My wife has prepared something uniquely decadent to cleanse the palate." Alexis smiled, a slow, incredibly self-satisfied curve of her lips. She walked with perfect, measured grace until she stood directly between Amenity’s spread, strapped ankles. Amenity’s breath hitched. She tried to press her thighs together, but the thick leather restraints held her completely open, her swollen, dripping sex presented to the entire room. Alexis reached into the silver bowl. Instead of serving it onto plates, she brought the bowl directly over Amenity’s hips.

"A chilled vanilla bean custard," Alexis announced, her voice smooth and rich, projecting effortlessly to the VIPs. "Layered with a dark, spiced blackberry compote."

Before Amenity could process the words, Alexis tilted the bowl. The thick, ice-cold cream poured directly onto Amenity’s mound, spilling over her folds and filling her open center. Amenity gasped, her back arching violently against the table as the freezing shock of the dessert collided with the burning, slick heat of her arousal. The cream pooled heavily inside her, the dark berry compote staining her pale skin like crushed velvet.

A low murmur of appreciation swept through the guests.

Alexis handed the empty bowl to a guard standing in the shadows and retrieved a large, heavy silver serving spoon. She moved to the side of the table, standing right beside the Warden—a formidable, gray-haired woman who was watching the display with undisguised hunger.

"May I serve you, Warden?" Alexis asked, her tone dripping with polite, flawless submission. "Please do, Alexis," the Warden murmured.

Alexis leaned over the table. She pressed the edge of the large silver spoon into the pool of chilled custard filling Amenity’s opening. Amenity’s eyes squeezed shut, her breath coming in ragged, humiliated pants.

With deliberate, agonizing slowness, Alexis dragged the heavy bowl of the spoon upward, scooping the cream directly out of Amenity. As she did, she pressed the cold silver hard against Amenity’s swollen, overstimulated clit, dragging it across the sensitive bundle of nerves with agonizing friction.

Amenity cried out, a broken, helpless sob echoing through the dining room. Her hips strained upward against the straps, chasing the pressure of the spoon even as she wept.

Alexis’s smile widened. She was relishing this. She loved the power of holding her former rival down, loved the feeling of scraping her raw for the entertainment of the room. She lifted the spoon, perfectly portioned, and tipped it onto the Warden’s dessert plate.

"Exquisite," the Warden noted. She reached out casually, her hand wrapping around Alexis’s bare hip. Her thumb stroked the curve of Alexis’s ass, a possessive, groping touch that Alexis didn’t even try to flinch away from. Instead, Alexis leaned into the touch, preening under the attention.

Alexis moved around the table, serving the Deputy Director next. Again, the spoon dipped into Amenity. Again, Alexis dragged the cold, heavy silver mercilessly across Amenity’s clit, scooping out the sweet cream and the slick evidence of Amenity’s arousal.

Amenity moaned, her head thrashing against the leather strap holding her down. She was hovering right on the edge of an earth-shattering climax, pushed higher and higher every time the cold spoon scraped against her, serving her to the women who owned her.

As Alexis served the Deputy, the older woman’s hand drifted up to cup Alexis’s bare breast, squeezing the firm flesh while she admired the plating.

"You really outdid yourself, Mrs. Wolfram," the Deputy said, her thumb brushing over Alexis’s nipple. "The contrast of the temperatures… the presentation. It’s absolutely inspired."

"You’re too kind," Alexis breathed, her own face flushed as she allowed herself to be handled and praised like a prized, beautiful show pony.

She moved back to the head of the table, scraping the last generous scoop of cream from Amenity’s thoroughly stretched and throbbing opening. The friction was too much. Amenity’s body locked up, her jaw dropping open in a silent scream as a massive, violent orgasm finally tore through her. She shook uncontrollably against the mahogany wood, the last remnants of the chilled dessert mixing with her climax, her muscles spasming wildly for the entire room to see.

The guests watched with polite, entertained smiles as they ate.

The Warden set her spoon down, dabbing the corners of her mouth with a white linen napkin. She looked at Alexis, her eyes sweeping over the naked, beautiful woman who was allowing herself to be openly fondled by the table.

"It must have taken you weeks to plan this," the Warden said, her voice carrying an air of absolute, final authority. "It wasn't only delicious, it told a story."

Alexis stood tall, her skin glowing, her ego perfectly satiated by the praise even as she stood completely bare and compliant before them.

"Thank you, Warden," Alexis said smoothly, stealing the last agonizing shreds of Amenity’s life's work without a second thought. "I wanted the evening to be truly unforgettable." Strapped to the table beneath them, Amenity squeezed her eyes shut. Tears leaked down her temples, disappearing into her hair. The humiliation was absolute. Her name was gone. Her sister was gone. Her work was gone. She was nothing more than a warm, wet bowl.

And as the aftershocks of her orgasm rippled through her trembling thighs, the most terrifying realization of all finally settled into her bones.

She didn't want to be anything else.

ALT ENDING

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Chapter 37

Riley was still flushed, her breathing uneven as she lay on her back with Wolfram’s arm draped across her stomach. The heavy leather hood rested on the sheets beside her head. “There’s one,” Riley said after a moment, answering Wolfram's question. “Alexis Barker.” Wolfram’s fingers traced slow, idle patterns on Riley’s bare skin. “Tell me about her.” Riley reached over to the nightstand, picking up her phone. Her hands were still slightly unsteady from the sensory deprivation and the orgasm, but she opened Facebook and navigated to a profile. She handed the glowing screen to Wolfram.

“She went to our high school,” Riley said, her voice carrying a sharp, jealous edge. “Volleyball. She was one of those girls who acted like the world existed just to watch her. Tall, athletic, always had that smug little smile like she knew she was better than everyone else. Especially me.”

Wolfram took the phone, studying the photos. Alexis was indeed striking—flawlessly styled, posing on beaches and at high-end restaurants, radiating an effortless, untouchable arrogance. Wolfram glanced from the photos to Riley. She noticed the way Riley’s thighs were still pressed tightly together, the residual heat of the hood play still humming through her body. The combination of Riley's obvious jealousy and her deep, submissive arousal sparked an idea.

“What exactly do you want to happen to her?” Wolfram asked quietly.

Riley’s eyes darkened. “I want to see what she looks like when she’s not perfect anymore. I want her to walk in thinking she’s in control, and then I want to strip it all away. I want to make her a pet. Lexi. I want her to only be allowed to bark. No words. I want to watch her realize she doesn't even get to speak anymore.”

Wolfram set the phone down on her chest. She studied Riley’s face for a long moment, reading the intricate, twisted layers of her wife's desires.

“And what if it went differently?” Wolfram murmured, her voice dropping into a smooth, hypothetical cadence. “What if she came here, and I decided she was too perfect to put on the floor? What if I decided she belonged in this bed?”

Riley’s breath caught. She stared at Wolfram, her eyes widening.

Wolfram’s thumb brushed slowly over Riley’s lower lip. “Picture it, Riley. Alexis lying right where you are, wearing my ring. And you, stripped of your clothes, stripped of your status, kneeling on the floor beside the bed. Wearing a collar. Being told to lick her feet because she outranks you.”

Riley opened her mouth to protest, to say she would hate it, but her body betrayed her instantly. A fresh, heavy pulse of heat flooded between her legs. She let out a soft, involuntary whine, her hips shifting against the sheets.

Wolfram smiled, a dark, satisfied realization settling over her. Riley didn't just want to see her rival degraded; she wanted the terrifying thrill of being replaced. She wanted to be the pet. “Let’s find out,” Wolfram said softly.

She picked up the phone again. It was still early evening. Wolfram tapped the contact button on Alexis’s profile, bringing up a phone number listed on her business page. She pressed dial and put the phone on speaker, resting it on the bed between them.

Riley froze, her heart hammering against her ribs as the line rang.

“Hello?” a polished, confident voice answered.

“Miss Barker,” Wolfram said, her tone shifting effortlessly into the commanding, professional cadence of a facility director. “My name is Diana Wolfram. I am a senior administrator at the state women's penitentiary. I’m calling because we are looking to hire a civilian consultant to run an elite physical training program for our maximum-security guard staff. It comes with a very high salary and a great deal of autonomy. Your profile was flagged as exactly the kind of top-tier talent we are looking for.”

There was a brief pause on the other end. Alexis was clearly intrigued. “A penitentiary? That’s… unconventional. But I’m listening.”

“It’s a demanding environment, and we only hire the best to train our officers,” Wolfram said smoothly. She paused, letting the silence stretch just long enough. “Tell me, Miss Barker… do you happen to remember a girl from your high school named Riley Harper?”

Alexis let out a short, incredulous laugh. “Riley? Yes. I remember her. Quiet. Always trailing after the popular girls.”

Riley flinched on the bed, her face burning, but Wolfram’s hand settled firmly onto her stomach, pinning her in place.

“She works for me now,” Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a conspiratorial purr. “And frankly, she’s quite fragile. Eager to please, but hopelessly basic. I’m considering bringing you in for an interview tomorrow morning, but I have a secondary motive. I think it would be highly entertaining to test her boundaries. Would you enjoy playing a little game with her feelings as a bonus to your visit? Seeing how easily she crumbles under pressure from someone like you?”

Alexis’s laugh was darker this time, laced with genuine vanity and malice. “I think I could make time for that. It sounds like fun.”

“Excellent,” Wolfram said. “I’ll have my assistant send you the gate clearance. Dress to impress, Miss Barker. We’ll see you at nine.”

Wolfram ended the call. The room fell dead silent.

Riley was shaking. She stared at the dark screen of the phone, a chaotic storm of betrayal, fear, and overwhelming arousal tearing through her. Alexis was coming. And Wolfram had just invited her to humiliate Riley.

Wolfram set the phone aside and leaned over, brushing her lips against Riley’s temple. “Don’t look so panicked, little bird,” Wolfram murmured, her voice warm but dangerous. “It’s a trap. I played to her ego. She’s going to walk into this room tomorrow thinking she and I are conspiring against you. She’s going to think she’s the apex predator. And then I’m going to snap the cage shut and break her.”

Riley let out a shaky breath, some of the tension leaving her shoulders. “You promise?” “I promise,” Wolfram said. But then her fingers slid down, tangling in the hair at the nape of Riley’s neck, gripping just tight enough to assert control. “But… it is also a test for you.” Riley looked up, her eyes wide.

“If tomorrow goes differently,” Wolfram said, her voice a soft, hypnotic threat. “If she doesn’t break. Or if I look at her and decide that I like her arrogance more than I like your obedience… you need to be prepared for what happens to you. You’ll be stripped of everything. You’ll be nothing but a barking dog at her feet, praying she throws you a scrap of attention. Do you understand?”

Riley’s mind reeled. It was terrifying, and yet the slickness between her thighs was undeniable. She was completely captive to the dark, humiliating fantasy Wolfram had just spun for her. She didn't want to lose her wife, but the thought of being reduced to a mindless, collared animal for her high school rival pushed her right to the edge of climax. “...Yes,” Riley whispered, her voice cracking.

Wolfram smiled and pulled Riley flush against her side, wrapping her arms around her trembling body. “Good girl. Rest now. Tomorrow is going to be a very big day.”

Riley pressed her face into Wolfram’s shoulder. She was utterly confused, terrified of tomorrow, and yet she had never felt more turned on in her life. Trapped in the inescapable gravity of her own shadow, Riley closed her eyes and, surprisingly, fell fast asleep in her owner's arms.

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Chapter 38

Alexis Barker stepped into Wolfram’s private quarters looking as though she had just walked off a magazine cover. Her tailored blazer, cream silk blouse, and perfectly blown-out blonde hair stood in stark contrast to the heavy, institutional concrete of the facility. She carried herself with an effortless, untouchable arrogance.

Riley sat on the edge of the leather couch, wearing the pale blue sundress Wolfram had bought for her. Her heart was hammering against her ribs. This was it. The trap. She waited for Wolfram to snap the cage shut on the flawless, smug woman who had made Riley feel so small in high school.

Wolfram stood near the small wet bar, pouring two glasses of wine. She handed one to Alexis, who accepted it with a polite, slightly distant smile.

"Miss Barker," Wolfram said, her voice smooth and unreadable. "Thank you for coming." "Of course, Diana," Alexis said, taking a sip. She glanced at Riley, her eyes briefly sweeping over the sundress with a flicker of mild amusement before returning to Wolfram. "I must admit, when you called about a physical training consultancy at a penitentiary, I was surprised. It’s outside my usual scope, but the compensation you mentioned was quite intriguing."

Wolfram leaned back against the bar, swirling the dark red liquid in her glass. The room fell entirely silent for a long, heavy moment. Riley held her breath, waiting for the pivot. "There is no consultancy," Wolfram said quietly.

Alexis’s smile faltered just a fraction. "Excuse me?"

Wolfram looked at Riley, her dark eyes entirely devoid of warmth. "My wife invited you here under false pretenses. Last night, she told me all about you. High school. Volleyball. She told me how you always acted like the world existed just to watch you. She brought you here because she wanted to strip you naked, put a collar around your neck, and turn you into a pet. She wanted to watch you lose your mind and bark for us."

Riley’s stomach dropped. The air in the room seemed to vanish. She opened her mouth to speak, to ask Wolfram what she was doing, but her vocal cords completely locked up. A massive, terrifying jolt of adrenaline shot straight down her spine.

Alexis stood frozen for a second, processing the words. Then, she looked down at Riley. A slow, genuinely cruel smile spread across her face.

"Is that so?" Alexis murmured. She didn't look angry; she looked delighted. "Little Riley Harper wanted to make *me* a dog?"

"She did," Wolfram said, pushing off the bar and stepping closer to Alexis. "But as I listened to her fantasize about it, I realized something. Riley is already soft. Eager to please. Desperate for direction. I think it would be infinitely more entertaining to see what happens when the trap snaps the other way." Wolfram stopped beside Alexis, their shoulders almost touching. "How would you like to help me turn Riley into the pet instead?"

Alexis’s eyes lit up. She looked at Wolfram, then back at Riley, her smile widening into something wicked. "You know… that actually sounds like a lot of

fun."

Riley couldn't breathe. The absolute betrayal—her own wife offering her up on a silver platter to the woman she hated most—should have horrified her. Her conscious mind was screaming in panic. But her body betrayed her instantly. A heavy, pulsing flood of wetness soaked her panties beneath the pale blue sundress. The humiliation was so profound, so absolute, that it bypassed her ego entirely. She was paralyzed by the sheer, devastating force of her own arousal. She couldn't form a single word.

Alexis took a slow step toward the couch, looking down at Riley’s flushed, terrified face. "I remember you in the locker room, Riley," Alexis said, her voice dropping into a teasing, superior purr. "You always tried to be subtle about it, but I always caught you staring at me. You were so pathetic. So desperate for a piece of perfection you could never have. And now you're just sitting there, completely speechless, because you realize I'm about to take the one thing you actually managed to get."

Riley’s thighs trembled. She pressed her knees together, but it only made the aching throb of her clit more obvious.

Wolfram pulled her cell phone from her pocket. "We have a hypnotherapist on staff. She specializes in resetting neural pathways and breaking bad habits in uncooperative inmates. I think Riley needs a permanent adjustment."

Wolfram dialed a number and pressed the speaker button, setting the phone on the coffee table. It rang twice.

"Yes, Officer Wolfram?" a calm, clinical woman's voice answered.

"I have a special situation in my quarters," Wolfram said smoothly, her eyes locked on Riley. "My wife is having a bit of an identity crisis. I need her broken down to a base level. Complete canine regression. No speech. Only barking and obedience."

"Of course," the hypnotherapist replied without missing a beat. "That is very possible. I actually happen to be visiting the maximum-security wing this morning. I can stop by your quarters in an hour or two to adjust her."

"Perfect. We'll have her ready for you."

Wolfram ended the call. The click of the phone shutting off echoed in the quiet room. Riley’s chest rose and fell in ragged, shallow gasps. She was going to be erased. She was going to be reduced to an animal. And she wanted it so badly she felt lightheaded. Wolfram reached behind a stack of books on the side table and withdrew a thick, black leather collar attached to a heavy leash. She tossed it onto the floor at Riley’s feet. "Get down," Wolfram commanded.

Riley’s body moved on its own. She slid off the couch, her knees hitting the rug. She stayed on all fours, her breath hitching as Wolfram and Alexis stepped in on either side of her. Wolfram fastened the heavy leather collar around Riley's throat, buckling it tight. Alexis looked down at the pale blue fabric of Riley’s dress, her expression twisting into a mock pout.

"You don't want to be one of those owners who dresses up their dog in clothes, do you?" Alexis asked lightly.

"You're absolutely right," Wolfram agreed. "Take it off her."

Alexis reached down. She grabbed the hem of the sundress and pulled it roughly over Riley’s head, tossing it aside. She unhooked Riley's bra and snapped the waistband of her panties, pulling them down her legs and leaving Riley completely bare on the floor.

Riley squeezed her eyes shut. The cool air brushed against her slick, swollen sex. She was vibrating with need, her mind completely shattered by the eroticism of her own downfall. "There's one more thing," Wolfram said. She looked at Alexis. "Take her ring."

Alexis’s eyes gleamed. She crouched down right in front of Riley’s face. She reached out and took Riley’s left hand. Riley didn't fight her. She couldn't. Alexis gripped the simple gold wedding band and slowly, deliberately, slid it over Riley’s knuckle, pulling it free. Riley let out a soft, broken whine, entirely stripped of her humanity, her clothes, and her marriage. She stayed frozen on all fours between them, utterly speechless, drowning in the most magnificent, terrifying arousal she had ever known.

Chapter 39

Wolfram looked down at the trembling, naked woman at her feet. She held the heavy leather leash loosely in one hand, feeling the slight tension as Riley breathed in ragged, shallow gasps.

"The hypnotherapist will be here in an hour," Wolfram said, her voice cutting through the thick, charged silence of the room. "But there is an alternative, Riley. We could cancel the appointment."

Riley looked up, her eyes wide, glassy with tears and an overwhelming, desperate arousal. "You don't need a doctor to rewrite your mind if you can do it yourself," Wolfram continued, her tone smooth and hypnotic. "If you can choose to act like a dog right now. Completely and willingly."

Alexis let out a soft, delighted laugh. She crossed her arms, her tailored blazer shifting with the movement, and looked down her nose at her former classmate. "Show us," Alexis coaxed, leaning into the role of the cruel superior. "Show me what a good little pet you can be." Riley swallowed hard. Her conscious ego

screamed one final, dying protest, but the heavy throb between her thighs drowned it out completely. She broke eye contact, lowering her head, and let out a soft, compliant whine. She crawled forward on the plush rug, pressing her bare cheek submissively against the leather of Alexis's expensive heels.

Alexis’s smile widened into something wicked. She looked at Wolfram. "She's practically vibrating."

"Give her a command," Wolfram said.

Alexis looked down. "Beg."

Riley sat back on her haunches instantly. She lifted her hands, tucking them close to her chest like paws, her back straight and her bare breasts heaving.

"Crawl to my wife," Wolfram ordered.

Riley scrambled across the rug, nuzzling her face against Wolfram’s boot, letting out another soft, needy whine.

The degradation was intoxicating. The more they commanded her, the wetter Riley became. Her mind was slipping, willingly diving into the blank, thoughtless void of the animal. It was a terrifying relief to let go of her humanity, to just be a body that existed to obey. But there was one last conscious desire burning through her haze. Riley crawled back to Alexis, looking up at the towering, perfectly styled blonde.

"Please," Riley whimpered, using her human voice one last time, the words thick with a shameful, desperate need. "Would you go bottomless... so I can show my appreciation? Like a good doggy?"

Alexis’s eyes darkened. The sheer, pathetic devotion of the request fed her ego perfectly. The girl who used to stare at her in the locker room was now naked on the floor, begging for a taste. Alexis looked at Wolfram, who gave a slow, permissive nod.

With a smirk, Alexis reached for the clasp of her tailored trousers. She unzipped them, pushing the expensive fabric down her long, athletic legs, taking her silk underwear with them. She kicked them aside, standing completely bare from the waist down.

"Go ahead, then," Alexis murmured, parting her legs slightly. "Show me."

Riley didn't hesitate. She crawled directly between Alexis's thighs, her hands gripping the backs of Alexis’s knees. Riley pressed her face into Alexis's pussy, her tongue darting out to taste the slick, warm folds.

Alexis gasped, her fingers instantly tangling in Riley's blonde hair. Riley licked with frantic, single-minded devotion, swirling her tongue over Alexis's clit, desperate to prove exactly how good of a pet she could be.

As Alexis’s head tipped back, her eyes fluttering shut from the intense, wet heat of Riley's mouth, Wolfram stepped silently up behind her.

Wolfram’s hands mapped the elegant line of Alexis’s shoulders. Smoothly, purposefully, Wolfram slipped the tailored blazer off Alexis’s arms, letting it drop to the floor. Alexis shivered but didn't stop her, too lost in the rolling waves of pleasure building between her legs to care about the loss of her armor.

Wolfram’s fingers went to work on the buttons of the cream silk blouse. One by one, they came undone. She parted the silk, sliding it down Alexis’s arms, followed swiftly by the deft unhooking of her bra.

Within seconds, Alexis was standing completely naked in the center of the room, her designer clothes joining Riley's in a discarded pile on the floor. She was exactly as bare as the dog between her legs, entirely exposed to Wolfram's calculating gaze.

But Alexis was too far gone to notice the trap closing around her. Riley was sucking relentlessly on her clit, her tongue snapping with a desperate, animalistic rhythm that drove everything else from Alexis's mind.

"Fuck," Alexis moaned, her hips bucking forward against Riley's mouth. "Yes, just like that. Good dog."

Wolfram’s hands slid down to grip Alexis’s bare hips, holding the taller woman firmly in place as the climax hit. Alexis cried out, her entire body seizing as a massive, violent orgasm tore through her. She trembled wildly, her thighs clamping down tight around Riley's head, completely surrendering to the devastating, blinding pleasure of the moment.

Chapter 40

Alexis was still catching her breath, her bare back resting against the plush leather of the armchair. Her designer clothes lay in a careless heap on the floor alongside Riley’s discarded sundress. During the frantic peak of her orgasm, she had slipped the gold band off her finger and set it on the glass end table beside her, but the heavy, intoxicating thrill of her victory still hummed through her veins.

A sharp knock at the door broke the silence.

Alexis didn’t scramble to cover herself. She was riding the highest crest of her own arrogance, completely comfortable in her nudity. She simply crossed her long legs, letting her hands rest on the armrests as Wolfram crossed the room to open the door.

An older woman with a calm, clinical demeanor stepped inside, carrying a small leather bag. She didn’t bat an eye at the two naked women in the room—one lounging in the armchair, the other panting on her hands and knees on the rug.

"Right on time, Doctor," Wolfram said smoothly, locking the door behind her.

"I always am, Officer Wolfram," the hypnotherapist replied, setting her bag down on the desk. "I see we have the subject ready."

Wolfram turned, but she didn’t look at Riley. She looked at Alexis.

"Before we begin the dog's training," Wolfram murmured, her dark eyes locking onto Alexis, "I had a thought. A way to make this truly devastating for her."

Alexis tilted her head, her curiosity piqued. "I’m listening."

Wolfram stepped close to the armchair, resting her hands on the armrests, boxing Alexis in. "Riley has always been terrified of you. But what would truly break her—what would shatter her beyond repair—is if you didn’t just outrank her. What if you replaced her completely? What if you became my main girlfriend?"

Alexis’s lips curved into a wicked, delighted smile. She glanced down at Riley, who was trembling on the rug, letting out a soft, distressed whine. "She would absolutely lose her mind."

"She would," Wolfram agreed softly. "But to make it authentic, to really sell the absolute devotion that will crush her spirit, the Doctor here could make a slight adjustment to you. Just a small hypnotic suggestion to make you feel completely, overwhelmingly in love with me. It would make the performance flawless."

Alexis hesitated for a fraction of a second. But her ego was too massive, her desire to utterly destroy her high school rival too potent. She believed she was playing a game she couldn't possibly lose.

"A slight adjustment," Alexis repeated, her voice dripping with vanity. "Just to show her who really belongs in your bed. Do it. I want to see the look on her face when I take her place." Wolfram gave the therapist a slow, permissive nod.

The doctor approached the armchair. Her voice was smooth, melodic, and impossibly heavy. Alexis felt her eyelids drooping almost immediately, the lingering endorphins from her orgasm making her mind dangerously pliable. The therapist spoke in measured rhythms, guiding Alexis down into a deep, suggestible trance.

Wolfram stepped in close, her voice weaving seamlessly into the doctor's commands. "You aren't just playing a part, Alexis," Wolfram whispered, her tone commanding and absolute. "You don't just want to be my girlfriend. Make her want to be my wife. Make her crave it. Make it the only thing that matters to her."

Alexis’s breathing deepened. Her head lolled back against the chair.

"Look at the table," Wolfram ordered.

Alexis’s glassy eyes shifted to the glass end table.

"That gold band," Wolfram said. "It isn't a prop. It's yours. Put it on, and know that you belong to me completely. You love me. You exist to be my perfect, obedient wife." Alexis reached out. Her fingers found the gold ring. She slid it onto her left ring finger, and as the metal settled against her skin, a massive, artificial wave of profound, obsessive love washed over her brain. Her smugness remained, but the target had shifted. She was no longer just the flawless goddess; she was *Wolfram's* flawless goddess. The trap had snapped shut, locking her into a cage built of her own vanity.

"How do you feel, Alexis?" Wolfram asked softly.

Alexis looked up at Wolfram, her eyes shining with desperate, manufactured adoration. "I love you," she breathed, completely surrendered to the reality. "I'm yours."

"Good girl," Wolfram praised, brushing a kiss against Alexis's forehead.

Wolfram then turned her attention to the floor.

Riley was still on her hands and knees, paralyzed by the horrific, erotic display she had just witnessed. Her wife had just successfully brainwashed her worst enemy to replace her, and Alexis had walked right into it.

Wolfram crouched down, her fingers sliding under the heavy leather collar around Riley’s neck. She scratched the blonde woman right behind the ears. Riley let out a helpless, needy whine, leaning into the touch despite her terror.

"Now for you, little bird," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a dark purr. "The doctor is going to finalize your canine regression. But we aren't going to erase you completely." Riley’s breath hitched.

"If I wiped your mind entirely, you wouldn't understand what was happening," Wolfram explained, her nails lightly scraping Riley’s scalp. "A dumb animal doesn't feel humiliation. So, underneath the barking, underneath the crawling... I want you to remember *everything* you were. I want you to remember your name, your marriage, and everything you gave up to be here on my floor."

Tears welled in Riley’s eyes. The cruelty of it was staggering. She would be trapped in the behavioral loop of a dog, but fully aware of her own pathetic degradation.

The therapist moved to the rug, her voice dropping into that same heavy, rhythmic cadence. Riley’s mind, already softened by the collar and the sheer weight of her arousal, began to slip under immediately.

"She needs to know her place," Alexis chimed in. She slid off the armchair, kneeling on the rug beside Wolfram, her new ring flashing in the low light. She

looked at Riley with possessive, sadistic glee. "Make sure she understands that she serves me now, too." "A wonderful suggestion, my love," Wolfram said, smiling at Alexis. "Doctor, implant the hierarchy. She is our pet. And she must be eager to show her appreciation."

"Especially with her mouth," Alexis added, her thighs parting slightly as she remembered the feeling of Riley’s tongue. "Make her completely obsessed with licking pussy. Make it her ultimate reward. She should beg for it. A good little doggy who only gets her treats when her owners decide to open their legs for her."

The therapist wove the commands flawlessly into Riley's subconscious. Riley’s body trembled, her hands curling into paws against the plush rug. The suggestions sank deep into her mind—the absolute inability to speak, the primal urge to crawl, the devastating retention of her human memories, and the all-consuming, degrading desperation to serve her owners with her mouth.

When the session concluded, the therapist stepped back, packing away her notes.

"The transition is complete," the doctor said quietly. "The pathways are set."

"Thank you, Doctor. Your work is exceptional," Wolfram said, standing up and unlocking the door to let the woman out.

The door clicked shut, leaving the three of them alone in the warm, dim light of the quarters. Wolfram turned back to the center of the room. Alexis was kneeling on the rug, her naked body pressed against Wolfram's leg, looking up at her with complete, devoted love. At their feet, Riley was panting softly, her eyes wide and wet, fully aware of her own ruined ego but entirely incapable of doing anything but whining for attention.

Wolfram smiled, her dark eyes flashing with anticipation.

"Well," Wolfram murmured, running one hand through Alexis's hair and resting her boot lightly against Riley's bare flank. "I think it's time we tried out our new dynamic."

Chapter 41

The heavy silence of the quarters was broken only by the soft, ragged sound of Riley’s panting.

She remained on her hands and knees on the plush rug, the thick leather collar pressing against her windpipe. Inside her mind, the remnants of Riley Harper were screaming. She remembered her wedding day. She remembered the pale blue sundress she had been wearing less than an hour ago. She remembered the exact, smug smile Alexis Barker used to flash in the high school locker room.

She tried to open her mouth to beg for it to stop, to ask her wife why she was doing this. Instead, a soft, high-pitched whine vibrated in her throat. Her body shifted, her rear end wiggling instinctively as she sought approval. The hypnotherapist’s work was terrifyingly absolute. Riley’s human ego was perfectly intact, trapped behind a glass wall inside her own skull, forced to watch as her physical form operated entirely on the primal, desperate instincts of a canine.

Wolfram stepped over her, ignoring the whine, and offered her hand to Alexis.

Alexis took it. The gold band on her left ring finger caught the dim light. Her flawless, athletic body was completely bare, but the artificial devotion implanted in her mind wrapped around her like a warm, heavy blanket. She looked at Wolfram with an adoration so profound and obsessive it bordered on madness.

"Come here, my perfect wife," Wolfram murmured, pulling Alexis toward the center of the large leather couch.

"I'm yours," Alexis breathed, her voice thick with vanity and manufactured love. She climbed onto the cushions, stretching her long, toned legs out. She arranged herself not just to be comfortable, but to be admired. Even completely brainwashed, Alexis’s ego demanded that she be the most beautiful thing in the room.

Wolfram stood between Alexis’s parted knees. She ran her hands slowly up the smooth, sculpted calves, over the firm thighs, and settled her grip on Alexis’s hips.

"You have an extraordinary body, Alexis," Wolfram said, her dark eyes mapping every inch of the blonde goddess laid out before her. "So much tension. So much control. Let’s see what it looks like when I take it all apart."

Alexis shivered, her head falling back against the leather armrest. "Please," she whispered. From her place on the floor, Riley watched. The psychological torture was exquisite. This was the woman she had despised, the untouchable idol of her teenage years. Now, Alexis was lying exactly where Riley used to lie, spreading her legs for Riley’s wife.

Wolfram leaned down. She bypassed Alexis’s mouth entirely, tracing a path of slow, biting kisses down the long column of Alexis’s throat, over her collarbone, and down the valley between her breasts. Alexis arched her back, a long, breathless moan escaping her lips. Her hands tangled in the cushions. She had spent her entire life cultivating an image of impenetrable perfection, but under Wolfram’s mouth, she was melting into a desperate, needy puddle.

Wolfram’s hands mapped the athletic lines of Alexis’s stomach before dipping lower, her thumbs pressing into the soft, slick folds between Alexis’s thighs.

Alexis gasped, her hips jerking upward.

"So responsive," Wolfram purred, her breath ghosting over Alexis’s wetness. "You want to be used, don't you? You want to prove you're the best thing I've ever owned."

"Yes," Alexis sobbed, her manicured nails digging into the leather. "Use me. God, Diana, please."

Wolfram lowered her head and took Alexis into her mouth.

The sound that tore out of Alexis was loud and entirely uninhibited. She thrashed on the couch, her long legs wrapping around Wolfram’s shoulders. Wolfram was relentless, her tongue moving with devastating, calculated precision. She devoured Alexis, pulling every ounce of the former athlete's tightly wound composure apart. Alexis writhed, weeping openly with the pleasure of it, her ego feasting on the fact that she was the one receiving Wolfram's expert, undivided attention.

Down on the rug, Riley’s canine mind was going utterly feral.

The wet, slapping sounds of Wolfram’s mouth and Alexis’s loud, echoing moans triggered the deep, hypnotic suggestions planted in Riley’s brain. She wanted to lick. She *needed* to lick. The urge was a burning, agonizing itch that consumed her entirely. She crawled forward on her hands and knees, the leather leash trailing behind her, until she was directly beside the couch.

Riley looked up. The scent of Alexis’s arousal was heavy in the air. Riley’s human mind sobbed in humiliation, remembering how much she hated this woman, but her mouth

watered. She let out a loud, pathetic whimper, her front hands pawing frantically at the edge of the couch, begging for a taste.

Alexis, panting and slick with sweat, opened her glassy eyes. She looked down at the naked woman begging like a dog at the foot of the couch. Even caught in the throes of a massive, building climax, Alexis’s vanity flared.

"Look at her," Alexis gasped, her fingers tangling in Wolfram’s dark hair. "She's begging for it. She wants to be a good little pet for me."

Wolfram pulled back just an inch, her lips shining with Alexis’s wetness. She looked down at Riley.

"Is that what you want, little bird?" Wolfram asked. "You want to taste your betters?" Riley barked. It was a sharp, high sound of absolute, humiliating desperation. She nodded her head frantically, her blonde hair whipping around her face, her own thighs dripping onto the rug.

"Not yet," Wolfram commanded, her voice cracking like a whip. "Sit. Stay. Watch your owner."

Riley immediately sat back on her haunches, her hands tucked against her chest. Her whole body vibrated. She was forced to sit in perfect obedience, her nose inches from the action, while Wolfram turned her attention back to Alexis.

Wolfram slid two fingers deep inside Alexis, her thumb bearing down hard on the swollen clit. Alexis screamed, her athletic body going completely rigid. The orgasm hit her like a freight train, shattering her ego and her composure simultaneously. She sobbed Wolfram's name, her hips bucking wildly as wave after wave of blinding pleasure crashed through her. She came harder than she ever had in her life, her perfection completely ruined, reduced to a weeping, trembling mess of absolute devotion.

Wolfram held her through the aftershocks, riding out the violent tremors until Alexis finally collapsed back against the cushions, gasping for air, her chest heaving.

Slowly, Wolfram withdrew her hand. She stood up, looking down at her newly minted, completely broken wife. Then, she snapped her fingers and pointed to the slick, glistening mess between Alexis’s trembling thighs.

"Clean up my wife, dog," Wolfram ordered.

Riley didn't hesitate. Her human ego wept tears of profound, inescapable despair, but her body lunged forward with terrifying eagerness. She buried her face between Alexis’s thighs, her tongue darting out to lap up the cooling slickness. She licked with frantic, single-minded devotion, cleaning her former rival with the desperate enthusiasm of a starving animal. Alexis let out a weak, breathy laugh, her hand—the one wearing Riley's wedding ring— falling limply onto the top of Riley's head to pet her.

"Good girl," Alexis whispered, her eyes fluttering shut in smug, exhausted satisfaction. "Good little doggy."

Chapter 42

The large, sunken tub in the master bathroom was filled with warm, soapy water. The air was thick with steam and the sharp, clean scent of eucalyptus.

Riley stood on all fours in the center of the tub, the water rising just past her knees. She was shivering, though not from the temperature. Her human mind was trapped in a suffocating, silent panic, watching from behind the glass of her own eyes as her body completely surrendered to its canine conditioning. She couldn’t stand up. She couldn’t cover her breasts. She could only pant softly, her head bowed in absolute submission.

Wolfram knelt on the edge of the tub wearing only a dark silk robe, the lapels falling open to reveal the smooth skin of her chest. Standing opposite her, looking impossibly tall and flawless, was Alexis. Alexis was dressed for the day in

sharp black slacks and a pristine white silk blouse, her sleeves rolled up neatly to her elbows. The gold wedding band flashed on her finger under the bright vanity lights.

Wolfram scooped warm water over Riley’s back. Riley let out a soft, appreciative whine, her hips giving an involuntary wiggle.

"Hold still, dog," Alexis commanded.

Riley froze instantly. Alexis picked up a sudsy sponge and began scrubbing Riley’s shoulders. The touch was distinctly condescending—firm, efficient, and entirely devoid of affection. Alexis washed her the way one might scrub a piece of dirty patio furniture. Wolfram’s hands were different. Wolfram’s hands were possessive. She worked the lather into Riley’s flanks, her thumbs pressing deeply into the muscles of Riley’s lower back, sliding down over her wet hips and trailing perilously close to the slick, swollen folds between her thighs.

Riley’s breath hitched. She had been kept in a state of constant, aching denial since the hypnotherapy session. Her body was a coiled spring of desperate arousal. Every time Wolfram’s soapy fingers slipped close to her clit, Riley’s thighs trembled, but Wolfram never gave her the friction she was silently begging for.

"She’s dripping," Alexis noted, a cruel smirk playing on her lips as she tossed the sponge aside. "She's practically shaking the water out of the tub."

"She’s highly responsive," Wolfram murmured, her soapy hands sliding up Riley’s ribs. "Her mind is fighting it, of course. She remembers who she was. She remembers whose bathroom this used to be. But her body... her body knows exactly what she is now."

Riley squeezed her eyes shut. Tears mingled with the bathwater dripping down her face. It was true. The humiliation of being naked on her hands and knees, being washed by her former high school rival and the wife who had thrown her away, was so profound that it short-circuited her brain. The sheer degradation was an intoxicating, agonizing high. Wolfram’s hands moved up to Riley’s head. Her fingers found the sensitive spot just behind Riley’s left ear and began to scratch—slow, rhythmic, deliberate motions.

Riley’s entire body melted. She leaned heavily into Wolfram’s hand, a loud, pathetic whimper vibrating in her throat. Her right leg twitched in the water, a pure, uncontrollable canine reflex. Her human ego wept with shame, but her dog mind was swimming in euphoric obedience.

"I warned you this could happen, little bird," Wolfram said quietly, her voice echoing off the tile. The tone was calm, almost conversational, masking a devastating cruelty. "Before you invited Alexis to visit me. I told you that if I

ended up wanting her... you could lose your place."

Riley’s ears twitched. She kept her head down, her panting growing faster. The heavy ache in her belly began to pull tighter.

"You wanted to break her," Wolfram continued, her nails dragging soothingly across Riley’s scalp. "But she was too perfect. And you... you were born to be on the floor."

Alexis stepped closer, resting her hands on her hips, watching the display with utter satisfaction.

"The paperwork cleared this morning," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a dark, intimate register meant only to dismantle the last remaining pillar of Riley's identity. Riley’s breath caught in her throat. Her heart slammed against her ribs.

"The annulment is finalized," Wolfram whispered, her fingers still scratching behind Riley's ear. "You are no longer my wife. You have no legal standing. You have no name. Alexis and I signed the new marriage certificate over coffee an hour ago. She is my wife now. And you are just the animal we allow to sleep at the foot of our bed."

The words hit Riley like a physical strike.

It was the absolute finality of it. The last tether to her humanity, to her past, was officially severed. She was nothing. She was a dog.

The terror of that realization collided violently with the deep, twisted conditioning the hypnotherapist had planted in her brain. The psychological weight of being utterly replaced, combined with the intense, aching buildup of days of sexual denial, was too much. The friction between her dying ego and her triumphant shadow self sparked.

A sharp, broken bark tore out of Riley's throat.

Her body locked up completely. Her back arched so hard her spine bowed, her wet breasts thrusting forward. The orgasm hit her with devastating force, ripping through her nervous system like a lightning strike.

Riley thrashed in the bathwater, her hands slipping against the porcelain as her thighs clamped together, shaking violently. She sobbed and barked, her pussy clenching and pulsing in rapid, uncontrollable spasms. The climax was messy, agonizing, and entirely inevitable. She came harder than she ever had as a human, her brain flooded with the blinding, humiliating relief of having her entire existence permanently erased.

She collapsed forward, her chin hitting the water, her body twitching wildly with aftershocks as she whined in a puddle of soapy water and her own ruin.

Alexis stood over the tub, arms crossed, staring down at the twitching, whimpering mess of the former Riley Harper. Alexis’s perfectly manicured eyebrow arched in mild amusement. "That's just what you said she would do," Alexis murmured, her voice dripping with superiority.

Wolfram didn’t miss a beat. She reached for the handheld shower attachment, turning the dial to rinse the suds from her dog’s trembling back with slow, detached efficiency.

"She is very well trained," Wolfram replied calmly. She turned off the water and stood up, pulling the edges of her silk robe together. She didn't look at Riley again. She looked at Alexis.

"Dry her off," Wolfram ordered smoothly, heading for the bathroom door. "Then put her collar back on and take her to her mat. I have paperwork to finish."

The door clicked shut, leaving Alexis alone with the trembling, dripping dog in the tub.

Alt Dog Bath Scene

Chapter 42

The large, sunken tub in the master bathroom was filled with warm, soapy water. The air was thick with steam and the sharp, clean scent of eucalyptus.

Riley stood on all fours in the center of the tub, the water rising just past her knees. She was shivering, though not from the temperature. Her human mind was trapped in a suffocating, silent panic, watching from behind the glass of her own eyes as her body completely surrendered to its canine conditioning. She couldn’t stand up. She couldn’t cover her breasts. She could only pant softly, her head bowed in absolute submission.

Wolfram knelt on the edge of the tub wearing only a dark silk robe, the lapels falling open to reveal the smooth skin of her chest. Standing opposite her, looking impossibly tall and flawless, was Alexis. Alexis was dressed for the day in sharp black slacks and a pristine white silk blouse, her sleeves rolled up neatly to her elbows. The gold wedding band flashed on her finger under the bright vanity lights.

Wolfram scooped warm water over Riley’s back. Riley let out a soft, appreciative whine, her hips giving an involuntary wiggle.

"Hold still, dog," Alexis commanded.

Riley froze instantly. Alexis picked up a sudsy sponge and began scrubbing Riley’s shoulders. The touch was distinctly condescending—firm, efficient, and entirely devoid of affection. Alexis washed her the way one might scrub a piece of dirty patio furniture. Wolfram’s hands were different. Wolfram’s hands were

possessive. She worked the lather into Riley’s flanks, her thumbs pressing deeply into the muscles of Riley’s lower back, sliding down over her wet hips and trailing perilously close to the slick, swollen folds between her thighs.

"I’ve been thinking a lot about the day you walked into my office, little bird," Wolfram murmured, her soapy hands sliding up Riley’s ribs. Her voice echoed softly off the tile, conversational but loaded with a dark, terrifying gravity.

Riley’s breath hitched. She kept her head down, but her ears twitched.

"You tried so hard to play the part of a wife," Wolfram continued, her thumbs tracing the curve of Riley's spine. "You were eager. You were desperate for my approval. But every time I looked at you, I realized something was missing. You were too soft. You yielded before I even pushed. There was no friction. No challenge. Being married to you felt like babysitting a creature that was constantly waiting for permission to breathe."

Riley let out a soft, distressed whimper. Her thighs trembled, the soapy water lapping against her slick sex. The brutal honesty of Wolfram's words bypassed her human pride and sank straight into her conditioned, submissive core.

"Look at her," Wolfram commanded quietly.

Riley’s human ego screamed in protest, but her canine mind obeyed instantly. She lifted her wet, blonde head, looking up through her damp bangs at Alexis.

Alexis paused with the sponge, crossing her arms beneath her breasts. She looked down her nose at Riley, radiating absolute, untouchable perfection. The tailored clothes, the sharp posture, the cold amusement in her eyes—she was everything Riley had always envied and feared.

"Look at that body," Wolfram purred, her hands coming up to cup Riley's wet breasts, squeezing them gently as she spoke. "Sculpted. Athletic. Flawless. When I look at Alexis, I see a woman who knows how to command a room. She understands authority. She challenges me, Riley. She makes me work for it. When I break her down in my bed, it means something, because she actually has an ego worth shattering. She is a goddess."

Wolfram’s soapy fingers slid down Riley’s stomach, dipping just barely into the cleft between her thighs, sending a violent shock of pleasure through Riley's system.

"But you?" Wolfram whispered, her nails lightly scratching the sensitive skin on Riley's inner thigh. "Your body isn't built for authority. You are soft. You are pliant. You were built to be used, to be put on the floor and forgotten about until I needed a place to rest my boots." Riley’s panting grew ragged. Her hips jerked forward, chasing Wolfram's fingers, completely unable to hide the fact that being compared to Alexis and found utterly lacking was turning her on beyond reason.

"That was my epiphany," Wolfram said, moving her hands up to Riley's head. Her fingers found the sweet spot just behind Riley’s left ear and began to scratch—slow, rhythmic, deliberate motions. "I realized that it wasn't a punishment to put you in a collar. It was a correction. You were failing as a human woman. It was exhausting you. But as a dog? You are absolutely perfect."

Riley melted. She leaned heavily into Wolfram’s hand, a loud, pathetic whine vibrating in her throat. Her right leg twitched in the water, a pure, uncontrollable canine reflex. Her human ego wept with shame, but her dog mind was swimming in euphoric, mindless bliss.

"I warned you this could happen," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a dark, intimate register meant only to dismantle the last remaining pillar of Riley's identity. "Before you invited Alexis to visit me. I told you that if I ended up wanting her... you could lose your place."

Alexis smiled, stepping closer to the edge of the tub. She held up her left hand, letting the bright vanity lights catch the gold wedding band. Riley stared at it, her chest heaving, the heavy ache in her belly pulling tighter and tighter like a coiled spring.

"The paperwork cleared this morning," Wolfram whispered, her fingers still scratching behind Riley's ear. "The annulment is finalized. You are no longer my wife. You have no legal standing. You have no name."

The words hit Riley like a physical strike.

"Alexis and I signed the new marriage certificate over coffee an hour ago," Wolfram continued, delivering the final, devastating blow with surgical precision. "She is my wife now. And you are nothing but the animal we allow to sleep at the foot of our bed." It was the absolute finality of it. The last tether to her humanity, to her past, was officially severed. The terror of that realization collided violently with the deep, twisted conditioning the hypnotherapist had planted in her brain. The psychological weight of being utterly replaced, of knowing her high school rival was infinitely superior to her, combined with the intense, aching buildup of days of sexual denial. It was too much. The friction between her dying ego and her triumphant shadow self finally sparked.

A sharp, broken bark tore out of Riley's throat.

Her body locked up completely. Her back arched so hard her spine bowed, her wet breasts thrusting forward. The orgasm hit her with devastating force, ripping through her nervous system like a lightning strike.

Riley thrashed in the bathwater, her hands slipping against the porcelain as her thighs clamped together, shaking violently. She sobbed and barked, her pussy clenching and pulsing in rapid, uncontrollable spasms. The climax was messy,

agonizing, and entirely inevitable. She came harder than she ever had as a human, her brain flooded with the blinding, humiliating relief of having her entire existence permanently erased.

She collapsed forward, her chin hitting the water, her body twitching wildly with aftershocks as she whined in a puddle of soapy water and her own ruin.

Alexis stood over the tub, arms crossed, staring down at the twitching, whimpering mess of the former Riley Harper. Alexis’s perfectly manicured eyebrow arched in mild amusement. "That's just what you said she would do," Alexis murmured, her voice dripping with superiority.

Wolfram didn’t miss a beat. She reached for the handheld shower attachment, turning the dial to rinse the suds from her dog’s trembling back with slow, detached efficiency.

"She is very well trained," Wolfram replied calmly. She turned off the water and stood up, pulling the edges of her silk robe together. She didn't look at Riley again. She looked at Alexis.

"Dry her off," Wolfram ordered smoothly, heading for the bathroom door. "Then put her collar back on and take her to her mat. I have paperwork to finish."

The door clicked shut, leaving Alexis alone with the trembling, dripping dog in the tub.

Alt dog bath 2

Chapter 42

The large, sunken tub in the master bathroom was filled with warm, soapy water. The air was thick with steam and the sharp, clean scent of eucalyptus.

Riley stood on all fours in the center of the tub, the water rising just past her knees. She was shivering, though not from the temperature. Her human mind was trapped in a suffocating, silent panic, watching from behind the glass of her own eyes as her body completely surrendered to its canine conditioning. She couldn’t stand up. She couldn’t cover her bare breasts. She could only pant softly, her head bowed in absolute submission.

Wolfram knelt on the edge of the tub wearing only a dark silk robe, the lapels falling open to reveal the smooth skin of her chest. Standing opposite her, looking impossibly tall and flawless, was Alexis. Alexis was dressed for the day in sharp black slacks and a pristine white silk blouse, her sleeves rolled up neatly to her elbows. The gold wedding band flashed on her finger under the bright vanity lights.

Wolfram scooped warm water over Riley’s back. Riley let out a soft, appreciative whine, her hips giving an involuntary wiggle.

"Hold still, dog," Alexis commanded.

Riley froze instantly. Alexis picked up a sudsy sponge and began scrubbing Riley’s shoulders. The touch was distinctly condescending—firm, efficient, and entirely devoid of affection. Alexis washed her the way one might scrub a piece of dirty patio furniture. Wolfram’s hands were different. Wolfram’s hands were possessive. She worked the lather into Riley’s flanks, her thumbs pressing deeply into the muscles of Riley’s lower back, sliding down over her wet hips and trailing perilously close to the slick, swollen folds between her thighs.

"I used to watch you sit across from me at the dinner table," Wolfram murmured, her soapy hands sliding up Riley’s ribs. Her voice echoed softly off the tile, conversational but loaded with a dark, terrifying gravity.

Riley’s breath hitched. She kept her head down, but her ears twitched.

"You wore the title of 'wife' like an oversized coat," Wolfram continued, her thumbs tracing the curve of Riley's spine. "You were always drowning in it. You wanted the respect of a partner, but you were terrified of the responsibility. You waited for me to make every decision, to guide your every thought. Holding you up to my level wasn't a partnership, Riley. It was exhausting."

Riley let out a soft, distressed whimper. Her thighs trembled, the soapy water lapping against her slick sex. The brutal honesty of Wolfram's words bypassed her human pride. Hearing her deepest, most shameful insecurities validated out loud didn't hurt—it felt like a massive, terrifying relief. A knot in her stomach began to untangle.

"Look at her," Wolfram commanded quietly.

Riley’s human ego screamed in protest, but her canine mind obeyed instantly. She lifted her wet, blonde head, looking up through her damp bangs at Alexis.

Alexis paused with the sponge, crossing her arms beneath her breasts. She looked down her nose at Riley, radiating absolute, untouchable perfection. The tailored clothes, the sharp posture, the cold amusement in her eyes—she was everything Riley had always envied and feared.

"Alexis doesn't wear an oversized coat," Wolfram purred. Her hands came up to cup Riley's wet breasts, squeezing them gently to punctuate her words. "Look at how she stands. She isn’t waiting for my permission to exist. She has a spine. She has an ego. When I push her, she fights me, right up until the exact moment I force her to shatter. That friction? That’s what a marriage requires. When I break a woman like Alexis, I am conquering a goddess." Wolfram’s soapy fingers slid down Riley’s stomach, dipping just barely into the cleft between her thighs, sending a violent shock of pleasure through Riley's system.

"But you?" Wolfram whispered, her nails lightly scratching the sensitive skin on Riley's inner thigh. "When I try to break you, I hit empty air. There is no kingdom to conquer in your mind, little bird. You are entirely hollow, just waiting to be filled with instructions. You were a failed human."

Riley’s panting grew ragged. Her hips jerked forward, chasing Wolfram's fingers. The humiliation of being completely dissected, of being told she was fundamentally lesser than her high school rival, was turning her on beyond reason. Her clit throbbed, aching with a heavy, pulsing heat.

"That was my epiphany," Wolfram said, moving her hands up to Riley's head. Her fingers found the sweet spot just behind Riley’s left ear and began to scratch—slow, rhythmic, deliberate motions. "I realized that stripping you naked, taking your voice, and putting a collar around your neck wasn't a punishment at all. It was a correction. I finally aligned your outside with your inside. You aren't a failed wife, Riley. You are a perfect animal. The floor makes sense to you."

Riley melted. She leaned heavily into Wolfram’s hand, a loud, pathetic whine vibrating in her throat. Her right leg twitched in the water, a pure, uncontrollable canine reflex. Her human ego wept with shame, but her dog mind was swimming in euphoric, mindless bliss. To be understood this completely, to be told that her degradation was actually her true purpose, was the ultimate aphrodisiac.

"And because I understand you so well," Wolfram’s voice dropped into a dark, intimate register, "I knew exactly how to sever your last tie to the human world."

Alexis smiled, stepping closer to the edge of the tub. She held up her left hand, letting the bright vanity lights catch the gold wedding band. Riley stared at it, her chest heaving, the ache in her belly pulling tighter and tighter like a coiled spring.

"The annulment cleared a judge's desk this morning," Wolfram whispered, her fingers still scratching behind Riley's ear. "I didn't just take your clothes, Riley. I took your history. Your signature has been legally erased from my life."

The words hit Riley like a physical strike.

"Alexis and I signed the new marriage certificate over coffee an hour ago," Wolfram continued, delivering the final, devastating blow with surgical precision. "She is my legal wife. She owns your ring, she owns my bed, and she owns you. You are nothing but the nameless pet we allow to sleep at our feet."

It was the absolute finality of it. The last tether to her humanity was officially gone. The terror of that realization collided violently with the deep, twisted conditioning the hypnotherapist had planted in her brain. The psychological weight of being utterly replaced, combined with the euphoric relief of no longer

having to pretend she was human, was too much. The friction between her dying ego and her triumphant shadow self finally sparked. A sharp, broken bark tore out of Riley's throat.

Her body locked up completely. Her back arched so hard her spine bowed, her wet breasts thrusting forward. The orgasm hit her with devastating force, ripping through her nervous system like a lightning strike.

Riley thrashed in the bathwater, her hands slipping against the porcelain as her thighs clamped together, shaking violently. She sobbed and barked, her pussy clenching and pulsing in rapid, uncontrollable spasms. The climax was messy, agonizing, and entirely inevitable. She came harder than she ever had as a human, her brain flooded with the blinding, humiliating relief of having her entire existence permanently overwritten.

She collapsed forward, her chin hitting the water, her body twitching wildly with aftershocks as she whined in a puddle of soapy water and her own ruin.

Alexis stood over the tub, arms crossed, staring down at the twitching, whimpering mess. Alexis’s perfectly manicured eyebrow arched in mild amusement, her lips curling into a smug, superior smile.

"That's just what you said she would do," Alexis murmured, her voice dripping with satisfaction.

Wolfram didn’t miss a beat. She reached for the handheld shower attachment, turning the dial to rinse the suds from her dog’s trembling back with slow, detached efficiency.

"She is very well trained," Wolfram replied calmly. She turned off the water and stood up, pulling the edges of her silk robe together. She didn't look at Riley again. She looked at Alexis.

"Dry her off," Wolfram ordered smoothly, heading for the bathroom door. "Then put her collar back on and take her to her mat. I have paperwork to finish."

The door clicked shut, leaving Alexis alone with the trembling, dripping dog in the tub.

Alt scene

Chapter 37

Riley’s chest rose and fell in ragged, shallow gasps as the click of the phone shutting off echoed in the quiet room.

She stared at the dark screen resting on the bed between them. Alexis was coming. The flawless, untouchable girl who had haunted her high school insecurities was going to walk into this facility tomorrow morning. Riley waited for Wolfram to smile, to pull her close and reassure her that it was all a brilliant

trap meant to break Alexis into pieces. Instead, Wolfram simply sat on the edge of the mattress, her dark eyes pinning Riley down. The silence in the room stretched out, heavy and suffocating.

"You know what I think, Riley?" Wolfram said softly, her voice carrying a terrifying, clinical calm. "I think you lust after her body."

Riley’s breath hitched. She opened her mouth to deny it, to say she hated Alexis, but her throat tightened. Her eyes darted away, her face burning with a sudden, violent flush. Underneath the pale blue fabric of her sundress, her thighs pressed together reflexively, slick with a fresh rush of arousal that she couldn't hide.

Wolfram watched the minute, treacherous reactions of Riley's body with cold satisfaction. "You brought her up, claiming you wanted to see her ruined," Wolfram continued, reaching out to trace the delicate line of Riley's collarbone. "But that isn't the whole truth, is it? You used to stare at her in the locker room. You memorized the way she moved. You were jealous of her, yes. But underneath all that jealousy, you were completely obsessed. I think you want to be beneath her. I think you’d like to be *her* pet dog."

Riley let out a soft, distressed whimper, her hands gripping the sheets.

Wolfram leaned in closer, her dark eyes flashing with absolute authority. "So that is exactly what I'm going to make happen."

The air left Riley’s lungs. A massive, paralyzing jolt of adrenaline shot straight down her spine. The betrayal was staggering. She had handed her wife the weapon to destroy her worst enemy, and her wife had instantly turned the barrel back on her.

"You shouldn't have brought her up," Wolfram whispered, her thumb brushing over Riley's trembling lower lip. "But now it's too late. I have the perfect plan for our new Riley." Riley couldn't look away. She was trapped in Wolfram's gaze, completely paralyzed by the sheer, devastating force of her own dark desires bubbling to the surface.

"I'm going to have the facility's hypnotherapist come to these quarters tonight," Wolfram murmured, mapping the chaotic, fearful arousal in Riley's eyes. "She specializes in resetting neural pathways. We are going to erase you. We are going to strip away your name, your marriage, and your ability to speak. I’m going to have her lock you into a state of permanent canine regression."

Riley shook her head weakly, but a low moan vibrated in her throat as Wolfram’s hand slid down to rest heavily over the wet cotton of her panties.

"When Alexis walks through that door tomorrow," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a dark, hypnotic purr, "she won't find a peer. She won't find my wife. She will find a naked, mindless animal waiting on the floor. I’m going to

hand her your leash. You will exist to worship that perfect, athletic body you spent years staring at. Your only purpose will be to crawl between her legs and show your appreciation with your tongue whenever she

commands it."

The psychological weight of it—of being utterly erased and gifted to her high school idol as a voiceless toy—bypassed Riley's human ego entirely. It struck the deepest, most shameful core of her shadow self. Her clit throbbed, a heavy, desperate ache settling deep into her belly. The degradation was absolute, and it was the most intensely arousing thing she had ever heard.

Wolfram’s hand pressed down harder against Riley's slick heat.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Wolfram asked, her voice dripping with cruel, knowing superiority. "To be completely stripped of the burden of being human. To just be Alexis's good little dog."

Riley’s thighs trembled violently. Tears of profound, inescapable humiliation leaked from the corners of her eyes, but she couldn't fight the intoxicating gravity of her own downfall. She was drowning in it.

"Tell me," Wolfram demanded, her tone cracking like a whip. "Beg for it. Ask me to take it all away."

Riley sobbed, her hips bucking up helplessly against Wolfram's palm. Her ego shattered, scattering into dust, leaving only the desperate, consuming need to submit.

"Please," Riley wept, her human voice cracking as she used it to beg for her own destruction. "Please, Diana. Take it. Erase me. Please... make me her dog."

Wolfram smiled, a slow, predatory curve of her lips.

"Good girl," Wolfram whispered. "Let's get your collar."

Chapter 38

The heavy brass buckle of the leather collar clicked into place around Riley’s throat. The sound was sharp and final in the quiet of the quarters. Riley knelt on the plush rug, completely bare, her breath hitching as the thick leather pressed against her windpipe. It felt heavy. It felt permanent.

A brisk, professional knock at the door broke the silence.

Wolfram didn’t rush. She adjusted the D-ring at the front of Riley’s collar, letting her knuckles brush against the erratic pulse jumping in Riley’s neck, before turning to open the door.

An older woman stepped inside. She wore a crisp, dark suit, her gray hair pulled back into a severe twist. She carried a sleek black leather medical bag. The

hypnotherapist didn’t bat an eye at the naked woman shivering on the floor on her hands and knees. Her expression remained entirely clinical, as if she had stepped into a routine staff meeting.

"Right on time, Doctor," Wolfram said smoothly, locking the door.

"Punctuality is essential for the work, Officer Wolfram," the doctor replied, setting her bag on the glass coffee table. She unlatched it, withdrawing a small, heavy silver pendulum and a digital recorder. She looked down at Riley. "I see the subject is already primed. The collar helps establish the baseline boundary before we even begin."

"She is eager," Wolfram agreed, stepping around the couch to stand over Riley. "But I need this done with absolute precision, Doctor. This isn't a standard behavioral modification. I don't just want her docile. I want a complete canine regression."

The doctor nodded slowly, her eyes assessing Riley’s dilated pupils and trembling thighs. "Speech centers suppressed. Primal instinct elevation. Subservience mapped to the primary reward pathways. It is a standard erasure."

"No," Wolfram corrected, her voice dropping into a dark, commanding register. "Not an erasure. If you wipe her mind entirely, she won't understand the depth of her own degradation. An empty animal doesn't feel humiliation."

Riley let out a soft, terrified whine, her hands curling into the rug.

"I want the human ego perfectly preserved," Wolfram instructed, her dark eyes pinning Riley down. "I want her to remember her name. I want her to remember that she was my wife. I want her to remember every piece of her human dignity... and I want her to be completely physically incapable of accessing it. Lock the human mind behind a glass wall, Doctor. Let her watch her own body crawl, beg, and bark, knowing she can never speak a single word again."

The doctor’s eyebrows rose slightly, a flicker of professional appreciation crossing her face. "A fascinating constraint. A conscious prisoner inside an animal's body. The psychological friction will keep the submissive drive incredibly potent."

"Exactly," Wolfram murmured. "Begin."

The doctor knelt on the rug directly in front of Riley. She held up the heavy silver pendulum, letting it catch the dim lamplight.

"Keep your eyes on the silver, Riley," the doctor commanded. Her voice was entirely different now—it had dropped an octave, resonant, melodic, and impossibly heavy. It didn't invite compliance; it demanded it.

Riley tried to look away, to break the gaze, but the hypnotic weight of the command, combined with the sheer exhaustion of her own terror and arousal, forced her eyes back to the swinging metal.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

"That’s right," the doctor soothed, the rhythm of her words perfectly matching the swing of the pendulum. "Just watch the light. Let the heavy, tired thoughts in your human mind begin to slow down. It’s so exhausting, isn't it? Being human. The jealousy. The failure. The constant need to prove you are enough. Let it go. Drop down. Deeper. Deeper."

Riley’s eyelids fluttered. Her breathing began to match the slow, steady swing of the silver. "The words are getting heavy," the doctor whispered, her voice filling the entire room. "Human words are a burden. They belong to people who make decisions. You don't make decisions anymore. You don't need a voice. Feel the speech center in your brain closing like a heavy steel door. Locking shut. You have no words. Try to find a word, Riley."

Riley’s lips parted. Her conscious mind screamed to say *stop*, to say *no*, but the command was absolute. Her vocal cords were paralyzed. The only sound that escaped her lips was a soft, breathy whine.

"Perfect," the doctor praised. "Only sounds now. Whines. Growls. Barks. The language of a good, obedient pet."

Wolfram stepped closer, her boot resting lightly against Riley’s bare flank.

"Tomorrow morning, a woman named Alexis Barker is walking through that door," Wolfram said, weaving her voice seamlessly into the doctor's hypnotic cadence. "You remember Alexis, don't you, little bird? You used to stare at her perfect, athletic body in the locker room. You knew she was better than you. You knew she was a goddess."

Riley whimpered, her body reacting violently to the name. Her pussy pulsed, a hot, steady stream of wetness dripping onto the rug beneath her.

"Implant the obsession, Doctor," Wolfram ordered.

The doctor leaned in closer to Riley’s glazed, unblinking eyes. "When Alexis Barker walks into this room, your canine mind will recognize its true master. You will exist to worship her perfection. Her body is your ultimate reward. You will crave the taste of her."

"Make her desperate for it," Wolfram added, her tone vicious and intimate. "Make her understand that she is nothing but dirt beneath Alexis’s feet. Her only purpose will be to crawl between Alexis’s thighs. Make her obsessed with licking her. A good little doggy who only gets her treats when her betters decide to open their legs."

"You hear that, Riley?" the doctor murmured. "Your tongue is your only tool of devotion. You will beg for it. When you smell her arousal, you will lose your mind with the need to serve her. You will lick, and you will suck, and you will thank her with every wag of your hips for the privilege of being used."

Riley’s back arched. The neural pathways were snapping into place, burning the new reality into her brain. She was panting heavily now, her tongue lolling out slightly, her hips rocking forward on the rug in a pure, mindless display of canine heat. Inside, her human memory wept at the absolute degradation, but her body was swimming in the euphoric relief of total surrender.

"When I snap my fingers, the transition will be permanent," the doctor said, her voice echoing in the dark space of Riley's mind. "You will wake up as a dog. You will remain on all fours. You will never speak again. But you will remember exactly what you lost." The doctor paused, letting the heavy silence stretch.

Then, she snapped her fingers.

Riley gasped, her body jerking violently as if she had been struck. She blinked, shaking her head. She looked up at the doctor, then at Wolfram. Her human ego clawed at the walls of her mind, desperate to scream, to ask what had happened. She opened her mouth, pushing all her air over her vocal cords to form her wife's name.

"Ruff!"

The sharp, high-pitched bark echoed in the room.

Riley froze. Tears immediately spilled over her eyelashes, tracking down her flushed cheeks. She tried again.

"Whine."

It was gone. The human voice was completely, permanently gone. She sat back on her haunches, her hands tucking against her chest like paws, and let out a long, pathetic whimper of absolute defeat.

The doctor stood up, smoothing her suit jacket and packing the pendulum back into her leather bag.

"The pathways are set," the doctor said calmly, fastening the latch on her bag. "The cognitive dissonance between her human memory and her canine behavior will keep her in a state of high, constant arousal. She is fully regressed."

"Thank you, Doctor. Your work is exceptional," Wolfram said, her eyes never leaving the weeping, panting dog on the floor.

The doctor let herself out, the heavy door clicking shut behind her.

Wolfram crouched down. She took the heavy leather leash attached to Riley's collar and gave it a short, firm tug. Riley crawled forward instantly, pressing her wet cheek against Wolfram's boot, letting out a soft, begging whine.

Wolfram smiled, her dark eyes flashing with cruel anticipation. She reached down and scratched the dog behind the ears.

"Get some sleep on your mat, little bird," Wolfram murmured softly. "Tomorrow, you get to meet your new owner."

Chapter 39

Alexis Barker stepped out of the tinted town car and adjusted the pristine cuff of her tailored blazer. The crisp morning sunlight caught the gold watch at her wrist and the subtle, expensive sheen of her cream silk blouse. She looked up at the towering chain-link fences and razor wire of the penitentiary with a faint, bemused smile.

She looked like she belonged in a corporate boardroom or a high-end country club, entirely out of place against the grim, storm-cloud concrete of the prison. But Alexis was perfectly comfortable wherever she went, because Alexis carried her superiority with her like a weapon.

A female guard in a dark, pressed uniform was waiting for her at the gates.

"Miss Barker?" the guard asked, her tone deferential.

"Yes," Alexis replied, her voice smooth and polished. "Diana Wolfram is expecting me." "Right this way, ma'am."

As Alexis followed the guard through the heavy security checkpoints, her heels clicking a sharp, rhythmic tempo against the linoleum, she felt a familiar, intoxicating rush of vanity. When Wolfram had called her the night before, dangling an elite consulting position and a massive salary, Alexis had been intrigued. But it was the secondary offer—the invitation to play a cruel game with Riley Harper’s fragile feelings—that had actually gotten her on the plane.

She had always known the Harper sisters were pathetic. Riley, especially. Riley was the girl who hovered on the edges of the high school locker room, clutching her towel, staring at Alexis’s athletic body with a pathetic mix of extreme jealousy and obvious, unspoken awe. To Alexis, Riley wasn't even a rival; she was just an audience member.

The guard stopped in front of a heavy oak door at the end of a quiet, isolated corridor. She knocked once, opened it, and stepped aside.

"Miss Barker is here," the guard announced, before retreating and pulling the door shut behind Alexis.

The private quarters were dimly lit, smelling faintly of expensive wine and leather. Wolfram sat in a large, high-backed armchair near the center of the room. She looked impeccable in her dark uniform, projecting a calm, terrifying authority.

But Alexis’s eyes didn't stay on Wolfram for long. They dropped to the floor.

Riley was kneeling on the plush rug at Wolfram’s feet. She was completely naked. A thick, heavy black leather collar was buckled tightly around her throat, a short leash clipping it to the leg of Wolfram’s chair. Riley’s hands were tucked against her chest like paws. When the door clicked shut, Riley’s head snapped up.

Recognition flared in Riley’s eyes. Her human ego, trapped behind the glass wall of her hypnotized mind, screamed in absolute, visceral horror. *Alexis.* The flawless, untouchable girl she had obsessed over was standing right there, looking down at her. Riley opened her mouth, desperately trying to form the word 'help', trying to explain, trying to preserve a single shred of her dignity.

"Whine."

A soft, high-pitched, pathetic noise vibrated in Riley’s throat. Her hips wiggled involuntarily, her bare rear end swaying on the rug as her canine conditioning recognized a new, dominant presence in the room. Tears spilled hot and fast down Riley’s flushed cheeks.

Alexis stopped dead in her tracks. For a moment, she simply stared.

Then, a slow, brilliant, utterly wicked smile spread across Alexis's face.

"Diana," Alexis breathed, letting out a short, incredulous laugh. She walked further into the room, tossing her designer leather tote onto the sofa. "You said she was fragile on the phone. You said she was eager to please. You didn't mention she was a literal bitch."

Wolfram stood up, smoothing the front of her uniform. "I told you she was a failure as a human, Alexis," Wolfram said smoothly, stepping over to the wet bar to pour two glasses of dark red wine. "But as an animal, she is quite remarkable. I had our facility hypnotherapist make some permanent adjustments to her neural pathways last night. The speech centers of her brain have been entirely suppressed."

Alexis accepted the glass of wine Wolfram handed to her, her eyes never leaving the weeping, panting woman on the floor.

"She can't speak at all?" Alexis asked, taking a sip.

"Try her," Wolfram invited, gesturing toward the rug.

Alexis stepped closer. She looked down her nose at Riley, radiating absolute, untouchable perfection.

"Hello, Riley," Alexis purred, her voice dripping with condescension. "It's been a long time. You're looking... well, exactly like I always pictured you, to be honest. Down on the floor, waiting for someone better than you to tell you what to do. Can you say hello?"

Riley’s chest heaved. The humiliation was absolute. She glared at Alexis through her tears, pushing every ounce of willpower she had left into her vocal cords, trying to scream a curse at the blonde goddess towering over her.

"Ruff!"

The sharp, eager bark echoed off the walls. Riley’s hands pawed at the rug, her thighs parting slightly as a thick, heavy slick of arousal dripped from her sex onto the floor. The dissonance between her human hatred and her canine obedience was agonizingly euphoric.

Alexis threw her head back and laughed, a rich, genuine sound of pure delight.

"Oh my god," Alexis gasped, her eyes shining with vanity. "That is the most pathetic thing I have ever seen. She is completely broken."

"She isn't broken," Wolfram corrected softly, stepping up right behind Alexis. "She is repurposed. Which brings us to the reason you are here."

Alexis turned slightly, looking at Wolfram over the rim of her wine glass. "The consulting position."

"There is no consulting position," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a dark, intimate register. "There is no guard training program. The job I offered you on the phone was a fiction to get you in the room."

Alexis’s smile faltered for a fraction of a second, her posture stiffening. "Excuse me?" "The salary, however, is very real," Wolfram continued seamlessly, reaching down to unclip the heavy leather leash from the leg of her armchair. "And the autonomy is absolute. I brought you here, Alexis, because I needed someone with a superior ego. I needed a goddess."

Wolfram held the leather loop of the leash out to Alexis.

"Riley lusted after your body in high school," Wolfram explained, her dark eyes pinning Alexis in place. "She was obsessed with your perfection. Her human mind still is. I had the therapist map that obsession directly into her canine reward pathways. Her only purpose now is to worship you. She will crave the taste of you. She will beg to be used by you." Alexis stared at the leash being offered to her. Her heart hammered against her ribs. The rush of power was dizzying.

"I am gifting her to you, Alexis," Wolfram murmured, her voice a seductive, hypnotic hum. "Your job isn't to train my guards. Your job is to be her owner. You will live here, in my quarters. You will be compensated handsomely. And you will have a permanent, voiceless pet who exists only to crawl between your legs and show her appreciation whenever you command it."

Alexis looked down at Riley.

Riley was staring up at her, tears streaming down her face, her tongue lolling out slightly as she panted. The smell of Riley’s wet, desperate arousal was heavy in the air. The idea of taking the girl who used to stare at her in the locker room and officially, legally owning her as a dog was the ultimate feast for Alexis’s vanity.

Slowly, deliberately, Alexis reached out. Her manicured fingers wrapped around the heavy leather loop of the leash.

The moment she took it, Riley let out a loud, ecstatic whine, her hips wiggling frantically on the rug.

"A pet," Alexis breathed, the word rolling off her tongue like rich honey. She looked at Wolfram, her eyes dark with sudden, immense hunger. "You're paying me to own her." "I am," Wolfram confirmed, stepping back to give Alexis the floor. "Test her."

Alexis took a slow sip of her wine. She set the crystal glass down on the coffee table and gave the leather leash a short, sharp tug.

"Come here, dog," Alexis commanded.

Riley’s body lunged forward before her human mind could even process the order. She scrambled across the rug on her hands and knees, stopping right at the tips of Alexis’s expensive designer heels. Without hesitation, Riley lowered her head and pressed her wet cheek against the leather of Alexis’s shoe, letting out a soft, contented whimper. Alexis looked down at the naked, weeping blonde groveling at her feet. She reached out, running her fingers through Riley’s hair, scratching her right behind the ears. Riley leaned into the touch, her whole body trembling with euphoric obedience.

Alexis looked up at Wolfram, a brilliant, arrogant smile illuminating her flawless face. "Diana," Alexis said, her voice thick with absolute, unquestioned superiority. "I think I'm going to love working here."

Chapter 40

Alexis Barker stood in the center of the dimly lit quarters, the heavy leather loop of the leash gripped loosely in her manicured hand. At her feet, the girl who had once been Riley Harper —a former classmate, a quiet shadow in the locker room—was groveling against the toe of her designer heel, letting out soft,

rhythmic whimpers of absolute devotion.

Alexis looked up at Wolfram, her chest rising and falling beneath her cream silk blouse. The initial shock had entirely evaporated, replaced by a dark, intoxicating surge of vanity. "She really can't speak?" Alexis asked, giving the leash a slow, experimental tug. Riley’s head jerked up. Her human eyes, brimming with hot, humiliated tears, met Alexis’s gaze. She opened her mouth, her jaw trembling with the effort to form a word, to scream her own name.

"Ruff! Whine..."

Alexis let out a breathy, delighted laugh. "My god. It’s completely gone. You weren't exaggerating, Diana."

"I never exaggerate," Wolfram replied smoothly, leaning back against the wet bar. She took a slow sip of her dark red wine, watching the dynamic unfold with calculating eyes. "The hypnotherapist was very thorough. Her human ego is perfectly intact—she knows exactly who you are, Alexis, and she knows exactly what she has lost—but her physical responses are entirely governed by canine instinct. Right now, her entire universe revolves around pleasing you."

Alexis looked down at the naked, trembling woman on the plush rug. The sheer power of it was a drug. She had spent her life cultivating an aura of superiority, forcing people to look up to her, but this was different. This was absolute ownership.

"So," Alexis murmured, her voice dripping with haughty amusement. "I'm supposed to be her owner. What exactly does a high-paying canine consultancy entail?"

Wolfram set her wine glass down with a soft clink. She walked slowly across the room, her boots silent on the rug, until she was standing just behind Alexis.

"It entails utilization," Wolfram whispered, her voice dropping into a low, commanding purr just beside Alexis’s ear. "A working breed needs a task, Alexis. If you don't use her, she’ll go mad with the pent-up energy. I had her conditioned with a very specific reward pathway. Her ultimate goal—the only thing that will satiate her—is your body."

Alexis turned her head slightly, her lips parting. "My body?"

"She used to stare at you in high school," Wolfram reminded her, her hands lifting to lightly trace the elegant, padded shoulders of Alexis's tailored blazer. "She was obsessed with your perfection. Her human mind still is. And now, her canine mind is hardwired to worship it. If you want her absolute, unquestioning loyalty, you have to let her serve you."

Alexis’s eyes darkened with a sudden, sharp hunger. She looked down at Riley. "Serve me how?"

"Sit down, Alexis," Wolfram instructed softly.

Alexis didn't hesitate. Drunk on the power of the leash and the heavy, sensual atmosphere of the room, she walked over to the large leather couch and took a seat. She crossed her long, trouser-clad legs, leaning back into the cushions.

Wolfram snapped her fingers and pointed to the space between Alexis's feet. "Heel, dog." Riley scrambled across the rug on her hands and knees. Her human ego wept tears of profound, inescapable despair, but her body lunged forward with terrifying eagerness. She sat back on her haunches right at the edge of the couch, her hands tucked against her chest like paws, panting softly as she looked up at Alexis.

"Unbutton your trousers, Alexis," Wolfram commanded.

Alexis’s breath hitched. She looked at Wolfram, a flicker of hesitation crossing her flawless features. "Diana—"

"You want to own her, don't you?" Wolfram interrupted, her tone brokering no argument. "You want to watch the girl who envied you drop her face between your thighs and thank you for the privilege. Take them off."

The vanity won. The thought of Riley Harper—naked, collared, and utterly broken—being forced to pleasure her was too intoxicating to resist. Alexis reached for the clasp of her designer trousers. She unzipped them, lifting her hips slightly to push the expensive fabric down her long, athletic legs, taking her silk underwear with them. She kicked them aside onto the rug.

Alexis sat back, completely bare from the waist down, her cream silk blouse and blazer still impeccably styled. She parted her thighs, her heart hammering against her ribs.

"Go ahead, Alexis," Wolfram murmured, stepping around the back of the couch. "Give your dog a command."

Alexis looked down at Riley. Her voice was thick with arrogance and mounting arousal. "Clean me, pet."

Riley didn't hesitate. She crawled directly between Alexis's thighs, her hands gripping the backs of Alexis’s knees. Riley pressed her face into Alexis's pussy, her tongue darting out to taste the slick, warm folds.

Alexis gasped loudly, her manicured fingers instantly tangling in the leather cushions. Riley licked with frantic, single-minded devotion. Her human mind screamed in absolute humiliation, recognizing the horrific irony of eating out her worst enemy, but her canine conditioning flooded her brain with euphoric dopamine. She swirled her tongue over Alexis's clit, sucking and lapping with the desperate enthusiasm of a starving animal.

"Fuck," Alexis moaned, her head tipping back, her eyes fluttering shut. "God, she's actually... she's so good at this."

"She is desperate for your approval," Wolfram said softly.

From behind the couch, Wolfram reached down. Her hands mapped the elegant line of Alexis’s shoulders. Smoothly, purposefully, Wolfram gripped the lapels of Alexis’s tailored blazer and slid it down the blonde's arms, letting it drop to the floor behind the couch. Alexis shivered, her eyes snapping open. "Diana?"

"Hush," Wolfram soothed, her fingers going to work on the buttons of the cream silk blouse. "You have such incredible muscle tone, Alexis. You hold so much tension. You spend your entire life making sure everyone sees how perfect you are. It must be exhausting." One by one, the buttons came undone. Alexis tried to focus, tried to maintain her haughty demeanor, but Riley’s tongue was snapping against her clit with a relentless, animalistic rhythm that was driving every coherent thought from her head.

Wolfram parted the silk blouse, pushing it off Alexis’s shoulders. With a deft, practiced motion, she unhooked Alexis’s bra, tossing both garments away.

Within seconds, Alexis was sitting completely naked on the leather couch, entirely exposed to Wolfram's calculating gaze, while the dog between her legs kept working.

"Look at you," Wolfram purred, stepping around the couch to stand right beside them. "You walked in here wearing armor. Designer clothes. A perfectly crafted ego. But underneath it all, you're just as desperate to be touched as the animal on the floor."

"I'm not—" Alexis gasped, her hips bucking up against Riley's mouth. "I'm not like her." "No," Wolfram agreed, her hand dropping to cup Alexis’s bare breast, her thumb rolling roughly over the tightening nipple. "You aren't. She broke because she was weak. But you... you're going to break because your ego demands that I tear it apart."

Wolfram slid two fingers of her free hand deep into Alexis’s slick, pulsing heat, pushing right past Riley’s busy tongue.

Alexis screamed. Her athletic body went completely rigid. The invasion of Wolfram's fingers, combined with the frantic, worshipful friction of Riley's mouth, was a sensory overload that shattered her perfection instantly. The orgasm hit her like a freight train. She sobbed, her hips thrashing wildly against the leather cushions as wave after wave of blinding, violent pleasure crashed through her.

She came harder than she ever had in her life, her meticulously crafted composure completely ruined, reduced to a weeping, gasping mess under

Wolfram's hands.

Wolfram held her through the aftershocks, riding out the violent tremors until Alexis finally collapsed back against the couch, gasping for air, her chest heaving covered in a fine sheen of sweat.

Down on the floor, Riley pulled back, panting softly, her face slick with Alexis’s arousal. She looked up at Wolfram, letting out a soft, questioning whine, waiting for permission to stop. "Good dog," Wolfram praised, giving the leash a light tug to pull Riley back onto the rug. Wolfram looked down at Alexis. The beautiful, arrogant woman was completely bare, utterly spent, and staring up at Wolfram with wide, dilated eyes.

"You own the dog, Alexis," Wolfram said softly, a dark, victorious smile spreading across her face. "But make no mistake... I own you."

Chapter 41

The heavy, leather-scented air of the quarters was thick with the aftermath of Alexis’s shattered composure.

Alexis lay back against the cushions of the couch, her chest heaving, a fine sheen of sweat coating her flawless, athletic body. Her long legs were still sprawled open, her muscles occasionally twitching with the residual aftershocks of the most violent, ego-destroying orgasm of her life. She stared up at the ceiling, her mind spinning.

She had walked into the penitentiary an hour ago wearing designer clothes and an impenetrable armor of arrogance. Now, her clothes were in a heap on the floor, and she was completely, helplessly bare under the calculating gaze of Diana Wolfram.

"You own the dog, Alexis. But make no mistake... I own you."

The words echoed in Alexis’s head. Her instinct, honed over years of being the untouchable idol in every room she entered, told her to be furious. She should push herself off the couch, demand her clothes, and leave. But her body betrayed her. Her skin was flushed, her core aching with a heavy, pulsing warmth. Being effortlessly overpowered by someone who didn't just want her body, but wanted to conquer her ego, was the most intoxicating thing she had ever experienced.

Wolfram stepped away from the couch, her boots silent on the plush rug. She walked over to the small, polished desk in the corner of the room.

Down on the floor, Riley shifted. The heavy leather collar rubbed against her throat. Her human mind wept in silent, paralyzed horror at what had just happened. She had just eaten out her high school rival. She had tasted Alexis’s arousal, swallowed her slick, and licked her clean with the frantic enthusiasm of a starving animal. The humiliation was absolute, an endless free-fall into the

dark. But her canine conditioning, locked firmly in place by the hypnotherapist, flooded her brain with a warm, euphoric glow of a job well done. Riley let out a soft, questioning whine, looking up at Alexis’s sprawled, naked form. Alexis heard the whine. She tilted her head, her glassy eyes focusing on the blonde dog panting at the foot of the couch. Even thoroughly wrecked by Wolfram, Alexis’s vanity flared back to life the moment she looked at Riley.

"She's still waiting," Alexis breathed, her voice raspy. She reached down, her manicured fingers brushing through Riley’s hair. Riley leaned into the touch instantly, her eyes closing as she nuzzled Alexis’s palm.

"She will always be waiting," Wolfram said, turning back from the desk.

Wolfram held a small, manila folder in one hand, and a simple, delicate gold band in the other.

She walked slowly back to the couch, her dark eyes pinning Alexis in place. Alexis sat up slightly, crossing her arms beneath her bare breasts in a weak attempt to reclaim some of her lost authority.

"What is that?" Alexis asked, her voice unsteady.

"This," Wolfram murmured, dropping the manila folder onto the glass coffee table, "is Riley’s annulment paperwork. It was finalized and signed by a judge this morning. Riley Harper no longer exists in any legal capacity. She has no assets, no status, and no wife." Riley let out a sharp, distressed whimper at the sound of the words, her front paws shifting nervously on the rug. Her human ego clawed desperately at the glass walls of her mind, begging to wake up from the nightmare, but her body remained perfectly anchored to the floor.

Wolfram held up the gold ring, letting the dim lamplight catch its polished surface. "And this," Wolfram continued, her voice dropping into a dark, seductive purr, "is the vacancy she left behind."

Alexis stared at the ring. Her heart hammered against her ribs. "You want me to wear her ring?"

"I want you to take her place," Wolfram corrected softly. She stepped between Alexis’s parted knees, crowding her space, forcing Alexis to look up at her. "Riley failed because she was hollow. She had no spine. But you, Alexis... you have an ego that burns bright enough to light up a room. You crave worship. You demand perfection. And you just realized that the only thing better than being worshipped by the world, is being completely, utterly conquered by me."

Alexis’s breath hitched. She opened her mouth to deny it, but no words came. It was the terrifying, undeniable truth.

"I am offering you a kingdom, Alexis," Wolfram whispered, reaching out to trace the elegant curve of Alexis’s jawline. "You will live here. You will be my wife. You

will wear my name, and you will sleep in my bed. And best of all..."

Wolfram glanced down at the panting blonde on the floor.

"...you get to keep her. A permanent, voiceless monument to your superiority. A girl who used to envy you from afar, now legally bound to crawl between your legs and lick you clean whenever you snap your fingers."

The sheer, staggering weight of the offer crashed over Alexis. The vanity of it was irresistible. To legally bind herself to this powerful, terrifying woman, and to officially own her former classmate as a collared pet. It was the ultimate victory.

"Put it on," Wolfram commanded softly, holding the gold band out. "Or pick your clothes up off the floor and walk out the door. The choice is yours."

Alexis looked at her silk blouse and tailored trousers lying in a heap next to Riley. She looked at the naked woman panting at her feet. And finally, she looked at the dark, commanding eyes of the woman standing over her.

Alexis’s hand trembled slightly as she reached out.

She didn't hesitate. She took the gold band from Wolfram’s fingers and slid it slowly, deliberately onto her left ring finger. The metal was still slightly cool against her skin. It fit perfectly.

A heavy, triumphant silence settled over the room.

Wolfram smiled—a slow, predatory curve of her lips. She leaned down, cupping Alexis’s face in both hands, and kissed her. It wasn't gentle. It was a deep, bruising, possessive kiss that tasted of wine and absolute ownership. Alexis melted into it, her arms wrapping around Wolfram’s neck, surrendering the last, fragile pieces of her independence.

Down on the floor, Riley watched the kiss through a blur of tears.

Her human mind shattered into a million irreparable pieces. The girl she hated most in the world was now wearing her ring, kissing her wife, and holding her leash.

Riley sat back on her haunches, her hands tucked against her chest. She pointed her nose toward the ceiling and let out a long, mournful, keening howl. It was the sound of a human soul dying, and a dog finally, permanently taking its place.

Wolfram broke the kiss, her lips shining. She looked down at the howling animal on the rug, then back at her new wife.

"She understands," Wolfram murmured, her thumb brushing over Alexis’s cheekbone. "She knows exactly who she belongs to now."

Alexis looked down at the ring on her finger, then at the weeping, howling dog on the floor. A smug, radiant smile broke across her flawless face.

"Good girl, Riley," Alexis cooed, her voice dripping with cruel, absolute victory. "Good little pet."

Chapter 42

The heavy oak door to the bedroom was left cracked open just an inch, spilling a narrow sliver of pale yellow light across the plush rug of the living area. Inside the bedroom, Alexis was fast asleep, her athletic body tangled in the expensive sheets, her breathing deep and even.

In the living room, it was perfectly dark, save for the ambient glow of the city lights bleeding through the barred windows.

Wolfram sat in the high-backed leather armchair, a crystal glass of amber bourbon resting loosely in her hand. She had traded her uniform for a dark silk robe. She took a slow, measured sip of the liquor, the ice clinking softly against the glass.

"Come here, little bird," Wolfram said. Her voice was barely above a whisper, slicing through the heavy midnight silence.

From the shadows near the base of the couch, there was a soft rustle.

Riley crawled forward on her hands and knees. The thick black leather collar around her throat creaked slightly with the movement. She stopped right at the toe of Wolfram’s boot, sitting back on her haunches. Her hands tucked submissively against her bare chest. She looked up, her blonde hair falling in messy waves around her face.

Even in the dim light, Wolfram could see the shine of fresh tears tracking down Riley's cheeks.

Wolfram reached down, setting her glass on the coffee table. She buried her fingers in Riley’s hair, her nails lightly scraping the scalp just behind the heavy collar. Riley let out a long, shuddering whine. Her body betrayed her instantly, leaning into the touch, her hips giving a subtle, involuntary wiggle on the rug.

"You're still crying," Wolfram murmured, her tone devoid of anger. It was soft, analytical, and terrifyingly calm. "I can feel your heart racing against my knee. You’re still fighting it in there, aren't you?"

Riley opened her mouth. Her human ego, bruised and bleeding out behind the glass walls of her own mind, threw all of its weight against her vocal cords. She wanted to scream. She wanted to beg for her life back.

"Whimper."

The high, pathetic animal sound vibrated in her throat. Her human mind wept, but her canine body pressed closer to Wolfram’s hand, desperate for the petting to continue.

"Shh," Wolfram soothed, her thumb tracing the line of Riley's jaw. "I know. I know it hurts. You're trapped in there, looking out through those pretty eyes, realizing what you've lost. You remember the pale blue dress. You remember signing our marriage certificate. You remember the exact moment you let me slip this collar around your neck."

Riley nodded frantically, letting out another broken, needy whine.

"You're waiting for the trick to end," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a dark, intimate register. She slid off the armchair, kneeling on the rug directly in front of the naked, trembling woman. She took Riley's face in both of her hands, forcing Riley to meet her gaze. "Listen to me very carefully, Riley," Wolfram whispered, her dark eyes entirely devoid of mercy. "It isn't going to end. There is no safe word. There is no trigger phrase that will snap you out of this trance. The neural pathways the doctor mapped into your brain are locked in concrete."

Riley's breath hitched. A fresh wave of tears spilled over her eyelashes, dropping onto Wolfram's thumbs.

"The annulment is filed," Wolfram continued, her voice as steady and cold as a surgeon's scalpel. "The state does not recognize your existence. Your bank accounts are closed. Your personal effects have been incinerated. And my new wife is sleeping in the next room, wearing the gold band that used to sit on your finger."

Riley let out a sharp, devastated bark, her hands pawing weakly at Wolfram's forearms. She was drowning.

"It cannot be undone," Wolfram said, her grip tightening just slightly on Riley's jaw, holding her perfectly still. "You are never going to stand on two legs again. You are never going to wear clothes. You are never going to speak a human word for as long as you live. You are a dog. You are Alexis's pet. You are my property. That is the absolute, permanent reality of your existence."

The finality of the words crashed over Riley like a physical weight. The last, desperate flicker of hope inside her human mind was extinguished. She slumped forward, her forehead dropping against Wolfram's shoulder, and let out a long, ragged, keening howl that she muffled against the dark silk of Wolfram's robe.

Wolfram wrapped her arms around the weeping animal, stroking her bare back in long, firm sweeps.

"I know," Wolfram hushed, rocking her slightly. "The grief is overwhelming. The cognitive dissonance of knowing you are a woman, but being completely physically bound to the instincts of a dog... it is a brilliant, agonizing friction. I asked the doctor to leave your ego intact so you could feel exactly how far you've fallen."

Riley panted against the silk, her pussy pulsing against the rug, leaking a steady stream of slick, humiliating arousal. Even as she mourned her own death, the praise and the physical contact from her owner flooded her brain with euphoric dopamine.

"But I am not entirely without mercy, little bird," Wolfram murmured, pressing a soft kiss to the crown of Riley's head.

Riley’s ears twitched. She pulled back just an inch, looking up at Wolfram with wide, wet, desperate eyes.

"Keeping your human mind trapped inside that animal body is exquisite for now," Wolfram explained, her fingers gently wiping the tears from Riley's cheeks. "It makes your obedience so much sweeter. But eventually... holding onto those memories will just be cruel. The burden of remembering your humanity will exhaust you."

Wolfram smiled—a slow, terrifying curve of her lips.

"So, in a year," Wolfram whispered, "maybe two... when Alexis and I have thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of watching my former wife fetch and beg... I will call the doctor back." Riley’s breathing stopped.

"I will have her put you back under," Wolfram promised, her voice a dark, soothing lullaby. "And I will have her open that glass door in your mind. We won't just suppress the speech centers next time. We will wipe the hard drive. I will have her erase the memory of your marriage. I will have her erase the memory of your sister. I will have her erase the name Riley Harper until it means absolutely nothing to you."

Riley stared at her, her chest heaving.

"I will take away the pain of remembering," Wolfram vowed softly, scratching Riley under the chin, right where the heavy leather collar met her throat. "I will systematically dissolve every single human thought you have left, until there is absolutely nothing remaining inside your skull except the overwhelming desire to please us. You will forget you were ever human. You will just... be a dog."

The promise of total erasure was the most terrifying thing Riley had ever heard. But underneath the terror, an insidious, dark warmth bloomed in her chest.

To not have to think anymore. To not have to feel the crushing weight of her own jealousy, her failures, her absolute degradation. To simply exist as a mindless, happy animal, completely free of the burden of being a person.

It wasn't just a threat. It was a salvation.

Riley leaned her weight forward, pressing her face firmly into the palm of Wolfram’s hand. She closed her eyes and let out a long, soft, deeply contented

sigh. Her tongue darted out, gently licking the inside of Wolfram's wrist in a pure display of canine gratitude. "There it is," Wolfram whispered, a dark, victorious gleam in her eyes as she stroked her pet's blonde hair. "You want it, don't you? You want me to take the rest of it away."

Riley gave a single, eager bark.

"Be a good little pet for my wife," Wolfram commanded softly, standing up and picking her bourbon back up from the coffee table. "Serve her well. Entertain us. And when you've finally earned it... I will put you to sleep for good."

Wolfram turned and walked silently back toward the bedroom, pushing the door open to join Alexis in the dark.

Left alone in the dim living room, Riley crawled back to her mat at the foot of the couch. She curled into a tight ball, resting her chin on her paws. For the first time since the collar had been buckled around her neck, her human mind stopped screaming. She closed her eyes, the heavy ache of her arousal settling into a warm, mindless hum, and waited patiently for her owners to wake up.

Chapter 43

The morning light filtering through the barred windows of the private quarters was crisp and pale, casting long, geometric shadows across the polished hardwood floor. The room was heavy with the rich, dark scent of freshly pressed espresso and toasted rye.

There was a profound, unhurried quiet to the morning—a deliberate stillness that amplified every small sound. The clink of a silver fork against fine china. The soft rustle of Alexis’s silk robe as she shifted in her chair. The low, rhythmic sound of panting from under the table. Alexis sat at the small dining table, one long, bare leg crossed over the other, the silk of her robe falling open to expose a flawless expanse of thigh. Her breakfast was an elegant spread: smoked salmon, soft-boiled eggs, sharp dill, and dark bread. She took a slow sip of her espresso, her eyes drifting downward.

Riley sat back on her haunches beside Alexis’s chair. Her blonde hair was brushed and neat, falling around the thick black leather of her collar. She stared up at Alexis’s plate, her chest heaving, a string of drool gathering at the corner of her lips.

Alexis picked up a delicate strip of smoked salmon. She dangled it over the edge of the table, holding it between her thumb and forefinger.

Riley’s ears perked up. She let out a soft, high-pitched whine.

"Gentle," Alexis commanded softly.

Riley leaned forward, her lips parting. She took the salmon from Alexis’s fingers with the utmost care, her teeth never scraping the skin, before swallowing it whole. She immediately resumed her sitting position, her eyes wide, begging for more.

Alexis wiped her fingertips on a linen napkin. She looked across the table at Wolfram, who sat perfectly composed in her pressed uniform, cutting her food with methodical precision. "She is adapting almost too well, Diana," Alexis noted, resting her chin on her hand as she stared down at the naked woman on the rug. "Look at her. The human part of her is horrified, I’m sure, but the animal part is perfectly content. She loves being my dog. It almost feels... too generous."

Wolfram paused, her knife resting lightly against the china. She looked at Alexis, her dark eyes reflecting a slow, calculating interest. "Generous. Explain."

"A dog is a companion," Alexis mused, trailing a manicured fingernail along the rim of her coffee cup. "People love dogs. They are loyal. They get treats, they get praised, they get petted. Even as a punishment, it comes with a certain amount of affection. I’m starting to wonder if the canine regression leaves her with too much dignity."

Down on the floor, Riley’s ears twitched. The human ego trapped behind the glass wall of her mind flared in sudden, icy terror. *Too much dignity?* Being naked on a rug, catching scraps of fish from her rival’s fingers, was the most profound degradation she could imagine. What else could there be?

Alexis tilted her head, a wicked, thoughtful gleam in her eyes. "Is the doctor’s hypnosis strictly limited to canines? I wonder... is it possible to make her something else? A pig, perhaps?"

The silence that followed was absolute. Riley stopped panting. Her heart slammed against her ribs.

Wolfram set her silverware down, steepling her fingers beneath her chin. She considered the question with the grave, terrifying seriousness of a scientist examining a new specimen. "A swine regression," Wolfram murmured, rolling the concept over in her mind. "The neural pathways are currently soft and highly malleable from her recent transition. Yes. It is entirely possible. We could have the doctor overwrite the canine programming and map her instincts to livestock."

Riley let out a sharp, devastated whimper. She nudged her wet nose desperately against Alexis’s calf, trying to remind her owner that she was a good dog. A perfect dog. Alexis ignored the touch, her eyes locked on Wolfram. "Think about the psychology of it, Diana. A dog begs to serve. A dog has a pack mentality. But a pig? A pig is just a glutton. It lives in the mud. It consumes its own filth. It exists solely to be fattened and discarded. If we turn her into a pig, we strip away the romance of submission. There would be no 'good girl.' Just livestock."

Wolfram smiled, a slow, dark curve of her lips that made Riley’s blood run cold. "The degradation would be absolute," Wolfram agreed. "The psychological weight of waking up and realizing her only drive is to crawl on her belly and eat from a trough would shatter whatever is left of her human pride. But," Wolfram cautioned, lifting one finger, "we must weigh the aesthetics and the utility against the psychological impact."

Alexis raised an eyebrow. "Meaning?"

"Meaning, you must consider what you are losing," Wolfram explained smoothly. She reached her boot under the table, dragging the leather toe lightly up the soft skin of Riley’s belly. Riley instantly rolled onto her back, exposing her throat and her breasts, a soft, submissive whine vibrating in her chest.

"A pig does not worship, Alexis," Wolfram said, gesturing to the pathetic display on the floor. "A pig does not care about the gold ring on your finger. A pig will not look at your body like you are a goddess. A pig only cares about the food in the trough. If we overwrite her canine mind, you lose this devotion. You lose the frantic, desperate way she licks you clean. A pig will not pleasure you, my love. It will only snort at your feet."

Alexis looked down. Riley was staring up at her, trembling violently, her hands tucked against her chest like paws. The scent of Riley’s sudden, terrified arousal was heavy in the air. The thought of being reduced to a mindless, filthy farm animal was so horrific to Riley’s human mind that it sent her body into a spiraling frenzy of heat.

Alexis studied her pet for a long, quiet moment. The heavy *Ma*—the pregnant, negative space in the room—stretched the tension until it felt as though the air itself might snap. "You’re right," Alexis finally conceded, a slow, arrogant smirk spreading across her face. "I would miss the worship. I enjoy having a creature that is completely obsessed with my body. A pig wouldn't understand how lucky it is to kneel between my legs."

Riley let out a massive, shuddering breath of relief. Her tailbone wagged against the hardwood floor.

"However," Alexis added, leaning down so her face was only inches from Riley’s. "It is an excellent contingency plan."

Alexis reached out, wrapping her fingers roughly into the hair at the back of Riley’s neck, forcing the blonde’s head back.

"Did you hear that, Riley?" Alexis whispered, her voice dripping with venom and absolute authority. "If you ever hesitate. If you ever fail to pleasure me perfectly. If you ever forget how incredibly lucky you are to be my dog... I will call the doctor back."

Riley whimpered, her eyes wide and glassy.

"We will erase the dog," Alexis promised, her thumb stroking the heavy leather of the collar. "We will turn you into a pig. We will strip you of your collar, put a trough in the corner of a dark cell, and you will spend the rest of your pathetic life snorting in the filth. Do you understand me?"

Riley let out a sharp, frantic bark. She scrambled up onto her knees, pressing her face into Alexis’s lap, her tongue darting out to lick the silk fabric of the robe covering Alexis's thighs. She was begging. She was promising to be the best, most devoted animal they had ever seen. Wolfram watched the display with deep satisfaction, picking up her coffee cup.

"She understands," Wolfram murmured, taking a sip. "She knows exactly what the alternative is now."

Alexis laughed—a bright, cruel sound—and tossed another small piece of smoked salmon onto the floor. Riley scrambled for it instantly, eating it directly off the hardwood, her human ego weeping with gratitude that she was still allowed to be a dog.

Chapter 44

The heavy, steel-reinforced door clicked shut behind Wolfram at exactly seven in the morning. She had a full day of administrative reviews and security audits ahead of her in the warden's wing.

The moment the lock engaged, Alexis set her delicate porcelain teacup down on the saucer. She sat at the small dining table, wearing a backless silk slip, bathed in the pale morning light. At her feet, Riley lay curled on the rug, her blonde tailbone tucked, breathing in the quiet, rhythmic pants of a sleeping dog.

Alexis stared down at the naked woman. The previous morning’s conversation echoed in her mind. *A pig is just a glutton. It exists solely to be fattened and discarded.* Wolfram had argued against it, claiming they would lose the worship, the meticulous, desperate pleasure a dog provided.

But Alexis wasn't used to being told no. And more importantly, she realized that modifying her new pet didn't require Wolfram’s permission. It only required a phone call.

Two hours later, the crisp, professional knock at the door signaled the arrival of the facility’s hypnotherapist.

Alexis opened the door, a picture of effortless, wealthy domesticity. "Doctor. Thank you for coming on such short notice."

"Of course, Mrs. Wolfram," the older woman replied, stepping inside and setting her black leather bag on the coffee table. She glanced down at Riley, who had

immediately crawled to attention, sitting back on her haunches and letting out a soft, eager whine. "I understand there’s been a request for a behavioral adjustment?"

"Yes," Alexis murmured, crossing her arms beneath her breasts. She lied with the seamless, terrifying ease of a born manipulator. "Diana and I were discussing the pet’s behavioral matrix over breakfast yesterday. We are incredibly pleased with the subservience, but Diana feels the canine programming is... a bit too dignified."

The doctor unlatched her bag. "Dignified? In what sense?"

"A dog is a companion," Alexis explained, circling Riley slowly like a predator evaluating a meal. "We want to push the degradation further. We’ve decided on a swine regression." Riley froze. Her panting stopped instantly. The human ego trapped behind the glass wall of her mind screamed in absolute, visceral terror. *No. They said it was just a contingency. They promised.* She tried to scramble backward, her bare heels pushing against the rug, but the collar weighed her down.

The doctor paused, a silver pendulum resting in her palm. "A full swine regression? Mrs. Wolfram, I must warn you, pigs lack the loyalty drive of a canine. They are driven almost entirely by gluttony and base comfort. You will lose the eager obedience."

"We don't want a full aesthetic regression," Alexis countered smoothly, stepping in to stand right above Riley. "Diana wants a subtle shift. We don't want her rolling in her own waste or ignoring us. We want to preserve the sexual utility. She still needs to be absolutely desperate to bury her face between our legs. But..."

Alexis’s eyes darkened, glittering with cruel vanity.

"But instead of a tongue, I want her to view her mouth and nose as a snout. I want her to root. I want her to push her face into us and *snort* us to orgasm, like a pig devouring a trough of truffles. And," Alexis added, letting her gaze drift over Riley’s slender, athletic frame, "she needs to eat. A lot. I want you to implant an insatiable appetite. Let’s soften her up. She shouldn't have the lean body of a fitness instructor anymore. She’s livestock. Make her want to gain weight."

The doctor nodded slowly, processing the parameters. "A hybrid matrix. The subservience of the dog, overwritten by the gluttonous, rooting instincts of a swine. Very well. I can map the arousal pathways directly to the snout."

"Perfect," Alexis purred. "Diana will be so surprised when she gets home. She loves my initiative."

The doctor knelt on the rug. She held up the heavy silver pendulum.

"Look at the silver, Riley," the doctor commanded, her voice dropping into that heavy, resonant, inescapable frequency.

Riley whimpered, squeezing her eyes shut, trying frantically to fight it. But the doctor simply reached out, gripping Riley’s chin firmly, forcing her head up. Alexis stepped up behind Riley, her manicured hands landing heavily on the blonde’s bare shoulders, holding her in place.

"Open your eyes, livestock," Alexis whispered harshly in her ear.

Riley’s eyelids fluttered open. The swinging silver caught the light. *Tick. Tick. Tick.* "That's it," the doctor crooned. "Drop down. The dog was a good pet, Riley, but you aren't a pet anymore. You don't get to be loyal. You don't get to be a good girl. Feel that eager, panting energy slowing down. Becoming heavy. Becoming thick and greedy."

Riley’s breathing deepened, growing ragged and wet.

"You are hungry," the doctor suggested, the words sinking like lead weights into Riley’s subconscious. "You are so incredibly hungry. The lean, athletic body you used to be so proud of feels wrong. You want to eat everything your owners give you. You want to be soft. You want to be heavy. A good, greedy sow, eating whatever is put in her trough."

Riley’s stomach gave a loud, hollow growl. Her mouth watered profusely, a thick string of saliva dripping from her lips onto the rug. Her human mind wept in pure agony, feeling the sudden, overwhelming urge to gorge herself, knowing she was being permanently

programmed to destroy her own body.

"And your mouth," the doctor continued, bringing the pendulum closer. "It isn't a human mouth. It isn't a muzzle. It is a snout. A flat, greedy snout. Your owners' bodies are your trough. When they spread their legs, you don't just lick. You root. You push your face deep into their wetness and you snort it up like a starving animal. The smell of their arousal drives your swine instincts feral. You will snort and root and push until they scream." Riley’s back arched. Her nose twitched, her nostrils flaring involuntarily. A low, guttural, vibrating noise rumbled deep in her chest. It wasn't a whine. It was a soft, wet snort. "Perfect," Alexis whispered, her hands squeezing Riley’s shoulders in triumph.

The doctor packed away her silver pendulum and snapped her fingers.

Riley jerked violently. She didn't sit back on her haunches this time. She dropped heavily onto her forearms, her belly pressing against the rug. She let out a series of wet, greedy snorts, pushing her nose aggressively against the toe of Alexis’s slipper, rooting against the silk.

The doctor stood up. "The matrix is established. Her appetite will be unmanageable without strict portion control, and her sexual responses will be highly aggressive, entirely focused on rooting."

"Thank you, Doctor," Alexis said, her eyes shining as she watched the naked woman snuffling at her feet. "I'll handle the feeding."

It was nearly eight o'clock when the heavy oak door finally unlocked.

Wolfram stepped into the quarters, her uniform jacket unbuttoned, her shoulders tense from a grueling twelve-hour day dealing with the upper brass. She tossed her heavy ring of keys onto the entryway table with a metallic clatter and sighed, rolling her neck.

"I'm home," Wolfram called out softly.

Alexis was lounging on the leather couch, wearing a fresh, emerald-green robe, sipping a glass of wine. She offered Wolfram a brilliant, secretive smile. "Long day, my love?" "Endless," Wolfram muttered. She didn't even make it to the couch.

From the shadows near the kitchen island, a shape moved.

It wasn't the frantic, scrambling scamper of a dog. It was a heavier, dragging sound. Riley crawled forward on her elbows and knees. Her stomach, already slightly distended from the massive bowl of heavy cream and oats Alexis had forced her to consume all afternoon, brushed against the hardwood.

Wolfram looked down, expecting the usual submissive whine and the begging paws.

Instead, Riley didn't stop at Wolfram's boots. She crawled straight between Wolfram's legs, letting out a loud, guttural, wet snort.

Wolfram barely had time to look confused before Riley lunged upward. Riley buried her face directly into Wolfram's crotch. She didn't pause to beg for permission. Her nose hit the thick seam of Wolfram's uniform pants with shocking, aggressive force.

"What the—" Wolfram gasped, stumbling backward until her back hit the solid wood of the front door.

Riley followed her, relentless. She pushed her face brutally into Wolfram's center, her nostrils flaring, inhaling the scent of Wolfram's long day with feral desperation. She rooted left and right, her nose and mouth grinding into the sensitive cluster of nerves hidden beneath the fabric. It was a blunt, heavy, incredibly intense friction.

"Snort. Snuffle. Oink."

The wet, pig-like sounds vibrating directly against Wolfram’s clit sent a massive, paralyzing shockwave of electricity straight up her spine.

"Riley, down!" Wolfram commanded, trying to push the blonde away.

But the swine programming was deaf to polite commands. Riley was starving for it. She rooted harder, pushing her face so deep into Wolfram’s groin that Wolfram’s hips were pinned against the door. Riley opened her mouth, catching the fabric in her teeth, hot breath and saliva soaking through the uniform pants instantly, while her nose continued to aggressively grind and snort against Wolfram’s core.

The friction was devastating. It wasn't the teasing, worshipping flicker of a dog's tongue. It was a greedy, all-consuming pressure that demanded immediate release.

Wolfram’s head threw back against the door. The tension of her brutal workday, combined with the sudden, shocking, animalistic assault between her legs, overloaded her nervous system completely. Her hands flew down, not to push Riley away, but tangling in the blonde hair, holding the rooting snout firmly against herself.

"Fuck!" Wolfram cried out, her eyes rolling shut.

Her uniform pants were soaked through. Riley snorted louder, rooting with desperate, frantic greed, her wet nose mashing directly against the swollen pearl of Wolfram's clit through the wet fabric.

Wolfram didn't stand a chance. Her knees buckled as a massive, violent orgasm detonated in her belly. She shuddered against the door, crying out in a mix of absolute shock and blinding pleasure, her thighs clamping tightly around Riley’s head. She rode the climax hard, gasping for breath, completely overpowered by the relentless, grunting creature feasting between her legs.

It took a full minute for the aftershocks to subside. Wolfram stood trembling against the door, her chest heaving, staring down in absolute disbelief.

Riley finally pulled back, dropping heavily onto her forearms. She licked her lips, letting out a satisfied, wet snort, and looked up at her owner with greedy, glassy eyes.

Wolfram stared at the naked, snorting woman on the floor. She looked up, her gaze snapping across the room to the couch.

Alexis was casually swirling the dark red wine in her glass, watching the entire display with a look of supreme, arrogant satisfaction.

"What did you do?!" Wolfram demanded, her voice shaking with residual adrenaline and disbelief.

Alexis took a slow sip of her wine, her gold wedding band flashing in the lamplight. She offered her wife a brilliant, wicked smile.

"Pigs are very intelligent creatures," Alexis replied.

Chapter 45

The transformation did not happen overnight, but under Alexis’s relentless, calculated care, it happened with terrifying speed.

As the days bled into weeks, the sleek, athletic body Riley had carefully maintained throughout her human life began to vanish. The hypnotic suggestion of an insatiable, gluttonous appetite overrode any shred of human vanity. Riley was always starving. Alexis took immense, sadistic pleasure in the feeding. She had a heavy, wide-bottomed ceramic bowl placed permanently in the corner of the living room. Multiple times a day, Alexis would fill it with dense, calorie-heavy slop—heavy cream mixed with thick oats, melted butter, mashed root vegetables, and sweet syrups.

Riley would drag herself across the floor the moment she heard the spoon hit the ceramic. She didn’t eat; she gorged. She pushed her face directly into the bowl, letting the cream coat her cheeks and chin, snorting and grunting with mindless, desperate greed as she inhaled every last drop. Her human ego would scream in absolute horror, weeping at the mess, terrified of the calories, but her swine mind was in paradise.

By the end of the first month, the results were undeniable.

Riley’s stomach had softened, swelling outward until it rested heavily against the plush rug whenever she crawled. Her waist thickened, the delicate curve of her hips buried under a new, permanent layer of soft, pale fat. Her thighs rubbed together, thick and heavy, and her breasts had grown overly full and doughy. She was becoming undeniably rotund. She was becoming pig-shaped.

And Alexis loved it.

"Look at you," Alexis cooed one lazy Sunday afternoon, lounging back on the leather couch. Alexis was wearing a sheer black robe, her long, flawless legs draped over the cushions. She held a small, silver tray of candied pecans. She dropped one onto the rug.

Riley, breathing heavily with the effort of carrying her new, thick weight, scrambled forward on her hands and knees. Her heavy belly dragged against the floor. She rooted aggressively at the carpet, her nose mashing against the fibers as she found the candied nut and snapped it up with a wet, greedy crunch.

"So round," Alexis praised, reaching down to slap the soft, heavy flesh of Riley’s flank. The sound echoed in the quiet room. Riley let out a loud, vibrating grunt of approval, leaning her thick weight into the stinging touch. "You look absolutely

ridiculous, Riley. You’ve completely ruined your body. You’re just a fat, greedy sow now, aren't you?"

Riley snorted, her nose twitching, a thick string of saliva hanging from her bottom lip. She nodded her head, pressing her face against Alexis’s ankle.

"Good," Alexis murmured, her eyes darkening with arousal. She shifted on the couch, parting her long legs and letting the sheer robe fall away to expose her slick, swollen center. "Come here. Show me how a fat pig earns her next meal."

Riley didn't hesitate. She dragged her heavy body upward, wedging herself between Alexis’s parted knees.

The mechanism of her service had completely changed since the hypnotherapist’s visit. Riley didn't use her tongue in teasing, worshipping strokes anymore. Her mouth and nose operated as a single, blunt instrument. She buried her face directly into Alexis’s crotch with aggressive, feral force.

"Snort. Squeal. Oink."

Riley rooted against Alexis’s clit, her nose mashing into the sensitive bundle of nerves while her teeth caught the fabric of the robe, pulling and grinding. The friction was broad, heavy, and completely undignified. She snorted Alexis’s arousal as if she were digging for truffles in the mud, her hot breath and wet snout sealing entirely over Alexis’s sex.

"Fuck," Alexis gasped, her manicured hands instantly tangling in Riley’s blonde hair to hold the heavy head in place.

The blunt, rooting pressure was devastatingly effective. It stripped away all romance, leaving only raw, animalistic friction. Alexis’s hips bucked upward, grinding against Riley’s face. Riley matched the rhythm, grunting loudly, her heavy breasts swaying against her thick stomach as she worked her owner over with single-minded gluttony.

"Root, you fat bitch," Alexis commanded, her voice cracking as the pleasure spiraled out of control. "Push into it. Yes!"

Riley pushed harder, her nose mashing aggressively, sealing her lips over Alexis’s folds and sucking with a loud, wet, slurping sound that echoed horribly in the quiet room. Her human mind wept at the sheer, disgusting sound of it, but her pig mind squealed in triumph. Alexis’s athletic body went rigid. Her toes curled, and a loud, breathless scream tore from her throat. The orgasm hit her with violent, shuddering force, her thighs clamping like a vise around Riley’s ears. She came incredibly hard, sobbing into the quiet room, completely undone by the fat, rooting animal between her legs.

As the aftershocks slowly subsided, Alexis slumped back against the couch, her chest heaving, covered in a light sweat.

Riley pulled back, dropping heavily onto her forearms. Her face was slick with Alexis’s climax, her chest heaving as she let out a series of satisfied, wet grunts. She looked up at her owner, her glassy eyes begging for her reward.

Alexis looked down at the soft, doughy, ruined woman on the floor. The girl who used to stare at her with quiet, jealous judgment was now a literal fat pig, completely subservient to Alexis's pleasure.

Alexis reached down to the silver tray. She grabbed a handful of candied pecans and tossed them carelessly onto the rug right in front of Riley's face.

"Good little piggy," Alexis whispered, her voice thick with absolute, victorious superiority as she watched Riley scramble to aggressively snort the candy off the floor. "Such a good, fat little piggy."

Chapter 46

The quarters were quiet, save for the wet, rhythmic, slurping sounds coming from the corner of the living room.

It was late evening. The lamps were turned down low, casting a warm, amber glow across the expensive leather furniture. Wolfram stood by the wet bar, a heavy crystal glass of scotch in her hand. She wore her dark uniform slacks and a crisp white undershirt, the sleeves rolled up to her elbows.

She wasn't looking at the amber liquid in her glass. She was looking at the corner of the room.

Riley was on her belly, her thick, doughy midsection pressed flat against the rug as she aggressively rooted around in her ceramic bowl. She was wearing only her heavy leather collar. The lean, athletic lines of the woman Wolfram had married were completely gone, buried under pale, soft, heavy layers of fat. Riley snorted loudly, her chin coated in a sticky mixture of sweet cream and mashed oats, completely consumed by her own gluttony. Wolfram’s brow furrowed. The cold, analytical calculation in her eyes slowly morphed into a look of distinct, unapologetic distaste.

"Well," Wolfram observed, her voice slicing cleanly through the quiet room. "If you wanted to create a turn-off, Alexis... you did."

On the couch, Alexis lowered her glossy magazine. She was draped in a crimson silk slip that clung flawlessly to her sculpted, model-thin frame. Her blonde hair was perfectly styled, and the gold wedding band on her finger caught the lamplight as she turned the page. "Oh, no," Alexis said, her voice dripping with mock alarm and a theatrically heavy sigh. "You mean you don't find our fat, snorting little piggy sexually appealing anymore? What a tragedy. I suppose that means I'll just have to have you all to myself."

Wolfram took a sip of her scotch, ignoring the blatant sarcasm. "I appreciate a broken ego, Alexis. I appreciate the friction of a woman forced to submit. But there is no friction left in her. She doesn't fight. She doesn't even beg properly. She just... consumes. She’s an eyesore. And frankly, the smell of her constant, rooting arousal is beginning to ruin the aesthetic of my quarters."

Riley’s ears twitched. She stopped eating, a thick glob of cream dropping from her chin onto the rug. Her human mind, still trapped and completely conscious behind the swine programming, absorbed the words like physical blows. *An eyesore. A turn-off.* The devastating realization that she had gotten so fat and repulsive that her own wife no longer wanted to use her hit her with a staggering, suffocating weight.

But true to her conditioning, the absolute, paralyzing humiliation of it bypassed her pride entirely. Her body reacted to the extreme degradation with a heavy, pulsing throb of deep, shameful arousal. She let out a pathetic, wet snort, her heavy thighs trembling. "I completely understand, my love," Alexis purred, setting her magazine aside. She reached over to the end table and casually picked up her tablet. "In fact, I anticipated this. A creature of her... *girth* and disposition isn't meant for an indoor luxury environment. I’ve already taken the liberty of making a few phone calls."

Wolfram arched an eyebrow, walking over to the couch. "Phone calls?"

"To some private agricultural contacts," Alexis said smoothly, tapping the screen of her tablet. She pulled up a short, meticulously researched list. "There are several commercial farms upstate that handle specialized livestock. They have the space, the mud, and the troughs to accommodate her appetite. They are willing to take her off our hands." Riley let out a sharp, terrified squeal. She dragged her heavy body around, her belly scraping the rug, and looked up at them with wide, wet eyes. *Farms. They were going to ship her to a literal farm.*

Wolfram sat down on the edge of the coffee table, resting her elbows on her knees as she stared at the rotund, trembling animal.

"We could keep her here," Wolfram mused, tilting her glass. "There is the agricultural annex in the prison yard. We have pens. It would keep her closer. We could visit her when we felt like throwing her a scrap."

"We could," Alexis conceded, waving a manicured hand dismissively. "But the inmates maintain that yard, Diana. They wouldn't understand her unique dietary needs. They might treat her like a human prisoner, or worse, try to talk to her. She needs specialized livestock care. She needs to be penned with other sows. It's the only humane thing to do for a pig of her size."

The gaslighting was masterful. Alexis was discussing Riley’s total exile from human society under the guise of animal welfare.

Wolfram swirled the ice in her glass. She reached out, her cool fingers finding the heavy D- ring of Riley’s collar. She gave it a short, firm jerk, dragging Riley a few inches across the rug until the blonde’s heavy breasts rested against the toe of Wolfram’s boot.

"Look at yourself, Riley," Wolfram said. Her tone wasn't angry. It was dripping with profound, disappointed pity.

Riley whimpered, tears spilling hot and fast down her chubby cheeks. She tried to sit up, to tuck her hands against her chest to beg like the dog she used to be, but her stomach was too heavy. She could only rest on her forearms, snorting wetly, her face a sticky mess of cream and tears.

"I'm sorry it's come to this," Wolfram murmured, her thumb stroking the leather of the collar. "But you have to understand... you chose this. You invited Alexis here because you wanted to play a vicious game. And when you were put in a collar, you didn't try to hold onto your dignity. You completely surrendered to your own gluttony."

Riley shook her head frantically, her snout rooting against the leather of Wolfram’s boot, begging her to understand it was the hypnosis, not her choice.

"Alexis has been nothing but kind and accepting of you," Wolfram continued, driving the psychological knife as deep as it would go. "She fed you. She let you serve her. She gave you a warm corner of our home. And you rewarded her kindness by becoming an obese, mindless farm animal. You made yourself completely unlovable."

The sheer, monumental injustice of the words shattered the last fragile remnants of Riley’s human ego. She was being blamed for the hypnosis, blamed for the weight Alexis had force- fed her, and praised Alexis for being her torturer. The humiliation was so absolute, so entirely inescapable, that Riley’s swine conditioning short-circuited.

Her pussy clenched violently. A hot, heavy rush of slick arousal flooded between her thick thighs. She couldn't help it. The idea of being deemed too disgusting to live indoors, of being legally shipped off to a commercial farm to live in the mud with literal animals, was the most profoundly degrading fate imaginable. She was incredibly, overwhelmingly turned on by her own disposal.

Riley let out a loud, breathless squeal, her heavy hips bucking involuntarily against the rug as a small, humiliating orgasm fluttered through her nervous system. She snorted, her tongue lolling out, completely helpless to her own ruined instincts.

Wolfram watched the pathetic, shivering display of arousal. She pulled her hand back from the collar, standing up in one fluid motion. The disgust in her eyes was

now absolute and final.

"You see?" Wolfram said to Alexis, finishing her scotch and setting the empty glass down with a heavy, decisive *thud*. "She's practically rutting on the carpet just hearing about it. There is no humanity left in there to salvage."

Wolfram turned to Alexis, her expression hardening into absolute authority.

"Make the arrangements in the morning," Wolfram ordered. "Send her to the farm." Alexis smiled—a radiant, terrifyingly beautiful expression of total victory. She reached out, wrapping her arms around Wolfram’s waist, and pressed a kiss to her wife’s stomach. "Of course, my love," Alexis purred, her eyes flicking over Wolfram’s shoulder to the fat, weeping, snorting pig on the floor. "I’ll make sure she’s on a transport truck by noon."

Chapter 47

The master bedroom was bathed in the cool, silver light of the moon bleeding through the heavy blinds. It was past midnight.

At the foot of the massive California king bed, Riley lay on a thin, coarse mat. A heavy chain connected the D-ring of her collar to the solid iron bedpost, limiting her movement to a mere three-foot radius. She was sequestered to the floor, her heavy, doughy belly spilling over her thighs as she curled into a tight, shivering ball. The sticky residue of the sweet cream still clung to her chin and neck. She smelled of slop and sweat. She was completely, utterly discarded.

Above her, the bed was a theater of perfection.

Wolfram lay back against the dark pillows, the silk sheets pooling around her waist. She was entirely bare from the waist up, her dark eyes tracking the movement of her new wife. Alexis crawled slowly up from the end of the mattress. She was wearing a breathtakingly intricate piece of black lace lingerie that clung flawlessly to her sculpted, athletic frame. Her blonde hair fell in soft, perfect waves over her shoulders. She moved with the predatory grace of a panther, her muscles shifting seamlessly beneath her glowing skin.

Every time Alexis moved, the gold wedding band on her left hand flashed in the moonlight. Alexis stopped when she was hovering over Wolfram’s hips. She looked down, her

expression a potent, intoxicating mix of absolute devotion and staggering vanity. "I know you're disappointed, Diana," Alexis murmured, her voice a low, melodic purr that drifted down to the floor, intentionally loud enough for the pig at the foot of the bed to hear. "It’s always frustrating when a plaything breaks. When an experiment fails. You put so much effort into her, only for her to ruin herself with her own disgusting gluttony." Wolfram’s hands came up, resting lightly on Alexis’s toned hips. "She stopped being a toy the moment she became an

eyesore, my love."

Alexis smiled, a wicked, triumphant curve of her painted lips. She leaned down, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to the smooth skin of Wolfram’s stomach.

"I won't let you miss her," Alexis promised, her breath ghosting over Wolfram's flesh. "I will make it up to you, Diana. Every single day. You don't need a fat, snorting pig rooting in the mud when you have a goddess in your bed."

Down on the mat, Riley let out a wet, devastated whimper. She clamped her hands over her ears, desperate to block out the sound of the woman she hated most in the world perfectly executing the role Riley had failed at. But the chain rattled, and her heavy arms were too thick to properly muffle the noise. The sounds of the bed shifting above her were crystal clear.

Alexis slid lower, her hands expertly mapping the contours of Wolfram’s body. She was an athlete; her stamina, her flexibility, and her intense, competitive focus were all channeled entirely into worshipping her owner.

"I will give you everything she couldn't," Alexis whispered, her lips trailing soft, biting kisses down Wolfram’s thighs. "She was too soft to take your authority. She just melted into a puddle on the floor. But I can take it. I want it. I am your perfect wife, and I can be your perfect pet. Anything you want. I will be all of it."

Alexis parted Wolfram’s legs, settling herself between them.

Unlike the blunt, feral, undignified rooting of the swine on the floor, Alexis’s technique was a masterclass in meticulous, deliberate devotion. She used her mouth with surgical precision. Her tongue flicked out, capturing Wolfram’s slick heat with long, agonizingly slow strokes. Wolfram’s breath hitched, her fingers instantly tangling in Alexis’s blonde hair. "Yes," Wolfram commanded softly, her voice thick with immediate arousal. "Right there, Alexis."

Alexis didn't just obey; she anticipated. She used her lips, her tongue, and the soft suction of her mouth to pull every ounce of tension out of Wolfram’s demanding body. She was entirely focused, entirely submitted, yet completely in control of the pleasure she was administering. Between strokes, Alexis lifted her head, her lips shining with Wolfram's wetness. "Tell me I'm better than her," Alexis begged, her eyes dark, pleading for the validation her massive ego demanded. "Tell me I'm the best thing you've ever owned."

"You are flawless," Wolfram gasped, her hips bucking up against Alexis’s mouth. "You are infinitely better. She was nothing compared to you."

The words hit the floor like an anvil.

Riley’s heavy body shuddered violently on the mat. The psychological friction was eviscerating. Her human mind was being torn to shreds by the reality of her replacement. Alexis was beautiful, she was skilled, and she was effortlessly

keeping Wolfram on the razor's edge of ecstasy. Riley could never compete with that. She had never been able to compete with Alexis.

A hot, heavy slick of arousal flooded between Riley’s thick thighs. She hated herself for it, but her swine conditioning thrived on the absolute, crushing degradation. Being forced to listen to her high school rival expertly pleasure her wife—knowing she was being shipped off to a farm tomorrow because she was too fat and ugly to stay in the house—sent her straight into a feral heat.

Riley began to pant heavily, a low, guttural snort vibrating in her chest. She rubbed her wet, doughy thighs together, trying to find some friction against the coarse mat, her nose twitching wildly as the scent of the two women above her filled the room.

Up on the bed, Alexis heard the wet snorting from the floor. It only fueled her performance. Alexis picked up the pace, her hands sliding up to cup Wolfram’s breasts while her mouth worked with relentless, devastating rhythm. She moaned against Wolfram’s core,

communicating her own intense pleasure at being allowed to serve. She used two fingers, sliding them deeply into Wolfram to stretch and fill her, mimicking the commanding authority Wolfram usually wielded.

Wolfram’s composure began to shatter. She writhed against the dark pillows, completely overpowered by the sheer skill and manicured perfection of the woman between her legs. "Alexis... fuck..." Wolfram cried out, her back arching off the mattress.

"I'm yours," Alexis chanted fiercely, picking up the tempo, her thumb pressing down hard on Wolfram's clit. "I'm yours, Diana. Let me ruin you. Give it to me."

Wolfram didn't have a choice. The climax ripped through her with terrifying force. She screamed into the quiet of the midnight room, her entire body locking up as violent, blinding waves of pleasure crashed over her. Her hands gripped Alexis’s shoulders, her nails digging into the flawless skin as she rode the orgasm out, shaking uncontrollably against the silk sheets.

Alexis stayed right where she was, swallowing her wife's climax, riding out the tremors with her, a smug, deeply satisfied smile playing on her lips against Wolfram’s skin.

It took several long minutes for the heavy, panting silence to return to the room. Wolfram lay exhausted against the pillows, her chest heaving. Alexis slowly crawled up the length of the bed, her black lace lingerie barely disturbed, looking like a victorious queen returning to her throne. She curled herself into Wolfram’s side, resting her head on Wolfram’s chest.

Wolfram wrapped an arm tightly around her new wife, pressing a kiss to the top of her blonde hair.

"You are extraordinary," Wolfram whispered, her voice rough with exhaustion and absolute satisfaction.

"I told you," Alexis murmured, tracing a slow circle over Wolfram’s heart. "You only need me."

Wolfram turned her head, looking over the edge of the mattress.

Down in the shadows, Riley was a pathetic, quivering mass. Her heavy stomach heaved with ragged breaths. She was slick with sweat and her own ignored arousal, completely ruined by the auditory display she had just been forced to endure. She looked up at the bed, letting out a soft, wet, despairing squeal.

Wolfram stared at the pig for a long, quiet moment, her eyes completely devoid of the warmth she had just shown Alexis.

"Get some sleep, livestock," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a tone of cold, detached finality. "The transport truck will be here at noon."

Chapter 48

The morning of the transfer was entirely devoid of ceremony.

Alexis sat at the dining table, bathed in the soft morning sunlight, sipping a matcha latte. She was wearing a crisp, white silk blouse and tailored beige trousers, the absolute picture of refined elegance. She swiped a perfectly manicured finger across her tablet, a cruel, radiant smile illuminating her face.

Wolfram stood near the door, adjusting the silver cuffs of her uniform.

"I have to admit, Diana," Alexis purred, not looking up from the screen. "I outdid myself. I didn't just find *a* farm for my beloved former classmate. I found the absolute best industrial facility in the state. Blackwood Agricultural."

Down on the rug, Riley shifted her heavy bulk. Her thick thighs rubbed together, her doughy belly spilling over her knees. The sticky remnants of her morning slop coated her chin. She let out a soft, nervous snort, her glassy eyes darting between her two owners.

"Industrial?" Wolfram asked, checking her watch. "I assumed you meant a private pasture." "A pasture? God, no. Pastures are for prized horses," Alexis laughed, a bright, musical sound that sent a spike of pure terror through Riley’s trapped human mind. "She’s a fat, gluttonous pig. She needs efficiency. Blackwood specializes in deep-pen livestock management. Concrete, mud, and mechanized troughs. They focus entirely on rapid weight gain and extreme docility."

Alexis set the tablet down and looked at Riley, her eyes flashing with malicious delight. "Did you hear that, piggy?" Alexis cooed. "You’re going to a real commercial farm. No more silk carpets. No more climate control. Just you, the mud, and the trough."

A heavy, echoing knock rattled the front door.

"That will be the transport," Wolfram said. She opened the door to reveal two massive, imposing men in heavy canvas coveralls and steel-toed boots. They smelled faintly of rust, diesel, and ammonia.

"Wolfram residence?" the larger of the two grunted, holding a heavy metal clipboard. "We’re here for the livestock pickup."

"She’s right there," Alexis said, waving her hand casually toward the corner of the room. The two farmhands stepped into the luxurious apartment, their heavy boots tracking dirt onto the pristine rug. They looked down at the fat, naked, shivering woman on the floor. Neither of them looked surprised; they looked entirely bored.

"Alright, sow. Up," the man grunted.

Riley hesitated, her human ego screaming in absolute, paralyzing humiliation. *These men were going to drag her out of her home.* But before she could react, the farmhand pulled a heavy leather lead from his belt, snapping the metal carabiner directly onto the D-ring of her collar. He gave it a brutal, unapologetic yank.

Riley let out a sharp, panicked squeal, her heavy body lurching forward. She scrambled onto her hands and knees, her thick stomach dragging across the floor as the farmhand hauled her toward the door.

"Goodbye, Riley," Alexis called out, picking up her matcha latte. "Try to enjoy the mud." The door slammed shut, severing Riley’s last tie to human civilization.

The journey was a masterclass in degradation. She was led out through a discreet loading dock at the back of the penitentiary and forced up a steep metal ramp into the back of a commercial livestock trailer. The moment she was inside, the farmhand unclipped her lead and slammed the heavy steel door shut, plunging her into darkness.

The trailer smelled horrific—a suffocating blend of old manure, urine, and rusted metal. The floor was made of heavy steel grating that instantly dug into her bare knees and palms. As the truck roared to life, the vibrations shook her to her core. The ride was rough and careless. Every time the truck hit a bump, Riley’s heavy, doughy body was thrown against the cold metal walls. Her thick breasts slapped against her stomach, her thighs bruised against the grating. There were no seatbelts. There was no dignity. She was cargo. She spent the entire three-hour

journey bouncing in the dark, weeping and snorting, her human mind completely shattering under the weight of her reality.

When the truck finally ground to a halt, the pneumatic brakes hissed loudly. The heavy steel doors swung open, blinding her with harsh, industrial halogen lights.

"Move it, sow!" a voice barked.

A cattle prod sparked with a loud, terrifying *CRACK* just inches from her face. Riley squealed, her swine instincts taking over completely. She scrambled forward on her hands and knees, tumbling down the metal ramp and landing face-first in a thick, wet layer of cold mud.

She opened her eyes, gasping for breath. The facility was massive. A cavernous, concrete- walled warehouse stretched out before her, filled with rows upon rows of sunken pens. The noise was deafening—the mechanical hum of heavy machinery, the clanking of metal gates, and the loud, wet, echoing grunts of dozens of other heavy, regressed women trapped in the mud.

"Pen 4B," the farmhand yelled over the noise, kicking Riley squarely in her fat flank. "Get in there."

Riley crawled through the thick, freezing mud, her bare skin immediately coated in filth. She was shoved through a heavy iron gate, which clanged shut behind her, the heavy deadbolt sliding into place with a sickening finality.

Her new home was a ten-by-ten concrete square. The floor was covered in six inches of wet slop. In the corner sat a massive, automated metal trough. There was no bed. There was no blanket.

Riley collapsed into the mud, the cold seeping into her bones. She began to sob, her tears cutting tracks through the filth on her face. She was completely ruined. Alexis had won. "New arrival in 4B," a voice boomed from the walkway above the pen.

Riley looked up through her tears. A man in a white lab coat was standing on the metal catwalk, holding a clipboard, looking down at her doughy, shivering form.

"Looks soft," the man noted clinically. "Her previous owners requested the rapid weight-gain and docility track. Lock her into the feeding rack and activate the somatic stimulator." Riley didn't understand the words, but a sudden, loud mechanical whirring sound echoed in her pen.

The heavy metal trough in the corner suddenly slid forward on hydraulic tracks. Riley scrambled backward, but the pen was too small. The metal apparatus cornered her, forcing her heavy body to remain on all fours. A thick, padded metal yoke descended from the ceiling, clamping firmly down over the back of her neck, locking her head perfectly in place over the trough.

She let out a panicked squeal, thrashing her heavy hips, but she was completely immobilized. Then, a panel in the floor beneath her hindquarters slid open.

Riley gasped as a thick, heavy mechanical apparatus rose from the mud. It was a massive, blunt, rubber-coated piston, molded perfectly to mimic the aggressive, heavy rooting she had been conditioned to crave. The machine positioned itself directly against her swollen, dripping sex.

Thump. Grind. Thump.

The machine activated. It didn't tease. It didn't worship. It brutally, relentlessly mashed against her clit with heavy, mechanical perfection.

"Squeeeeeeeal!" Riley shrieked, her spine arching violently against the heavy metal yoke holding her neck.

Simultaneously, a thick pipe above the trough opened, dumping a massive, calorie-dense slurry of sweet cream and cornmeal directly in front of her trapped face.

The sensory overload was immediate and absolute. The heavy, relentless grinding between her legs triggered a massive, violent orgasm within seconds. Her thighs clamped down on the cold machinery, her heavy body shuddering uncontrollably in the mud. And because her human mind was paralyzed by the blinding pleasure, her swine conditioning took the wheel. She opened her mouth, plunging her snout into the trough, snorting and gorging on the thick slop while the machine brutally hammered her to her second climax.

Up on the catwalk, the man made a checkmark on his clipboard.

"Docility sequence engaged," he muttered to the farmhand. "Keep the machine running on a continuous loop. We’ll have her up to three hundred pounds by the end of the season." Locked in the yoke, covered in mud, gorging on slop, and cumming violently against a soulless piece of farm equipment, the last remaining sliver of Riley Harper’s human mind finally, permanently snapped. She didn't weep anymore. She just ate, and snorted, and squealed, completely surrendered to her new life as a commercial pig.

Chapter 49

The private quarters were immaculately clean. The faint, lingering odor of sweet cream and mud had been entirely scrubbed from the hardwood floors by a terrified inmate detail earlier that afternoon. The heavy silence of the room was a stark contrast to the constant, grating sounds of the pig that had occupied it for the last month.

Wolfram sat at her polished mahogany desk, reviewing a stack of facility transfer manifests. She looked pristine in her dark uniform, but there was a subtle, restless tension in her shoulders. The psychological friction she thrived on was

missing. Her quarters were beautiful, and her wife was perfect, but a predator always missed the hunt.

The heavy oak door to the bedroom clicked open.

"You're tense, Diana," Alexis noted smoothly, stepping out into the ambient light of the living area.

Alexis was wearing a floor-length, sheer white silk robe, left entirely unfastened. It billowed slightly as she walked, completely exposing her flawless, athletic body. But she wasn't alone. Trailing just half a step behind her, her head bowed in absolute terror, was Kylie Harper. Riley’s older sister had been stripped of her rough orange jumpsuit. She wore only the standard-issue white cotton panties, her petite upper body entirely bare. Her blonde hair fell in messy, unpinned waves around her shoulders. She was shivering violently, her hands clasped in front of her stomach, the permanent barcode tattoo stark and black just above her hip bone. The prison had already taken its toll on her—she looked pale, exhausted, and desperately eager to avoid punishment.

Wolfram leaned back in her heavy leather chair, her dark eyes sweeping over the new arrival. She set her gold pen down on the desk with a soft *click*.

"Alexis," Wolfram murmured, her tone a dangerous, calculating purr. "What is this?" "I wanted to cheer you up," Alexis said with a brilliant, predatory smile. She reached back, grabbing Kylie by a fistful of her blonde hair, and dragged the older Harper sister forward until they were standing in the center of the plush rug. "The room felt a little empty without a toy for you to break. So, I had the guards bring her up from the cell."

Wolfram stared at Kylie, who was trembling so hard her bare shoulders shook.

"You don't want her to join her sister, do you?" Wolfram observed, a faint, testing arch in her eyebrow.

Alexis let out a breathy, musical laugh. She released Kylie’s hair, letting her hand trail down the terrified girl's spine. "Of course not! I would never suggest such a thing... again. The pig is exactly where she belongs. But let's see what *she* wants."

Alexis stepped in front of Kylie. The height difference was distinct. Alexis towered over her, radiating the impenetrable, arrogant vanity of a goddess looking down at a mortal. "On your knees, inmate," Alexis commanded.

Kylie didn't hesitate. The harsh discipline of the cell block had already conditioned her to obey authority instantly. She dropped to her knees on the plush rug, her breath hitching as she looked up at the towering, naked blonde.

Alexis took half a step forward, closing the distance completely. She reached out, placing both of her manicured hands firmly on Kylie’s bare shoulders, holding the

petite girl perfectly in place. Then, Alexis pressed her hips forward, forcing her bare chest directly into Kylie's face.

Kylie gasped, her eyes going wide as the soft, heavy weight of Alexis's breasts pressed against her cheeks.

"You want to stay out of that cell, don't you, Kylie?" Alexis whispered, her voice dropping into a dark, seductive hum. "You want to prove you're useful. Open your mouth. Suck my nipples."

Kylie’s entire body went rigid. Her human pride flared for a fraction of a second, but it was instantly crushed by the terrifying reality of her situation. She knew what happened to her sister. She knew Wolfram and Alexis held absolute power over her life. Slowly, her lips parted.

With trembling hesitation, Kylie leaned her face forward. Her tongue darted out, dragging tentatively across the hardened peak of Alexis's left breast.

Alexis let out a sharp, breathless gasp. Her hands clamped down harder on Kylie's bare shoulders, her manicured nails biting slightly into the soft skin.

"Harder," Alexis demanded, her vanity instantly inflamed by the submission. "Take it in your mouth. Suck it like you're starving."

Kylie obeyed. She closed her lips around the nipple, drawing it deep into her mouth, applying a firm, desperate suction. The contrast between Riley’s mindless, rooting gluttony and Kylie’s terrified, desperate need to please was staggering. Kylie was hyper-focused, her hands coming up to tentatively rest on Alexis’s waist to steady herself as she worked. Alexis’s head fell back, her eyes fluttering shut. She rolled her hips forward, pressing herself deeper into Kylie's mouth.

"Oh, fuck," Alexis moaned, a genuine shudder of pleasure rippling through her athletic frame. She rode the sensation for a long moment, completely intoxicated by the feeling of the older Harper sister worshipping her body.

In between waves of heavy, building pleasure, Alexis opened her eyes and looked across the room at Wolfram.

"I think she really likes this," Alexis breathed, her voice thick with arrogance as she held Kylie firmly in place by her bare shoulders. "Maybe this can be her focus."

Wolfram watched the display with deep, analytical satisfaction. She stood up from her desk, her boots silent on the hardwood, and walked slowly over to the center of the room. She looked down at Kylie, who was sucking obediently on Alexis’s breast, her eyes squeezed shut in a mix of shame and desperate compliance.

"It is fitting," Wolfram mused, reaching out to trace the delicate line of Kylie's jaw with a single, gloved finger. "Before your sister offered herself up as a sacrifice, I had very specific plans for you, Kylie."

Kylie whimpered softly around Alexis's nipple, her eyes snapping open to look up at the warden.

"You came here for a simple clerical job, but I saw exactly what you were," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a hypnotic, devastatingly calm cadence. "A fifty-seven-year sentence, an identification barcode, and a profound need for structure." Wolfram trailed her finger down Kylie's throat, feeling the rapid, panicked swallow. "My original plan was to use that energy to make you helpful. I intended for you to give me my morning showers, serve my meals, provide my orgasms whenever I wanted them, and brush my hair at night."

Wolfram's gaze darkened, remembering the exact parameters of the trap she had set. "I planned to keep your desperate, needy little body exactly as it was—always on edge, always ready, always mine to use." "And in return, I would decide when or if you were ever allowed to come."

Alexis pulled back just an inch, her breast slipping from Kylie's wet lips with a soft *pop*. Kylie kept her head bowed, her chest heaving, a string of saliva connecting her chin to Alexis’s skin.

"But Riley delayed that," Wolfram murmured. "She threw herself on the altar to protect you. And in the end, she was a failure as a human, and she became a failure as an animal. But you..."

Wolfram looked at Alexis, a dark, brilliant spark of inspiration in her eyes. "You don't need to be hypnotized, do you, Kylie? You understand exactly what is happening. You are doing this because you want to survive. And survival is a remarkably potent motivator."

"She is highly responsive, Diana," Alexis noted, running her hands possessively down Kylie's bare arms. "She doesn't have Riley’s pathetic jealousy. She just wants to be told she's good. We could make her a permanent fixture."

"A concubine," Wolfram corrected softly. "An indentured toy. Kept entirely conscious, entirely aware of her own submission, but elevated above the filth of the prison." Alexis smiled, the brilliant, flawless expression of a woman who knew exactly how to secure her wife’s happiness.

"I completely agree," Alexis purred. She looked down at Kylie, her eyes dripping with condescending benevolence. "If she proves she can be a good girl... if she learns to worship both of us exactly the way we demand... I am more than willing to share. She can shower with us. She can scrub our backs. She can sleep in our bed—at the foot of the mattress, naturally, to keep our feet warm. A living,

breathing accessory to our marriage." The psychological weight of the offer crashed down on Kylie.

She wasn't being sent to the mud. She wasn't being turned into a pig like her younger sister. Alexis, the woman who had effortlessly destroyed Riley's life, was offering her a place in the silk sheets. It was a terrifying, suffocating trap—a golden cage built on the absolute ruin of her own dignity. She would be a pet, a toy to be passed between the two most dangerous women in the world, forced to thank them for the privilege of avoiding Riley's fate. And the most horrifying part of all was the sudden, heavy pulse of wetness between her thighs. Kylie realized, with a wave of mind-shattering shame, that she was profoundly grateful for it.

"Look at her eyes, Diana," Alexis whispered, noting the flush of deep, terrified arousal spreading across Kylie’s chest. "She wants it. She’s begging for it."

Wolfram smiled, a slow, predatory curve of her lips. She reached down, tangling her fingers in Kylie’s blonde hair, and tilted the girl’s face up to meet her gaze.

"Well, Kylie," Wolfram murmured softly. "My wife has made you a very generous offer. I suggest you open your mouth and show her exactly how much you appreciate it."

Chapter 50

The heavy steel door of the quarters clicked shut, sealing Wolfram out as she left for her morning security briefings in the warden's wing.

Inside, the suite was bathed in soft, late-morning sunlight. Alexis lounged on the plush leather sofa, wearing a sheer, pearl-colored silk robe that hung loosely off her athletic shoulders. She was sipping a cup of dark roast coffee, flipping casually through a glossy magazine. She looked entirely at peace, the undisputed queen of her domain.

In the corner, kneeling perfectly still on the hardwood floor, was Kylie.

The older Harper sister was completely bare, her blonde hair falling in messy, unpinned waves over her shoulders. Her hands were clasped behind her back. The black barcode tattooed above her hip bone stood out starkly against her pale skin. She was trembling slightly. Wolfram had kept her awake half the night, forcing her to watch from the foot of the bed while Alexis was worshipped and pleasured. Kylie’s body was a taut, agonizing wire of unfulfilled arousal.

Alexis turned a page of her magazine, the silence in the room stretching out comfortably. "You're shaking, Kylie," Alexis noted, not looking up.

Kylie swallowed hard, her voice a fragile whisper. "Yes, Mrs. Wolfram."

Alexis closed the magazine and set it on the glass coffee table. She leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees, and looked at the blonde woman on

the floor. Her expression softened, molding perfectly into a mask of benevolent, sisterly concern.

"Come here," Alexis said gently.

Kylie hesitated for a fraction of a second, her conditioning warring with the unexpected kindness in Alexis's tone. She crawled forward on her hands and knees until she was directly in front of the sofa.

"Diana is so hard on you," Alexis murmured, reaching out to brush a stray blonde curl behind Kylie's ear. "I see it, you know. The constant edging. Making you watch. Denying you for days on end. It's a heavy burden for a fifty-seven-year sentence."

Kylie’s breath hitched. She squeezed her eyes shut, fighting the immediate, humiliating sting of tears. Hearing her pain validated out loud, especially by the woman who had taken her sister's place, was completely disarming.

"I actually spoke to Diana about it this morning, before you woke up," Alexis continued, her voice dropping into a conspiratorial whisper. "I told her that you’ve been trying so hard. That you accepted your place as an amenity without fighting us. And I told her that if she pushes you too far without a release, you’re going to break in a way that isn't useful to either of us." Kylie’s eyes snapped open. She looked up at Alexis, her chest heaving, a desperate, pathetic flare of hope igniting in her chest.

"She agreed with me," Alexis lied, her face a picture of flawless sincerity. "She said that if you took perfect care of me this morning, you were allowed to have a reward. A full release." The words hit Kylie like a physical jolt. *A release.* Her thighs pressed together involuntarily. Her clit throbbed with a heavy, agonizing pulse. She hadn't been allowed to come since the horrific, mind-shattering display in Voss's lap days ago.

"But you have to earn it first," Alexis said, leaning back into the sofa cushions. She parted her long, toned legs, the silk robe falling open to expose the smooth skin of her thighs. "There is a jar of heated massage oil on the vanity. Fetch it, and work the tension out of my legs. If you do a flawless job, you can have what you're begging for."

Kylie scrambled to her feet. She moved with frantic, desperate obedience, rushing to the bathroom and returning with the heavy glass jar of expensive oil. She dropped back to her knees at Alexis's feet, her hands shaking as she poured the warm, fragrant liquid into her palms.

For the next forty-five minutes, Kylie worked with single-minded devotion.

She rubbed the warm oil into Alexis's calves, her thighs, and her feet. She used her thumbs to knead the muscles of the former athlete, desperate to prove her

worth. Every time her hands brushed high on Alexis’s inner thighs, getting perilously close to Alexis's slick center, Kylie’s own body tightened. She was panting softly, her own arousal dripping steadily onto the hardwood floor beneath her knees. The psychological torture of servicing the woman who had destroyed her family, combined with the promise of a permitted orgasm, was driving her entirely out of her mind.

Alexis watched the pathetic display with cold, calculating amusement hidden safely behind a serene smile. She glanced at the gold watch on her wrist. She had texted Wolfram twenty minutes ago, claiming she had found a discrepancy in the facility logs that required her immediate attention. Wolfram would be walking through the door any second.

"That's perfect, Kylie," Alexis breathed, her voice thick with feigned satisfaction. She reached down and traced the barcode on Kylie's hip. "You’ve been such a good girl. You’ve earned it."

Kylie froze, her oil-slicked hands resting on Alexis's knees. She looked up, her eyes wide, glassy, and wild with need.

"Go ahead," Alexis whispered, a dark, encouraging smile on her lips. "Diana said you could. Touch yourself, Kylie. Take your reward."

Kylie’s human ego—the part of her that knew this woman was a monster—screamed at her to hesitate. But the primal, animalistic desperation Wolfram had cultivated in her completely overrode her logic. Her body was starving. She had been explicitly given permission by the Warden's wife.

With a ragged, broken sob, Kylie pulled her hands away from Alexis and immediately shoved her slick fingers between her own thighs.

She let out a loud, breathless moan as her fingers found her swollen clit. She rubbed herself frantically, her head falling back, her blonde hair spilling over her shoulders. She was completely lost to it, pumping her fingers against her wet folds with zero restraint, her hips bucking upward as the massive, overwhelming wave of an impending climax rushed up her spine.

She was seconds away from the edge.

Clack.

The heavy deadbolt on the quarters' door disengaged.

Kylie was too far gone to hear it. But Alexis’s entire demeanor shifted in a microsecond. The indulgent, encouraging smile vanished, instantly replaced by a mask of absolute, unadulterated horror.

Wolfram stepped into the room, her uniform crisp, her dark eyes scanning the suite. She stopped dead in her tracks.

In the center of the room, her fifty-seven-year inmate was on her knees, loudly and aggressively masturbating on the expensive hardwood, lost in the throes of unauthorized pleasure.

"Kylie, stop! What are you doing?!" Alexis suddenly shrieked, scrambling backward on the sofa, pulling her silk robe tightly around herself as if she had just been assaulted. Kylie’s eyes snapped open. The climax hit her at the exact same moment the reality of the room crashed down on her. Her body went completely rigid. She cried out, her back arching, her pussy clenching violently around her fingers as she came—but the pleasure instantly turned to blinding, suffocating ash.

Wolfram’s face was a mask of cold, lethal fury.

"Diana!" Alexis gasped, looking up at her wife with wide, terrified eyes. "I don't know what happened! I was just telling her that I was going to *ask* you if she could have a reward later tonight, and she just... she lost her mind! She started touching herself right in front of me!" Kylie shook violently, her orgasm still rippling through her trembling thighs, but her blood ran ice cold.

"No," Kylie choked out, pulling her hands away from herself, staring at her own slick fingers in absolute horror. "No, please... she said—Officer Wolfram, she told me—"

"Silence," Wolfram commanded. The word didn't echo; it simply sucked all the oxygen out of the room.

Wolfram walked slowly toward the center of the room. She didn't look angry. She looked profoundly, completely disgusted. She looked down at Kylie, who was weeping openly now, curled into a pathetic, shivering ball on the floor.

"I warned you about your impulses during your very first assessment," Wolfram said, her voice dropping into a terrifyingly clinical register. "I saw how deeply you lacked self-control. How easily you surrendered to your own pathetic need for release. I thought I could train it out of you. I thought I could utilize it."

"Diana, please," Kylie sobbed, pressing her forehead to the hardwood, begging for her life. "She told me you gave permission! I swear to God, she set me up!"

Alexis let out a wounded, offended gasp from the sofa. "How dare you! Diana, I would *never* authorize a release without your explicit command. You know I respect your authority too much for that."

Wolfram didn't even look at Alexis. Her dark eyes remained pinned on the weeping blonde on the floor.

"A useful amenity requires absolute, unquestioning discipline," Wolfram said, her tone utterly detached. "It requires a creature that can hold its hunger until it is told to eat. But you... you are nothing but a slave to your own friction. You heard

a sliver of hope, real or imagined, and you instantly abandoned your training to gratify yourself like an animal."

Wolfram crouched down, her polished boot resting an inch from Kylie's trembling hand. "You are fundamentally defective, Kylie," Wolfram whispered. "You cannot be trusted in my quarters. You cannot be trusted around my wife."

"No, no, no," Kylie wept, hyperventilating as the walls of her golden cage dissolved into the grim, terrifying reality of the concrete prison she was about to be banished to. "Please, I'll be good, I'll never do it again—"

Wolfram stood up, smoothing the front of her uniform jacket.

"Voss!" Wolfram barked toward the open door of the suite.

Officer Voss appeared in the doorway seconds later, her face completely neutral. "Ma'am?" "Take the inmate," Wolfram ordered, not looking at Kylie again. "Process her back down to the maximum-security sub-levels. She is permanently restricted from the administrative wing. Strip her amenity status. Put her in solitary, and throw away the key."

Voss nodded. She stepped forward, grabbing Kylie roughly by the arm and hauling the sobbing, naked woman to her feet.

"Please!" Kylie screamed, fighting against Voss's grip, looking desperately at the sofa. "Alexis, tell her! Tell her the truth!"

Alexis simply looked away, shaking her head with a look of profound, tragic pity. Voss dragged the screaming, weeping girl out of the quarters. The heavy steel door slammed shut behind them, the locks engaging with a heavy, final *clack*.

Silence descended on the room.

Wolfram stood in the center of the suite, her jaw tight, staring at the spot on the floor where Kylie had just ruined her own life.

Alexis let out a long, shaky breath. She stood up from the sofa, the silk robe pooling around her ankles. She walked softly over to Wolfram and wrapped her arms around her wife's waist from behind, pressing a gentle kiss between Wolfram's shoulder blades.

"I'm so sorry, my love," Alexis murmured, her voice dripping with flawless, devoted sympathy. "You put so much work into her. It’s a tragedy that she was too weak to appreciate it."

Wolfram closed her eyes, letting out a slow breath as she leaned back into Alexis's embrace. "She was always a failure," Wolfram said quietly. "Just like her sister."

Hidden from her wife's view, pressed against Wolfram's back, a slow, radiant, and utterly wicked smile spread across Alexis's flawless face. The last Harper was gone. The kingdom was entirely hers.