

"Ignorance of the law is not a defense, Miss Sheen," the judge reminded me from her raised seat behind the bench.

"I understand, your honor," I replied, doing my best to sound regretful, long bunny ears drooping dramatically.

"While the ingredients in that cough medicine may be fully legal in your home dimension, here they are a controlled substance." Judge Banner shook her gavel at me, making her bobcat cheekruffs and the tall, white wig atop her head both waggle around.

The wig really jiggled a lot, and I carefully made sure I didn't smirk at the sight of it. Earth 8878 is very similar to where I hail from, aside from around fifty more years of scientific, magical, and cultural advancement... and some fun anachronistic stuff. Stuff like judges wearing powdered wigs, new Fjord Model P's coming out every year, and practically [i]all[/i] superhero comic books being damsel in distress stories ranging from cheesecake to hardcore porn.

I bowed my head to the judge, which also helped me avoid looking at her wiggly fashion accessory. "I'm sorry, your honor. I've learned more about how habit forming it can be, and I swear I'll be much more careful from now on." That last part was true, at least; repeat offenders get [i]way[/i] less leniency!

Judge Banner sighed. "Eyes up." I quickly looked back at her, and was glad to see her expression had softened. "In light of your ignorance, and this being your first visit to our world, [i]and[/i] in the spirit of interdimensional cooperation, I hereby sentence you to community service. The bailiff will lead you to a room where you can select how to help enrich the city."

I smiled at her. "Thank you very much, your honor!" I was genuinely grateful, because there had always been a miniscule chance that things would have gone poorly. If she'd decided to really throw the book at me, then I would have needed to contact the dimensional consulate to get someone to officially request my release, and that could have been days of me just bored in a jail cell. Not much of a vacation that way.

Community service, on the other hand? [i]That[/i] was the whole reason I had brought along cough syrup in the first place!

Judge Banner pointed the gavel at me. "This better be the only time I see your face in this courtroom, Miss Sheen."

I drew a quick X across my rabbity heart. "You won't see hide nor hare."

The judge paused, peering down at me. "Did you know I can hold you in contempt of court for corny word play?"

My eyes widened. "No?" I really didn't. Was contempt of court a serious charge? Had I stupidly tempted the fates and gotten myself a real prison sentence in a foreign universe?! Or, what if it meant I'd need to do [i]more[/i] community service?

Judge Banner leaned forward and watched me closely as various emotions surely poured over my face, and then she smirked, leaned back in her seat, and shook her head. "Well, you didn't know because I can't."

I blinked. Oh.

The judge waved the back of one hand at me in a shooing motion. "Now get going." She looked past my shoulder. "Bailiff?"

"Your honor." The bailiff replied behind me. The armadillo was the only other person in the tiny courtroom, which wasn't big enough to hold a jury trial. The small room and total privacy suddenly made some more sense when the judge disappeared, her digital projection cut off. The legal system is really expedient on 8878; my arrest had progressed from dimensionport security to local jail cell to judgment all in less than two hours. The judge was probably off to review another petty crime case somewhere else in the country.

"Right in there, Miss Sheen," the bailiff said, with a voice that sounded like his throat was at least 75% gravel. He turned and headed toward a side door with a placard on it that read Sentencing Room.

"Yes, sir," I said, following him there.

The bailiff stopped beside the door, not touching the knob. He took a deep breath and then began reciting some memorized lines in a dry monotone. "You have privacy in the sentencing room to make your own decisions without any form of coercion. When you enter, the computer will prompt you for a retinal scan, then it will present you with the results of your trial. If the information on the screen is correct, press the confirm button. If there are any errors, please press the service button and someone will assist you. Note that abusing the service feature--for example, because you don't agree with the judge--can result in punitive repercussions. Do you understand?"

I nodded. "I do."

"Then please head on inside," the bailiff said, now opening the door for me. I smiled and nodded at him again, passing through the doorway, and he closed it quietly behind me.

This room was even smaller than the last, with practically nothing except beige walls, the door behind me, and another across the way. The rest of the space was mostly taken up by a pedestal in the center of the room with a computer tablet embedded into it at a 45 degree angle. I walked up to the tablet, presented my eye as instructed, tapped to confirm that I was alone and uncoerced, and reviewed my trial details. Everything looked correct, though the police photo of a honey-hued bunny didn't catch my good side. I double-checked before clicking accept, agreeing to my punishment of community service.

I scrolled past a few options, already well aware of what I was looking for. After almost a minute of skimming, the good stuff finally showed up. Earth 8878 is more open-minded about sex than my dumb home world, and the city of San Cristiano has a thriving BDSM district. San Cristiano also makes a significant amount of income off of tourism, some of which comes from visits to said district. Ergo, one of the options on the screen before me was to volunteer for the local tourism center on Candle Street, right at the entrance to Knot District.

There was only one last important choice for me to make, and I already knew which option I was going to pick...

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"So, tell me if I've got this right." Beth crossed her arms over her chest, head tilted slightly to the side, the snow leopard's lips momentarily pursed before she continued. "You went on vacation, brought some contraband here, and got 300 hours of community service."

"Right," I said, knowing she was about to say more.

She did. "But, you can't keep visiting our world on weekends, and you only have so many vacation days, so you chose [i]this[/i] tourism center because we're one of the only ones that has the option for 'high intensity' service, so your 300 hours get done in only 75?"

I nodded. "Right."

"And you read all the conditions for high intensity service, right?" Beth leaned forward. "All the [i]legally binding[/i] rules and regulations?"

"I..." I carefully considered my answer before finishing it. "I definitely pressed the button that said I read all of that and agreed." That was technically true, though I may have started to skim somewhere in the middle of the document. After all, Oreos had told me everything she'd learned from when she'd done the same thing, so I was all set.

Beth tapped at her desk quietly with a claw tip. "I gotta know: did you have any idea what 'Knot District' meant before you signed up?"

"I, uh, might have had an inkling?" I chuckled nervously, shuffling my feet, caught off guard by having someone rub my nose in what I'd done. Even if someone had figured it out, I hadn't expected them to point it out so obviously!

Beth smiled widely and clapped her hands together once. "Excellent!" She hopped up from her office chair fast enough to leave it spinning one and a half times in her wake. "You start now." She gestured at my touristy jean shorts and sleeveless shirt. "Strip naked."

"[i]Naked?[/i]" Caught off guard, I went straight for a pretty dumb argument. I looked around, gesturing vaguely at Beth's messy desk. "Right here?" I asked, voiced a bit higher pitched than I intended. "In your office?" It was a pretty mediocre office, bordering on cramped, with barely room for more than a desk and some chairs on both sides. It reminded me of the store manager's office at the fast food place I worked at when I was sixteen.

Beth shrugged. "Yup."

I swallowed, looking at the blinds covering the small window, thinking about the pillories set up right outside of the tourism office that I'd walked by minutes earlier. "But, the sun's still out. Aren't there rules against-"

Beth waved her hand at me. "Right, no, I'm not going to drag you outside naked right now during the daytime. That would be indecent exposure, even in Knot District!"

I let out a whoosh of air, some of the sudden heat on my cheeks starting to fade. Phew.

Beth patted me on the shoulder. "No, [i]instead[/i] I'll keep you all trussed up, enough that you're not legally considered naked, until the sun sets." She took a gentle yet unyielding grip of the underside of my snout. "In the meantime, we can work on making you regret your criminal ways." She added a chipper smile at the end.

"Re..." I gulped again, cheeks slightly squished by her grip. It was harder to swallow this time. "Regret?"

"Oh, yeah." Beth let go of my face to hold both of my shoulders, hands tight enough to keep me in place. She grinned at me. "See, the last cutie who purposely got herself sent here was this total bondage slut of a skunk? She was at least smart enough to only do 'expedited' community service. Sure, it took her almost 13 days worth of 12 hour shifts, but she got through it." Beth shook my shoulders gently. "But, [i]you?[/i] You went with 'high intensity.' And if I had to guess, you have no idea what that [i]really[/i] means for you."

My mouth hung partially open. Oreos had recommended this little "vacation" to me based on the premise that she'd already gone through it all first, so she knew it was safe for me! Instead, [i]I[/i] was the guinea pig, finding out everything about high intensity community service the hard way... With that in mind, I suddenly gave up on pretending I knew more than I did. I shook my head and asked, "I don't, so, maybe I should change over to that expedited plan, instead? I'll make it work with my schedule. Do I need to call the courthouse, or-"

Beth put a hand right over my lips, her palm holding my mouth shut. "Nuh uh. Too late to change." She kept that hand there, while the other went up to rub behind one of my ears. She leaned in closer to stage whisper, "Your ass is [i]mine[/i] for now." She let that sink in for a good few seconds before releasing my face with a parting pat on the cheek. "Now, be a good girl and strip down."

I didn't obey. I was too flustered to even move for a couple of seconds, after suddenly having a dominant-yet-cute snow leopard's hands all over my face! While telling me I was all hers now with no way out? And then her ordering me to be a "good girl" and get naked for her?! Was it any wonder I was reeling? I cleared my throat, regaining a whole two percent of my composure, give or take. "What happens if I don't?" I asked, more of a tremble in my voice than I expected to hear.

Beth raised one eyebrow. "Testing me already, are you?" She put her hands on her hips and stood tall, so she could look down on me. "You wanna know what happens, huh? You disobey, I take a note of it, and sometime later you'll find out how bad it is for you." She smiled. "Them's the breaks for high intensity 'volunteers'. Now, [i]get naked[/i]."

The foreboding reply was finally enough to get me moving. "Am I, um, going to be naked in public at night?" I asked, using the question as a distraction from how slow I was at pulling my shirt off over my head, revealing an off-white bra.

Beth took the shirt from me, watching closely as I stripped for her. "With me in charge, you won't be spending much time [i]totally[/i] naked, I can tell you that." She pointed at me and waggled her finger around. "Faster."

The implications of her words sunk in, and I swayed my hips a bit more than necessary as I unbuttoned my denim shorts and wiggled out of them, exposing my white panties. I didn't notice my own squirmy

reaction until I saw Beth's smile twist into a smirk. I searched for a totally innocent question, to derail the lewd train before it could get to the next stop. "Uh, so, my hotel room is-"

"You won't need it." Beth finished folding my shirt up and then made grabby hands for me to pass my shorts over to her.

I paused instead. "I won't?"

"Nope." Beth gestured faster, and I obeyed, tossing my shorts to her with my foot. She folded them up, too. "Might as well see if you can cancel the next week of your stay, get a partial refund. I'll set you up with some free room and board while you're serving."

"All my [i]meals[/i], too?" I tilted my head. Oreos hadn't mentioned any of this, either. "Why would the city pay to feed..."

I trailed off, because Beth had raised a hand, holding up her index and middle fingers. "Two," she said.

"Two meals a day?"

Beth grinned. "Two demerits for not obeying quickly enough. How many more do you want to earn?"

I quickly reached behind me to start unhooking my bra!

"That's better," Beth said. "At high intensity you don't get guaranteed breaks, so you'll get a biotab each day."

I covered my chest with one arm, took a deep breath to steady myself, and handed Beth my bra. It suddenly hit me why she was so "helpfully" folding them for me: the act of giving up my clothes directly to her added extra helplessness to the situation. I had no idea when she'd give them back, either. I put a thumb into the waistband of my panties and bent, working them down. "I, uh, heard of those. Meal replacement pills, basically?"

"Helps with metabolism efficiency, too," Beth said. "A hefty pill, water, and one shake per day and you're all set on food. Plus, starting tomorrow morning, you won't need to use the restroom, either."

My first reaction: wow, how convenient. My second reaction: wow, she won't have to let me out of bondage to use the bathroom... I bit my lower lip as I bent over all the way, pulling my panties down to my ankles and stepping out of them. I sighed and licked my lips, made myself breathe more evenly, and stood up. As I did, my arms started to go back to cover myself up again.

Beth didn't give me a chance to get any privacy, quickly ordering me to, "Toss 'em over, spread your legs, and cross your wrists behind your back."

I shivered. I had honestly expected this whole thing to be a lot more laid back. Like, I'd walk around wearing fuzzy handcuffs in front of me while wearing a sign around my neck, something like that. Oreos had called it "pretty tame," but wouldn't give me any specifics, leaving it all as a surprise.

Yeah, I was definitely feeling pretty dang surprised! I hesitated a couple of seconds, steeling myself. I was spurred to action as Beth started to open her mouth. "Okay," I blurted, quickly tossing my panties

to her as I spread my ankles out to shoulder width. It took one more deep breath before I could force myself to put my arms behind my back.

Beth didn't say a word. She lightly placed my panties on top of my pile of folded clothes without looking at what she was doing, her eyes squarely on me, wandering over my chest, between my legs, down to my toes, then back up to my face. I blushed and hoped she couldn't see it along my inner ears, biting gently on the inside of my bottom lip. My nipples were so stiff that I wanted to touch them, both to cover and soothe them, and the warmth building between my legs called out to me, making sure I couldn't fully ignore it.

When Beth finally spoke, it sounded like a positive review to me. "You're going to do just fine." Then, before I could reply, she asked, "Have you ever tried a vacbed before?" while walking toward the office door.

Even with how blunt she was being about everything, the implications of that question still managed to rock me on my heels. "Technically, yes?" There was nothing technical about it, except that it was only one time. Until today, apparently!

"And are you good on your bio needs for a while?" Beth asked, stepping out of the room. The instant she was out of sight I zipped closer to one wall of the office, to hide from the open door. Beth called out from the other room, clarifying. "Food, water, toilet?"

I (strongly) considered taking advantage of that question to delay the inevitable, but what was the use? I was already naked, turned on, and legally under the control of someone who had figured me out... "Yeah, I'm probably good for a couple hours."

"Good answer!" Beth really did sound pleased with me. "Keep up that behavior and maybe you can work off one of your demerits."

"That's a thing?" I asked.

"That's a thing." Beth rustled something around, then said, "Okay, come on out here. Don't worry, I closed the blinds."

I peeked around the corner, the top half of my head poking into Beth's view. She was alone in the back room of the small tourism center, standing next to a contraption made of metal and rubber, which I slowly approached. It looked like a folding cot, the type usually made out of rugged fabric, with a metal frame resting on six legs that ended with wheels for feet. The rubber suspended across the top of the frame was sky blue, and a loose flap of it was hanging on the side, clearly meant to zip over across the person who laid down on it.

Beth had snuck closer while I was looking over the high-tech vac-thing, and I twitched in place as she suddenly presented a tiny, smooth object to my lips. She locked eyes with me. "Open," she said, with the tone of voice most people reserved for a dog that wouldn't let go of a fetched stick to be thrown again.

I swallowed, my eyes dancing back and forth between hers, then parted my lips, unsure if she was going to take advantage of the situation, or-

She merely pressed the pill just between my lips, only the very tip of her thumb pressing a millimeter or two into my mouth. She kept it there, though, her eyes still on mine. "Swallow," she ordered, in that same playfully condescending voice.

Flushed, I carefully kept my tongue away from her thumb as I used it to pull the pill into position. It was super smooth and not as big as I thought it would be, so I had no trouble gulping it down without water. The biotab. All I'd need was a shake later and I could skip lunch and dinner for the day, and I couldn't help thinking about how easy it would be to feed a helpless bunny a shake through a feeder gag...

Beth smiled. "Good girl!" Her hand moved up to stroke between my ears.

I held as still as I could, resisting the urge to show how much her teasing was working on me. Even so, a small, embarrassed, heated noise snuck out of my throat. That definitely didn't discourage her.

Beth pointed at the rubber. "Lie down," she commanded, still speaking with a hint of condescending kindness, like she was dealing with a poorly trained pet. Which, to be fair, she kinda sort of was. Feeling like I was totally losing control of the situation, I almost held things up with another bratty interruption of some kind. Beth must have seen it coming because she snapped her fingers and pointed at the rubber again, narrowing her eyes.

I sighed and walked closer. "Okay," I murmured, the word my only act of defiance, since a real pet couldn't speak and a well-trained "pet" would know better. I turned around and sat, my heart pitter-pattering, my ears suddenly going straight up as I felt the way the remarkably smooth, cozy rubber dimpled underneath my butt. I wiggled my hips, eyes closed to focus on the sensations of sleek strokes across my rump, and I swung my legs over and dropped onto my back basically on autopilot. I gasped quietly as the surface bowed almost like a hammock, my body not quite sinking in but something close to it; getting back up was already going to require a lot more effort than lying down, and Beth wasn't nearly done with me!

Oh, right, Beth! I'd been so wrapped up in admiring the "cot" that I'd reacted to things like she wasn't even there.

She definitely was. "Open wide," she said, leaning partially over me.

My lips automatically parted the slightest bit at those words, and that was enough. "Ahmmph?!" Rubber just as smooth as the material supporting me--but much thicker--suddenly spread my lips, a cock gag forcing my teeth wider and pressing up against my tongue. My eyes opened to partial darkness which became total blackness an instant later, a hood being drawn over my head. I squeaked and instinctively started to sit up and reach for the hood.

"Nuh uh!" Beth gave the back of my hand a quick little swat before she returned to the task of cinching up the neck of the hood, which made the whole thing gently conform to the shape of my head in ways I'd never felt before. She tapped the base of the cock gag and said, "This is your breathing tube, Miss 'I Have Three Demerits Now' Sheen. Lie flat, and no touchies."

"Mmmph!" I complained, emphasizing it with a loud huff out through the breathing tube. I had a very good supply of air, though each breath came with the lingering scent of surprisingly mild rubber. My tongue wiggled against the same, not-so-strong flavor; was it a different type of material than we used on my world, or just higher quality than I'd ever tried? I'd figure that out later. For now, I did as I was

told, lying flat with my arms at my sides and legs together, my imagination working overtime on picturing what I must look like from above. I hoped I wasn't visibly wet! Jeez, good thing I was going to be covered while out in public...

Two more warring thoughts hit me: one, I wouldn't be here right now if I didn't secretly want to have my public play boundaries pushed a little. And, two, it was about to happen. She was preparing me [i]right now[/i] for some sort of public display! I let out a tiny moan, fingers curling up.

"And, there we go," Beth said, not sounding like she noticed my reaction. She patted me on the tip of my rubber covered nose before pulling her hands away.

I expected to feel the flop of a cool sheet of latex atop me soon, followed by the sound of a zipper closing, and then a vacuum running. I was only right about step one, and had no idea at all that the loose layer of latex would practically come to life, sealing to itself and silently drawing tight across my body. I arched my back, arms twisting against the shockingly resistant rubber. "Hnnh?!"

"Feel free to squirm," Beth said. "It's already far too late for you."

Shivering at the finality of those words, I did exactly what she said, not that I needed anyone's direction to start squirming with the feeling of taut rubber practically slithering across my body. It wasn't just on my front, either; the "hammock" supporting me was also undulating, adding slick strokes along my back and butt to the already intense caresses across my thighs, belly, chest, and face. The way the rubber moved, it felt like it was spreading outward and drawing my arms and legs with it...

Wait... It really [i]was[/i] doing that! I resisted as best I could, which wasn't nearly good enough, particularly when my spread thighs helped to invite a much more intimate nestling of rubber directly against my nether lips. I gasped and arched, wholly invested in how my growing wetness felt pressed against tight latex. I only realized a few moments later that my arms were being coaxed to spread out overhead. That didn't make sense, though, because the vacbed wasn't wide enough for me to put my arms out straight, so how had they gotten there? Plus, my legs were also spread, and all without feeling like my feet were anywhere near the edges of the vacuum seal.

Then the whole contraption moved, taking me with it, the wheels unlocking so that Beth could easily push it along the floor. "Better not adjust it any wider until you're out the front door."

That was it! The frame could somehow expand and collapse, and when it was expanded the suction dragged limbs along with it. That made some sense to me, at least, even though I didn't know that much about Earth 8878's fanciest technology, its most powerful magic, or its most ingenious magitech combinations. I probably should have looked into that more before I'd decided to break the law in an alternate dimension. Thank you, Oreos, for the suggestion that I'd have more fun if I went in "flying blind." I was definitely doing that now!

Beth wheeled me along, paused, and then I could hear the sound of traffic and distant conversation. I was moved again, and judging by her footsteps I guessed Beth had just pushed the front door open with her butt and was pulling me out backward. Out. [i]Outside.[/i]

My tongue pushed against the gag and I breathed faster. Trying to visualize Beth's actions didn't do much to distract me from the reality: I was naked in public underneath a thin layer of latex! Naked,

gagged, bound, and soon to be spread out wider, with no discussion of how to get me out of this if there was an emergency, or-

"And [i]there's[/i] the heart rate spike," Beth said quietly as she moved the vacbed some more. "There's a biomonitor built into that, feeding metrics to me all the time. The second I think you need it, or the second the biomon thinks you need it, you get safely lowered to the ground and the vacsheet shrinks down into a cozy little suit."

I nodded, her words dispelling almost all of the panicky feelings, leaving behind mostly just the sexual anxiety of helplessness.

"But I'm a pretty stern taskmistress, and the biomon is even [i]more[/i] of one, so don't expect that to be an easy way out..."

A [i]lot[/i] of sexual anxiety. I was basting in it, its roaring heat making me hyperaware of every last inch of my body that rubber was touching. I tensed at the sound of high-heeled footsteps passing nearby, my arms flexing against the vacbed. My breasts were [i]right[/i] there, on display, perfectly cupped by the tightly molded rubber, nipples poking out for all the world to enjoy ogling! Had the passerby looked? They had gone by without stopping to watch. Was this somehow [i]normal[/i] for Knot District? My directions here had gone through just a tiny bit of Candle Street, so before meeting Beth I'd only seen an adult toy shop, a night club closed until the evening, and then the pillories outside the tourism center. I would have taken an hour to walk around first and see how naughty this place could get, but... flying blind.

I gasped as the vacbed suddenly tightened, doing that distractingly pleasant [i]ripple[/i] dance across my chest, belly, and thighs, then moving out past my elbows and knees. It gripped and spread, drawing my arms and legs wider, taking only a handful of seconds to force me into a new position. The massaging sensations over my form slowed to a crawl and stopped, leaving me stretched comfortably wide, forming what felt like a very symmetrical X shape, suspended with nothing except rubber touching me anywhere. Even my fingers were splayed out, trapped apart.

"Comfy cozy, Miss Sheen?" Beth asked.

"Mmph," I replied, not even trying to say a word. My heart raced, my open thighs making me feel even [i]more[/i] exposed to the world. I could barely draw them an inch closer, hiding nothing. My toes worked, too, futilely trying to splay, my fingers attempting the opposite... only to get tired and be forced back into position. I panted and shivered, then whined softly as I realized that not only was Beth seeing every last little reaction, but I could have another person or two or three watching me, any number of which probably knew how this was making me feel!

I heard a soft beeping noise, and then Beth casually said, "Have fun," before walking away.

"[i]Mmph![/i]" Where was she going?! A biomonitor wasn't enough to keep watch over me! I mean, yeah, I was pretty sure the whole "an audience is already watching me" thing was in my head, but someone could show up at any moment! And while I was sure I was just eye candy, something to get the tourists interested in coming back when the place really came alive at night, anything could-

Fingertips gently gripped my right nipple and held on. I sucked in a sharp breath, arched my back slightly, and froze completely still like that, the heat on my face redoubling.

"The Bakery," the toucher said in a soft, neutral voice overhead. "Established in 1971 as a purveyor of fi-"

The tender pinch was released. The strange words stopped. I hung there, heartbeat thudding in my ears. The moment dragged on and I had to start breathing again, my body starting to unwind. Had Beth faked walking away and this was her? Or, was this a stranger that had snuck up while Beth was setting me up and had pounced the moment I was ready for my public debut?

The hand returned, a fingertip pressed to the center of my belly, firmly enough that I sucked my middle in with a half-tickled twitch. That didn't dislodge the contact.

"Candle Theater," that pleasant voice said, "Located at the beating heart of Knot District..."

It kept speaking for a while, but I didn't listen. It wasn't the touching person who was speaking to me. Heck, the voice wasn't even talking to [i]me[/i].

My theory was confirmed when the person moved their hand--interrupting the words again--and drew it slowly down the center of my belly. I flinched in more semi-ticklishness and heard the words, "Candle Street," announced overhead. I squirmed lightly in nervous anticipation, pretty sure of where their hand was going. I didn't resist, holding very still again as they touched me on my perfectly rubber-outlined pussy, a fingertip nestled against my clitty hood.

"You are here," the voice said.

Yes, yes I was. I was here, as an interactive tourism center map. So much for just being eye candy! I groaned.

The person overhead giggled a feminine giggle and pulled their hand away.

"What'd you find, babe?" A much more masculine voice asked, someone jogging over. "Oh, shit."

"Try there," my original visitor suggested.

Rather than just fingertips, a whole big, warm palm cupped my right inner thigh, close to my crotch.

"Banquet Avenue," the voice helpfully said. In the meantime, more footsteps were approaching.

The second person laughed, squeezed, then pulled his hand away. "Do you think she-"

"[i]It's[/i] just a sign," the first person quickly interrupted. "We might as well actually learn a little from it, right?"

A new touch, high up on my ribs, near my left armpit. I fidgeted, a thrilling chill going through me, the nearest nipple aching to be touched like the right one had been.

"The Spreader Bar. Widely considered the most famous, or infamous-"

The voice continued while the second visitor spoke over it. "What an original name."

The touch lifted. "Hush," the feminine voice insisted. Then the fingers found that place again, but this time they dug in a little, dull claw tips further dulled by more rubber were still enough to make me gasp and wiggle in place uselessly at the seemingly purposeful little tickle.

"The Spreader Bar. Widely considered the most famous, or infamous, BDSM club in the world, the Spreader Bar uses a The Safe, Bakery Sane, Established and in Consensual 1971 psy as field a to..."

Words all jumbled together, along with the soft, short sound of an "error" buzzer, like a much quieter and shorter version of the noise an elevator makes when the door is held open too long. I hardly paid attention to that noise or the words, because I had just found out what happens when two places get touched at the same time, thanks to two strong fingers pinching my right nipple hard enough to make me twitch.

Both points of contact vibrated, humming up against me quietly, droning along with the two simultaneous automated messages. The combined noise wasn't nearly loud enough to drown out the laughter of the more masculine voice overhead; my softly arched back, my quiet moan, and my nipple vibrating between finger and thumb probably all encouraged the laughter.

"Hey!" the first said, who sounded almost as amused as the other one. "I'm trying to learn here." Despite that, the now-humming touch to my side didn't pull away.

There was no reply from the other, their eyes squarely on me, I was sure of it. The longer they maintained contact, the harder the vibrations started to get. One of the two tourist descriptions stopped and yet they didn't pull their hands away, and I whined ever so softly, fidgeting in place while trying not to move so much that I encouraged the one hand to tickle or the other to pinch tighter, not sure if I wanted them to let go or keep touching longer.

My attempts to stay still were dashed when two index fingers suddenly traced along the outer edges of my ears from the centers to the tips. The contact not only transmitted [i]very[/i] well through the thin rubber, it also caused the material to vibrate wherever it touched. I moaned, loud enough that I surprised even myself, back arching as if someone had just passionately bit down on my ear rather than merely caressed it. I couldn't help it, not with all of my nerves feeling like they were turned up to 11!

The map announced the name of two streets simultaneously. I doubt anyone was listening.

All the hands pulled away at almost the same time and I sagged, panting through the breathing tube, toes wiggling as if I [i]needed[/i] to bleed off some of this helpless, aroused energy and it was the only way I could do it without attracting more attention to myself.

How wrong [i]that[/i] was.

"Hey! First visit to Knot District?" someone new asked, from over my head. The sneak attack ear destroyer. My ears still tingled in the aftermath of that simple little caress.

"Yeah!" The first visitor said. "Fiancés on our honeymoon."

I spared hardly a thought for the dimensional differences on honeymoons before something else caught my attention. The map announced, "Out of area," in a quiet echo, along with another one of those silly "error" buzzes, as several fingertips pressed against the undersides of both of my feet. I froze, then shivered as the vibrations started, centered where the fingers pressed against me. The people closer to my torso and head kept right on talking, ignoring the newcomer. Whoever they were, they didn't move their hands, didn't twitch their fingers, merely kept them right there, letting the vibrations grow over time. I bent my knees the little I could, trying to pull away, and the fingers following along. After a few seconds of straining I relented, then gasped and wiggled as that temporarily drove the touches harder against me, going from a tease to a brief, intense tickle that made me clamp my eyes shut tight under the hood.

"So, this is the tourism center," the third voice said, suddenly louder, drawing my attention right before fingers cupped my pussy.

"[i]Uhhnh,[/i]" I groaned, hips rocking into the contact and staying raised as high as they could manage. The voices continued and I didn't care, the growing buzz against my clit and the mixed massage-tickle on my feet thoroughly working their magic on me.

"Time to decide on how to use up one demerit," a familiar voice suddenly announced right in my ear. It was Beth, in a whisper-quiet voice transmitted very close to my ear. "Grunt once if you want to add eight hours to your community service. Grunt twice if you want the biomon to help make sure you don't cum today."

In the heat of the moment, a big, horny, squirmy part of me wanted to know, [i]How are either of those punishments?[/i]

"So, if you start here," the third visitor overhead said, tap-tap-tapping me right over my clit firmly and then maintaining contact. The vibrations there started over in intensity, beginning to ramp up again. I moaned and rolled my hips slowly, rhythmically. Inspired by that, the person at my feet did the same thing, rapping on my feet and then pressing into place again.

"Keep in mind," Beth whispered in my ear, "I can't promise anyone will make you cum if you take option one."

"Then, head down Candle Street," the impromptu tour guide said. They didn't pull their hand away, using a second one to trail the back of a claw tip up my belly. I arched along with the contact like a cat, then let my lower back drop back down and continued rocking toward the buzzing over my clit, unable and unwilling to stop myself as I felt my climax building.

"Ten seconds before I decide for you," Beth said, injecting some audible impatience into her voice. I didn't think the emotion was real, but I knew her threat was.

Thoughts rushed through my head. Gosh, I [i]really[/i] wanted to cum, and I'd barely been out here for minutes. But, if I did, and they kept up the pressure, they'd be able to just outright [i]torture[/i] me with forced orgasms! Would that be enough for the biomon to let me go automatically? And how would Beth even keep me from cumming? Was there something [i]else[/i] in the biotab I ate? What sort of technology-

"Three," Beth said slowly. "Two." She let the o in the word really drag out.

Okay, okay, I had to pick! I took in a sharp breath, ready to grunt my decision.

"So what about these places?" the first visitor's voice asked, loud enough to cut through everything.

Suddenly both of my nipples were pinched, not [i]hard[/i], but hard enough. I squealed at the sudden pressure and vibration, arching, wobbling helplessly between the layers of rubber, the rhythm of my humping hips thrown all askew. That wasn't enough to stop my approach toward orgasm, the point of no return looming close, enhanced the thought of all those eyes on me, of more eager hands ready to close in on their hapless prey.

"That's not a grunt," Beth said. "So, you pick both!"

Suddenly, the vibrations over my clit dropped way, way down. Not gone all the way, but seriously reduced, thanks to a thin, dense sheet of harder rubber forming over my clit. I whined and trembled, hips churning up as high as they could go, trying to drive the fingertip firmer against my crotch in case that might help.

"What a shame," the third voice said, though they didn't sound like they meant it one bit.

"What?" the second voice asked.

"Oh, nothing," they replied over my probably adorable whimpering. "So, over here..." They didn't take their finger away from my sex as they kept pointing out landmarks. Whoever was at my feet wandered off, leaving me feeling like I was tingling from the knees down in the aftermath, anticipating more of the same, or worse.

That was nothing compared to my poor, damp sex, inner walls twitching, eager for much more attention.

"So," Beth said, sounding quite pleased with herself. "That's no orgasms until further notice, and eight more hours of community service."

I whined! She'd said no orgasms [i]today![/i] The people near me didn't know why I'd whined, and the fingers on my nipples rolled them around, as if that might somehow help. All it did was apply the buzzing sensations around to more nerves, spreading out the fun.

Beth chuckled. "Hey, you're the one who signed up for high intensity service. The laws on that date all the way back to hard labor camps. As long as I don't keep you for more than twice your allotted service time, or do any permanent harm to you, I have total authority over you."

Up to twice as long?! I groaned, panting hard. Now that I knew this vacbed thing was also basically a living chastity belt under the control of a merciless biomonitor and an even more merciless snow leopard, every second of stimulation--and every declaration of how helpless I was--was a tease I had no way to bring to a satisfying conclusion!

"And sure, you could contact the court later," Beth admitted. "Except the biomonitor has recorded how turned on you are. This is obviously consensual. Plus, the only alternative to high intensity service is jail

time, and since that [i]costs[/i] everyone money instead of earning money for the city, it'll be a lot longer than 75 hours."

I shuddered, my tongue slithering under the gag, fingers trying to curl up and failing to even have a single one touch my palms. No escape, not from the rubber, from my service, or from [i]Beth[/i].

"Now, be good. You still have two demerits to work off..." Beth leaned in closer to whatever microphone she was using and purred, "Unless you earn more. I really hope you earn more."

The grip on my nipples pulled upward slowly, and I was forced to follow along. The conversation above was totally lost on me... which made a perverse kind of sense, considering I was [i]just[/i] a fancy interactive map.

For now. How would Beth change things up once night fell?!