

Chapter 50: The Arab Prince #6: Prelude To Bacchanal

As she lifted the VR goggles off of Lara, Dr. Katherine “Kitty” Foster briefly entertained the defiant look in the eyes of the woman splayed so vulnerably before her, strung up on tip toes of her already tall heels in a vertical spread eagle.

:”Ughn..” Lara let out an involuntary moan as Kitty grabbed a fistful of pony tail, Kitty pulled Lara’s head back, forcing her mouth to fall agape , letting her see the outline of a dangling feed tube above her, silhouetted by the blinding ceiling lights.

“Open up that throat, sweetie. This is going to have to go in deep.” she cooed, as she grabbed the feed tube and pulled it downwards, smoothly slipping the first six inches into Lara’s mouth until she started to feel more resistance.

“Gahrrnnnn... ” the chains made noises melodious to Kitty’s ears as the former’s vocal protests fell silent, her body writhing in futility as the bulbous head of the phallic feed tube pushed through her her larynx, driven by a length of smooth but inflexible shaft.

Letting go of the pony tail now that Lara could no longer bend her head back forward, Kitty grasped Lara’s neck with one hand to loosen up her resistance as her other hand continued to press the well lubricated tube down her throat.

One and a half foot of the long phallus disappeared past Lara’s trembling lips before the attached metal cross bit braced against her mouth, allowing Kitty to securely strap the feed tube to her face

Eyes forced closed by the blinding light and discomfiting oral violation, Lara could only focus on adapting to breathing via the air the tube in her throat supplied her, hearing the whining of something underneath her rising up,

She shuddered as Kitty stroked her sex, spreading her apart at the lips to accept one, two, then three well fitted plugs, each bottoming out deep inside her before her inner thighs found support in the small saddle the plugs were mounted on.

A scraping sound was heard as Lara's rigid high heels lost their traction on the ground the rising saddle and phalluses taking on most of her weight. Kitty savored the subtle undulations as Lara struggled to adapt, helping by pinching and massaging the flesh of her unwilling prisoner's pussy and pulling her buttcheeks apart until they formed perfectly around the saddle.

Replacing the VR goggles, Kitty changed the input so that Lara was now watching a live feed of a full frontal view of herself in that sorry state.

Speaking into the camera before her so that it looked as if she was talking to Lara in VR, Kitty described with great detail everything she was going to do to Lara as she did them.

Through the feed tube, an aqueous solution was continuously pumped, directly into Lara's stomach. The belted corset around her torso, retained from her time strapped to the VR cart, prevented her stomach from distending, causing much initial agony until the effects of the solution set in, relaxing Lara's insides so as to let the fluid pass through her, permeating her body with its nutrient and balancing chemicals before being siphoned out of her by one of the many tubes extending from the underside of the saddle.

At first, the flow was slow, only a few cups of fluids a minute, but once Lara's pelvis started trembling, beginning to void itself into the bottom tubes, Kitty used her control pad to increase the feed rate.

Lara watched, then felt, in horror, as the flow rate displayed in a corner of her eyes climbed past 500ml/min, felt the increase in fluids being forced through her body, and watched her own heart rate counter increase, the exhales through her nose became shallow and quick.

Unngh!

850ml per minute... 950ml... 1000ml...

Unnnnnnnnngh!

The stress-stimulated blood flow robbed Lara's thoughts of their words, as she felt a familiar heat building throughout her body, an overpowering ache blooming from her loins as she felt herself nearing climax.

A climax that never seemed to come, even when Kitty abruptly dialed the flow of nutrients into Lara up to 2000ml/min. The tubes draining Lara's ass and bladder were now pumping fluids from her continuously, while the dildo inside of her cunt having yet to be activated.

Lara dimly felt something wet slather across her face, seeing through fluttering eyelids and feeling Kitty embrace her from behind, leaning around her shoulders to lap at the streaks of tears and sweat dripping from underneath the goggles.

Reaching around to feel one of Lara's breasts, Kitty nibbled at an earlobe.

“Look at how full these puppies are. You can feel it, can’t you?” Kitty whispered directly into Lara’s ear. She playfully cupped the breast, which had become voluptuously swollen, palming it up and down, savoring Lara’s involuntary shudders each time the breast bounced against her hand.

“We started introducing hormones to your feed back in Peru, so this is just a start...”

Lightly massaging one for a few seconds, Kitty suddenly squeezed hard, driving a silent scream of pain and pleasure from Lara as she felt a warm explosive exodus in her nipple, as if something had just been uncorked. powerful jet of her own milk spray across the floor.

Kitty released her grip on that breast, which continued to leak and pulse small streams of milk every few seconds whenever enough pressure had built up, as if ejaculating, then moved on to the left breast, similarly massaging it then squeezing until it too started to spray milk uncontrollably.

Lara barely had the mind left to feel horror, as the each spurt from one of her nipples sent a small wave of pleasure pulsing through her body, a small relief to her breasts which seemed to be well past capacity.

Kitty let go of Lara, retrieved her control pad from the nearby tray, and entered something. An electric whining noise was heard, the sound of wheels rolling on the ground

Kitty replaced the piercings and snap-on ornaments on Lara’s nipples with a dainty pair of gold collars, snugging them up against Lara’s sensitive areolas and cutting off the flow of milk, keeping her breasts sensuously engorged.

The tube buried in Lara's pussy started pulsing with a different blend of euphoria-inducing chemicals, a warm slurry that filled her, then overfilled her. A cleverly designed ring of suction vents at the base of the plug sealed Lara's lips around itself, while removing the warm ejaculate that dripped from her cervix, after it had coated her inner walls.

The piss tube drained and filled Lara's bladder several times via the urinary device, before finally being refilled with what Kitty deemed to be a merciful volume of viscous aphrodisiac lubricant, to be control-released under the right conditions.

"...ghack... *cough*... uhhhhh... uhh..." the feeding tube pulled itself out of Lara with a press of a button, after Kitty undid the straps around her head.

The tubes below continued their suction.

Setting the goggles onto the nearby cart, the "animal" trainer pressed herself up against the former's naked waist once more, covering the latter's recently unplugged mouth with her own, feeling the power of Lara's struggling tongue helplessly reacting to her when her other hand reached down to toy with her, massaging her abdomen to help make sure Lara was fully cleaned out. Nothing was left to chance.

A few minutes of coy stroking, rubbing and fingering was enough to soften the prisoner's resistance, and assert Kitty's role as mistress over a glassy-eyed Lara.

"Time to get you ready for the party." She teased, removing her tender fingers after bringing Lara to the brink of orgasm, only to leave her still plugged body writhing in silent frustration.

“You can’t cum, you know. I know how much you want to.” Kitty said, waving the remote to the O-device in front of Lara, showing her the LED display on it that said “Orgasm: Inhibited”

“Before you go off to enjoy that party, shall we rehearse some lines again?” Kitty said, caressing Lara’s chin, reaching down to slowly start stroking her slit again as encouragement.

Lara moaned as, simultaneously, the saddle underneath her lowered itself, drawing the three dildos out of her.

“If you get everything right, You might even have a good cum later. Would you like that? A good cum?” she teased, enjoying the utter look of embarrassment on Lara’s face as her hips involuntarily rolled against Kitty’s fingers in want.

Soon, my pawn. You will see her soon.

The voice of Natla dug deep into Prince Samir’s subconscious, tamping down doubts of what he was doing.

It was too easy. Natla herself was royalty, and knew all the right appeals to make to Samir’s subconscious.

After all, Samir didn’t really know who Lara was. To true Saudi Royal like him, the extended lineages of foreign nobility across Europe all seemed rather perfunctory, more of a cultural legacy than true ruling bodies.

Even as he promised Lara safe passage to his palace, Samir left unsaid his other plans for the Western beauty.

The world shall be yours.

In fact, Samir thought it a testament to his self control that in four years, other than the regularly kept herd of service animals meant to satiate the appetites of his guests, his forever-at-sea secret harem of famously missing women had less than twenty inductees.

Be it a former Russian ballerina, a formerly up-and-coming starlet, or even the young daughter of a former political eyesore, the four years following Samir's fortuitous acquisition of the ring on his finger has been immensely enjoyable, and full of profits.

Ohk Eshivar. It is alright, no one will know.

Natla had whispered, subtly influencing Samir's selection of women to be kidnapped and brought onto this forever-at-sea pleasure ship.

Most recently, a few months ago, this culminated in Samir boldly inducting the young female member of Saudi royalty, one of his own relatives, into his harem.

In that particular instance, the abduction had been covered up by Samir's associates as part of a freak boating accident. The girl's father had been quite distraught, which Samir took full political advantage of.

Ohk Eshivar. Let my will be your own.

Once the staff of Everest Inc in the ship's laboratories finished breaking her body in, Samir would be able to use his ring to enthrall the Duchess of Arlington's soul, binding

her will to his while preserving her memories, personality traits, and expertise in their shared passion for the ancient world.

That is what he believed.

Through Lara, I will become whole.

‘Yes’, Samir reasoned. Princess would be an excellent addition to his collection, and perhaps, once she was fully in his service, Samir might even have her travel the world for him to find and gather for him more of this intoxicating power he constantly felt flowing from his ring.

That is what he believed.

This last part of the plan Samir kept to himself. Despite the utility that Everest Inc has provided for him, Samir would feel far more comfortable eventually absorbing their leadership, enthraling them under his banner.

A collective clamor of admiration from the assembled guests broke Samir’s train of thought, and, looking over at where the lift was, he saw that his party favors had finally started to arrive.

The vibrations and jolts of the anal plug electronically guided Lara to the loading lifts that serviced the landing pad connected to the topside biome.

There, she saw that the lift was already filled with dozens of enslaved women, all dressed just as she was, the dancer garb and veils doing little to hide the dehumanizing ornaments that their bodies were decorated with. The lift was so full that more female slaves awaited on the sides for it to come back down empty.

Like Lara, their hips trembled and rolled lewdly from the stimulation being wrought upon them by cleverly hidden toys.

In the middle of the lift, surrounded by the service animals and the half dozen or so handlers, was a large box shaped machine.

Fixed to each of the women's faces was a breathing mask, and Lara could see the thick white vapors swirling inside the tubes feeding into each mask from the box.

"Please, don't" Lara objected futilely as she was pushed into the lift, an identical mask was pulled over her head by Damian, who had taken it upon himself to personally escort her.

He responded by jabbing Lara in the diaphragm, forcing her to gasp, expelling a breath of hastily saved air.

Immediately, the thick and unmistakable smell of vaporized hashish and some other sickly sweet additive overwhelmed Lara's olfactory senses

"Relax, your highness," Damian said, pushing down Lara's hands as she reflexively tried to strip the mask off, patting her between the legs in an obvious reminder that she had no choice in what was being done to her body. Lara shuddered as she felt his middle finger slide along the thin loin cloth.

The white vapors in the tubes intensified, the wisps coagulating into a solid milky white.

A collective shudder rippled through the drugged women as the loud whine of the mechanical ceiling above the rising lift opening into the night sky, the cool draft swallowing her.

The masks were removed from the girls as the imposing glass dome came into view, and Lara's heart pounded as she saw that Samir had seen fit to hold a bacchanalian gathering.

"One last touch." Damian said, and fiddled with his controls, and Lara shuddered as the anal plug inside of her came alive once more, digging itself out of her and falling into Damian's awaiting hand. His other hand reached up and grabbed Lara's garb.

She yelped as the thin fabric draped over her breasts was torn asunder.

"Gotta make sure you stand out from the riff raff." Damian said, before giving Lara a nudge in the back to join the girls as they stepped forward off of the lift.

A thrash of mask-wearing VIP guests were spilled across the ship's top-side pavilion, dotting the landscape of this at sea party, into which Lara and the other girls were drawn.