

Andrea of the Silver Key: Settling In

By Novus Peregrine

Andrea couldn't keep an amused grin off her face as she watched Tina enjoying running her boss through some preliminary testing of their new chastity system. The delighted engineer was playing the equalizer-like controls to Sam's current toys with a half-maniac intensity. At every step, Christina carefully took note of which actions cause which reactions as Sam moaned, squirmed, whimpered, and twitched. Occasionally, Tina's hands ended up paying more attention to *herself* than the controls, the tech clearly incredibly aroused by what she was doing and seeing.

As for Sam, Andrea's sub was nude save for a high-tech chastity belt and a series of sensors, with only Andrea and Tina present in the after-hours test. The after-hours nature of the testing was in deference to not letting everyone on the team see the big boss in such a compromising situation...but the total nudity was actually the result of the needs of the sensor pads. In order to make Samantha's plan for Augmented Reality Chastity Scenarios work out, the belts needed to be tweaked to take in a decent number of vital signs. The belt they'd cobbled together had actually included some simple pulse monitoring, as well as some moisture sensors. But, if they wanted the belt to be able to do things like detect an impending orgasm and delay or deny it, they needed more than that. In fact, they had hit their first stumbling block almost immediately when they realized that solid research into detecting female orgasm was...primitive. At best. And most of the existing methods were based on pulse or blood pressure changes.

Which is why Samantha was currently tied down to a simple bondage frame, so she couldn't add any additional stimulation herself, as Tina used the toys locked inside her boss to tease out one orgasm after another. Andrea and Tina would both be taking their own turns at some point. Probably Lyn too, since Andrea knew her and Sam's mutual lover would be willing enough. But for the moment, Samantha's genuinely multi-orgasmic nature had made her the perfect choice for a first research victim. After a lot of brainstorming, they'd settled on trying to predict orgasm based on muscle contraction as opposed to blood flow. Sensors that could monitor micro-contractions of muscle were both less invasive and far easier to miniaturize. They also, based on their own experiences, were pretty sure it would work better. But they wouldn't know that for certain until they'd collected a lot of data to crunch. Which they were doing right now as Tina pushed the power of the vibrators up again and watched Sam spasm and howl through another peak, her *fourth* in the last hour.

As same came back down from it, Andrea stepped in and checked on her, finding her eyes rather unfocused and only half open. She turned to Tina with lips quirked into a half smile.

"I think that's her limit for tonight. But we could always collect a bit more data on our own. Want to rig yourself up and get eaten out for science?"

Tina blinked, then grinned hugely.

"Hell yes!"

Andrea giggled as the punkish woman stripped eagerly. Though, to her credit, the engineer *did* apply the sensors to herself a minute later. It wouldn't be as specific as the data for the belts...but

adding to the general ability to track orgasms at all was sure to be useful. Or, at least, it made for a good excuse for some fun as Andrea got her first taste of the other woman. Somehow, she suspected it wouldn't be the last...

Lyn pouted. The expression was adorable...but Andrea was immune. Lyn had honed that weapon's grade pout on Andrea for over a decade, after all.

"No, Lyn, I'm not helping you talk Sam into getting nerve stim implants like you have installed in those hilariously expensive boobs of yours. Yes, she could afford them. No, that's not enough of an excuse. Even *you* don't have the clit version you want her to get."

Lyn's pouting somehow intensified, but shifted to include a different kind of disappointment.

"I'm not compatible enough with the procedure! You know I'd have it if I was. It's not worth the cost if there's only, like, a 45% chance it would induce pleasure instead of pain, or just not work at all! But Sam's profile is almost perfect! 95% odds! And it would be *such* a good addition to the chastity play you guys have got going on..."

Andrea couldn't deny that was true. Sam had taken a serious shine to the control-exchange aspect of the chastity play since that first time. She now wore some form of chastity device whenever she was away from Andrea and Lyn, who held the only two sets of keys for those devices. Andrea also had an app on her phone that could control any number of toys that they usually paired with the various belts, but Lyn wasn't responsible enough to get a copy of that.

Their poly relationship was still fairly new to all of them, but Lyn had leapt in eagerly, as Andrea had honestly expected her to do. She also has terrible self-control, though. Hence having belt keys but no access to the toy controls. Samantha was into the idea of someone *else* being in control of when and how she could cum...but rightfully didn't trust Lyn not to make her cum in the middle of an important board meeting with the remote toys. So, Lyn could unlock her to have her wicked way with Sam, but couldn't control her from a distance. So far, it was a balance that had worked out well.

"How about this? Sam's on break this week and promised to help out at the shop. She wants to learn more about all the toys, and I want to try teaching someone so I can start working out what to do if I eventually have more employees. If you come by the shop and we aren't busy, you can help with her learning some of the toys."

Lyn's pouting vanished between one eyeblink and the next, a sunny smile and sparkling eyes replacing it.

"Yes! I'll be there!"

Andrea snorted, but didn't say anything about the rapid mood swing. She'd known Lyn quite long enough to be used to it...

Lyn grinned as she watched Andrea and Samantha work. Initially, she'd been disappointed that there had been a steady stream of customers today. When Andrea had mentioned stopping by, Lyn had

figured it would be fairly empty, as it usually was. But several of Andrea's regulars were back in town after summer vacations or business trips and had come, one at a time for the most part, to visit the shop. At first, Lyn had thought this would curtail her fun. Then, of course, she'd been quickly reminded that virtually all of Andrea's clientele were perverts of the highest order. At least in their own time and ways.

Even better for Lyn's enjoyment, the vast majority of the female clients were bisexual. Not all of them had *started* that way...but Andrea had that effect on people. Even otherwise completely straight women found her attractive, and she was pretty sure even Andrea hadn't figured out just how many women she'd shifted from 'straight-as-a-ruler' to 'bi-panic' with that Tip and Orgasm reward system she'd come up with. If merely engaging with the supermodel-gorgeous and sinfully sensual Andrea made straight woman have questions, then seeing Andrea come unglued after they'd essentially paid her to cum had far stronger effects. Andrea, for all of her considerable skill at reading people, remained oblivious to just how many times she'd caused her customers to abruptly question everything about their own preferences. Honestly, if Lyn was ever going to be jealous of any talent of Andrea's, it would be that one. Which was extra funny, given that her friend-cum-lover didn't even realize she was doing it.

Sam, though...that one had been intentional. Lyn had been trying to crack the gorgeous, shy geek for *years*. When Samantha had finally started cracking at the seams from too much pent up *everything*, Lyn had given up and gone with the nuclear option of throwing her at Andrea. She admittedly hadn't planned any farther than that, and was *confused* how she'd somehow ended up in a poly relationship with the two of them. But, given her long-standing crush on Sam and the fact that Andrea was the single most skilled sexual partner she'd ever had, Lyn was currently just basking in it.

A basking that was made *super fun*, unexpectedly so, as she watched the various customers go from surprised Sam was present, to intrigued with watching Andrea demo toys on Sam, to getting swept away by Andrea and Sam's combined saleswoman charisma. The whole thing was both funny as shit to watch...and hot as heck, too. Like now, as naked-save-for-her-chastity-belt Sam was strapped down to a bondage bench and being used to demo a series of floggers. The fact that she was moaning with every other hit was certainly helping sell the customer of the idea of giving impact play a try.

Slipping her hand into her already-soaked panties, Lyn leaned back in her chair in Andrea's office and watched the whole thing via the HD security cameras. She'd already cum twice, but this scene was more than hot enough to get her started on a third...

Samantha twitched as she felt the internal rotors of the jelly toy inside her begin dancing. The vibrating core of the toy didn't flare to life at the same time, thankfully, or she'd have done more than just twitch. The rotors by themselves were actually somewhat subtle, essentially merely forcing the toy to wiggle and squirm inside her, no matter what position she shifted into or how she tried to limit their movement. They were *distracting*, but not completely attention-destroying. At least not now that she'd had some experience with situations like this. Which was rather a good thing at the moment, given that she was finishing up a meeting with the department heads of Orange Inc. Stupid name for a tech company, she still thought, but there was no question that people loved their iPhones and iPads. Really, the fact that every one of the product lines sounded like some sort of sex joke was probably what had put her current side project for the AR division in her head.

For the moment, though, she had bigger concerns than whatever her deadbeat father had been thinking when he named the company. That subtle teasing of the rotors in her toy wouldn't *remain* subtle very long. It was, she had learned from experience, Mistress Andrea's method of both warming her up and warning her at the same time. There would be, at best, perhaps five minutes before she got more aggressive with the toys Samantha was currently helpless to remove, what with them being thoroughly locked behind the chastity belt whose keys were on the other side of town...or possibly out of town entirely depending on where Lyn was today.

Knowing she was on a timer, Samantha made a show of checking her watch and acting as if what she read there distressed her. That wasn't uncommon. Meetings like these always ran long, and Samantha was well known for cramming as much into her working days as she could whenever she was physically in the office. Mostly so that she didn't have to come in all that often. Knowing that, no one fought her or sought to delay her for a 'quick extra word' as she rapidly wrapped up the meeting and power walked to her office, her step only hitching for a moment as she breezed past her personal assistant with a snappy order to hold anything for the next half hour.

The door closed behind her just in time, as that hitch in her step turned into a wobble a moment later. The hitch had been a last warning from Andrea, via a split-second buzz of her clit vibe...and the wobble was caused by the stiffer core of the jelly toy abruptly powering to life with vibrations. She stumbled to her desk, falling into the sinfully comfortable office chair that was *easily* the most expensive thing in the room. Her eyes closed, even as her hands came up to pinch her nipples through the stiff cloth of her blouse and bra. A muffled moan slipped from between her lips a moment later as the clit vibe came back into play, in the form of tiny little flutters just to either side of her hood.

Andrea, ancient pagan goddess of pleasure she must secretly be, knew *exactly* how sensitive Samantha was, and could somehow predict just how much stimulation she could take, and of what kind. Even when the woman was literally miles away. Samantha was actually a little afraid of just how much *better* she could get at that, once they finished work on the new sensors. For now, she just sank into the sensations, utterly unknowing just what her fickle mistress had planned *this* time. Sometimes, she spent all day teasing Samantha, without pushing her to cum...while on others, Andrea forced her to cum so many times she ended up needing a mid-day nap. The wonders and tortures of being naturally multi-orgasmic and locked in a chastity belt under someone else's control.

She loved every second of it.

That might have surprised her a year ago. Heck, even just three months ago! She hadn't been unaware that she had some submissive tendencies. But she hadn't really explored them, either. Not beyond some fantasies and fairly awful porn, at least. She also hadn't been more than loosely aware of the idea of modern chastity belts, having only barely brushed across the concept and not really had their possible uses sink home for her. Not, that is, until that day that Lyn had sent her to The Silver Key.

A setup, Samantha was sure, at least in retrospect. Lyn might not be the brightest bulb off the factory floor when it came to academics, but she was almost frighteningly good at *people*. Worse, she had a special sort of cunning at planning, one that only seemed to engage when she was trying to get into someone's pants. Samantha had fallen afoul of it several times before, with only her own shy nature and inexperience serving as a shield to keep those instances from going too far. The little sneak

had certainly achieved results this time, even if sending her into Mistress Andrea's hands had to be cheating.

Not that she was complaining, to be clear. Particularly not as her clit vibe had just kicked into a higher gear, causing her to keel for a moment before she managed to clamp her lips shut. She knew, now, that Andrea was intent on making her cum...and she wasn't against it at all. It had been a couple of days since she'd been allowed out of the belt, and she hadn't cum *properly* since she'd been locked up this time. Deciding to say 'fuck it' and risk being seen doing something naughty, she shifted her hands under her blouse and mauled her tits more directly, pushing herself ever-higher. Moments later, the vibes all kicked into high-gear, sending her over the cliff...and not stopping. Oh shit. Andrea was going to send her through cascading climaxes. Hopefully she didn't pass out this time...

Tina could *not* believe her luck as she carefully recorded the effects of each type of stimulation and each power setting on the ravenette currently strapped into the bondage frame in her lab. It had been amazing enough, beyond any possible expectation, that she'd gotten to make her beautiful blonde boss squirm and cum her brains out for *science*. But then, the super-model-level-gorgeous woman who apparently owned the mecca of all sex toy shops, who was apparently now her boss's *dom* now, had volunteered herself for extra data. It was data that they were absolutely going to need, eventually, if they wanted the sensors they were trying to create to be able to reliably predict orgasm in *any* woman, instead of just Sam. But she hadn't ever even imagined a woman able to ooze *sex* the way Andrea did. Let alone, laughable thought, imagine herself in a position to make said woman moan and squirm.

Apparently, she thought in amazement as she got just one such moan from the ravenette, she'd been imagining too small. Though she was a bit disappointed that they didn't seem to be recruiting for their polycule. Eh, it was still apparently new to them, maybe they'd open up to the idea in the long run? Particularly if she stayed involved in this little project of theirs? Not that she'd ever leave it on purpose! She had no idea if there was really a market for the monster they were building, but she had to admit that some of the ideas they'd been floating were enough to make her want one herself. As in, one to *wear*, not just to stick on one of her girlfriends. The card-battler game Samantha (who was apparently geeky as hell) had apparently drawn up in one random burst of enthusiasm seemed particularly fun. But, then, a young Christina had been into games like that. Adding a hit point system that was tied to your orgasm just made now-older Tina perk up and pay attention to the idea again.

But that was for later. For now, she had a gorgeous raven-haired sex shop owner to make cum her brains out. With a grin, she set up a sequenced pattern of vibrations that her data said the woman should *love*, then popped the button on her jeans and started shimmying out of them. Her panties were already *drenched* from the sounds of that woman's moans. To hell if she wasn't going to get off while she had that sight and sound helpless at her fingertips...

Andrea smiled as Sam twitched under a gentle caress, Andrea's fingers running gently up her exposed ass, then continuing the trail up her naked back. Her pose, mirrored by Lyn's, wasn't anything particularly special. The two of them were bent over in an L shape, breasts hanging free even as a simplistic, thin metal yoke held their arms away from their bodies. In order to prevent them getting too

uncomfortable, the yokes were hung from an overhead frame, with the tie points close to the body. Two more such points led down to a curved U frame, padded for comfort, that ran under each woman's lower abdomen. The result was that the vast majority of their body weight was supported from above, letting them hang there without any strain. Of course, their jackknifed bodies were supported at the base, as well. With both of them locked into a thigh-high metal framework that kept their legs locked together on their tiptoes, butts thrust out. Completing the pose was a single central ballgag, that gagged both of them simultaneously as their lips touched each other's around it.

It was a fun pose, but there was no complicated machinery or toys involved. Even so, it represented a milestone for Samantha that wouldn't have been obvious to anyone outside their little trio. A milestone that was represented by the *blindfolds* both women were wearing. Of all the bondage gear that Sam had encountered, it was a simple blindfold that had been the only thing to make her balk. The inability to see what was coming had bothered her in a way any other form of helplessness had not. Andrea hadn't pushed, knowing it was a trust thing...and had been more than a little surprised when Sam had first wanted to try it *despite* that reaction.

Andrea had been willing, of course. She'd also been *cautious*, however. She'd first used the blindfold when her blonde lover was *not* tied or hindered in any way. Then when she was only restrained by her chastity belt, the one piece of bondage gear the girl was most comfortable with. Small escalations had followed. Only ankle cuffs, or handcuffs with plenty of play. An unlocked pillory, a Shabari tie that left her hands free. Slowly, Sam had grown comfortable, both from the slow escalation and from the increased trust as she came to know her new mistress better and better.

Tonight was the first time she'd been blindfolded in a position where she was truly helpless. Even now, tonight, Andrea had tied Lyn up first as a demonstration of what was to come, careful to ease the less experienced submissive into it. Thankfully, it had gone smoothly, with Sam even seeming outright eager to give it a proper try. Which only left it to Andrea to ensure that the experience was an amazing one, and in so doing solidify this in her sub's mind as something she was okay with. A task she'd started on with this gentle caress. Letting Sam know she was still present, while being a bit of a tease about it. Stopping to ruffle her hair, amused yet again as the blonde nuzzled into the hand like a cat, Andrea finally withdrew her hand...and moved to Lyn.

Lyn, thankfully, was an unrepentantly vocal lover. As well as one who was perfectly aware of what Andrea was trying to achieve. The smaller woman hummed happily as Andrea threaded fingers through her own, shorter hair, and moaned willingly when a hand trailed under her body to play with one nipple. The sounds, both heard and felt by Samantha with her face literally forced to touch Lyn's own, served as an anchor of reassurance regarding her mistress's presence, even if she couldn't see her.

Even so, and even though she was taking it slow on purpose, Andrea didn't hesitate to begin the process of adding the next layer of fun for the girls, starting with Lyn so that Sam would be literally left hanging in unknowing anticipation. The first weighted nipple clamp got a muffled gasp out of Lyn, the second got a low moan, causing Andrea's lips to quirk upwards. Lyn liked it practically every and any way she could get it, *including* rough. Tugging at those clamps a few times produced more moans...and then Andrea turned the vibrating bullets weighing them down on low and sauntered off the few steps needed to grab a second pair and return to Samantha.

Sam, of course, had no idea what was going on. The low buzz and resulting moans could have come from almost any sort of toy, applied to any erogenous zone of the body. She was visibly overflowing with a mix of nervous tension and eager anticipation that made Andrea stopped to ruffle her hair again, using the action to sooth the nervousness before moving down her newest sub's body. The blonde's breasts were slightly larger than Lyn's, despite Lyn's enhancements, and the lack of those artificial boosts made them hang a bit more pleasingly under Samantha's bent body for Andrea's tastes. She teased one nipple, then the other, before returning back to the first with a nipple clamp. Samantha, less used to such things as of yet, yelped when it bit down...but moaned a moment later when Andrea gently tugged on it. It was hardly the first time they'd use them, and Samantha had enjoyed them every time, even if not quite so much as Lyn did.

After repeating her action on the other nipple, Andrea retrieved the next item for her plan, and returned straight to Samantha. Unlike Lyn, Samantha was genuinely and naturally multi-orgasmic, making her the best first-target for the two items Andrea was carrying. The first was a vibrating butt-plug, already thoroughly dripping with a high-end lube. Andrea used her lover's upturned ass as a temporary shelf for the other toy, worked an equally pre-lubed finger into Sam's rear entrance, than replaced that finger with the plug. Turning the in-built vibrator on got a long moan and quite a bit of instinctive squirming while Sam settled into the sensation...but that just gave Andrea time to clean her hand with a sanitizing wipe, making sure to prevent any cross contamination of the new toy, given where it was going and how long she was intending for it to stay there.

She picked up that second toy with a grin. Sam hadn't tried anything quite like it yet, and it was perfect for her current plans. The toy started out quite slim, making it easy to slide into Sam's dripping pussy. But the key to its fun was the *pump* on the end of it. This was an inflatable pussy plug, and Andrea enjoyed the confused moaning from the blonde as she slowly pumped it up. When it reached the point where Andrea detected a tiny bit of discomfort from Sam at its fullness, she backed off and let out a tiny amount of air...then turned on the vibrator attached to the pump. It wasn't as effective as a vibrator with a solid core would have been, but the shape and inflated size of the toy would do what Andrea wanted. Namely, it would ensure it didn't fall out, even if Sam came her brains out around it repeatedly. On that note, she quickly increased the power of all the toys, then walked away, leaving Sam to helplessly squirm. The blonde was sensitive enough that she *would* cum from that combination, given enough time...and she would have that time as Andrea focused on Lyn.

Grabbing a second butt plug, Andrea moved onto said girl and repeated the first step of Sam's setup. Only, this time, she didn't add the inflatable toy as a second step. Instead, she grinned and lined up with the strapon she'd been wearing this whole time. Lyn wasn't multi-orgasmic, but had a short recovery period. So she'd fuck Lyn's brains out while Sam was riding through her first slow-to-build climax, then change girls and fuck Sam senseless too, though only through anal play and a clit vibe. By the time she finished that, Lyn would be ready for round two! Andrea had no intention of letting either of them go until they passed out. And she wasn't going to remove that inflated plug even when Sam eventually did.

They'd both wake up in the morning in chastity belts, with the keys hidden somewhere else and a treasure hunt challenge waiting for them. It should keep the pair of them busy while Andrea got a bit of work done...and have them more than ready to pay Andrea back for tonight's torment by the time

they found the last key in her office, with Andrea already bound and waiting for them. A fun weekend, all around! She was quite looking forward to it...

<<End of Part 5>>