CHAPTER 1

Under the cloak of night, Salia, an ascendant young billionaire, is threading her newly acquired sportscar through the arteries of the city. She's at the helm of the Empress 2000 - a chariot of power and style, conceived solely for her and bearing her unique imprint on every element of its configuration.

The car is a work of industrial artistry, crafted just hours before and as unique as its creator. Its sleek body, a dance of raven black and blood red, whispers through the night with a purr of 562 horses harnessed beneath its hood. Empress 2000, in all its silent, ominous splendor, lends a regal air to the concrete kingdom below.

The digital clock on the dashboard blinks 4 AM. Streets stand vacant, the rest of the world seems lost in dreams while Salia revels in her private playground. Her path seems to be devoid of any distractions or obstacles until, like an unforeseen twist in the narrative, a man comes under the wheels of her machine.

Stepping out of the Empress 2000, Salia's shiny black boots meet the cool city asphalt. She's outfitted in form-fitting leather pants, a crisp white t-shirt, and a luxurious red leather jacket — an ensemble as striking as the woman wearing it. The man lying on the ground seems secondary to her immediate concern: assessing the damage to her car.

Upon inspection, she finds a dent marring the front apron of her prized vehicle, the site marked by a stark smear of blood. Even though she's fuming internally, she knows she must feign concern — a well-rehearsed dance of compassion in a world that demands it.

In reality, Salia is aware that the fault doesn't rest on the man's shoulders. The traffic lights had sanctioned his crossing — green for him, red for her. However, a part of her, harsh and unyielding, wishes he had simply waited. Now, she must play the compassionate savior.

"Stay still. Help is on its way.".

She will call her own private hospitals ambulance of course.

The mans voice comes out weak, punctuated by shallow breaths, "I... I had the... green... light"

But before she dials that number, she makes a call to her insurance company. The dent on her Empress 2000 has to be smoothed out immediately. Her priorities are clear. Even as the man on the street fades into unconsciousness.

In the quiet of the predawn, Salia stands up and steps away, her voice cold and detached as she dials her insurance company. "This is Salia. My Empress 2000 has sustained damage. I need it fixed, immediately." She commands into the phone, her eyes never leaving the man on the ground.

Back to the man, Salia's voice regains its softness, yet there's a cold undertone only she can discern, "Relax. You're going to be okay. I'm calling an ambulance." Her promises hang in the air, as the man, unable to respond, is already out.

Nick's eyes flutter open, blinking against the unfamiliar luxury of his surroundings. His mind is a haze, but the image of a car rushes back to him. He remembers: he was struck by a car.

The doctor strides in, offering a comforting smile. "Good news, Nick," he begins, "Despite the accident, your leg isn't broken. We've patched you up nicely, but I'd advise you to rest for the day."

No sooner than the doctor's reassuring words sink in, a nurse walks in with a clipboard in her hands. She extends a piece of paper towards Nick, her face apologetic. "I'm afraid this is your bill, sir," she says softly.

Nick's eyes widen as he scans the document. It's an astronomical sum — $300,000. "I... I'm in a private hospital, aren't I?" he stammers, dread creeping into his voice. The nurse simply nods, her silence confirming his worst fears. "And my insurance... it won't cover a dime of this, will it?" His question hangs in the air, a grim reality settling in.

Salia is acutely aware of Nick's financial plight. She's done her homework. He's an average man, living an unremarkable life. No one would notice if he simply vanished. Although ending his life would be a simple solution, it doesn't satisfy her. He had marred her beloved Empress 2000, and for that, he must pay a more enduring price. A wicked smile plays on her lips — a rare sight. Salia can't remember the last time she genuinely smiled.

Her decision made, she steps into Nick's room. Her lips curved into a warm, albeit deceiving smile. "Nick," she begins, her voice laden with concern she doesn't feel, "I've just heard about the hospital bill. I can't imagine what you're going through." Her words are a convincing show of sympathy, even as her heart remains untouched by his predicament.

Looking at Nick, Salia proposes, "I have a proposition for you, Nick. How about you come work at my office for a month? Nothing too strenuous, just regular office work."

She lets the offer hang in the air for a moment, then adds, "After that month, I can ensure my company's insurance will cover your hospital bill. What do you think?" There's a certainty in her voice, as though she's already decided that he will agree.

CHAPTER 2

Nick pauses, contemplating her offer. Finally, he concedes, "Yes, I will. I have no choice." His words echo in the room, solidifying his resignation to the circumstances.

Salia's lips curl up in another triumphant smile. She leans in, a final instruction in her voice, "You start tomorrow, Nick. I have the documents here. Sign them now."

Overwhelmed, Nick just signes.

CHAPTER 3

The very next day, Nick presents himself at Salia's office. The edifice is a stunning testament to luxury and power, with a hefty price tag visible in every opulent detail. Her office is a cavernous expanse, swathed in dark hues and punctuated by striking splashes of red. Countless portraits of Salia adorn the walls, a reminder of who commands this territory.

Cristy, Salia's assistant, welcomes him with a guided tour and an introduction to his duties. Despite her cheerful demeanor, Nick can't shake off an eerie feeling. Glancing around, he realizes that he's the only man in the workspace. The rest of the staff, all females, fall within a narrow age band of twenty to thirty.

His assigned tasks turn out to be quite mundane — replying to some basic emails, transferring figures onto Excel spreadsheets. The simplicity of the work is a relief, leaving Nick with a sense of gratitude amidst the oddities of his new environment.

After a week of settling into his new role, Nick finds a rhythm in the routine. Nothing unusual happens and he reminds himself there are just three more weeks of this. He spends his weekend resting, returning to the office refreshed for the second week of work.

However, an unexpected discovery greets him on his desk that Monday morning. A pair of worn, white panties lay haphazardly among his papers. His mind whirs into overdrive as he stares at the bewildering sight. Thoughts race through his head - Should he hide it? Should he report it? His confusion grows, unsure of how to handle this odd turn of events.

He hides it.

CHAPTER 4

An hour later, Salia summons Nick into her office. As he steps in, she levels a serious accusation at him. "Nick, I've received complaints that you've stolen someone's underwear. We had a camera recording how you are hiding it. You are stealing underwear now from my employees now? Is that how you thank me?" she asks him, her tone stern.

Salia continues, not revealing the source of these allegations. "This is sexual harassment, Nick. It's serious. Clearly, you're having trouble controlling your urges," she states coldly. "I'm sorry, but we have to address this issue appropriately now."

"There are going to be consequences."I can't have you working for me anymore. You are fired"

Nick stands there like frozen.

Salia continues:"Unless...."

She pulls out a metal black chastity cage and tell him that he has to wear this from now on. That's his last chance. Salia tells him to undress. She says:"This will help you control your urges. We can't have you getting hard at every opportunity." She holds the chastity cage. "Undress. I want you to wear it."

Nick reluctantly begins to undress. Embarrassed standing naked in front of Salia, he pulls down his underwear and Salia can see his penis. It's kinda smaller than average. Salia smiles again. The second time this month. Salia comments on his penis size and says:"It's not that impressive, I don't know how you expect to attract women with that." Nick thinks to himself, she is probably right. She adds" I think the black one is way too large for you." She puts the black chastity cage away and pulls out a very very small pink one and throws it on the floor in front of him while sitting on her chair.

Nick kneels on the floor to pick it up. Salia orders him to put it on immediately. Nick tries to fit it over his penis, but it is too small. He fumbles with it for a minute. Then he asks if he can get a larger one. Salia shakes her head. Nick keeps trying to put the cage on. He says he can't fit the thing. Salia just watches him silently and tells him to hurry up. After another 5 minutes he finally fits it over his penis and snaps the lock shut.

CHAPTER 5

As the next week begins, Salia sets her plan into motion. She sends Nick on an errand to the storage room located in the basement of the building — a place rarely visited by the employees. To ensure he goes, she attaches a seemingly innocuous task of fetching old financial records for an impending audit. Nick, blissfully unaware of Salia's machinations, goes on the errand without a second thought.

While Nick is in the basement, Salia arranges for a controlled power cut in the building. The lights flicker and go out, leaving Nick alone in the pitch-dark basement. At the same time, a pre-recorded voice message, designed to mimic the building's automated evacuation procedure, announces a fire drill. Employees are instructed to evacuate the premises immediately.

Back in the basement, Nick, enveloped in darkness, hears the evacuation announcement but is unable to find his way out. As the building empties, Salia enjoys the show from her office via the security cameras, a wicked smile playing on her lips. She relishes the fear and confusion she's instilled in Nick, making her eager for the next part of her plan.

With Nick trapped in the basement, Salia proceeds with the next phase of her scheme. She delays the power restoration for a full hour, leaving Nick to scramble in the darkness. As the hour ends, she restores the power, allowing Nick to finally find his way out.

To his surprise, he emerges from the basement to find the building completely empty. Panicked and confused, he tries to call Cristy, but there's no answer. After multiple failed attempts to reach anyone, Nick gives up and decides to leave the building.

Upon returning to work the next morning, Nick discovered an official warning letter positioned conspicuously on his desk. It was sealed with the company's emblem, an all too grim reminder of the authority behind the notice.

As he opened the letter, his heart sank. The punishment described within was far from the typical unpaid leave or demotion that one might anticipate. Instead, Salia had orchestrated a far more personal and humiliating penalty.

The letter detailed that from this day forth, as part of his reprimand, Nick would be required to wear a collar. It was not a simple necklace or accessory; it was a dog collar, bold and conspicuous, a symbol of his shame that he could not hide from.

The rationale? Salia had explained that this was a physical reminder of Nick's need for discipline and a representation of his commitment to improving his performance. To others, it was a sign of his punishment, a message about the consequences of negligence.

Nick's face turned pale as he read the contents of the letter. This was more than a mere professional reprimand; it was a personal humiliation, a punishment designed to break him. But there was no choice but to comply, as refusing would only lead to even worse consequences. As he fastened the collar around his neck, he couldn't help but feel a chilling sense of dread for what lay ahead.

As Nick reluctantly secured the collar around his neck, the office filled with a strange, anticipatory silence. Then, the whispers began, the sniggers echoing around the room as his colleagues observed the spectacle.

"Hello little doggy!" one coworker quipped, barely suppressing her laughter. Another chimed in, "Is there a matching leash for that fancy collar of yours, Nick?"

The mockery didn't stop there. His colleagues, people who he had considered friends, didn't hesitate to take advantage of the situation. Some asked him to fetch coffee, as if he were their pet, while others simply laughed behind their hands, their eyes filled with derision.

"Who's a good boy, then?" One colleague patted him condescendingly on the shoulder, a smug grin spread across her face. "I bet you're going to work extra hard now, aren't you?"

Nick tried to swallow the humiliation, tried to keep his head high. But every snide comment, every disdainful look, felt like a stab to his pride. The collar around his neck wasn't just a physical constraint; it was a symbol of his shame, a constant reminder of his downfall. It was a torment he had to endure every moment of the day, one that etched the bitter taste of humiliation deep into his soul.

CHAPTER 5-2

Salia watches from her office, an unsuppressed, triumphant smile stretching across her face as she listens to the taunts and laughter. She's successfully turned the tables, a cruel twist that's played out exactly as she envisioned. Meanwhile, Nick is left to navigate this uncomfortable reality, his every step an exercise in endurance.

As the week trudges on, Salia keeps pouring more pressure onto Nick. "Nick, I expected those reports by lunchtime," she scolds one morning. "You need to pick up the pace."

Nick, already inundated with work, apologizes, "I'm doing my best, Salia."

His response only fuels her delight further. "Your best just isn't enough, is it? You're clearly struggling with basic tasks. Perhaps something simpler might be more suited to your skills."

Nick blinks at her, confused. "What do you mean?"

Salia's smile is razor-sharp as she announces his new duty. "I think it's best if you start cleaning the women's restroom."

The office bursts into laughter. "Oh, Nick, we'll leave it extra dirty for you!" one woman teases. Another chimes in, "Be sure to scrub every corner, Nick!"

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"Now where'd that mop run off to?" he mumbles to himself, the absurdity of the situation not lost on him.

Suddenly, a trio of office ladies saunter into the bathroom, giggling among themselves. One of them holds up a rag and hands it to Nick. "Looks like you'll have to make do with this, Nick," she smirks, her laughter echoing off the bathroom tiles.

Nick, humiliation burning in his chest, nods quietly and takes the rag from her. As he sinks to his knees, beginning the task of cleaning the bathroom floor by hand, the women exit the room, their laughter a stinging reminder of his predicament.

As Nick continues his painstaking work on the bathroom floor, Salia saunters in, her heels clicking against the polished tiles. He watches as she moves toward one of the sinks to wash her hands, her presence dominating the room.

Suddenly, Salia steps on Nick's hand, pressing her heel into his fingers. She makes no acknowledgement of his existence, carrying on with washing her hands as though he were an inconveniently placed piece of furniture.

Nick winces, biting back the urge to cry out. He pulls his hand back, nursing it silently. Too intimidated by Salia's cold indifference, he chooses not to say anything, swallowing his protest. He returns to his task, feeling the weight of his situation pressing down on him. Salia's behavior only reinforces his new, diminished status within the office.

Salia's boots, a menacing presence, remain stubbornly in front of Nick's face, pinning his hand against the cold, hard floor. With her heel, she adds pressure, slowly twisting it back and forth. Nick can feel the strain against his bones, a sharp pain that spikes when something in his hand gives a sickening crack.

The boots are dangerously close to his face now, the sharp scent of the leather filling his senses. He can see the intricate stitching, the sleek polish, and the sharp, shiny heels. They are beautiful, expensive, and right now, instruments of his humiliation.

With her heel still pressing into Nick's hand, Salia finally acknowledges him, her voice icy cold. "Nick, I expect every single spot in this bathroom to be cleaned before you leave tonight. Do you understand?"

Her words hang heavy in the air, like a judgment passed down. Nick, his hand throbbing with pain, simply nods, choked words slipping out between his clenched teeth, "Yes, Salia."

The threat of being fired is the final blow, a punishment too severe for him to endure given his current predicament. Salia, satisfied with his response, steps off his hand, leaving him alone on the cold bathroom floor.

As she leaves, Nick breaks down, tears streaming down his face. He cradles his injured hand, the pain a harsh reminder of Salia's cruelty. But he knows he must continue. He has to clean the bathroom, no matter what. With a heavy heart, he resumes his task, each movement laced with pain and humiliation.

CHAPTER 6

Despite the pain throbbing through his hand, Nick doggedly continues his cleaning duties. He scrubs and wipes, the rag growing heavier in his injured hand with each passing minute. He can feel his energy drain away, his body begging for respite, but he ignores it. The threat of losing his job hangs over him like a storm cloud, pushing him to keep going.

However, as the hours wear on, the pain in his hand intensifies. It's a sharp, stabbing sensation that shoots up his arm, making every move a struggle. He can feel the cold sweat on his brow, the room spinning slightly each time he moves too quickly.

Eventually, the pain becomes unbearable. His vision blurs, his body feels heavy and numb. As Nick's world grows dark around the edges, he realizes he's about to pass out. But he's too exhausted to do anything, his body finally giving out from the strain. He slumps onto the cold, partially cleaned bathroom floor, unconscious from the pain and exhaustion.

Nick blinks open his eyes, the harsh hospital lights temporarily blinding him. As his vision adjusts, he sees the stern face of Salia and the concerned expression of a nurse. His hand is neatly bandaged, and he can feel the dull throb of pain from underneath the gauze.

CHAPTER 7

"Nick," Salia begins, her voice heavy with feigned disappointment. "You've been unconscious for a while now. It seems you've broken your hand." Her eyes spark with a hidden satisfaction that only Nick can see. It's clear to him that she is relishing in his misery.

The nurse, oblivious to the unspoken tension, chimes in. She pulls at her white coat nervously, clearly hesitant to share her findings, "There's also... another matter. It seems that the chastity device you're wearing is too small. It could cause serious injury if it isn't removed soon. It will shrink the penis permanently and may even cause impotence."

Nick, confused and hurting, merely nods, his mind trying to process the unexpected turn of events.

When the nurse brings up the words "permanent injury" and "impotence," Salia feels a jolt of sadistic pleasure. She glances at Nick, observing his expression. Then, she dismisses the nurse, wishing to be alone with him.

"Thank you, nurse," she says, her voice as icy as her gaze. "I'll take it from here."

The nurse, sensing Salia's desire for privacy, nods and leaves the room. Salia turns to Nick, a malicious smile playing on her lips. She relishes the sight of him - vulnerable, broken, and utterly at her mercy.

"Now, Nick," she begins, leaning in close her voice cool and steady, "I understand the nurse's concerns about the chastity device. But I want to clarify something. This is not just about company culture or dress code. It's about proving your commitment to our values."

She pauses, letting her words sink in before continuing, "By wearing a smaller chastity device, you'll be making a statement. It's a symbol of your dedication, a sign of your willingness to make sacrifices for the sake of the job. This is about more than just a job, Nick. It's about your character, your integrity."

Salia leans in, her gaze never leaving Nick's, "Consider this as a test of your resilience and commitment. I believe you have it in you to overcome this challenge. So, will you prove me right, Nick?"

Cornered, Nick has little choice but to agree to her proposal. He's desperate to keep his job, and if this is the price he must pay, then he will. Salia watches as he agrees, a triumphant smile playing on her lips.

CHAPTER 8

A few hours pass.

Salia, cognizant of Nick's limitations and his likely resistance to the new chastity device, decides to entrust the nurses with the task. She hands them the custom-made device, instructing them on its application and ensuring they understand the procedure.

"I want you to secure this on him," she directs, her gaze steady. "Make sure it is properly fitted and locked. The key," she lifts the small piece of metal for emphasis, "will stay with me."

The nurses, although taken aback by the unusual request, do not question Salia. Her authority in the hospital is absolute, and they follow her orders without hesitation. After all, it's not their place to judge or question the patients' care - they're here to follow the instructions.

As they set about their task, Salia watches with a twisted sense of anticipation. She knows that the smaller cage will increase Nick's discomfort and humiliation, and she can't wait to see the results of her plan

Nick, lying alone in the sterile confines of the hospital room, contemplates his predicament. The pain in his hand throbs in a steady rhythm, an unceasing reminder of his humiliation. The new chastity device, a malevolent presence, causes discomfort with every subtle movement. It's a constant echo of his shattered pride, mocking him, reminding him of his helpless position.

His phone rings, shattering the relative silence. Cristy's voice floats from the other end, her words another blow, "Nick, you're expected to be at work in two hours, or you'll be fired."

A shiver runs through him at her words. Fired? The thought fills him with dread. He's too deep in debt to afford losing this job, too cornered to resist. The realization hits him hard; he's trapped in Salia's sadistic game, a puppet in her hands.

Confusion flares within him, followed closely by fear and despair. But it's the humiliation that lingers, gnawing at his insides, leaving a bitter taste in his mouth.

CHAPTER 9

Upon Nick's return to the office, Salia greets him with a chillingly sardonic grin, her intentions far from benign. The task she's prepared for him is meant to degrade him utterly, pushing him beyond the boundaries of any prior humiliation.

"Ah, Nick," she drawls, her voice as icy as the polished marble of the office floor. "You're just in time for your latest duty."

In her hands, she holds a large bucket filled with a nauseating mixture of food waste from the office's cafeteria. She informs him, "You will sort and recycle this waste. Separate organic matter from plastics, paper from glass, using only your bare hands."

But the degrading task doesn't end there. She adds, "And you will perform this task in the office lobby. Under the watchful eyes of all your colleagues and anyone who steps through our front door."

The humiliation Nick faces is profound. The task is not only revolting and potentially hazardous, with risk of cuts from broken glass or bacterial infection, but to do so publicly in the lobby makes it unbearable. His face turns a deep shade of red, embarrassment heating his cheeks.

"Take your time, Nick," Salia purrs with sadistic pleasure. "We wouldn't want you to miss a single piece of trash, would we?"

The sound of her callous laughter follows him as he lugs the bucket to the lobby, the heavy weight of the task making his steps leaden. This is no longer a case of petty humiliation. It has now morphed into a sinister game where his dignity is sacrificed for her perverse enjoyment.

CHAPTER 10

He manages to work for a few hours with his injury and injection. But... he collapses.

Exhausted and drained, Nick lays sprawled on the narrow corridor floor, the cold tiles providing a meager respite from his agony. His body screams in protest as he struggles to move, to stand, but it’s a losing battle. The office bustles around him, its rhythm unbroken, its people unaffected.

Coworkers march over him, their footsteps resonating in his ears like a haunting symphony of indifference. Some step carefully around his prone form, their heels grazing his fingers or thighs, and toss over their shoulders a careless "Sorry," void of any genuine concern.

Others are more callous. "Stop acting," they scoff, their boots nudging his ribcage as if he's nothing more than a bothersome obstruction. Laughter bubbles up in their wake, cruel and biting, "You can sleep later!"

He wants to shout, to demand help, but his voice is barely a whisper, lost in the cacophony of the office. Ignored and stepped upon, Nick is a pitiful island in the flow of relentless corporate life, his pain echoing unheard in the cruel indifference of the surrounding world.

A twinge of satisfaction flickers through Salia as she applies more pressure, her boot heel digging deeper into Nick's chest. She feels the weak protest of his body underneath her, the fragile ribs bending, cracking under her weight.

More than that, she can sense the frantic, weak rhythm of his heartbeat under her sole. His heart is pulsating, squirming, each beat a desperate plea for mercy that she knowingly ignores. She bears down harder, pressing down until she can feel the individual contractions of his heart, the fluttering desperation of his life source beneath her uncaring, ruthless heel.

It's intoxicating, this sense of power, this feeling of control. The pleasure it brings is undeniable. The knowledge that she is the one inducing this, she is the one driving him to the brink, it fills her with a cruel sense of joy. She savors the sensation, the heart beats under her foot, the tangible proof of her domination. In that moment, Salia is the embodiment of power, relishing in the suffering she's causing. Each beat beneath her boot fuels her sadistic pleasure, ignites her insatiable desire for control.

Stepping casually to the side, Salia transfers her weight onto Nick's outstretched arm. A brittle crunch echoes through the corridor as his bones yield under her cruel heel. Ignoring his muffled groans of pain, she grinds her boot deeper, feeling the tremors of his body against her leather-clad foot.

As she continues her torment, Cristy's voice filters through, laced with annoyance. "Honestly, why did we even hire this useless new guy?" She scoffs, her disdain adding a bitter note to the already hostile atmosphere. Nick's silent suffering seems to amplify with each uttered word, his agony punctuating their casual disregard for his well-being.

CHAPTER 11

His world is a blur of agony. Each movement, each failed attempt to pull away, is met with a new wave of torment as Salia's boot bears down on his arm. The grating sensation of his bones fracturing under her weight sends spasms of pain ricocheting through his body. The confines of his mind scream for him to move, to escape the unrelenting torment.

But his body doesn't obey. His arm is a mass of unbearable pain, not responding to his desperate need to move. Instead, it lies trapped under Salia's merciless heel, as useless and as broken as he feels. Each pitiful jerk, each futile struggle, only amplifies his helplessness. His world contracts to the singular point of agony where Salia's boot meets his flesh, his universe narrowing to the throbbing pain in his shattered arm. He wants to cry out, to scream, but his voice is a choked whisper lost amidst the callous laughter and casual conversation. His strength dwindles, his spirit breaks, his resistance fades until he is nothing more than a wounded creature writhing under her boot.

The cycle is a cruel one. Consciousness waxes and wanes like a relentless tide, pulling him from the blissful oblivion of unconsciousness into a world of torment, then back again. Each time Nick comes to, a new horror reveals itself. His arms, his legs, all feel like they've been splintered, shattered under the weight of a malicious force.

Darkness pulls him under once more, his mind seeking refuge in the blissful numbness of unconsciousness. But it's a temporary reprieve, the pain resurfacing as he drifts back into the cruel light of reality, his senses screaming in protest.

The cycle repeats for a third time, and when he surfaces again, the cold sterility of a hospital room greets him. Each throbbing pulse of pain confirms the horrific truth – he's broken, beaten, and at the mercy of those who delight in his suffering. His vision dims, and he falls asleep.

Nick is jolted awake, not by the pulsing pain resonating from his shattered limbs, but by a cold, cutting voice that slices through the drug-induced haze. Salia stands at the foot of his bed, her silhouette outlined by the harsh hospital lights, casting a daunting shadow over his helpless form.

"Nick," she begins, her voice dripping with a chilling satisfaction, "you've been terminated from your position, effective immediately." Her words ring in the sterile silence, the finality of his failure reverberating through the room.

He tries to protest, the words a strangled whisper on his lips, but she cuts him off mercilessly. "Your services are no longer needed, Nick. Your inability to fulfill even the simplest tasks is... disappointing."

She tosses a bundle of papers onto his lap. He squints at them, vision blurring with tears of frustration and despair. The figure inked on the top sheet sends a chill through his already frozen heart. Over two million dollars, the price for his failure, the cost of his humiliation.

Instead of leaving, Salia pauses at the door. She turns around, her eyes gleaming with a dark proposition. "Nick," she begins, a strange note of anticipation in her voice, "there's one last option for you."

His weary eyes flicker up, meeting hers in a silent plea. The corner of her lips curl upwards, a glimmer of triumph in her gaze. "Your heart, Nick," she states, the three words reverberating ominously in the room.

Nick's heart - a tangible symbol of his life, now ironically his last shred of hope for survival. He gapes at her in shock, a strangled gasp escaping his lips. "You can't be serious..." he whispers.

She shrugs, a sinister nonchalance exuding from her. "Technology is very advanced these days, Nick," she responds, an unsettling reassurance in her tone. "They will replace your heart with a small robotic device. You will continue to live...in some form."

Nick’s mind is a whirlwind of chaos and terror. But in the midst of the storm, the cruel reality hits him: he doesn't have another choice. Sell his heart or face an insurmountable debt. It's a monstrous deal, a pact with the devil herself, but it’s his only shot at a future, no matter how bleak.

"And who... who will get... my heart?" he asks, his voice barely audible.

Salia grins, a predatory satisfaction seeping into her words, "That would be me, Nick."

Salia produces a sheaf of papers from her bag, placing them carefully in front of Nick's face on the hospital bed. "Sign here, here and here," she instructs, pointing to the marked spots on the document.

Nick's eyes widen, scanning the terms and conditions of the agreement. His mind whirls, the realization sinking in that he’s about to trade his life for a sliver of freedom from debt.

With a sterile, capped pen in her hand, Salia approaches him. Given his incapacitated state, she gently places the pen in his mouth.

"Now sign," she commands, a strange blend of nervousness and excitement woven into her tone. She watches his every move, her heart pounding in anticipation of his decision. His own heart - soon to be hers. The thought brings a dark, predatory smile to her lips.

CHAPTER 12

Salia's heart swells with delight as Nick signs the documents, his consent now captured in ink. Her chest echoes with unrestrained laughter that bounces off the sterile hospital walls. The irony of it all almost overwhelms her: the man who had damaged her prized possession is now yielding the most vital part of himself to her.

"Idiot," she thinks, her ruby-red lips curling into a victorious smirk. "You've signed your life away for a debt you never needed to bear."

Her eyes sparkle cruelly, enjoying every moment of Nick's despair. The signed documents are proof of his submission, his acceptance of her terms. She imagines his heart in her hands - metaphorically and soon to be literally.

"Your heart will now be mine," she muses, her thoughts swirling with a perverse sense of satisfaction. "Such a fitting punishment for your recklessness."

She can't wait to relish the sweet taste of victory, the taste of a heart won by manipulation and despair. An odd sense of power and elation washes over her. This, she decides, is a victory far greater than any wealth could ever bring.

A week ticked by slowly, the hands of time seemingly wound by the steady rhythm of the organ that now lay in Salia's possession. Safely ensconced in her sleek, imposing office, she held Nick's still-beating heart in her grasp. Every throb and pulse of the organ echoed through her fingers, amplified by a small battery that kept it alive outside of its original host.

Nick, on the other hand, lay in the sterile confines of his hospital room, a machine now ticking in place of his biological heart. His arms and legs were encased in heavy plaster, testament to the bone-breaking torment he'd been subjected to. Adding to his humiliation, the too-small chastity cage still ensnared him, having permanently mutilated his manhood.

While Nick lay in the hospital, reduced to a pitiful state, Salia reveled in her victory. The power she felt, the control, the utter dominance — it was a rush unlike anything else. She gazed at the organ, marvelling at the rhythmic contractions that signaled life. It was not just any life; it was Nick's life, held in the palm of her hand, both symbolically and literally.

The thrill of victory was short-lived for Salia. As she lay on her luxurious silk sheets that night, she found herself yearning for more. The power she held over Nick had sparked an insatiable desire in her, a ravenous appetite that demanded more submission, more control, more suffering. She found herself tossing and turning, her mind swirling with fresh ideas for humiliation and torment. The throbbing heartbeat in her possession was just not enough.

As dawn broke, she made her decision. Nick was still in the hospital, broken and defeated, yet his life still held potential for further amusement for her. Salia, motivated by her unquenched sadistic thirst, found herself returning to the hospital the next day, her mind brimming with twisted plans. Little did Nick know, his torment was far from over.

CHAPTER 13

"A week has elapsed since the procedure," states Dr. Daisy, the surgeon, addressing Salia. "Nick is primarily in a state of unconsciousness. The artificial heart we've inserted has significantly shortened his life span."

Salia's smiles again. Her eyes shine bright upon hearing those news. She and Dr Daisy are standing im front of Nick, the patient. He is in bandages and has a pink chastity cage on his crotch, which is way to small for him.

Dr. Daisy goes on, "As for his bones, it's a grim sight. His arms and legs, all of his bones are splintered, almost systematically. As if someone intended for this to happen. I have never seen something horrible like this before. The healing process is going to be quite laborious. With the present conditions, we're looking at a recovery period of about 30 to 40 weeks."

Salia dismisses the timeline with a wave of her hand, "That won't do. We can't wait that long. Surely there must be a quicker solution."

Dr. Daisy looks at Salia with a perplexed expression, before finally surrendering to her instructions, "All right, Madam Salia, we can replace his bones with a high-grade titanium alloy. It will mimic the structural strength of natural bone, maybe even more. With this material the procedure is over quickly. We will be done in a week if we do so."

Salia rebuts Dr. Daisy's suggestion with feigned concern, "High-grade titanium? It sounds rather expensive, doctor. Isn't there something more cost-effective? I know they used a porcelain plastic mix during the second world war. That perhaps?"

"But Madam," Dr. Daisy objects, "Those materials werent used since 50 years. They will cause him immense fragility. They're brittle and will make him exceedingly vulnerable."

Salia nods sagely, her eyes glinting with suppressed glee, "Yes, doctor, I understand. We have to make sacrifices sometimes, don't we? Please proceed."

"But Madam," the doctor says, a note of desperation creeping into her voice, "This is a lifelong commitment. He will have to endure these consequences for the rest of his life."

Salia's grin widens, her eyes flickering with a sadistic joy she can barely contain. "Yes, doctor," she says, her voice now stern and commanding, "You will do it."

The sheer determination in Salia's voice sends chills down Dr. Daisy's spine, her words leaving no room for argument. She has no choice but to obey Salia's orders, despite her reservations.

CHAPTER 14

Weeks have passed, each one indistinguishable from the next. Nick found himself caught in a disquieting routine of solitude, quiet despair, and a ceaseless struggle to adjust to his new physical reality.

He'd awaken each day to the silence of his heart, a void filled only by the whirring of a machine. A dull emptiness where the rhythmic thud of his heart used to be.

He touches his chest, feels the hard shell of machinery that now beats in sync with his life. Each pulse is a jarring reminder of what he has lost, the natural rhythm of his body replaced by cold, uncaring metal. The sensation is disconcerting, like a part of him is missing, like he is no longer fully himself.

The chastity cage remained an unforgiving fixture. Its presence was a perpetual reminder of his torment, the numbness of his penis echoing his psychological numbness.

No matter how many times he tried to unlock the steadfast device, it resisted. Its cold, metallic touch, unyielding and firm, a symbol of his entrapment, was a constant mark of his subjugation.

And then, there were his limbs, once his pride, now encapsulated in low-grade porcelain and plastic, felt brittle and weak.

His movements were slow and measured, a single misstep could mean a catastrophic fracture.

The once vibrant body, full of life and vitality, now a fragile frame that housed his battered spirit.

Mentally, he was a shadow of his former self. His confidence was replaced by fear, his pride subsumed by humiliation.

He felt like a prisoner, his own body the confining cell. The world outside his room seemed like a far-off illusion, a dream that he'd been violently wrenched from.

The face that stared back at him from the mirror was a stranger, a shell of the man he used to be.

As time moved on, he fell into a rhythm of self-imposed isolation and quiet reflection. His world was confined to the four walls of his room, his life defined by his physical limitations. He found solace in the predictable monotony, a semblance of control in a life that had spiraled out of his grasp.

His world seems to be crumbling down in slow motion. His inability to work was a curse that was taking a heavy toll on his life. The walls of his apartment felt like they were closing in on him, choking the life out of him. His bones, replaced with the cheapest of materials, felt brittle and weak, leaving him in a perpetual state of exhaustion. His genitals, a constant source of discomfort due to the chastity cage, were a reminder of the humiliation he had endured.

Yet life, it seemed, was not done with its cruel games. His landlord decided to raise the rent, adding more strain to his already strained existence. When he'd asked for the reason behind this, the landlord had remained stubbornly silent. The impending threat of homelessness loomed over his head like a storm cloud, dark and threatening.

In the midst of this gloom, a ray of hope appeared in the form of a call from Cristy. He'd been fired, sure, but an agreement he'd signed allowed him the opportunity to work for three more days and earn a salary of 200,000 dollars. His heart throbbed painfully against his ribcage, a clear sign of the stress he was under. But the amount promised was a lifeline he couldn't afford to ignore. The choice was clear, although far from easy - he would have to endure three more days at work.

As he hung up the call, a strange sense of relief washed over him. He would have a roof over his head and a decent meal to eat, at least for the next few months. His life was a battlefield, scarred and bloody, but he wasn't ready to wave the white flag just yet.

Chapter 15

Upon Nick's return to the office, his arrival was met with a sense of familiar discomfort. Salia, the epicenter of the storm that had become his life, was waiting, the magnetic pull of her aura felt even from across the room.

"Nick," she purred, her voice smooth as velvet, drawing him towards her. A grin, playful yet ominous, curled at the corners of her mouth. With a languid flick of her wrist, she beckoned him to join her, her amusement clear. "Welcome back, dear. It must've been...challenging?" The insincerity of her concern sent a shiver down his spine.

"As I am a woman of my word," Salia started, her voice dripping with faux concern, "I thought it is only fair you receive this back," she motioned towards the key. Her demeanor remained unaffected by his clear relief, a veiled smirk playing on her lips.

"I understand, Nick," she continued, a lilt of amusement dancing in her tone, "that this...confinement may have been a bit...unnerving for you." The room echoed with her silvery laughter, a melody that despite its beauty was laced with a cruel undertone.

"Such a tiny object, isn't it?" she gestured towards the key. "Yet, it had such a powerful hold over your... personal dignity, shall we say?" The air around them thickened, laced with the unsaid mockery wrapped in her sugar-coated words.

"But, my dear Nick," she leaned back, her gaze unflinching and penetrating, "I do hope this little ordeal hasn't caused any...permanent damage." Her final words, a blatant tease, rang in the air, a chilling reminder of the power she held over him.

Nick takes the key in his hand.

"Now onto the more pressing matter," Salia continued, her tone reverting back to her standard composed, business-like manner. "We have a unique opportunity coming up, a safety awareness demonstration that we are planning."

She paused for effect, "We believe it would be beneficial for our employees to understand the risks associated with vehicular accidents," she informed, "and you, Nick, have been selected for a rather special role. You'd be demonstrating an accident victim." She observed Nick's bewildered expression, a hint of mirth flashing across her icy eyes.

"The vehicle involved, of course, would have tires made from a soft, non-harming material," she reassured quickly, all the while knowing the truth she concealed.

Before Nick could object, she leaned forward, her green eyes gleaming with an eerie intensity. "And Nick," she began, her voice taking a softer, more intimate tone, "Should you agree to this... noble cause, I am prepared to offer you your heart back." She relished the shock that rippled through Nick at her words. "Yes, for a trifling sum of ten thousand dollars, I will personally ensure the return of your heart. And naturally, I would cover all surgical expenses."

Nick's face paled, his gaze flickered to the key in front of him, and then back to Salia. Seeing his indecision, she added, her voice dropping into a lethal whisper, "But should you decline, I must remind you, your services here would be... no longer required, and I fear your final paycheck would become... elusive."

The ball was in his court now. As Salia reclined in her chair, her eyes never leaving Nick's face, she savored the desperation that etched deeper into his features. The deal was set. His agreement was just a formality now.

Chapter 16

Nick arrived home, a place that once offered solace but now felt like a hollow echo of his former life. His steps were heavy, weighed down by the decisions he had made and the bargains he had struck. The key to his chastity cage was burning a hole in his pocket, a symbol of freedom tainted with dread.

Locking the door behind him, he moved to the bathroom, his hands shaking as he fumbled with the key. The cold metal of the lock yielded to his touch, and the cage fell away, releasing what had been so long confined.

What he saw next made his heart stop. His penis was crushed, smaller, deformed, and grotesque. It looked like a twisted mockery of its former self. Nick's breath caught in his throat, a strangled sound of disbelief escaping his lips.

With trepidation, he reached down, touching the damaged flesh, exploring the changes with a morbid curiosity. He tried to coax it to life, but it remained limp, unresponsive. A realization began to dawn, a truth too horrifying to fully embrace.

It would never get hard again. It would remain small, weird, and broken, a testament to his weakness and humiliation.

Tears welled in his eyes as the full impact of what had happened to him settled in. He was marked, altered in a way that could never be undone. Nick sank to the floor, his body wracked with sobs, grief mingling with shame and anger.

In that dark moment, all thoughts of agreements and promises were forgotten, replaced by a profound sense of loss. The mirror reflected a stranger, a man who had been stripped of his dignity and left with scars that went far beyond the physical.

The night stretched on, hours marked by the ticking of the clock and the haunting reality of what he had become. Sleep was an elusive dream, chased away by the knowledge that he was forever changed, trapped in a nightmare of his own making, a prisoner of his choices and Salia's merciless game.

The next day, Nick's arrival at work was met with Salia's waiting gaze. Her eyes were filled with feigned concern, yet beneath the surface, Nick could detect a hint of triumphant malice.

"Nick, dear, I trust the release from your, shall we say, constraint went well?" Salia inquired, her voice dripping with faux compassion. Her lips curved into a knowing smile as she continued, "I do hope you're coping with the... unfortunate changes. Such an unexpected consequence, isn't it?"

Her words were like a knife twisting in Nick's gut, each syllable a calculated jab at his vulnerability. The humiliation was almost more than he could bear, but he held his head high, refusing to give her the satisfaction of seeing him crumble.

With a dismissive wave of her hand, Salia directed him to the garage, where the demonstration was to take place. "Our safety drill awaits, Nick. Let's not keep the others waiting."

Once in the garage, Nick was met by a group of employees, their smiles forced, eyes averted. They guided him to the floor, strapping him down under the guise of safety. Nick could see through their lies; the bindings were there to prevent escape, to render him helpless and at Salia's mercy.

The Empress-2000, Salia's beloved car, sat nearby, gleaming in the harsh garage light. Salia approached it with an air of reverence, her fingers caressing its sleek surface.

"All set, Nick?" she called out, her voice tinged with false sweetness as she climbed into the driver's seat. Her eyes met his, a dark promise in their depths.

Nick's fake-heart pounded in his chest, fear and anticipation mingling in a heady cocktail. He was trapped, both physically and metaphorically, in Salia's twisted game.

With a purr, the Empress-2000 roared to life, its engine humming a sinister tune. The safety drill was about to begin, and Nick knew that his life was in the hands of a woman who had shown him no mercy.

In that moment, he understood the terrible price of desperation, the cost of his choices, and the unyielding nature of Salia's power. The demonstration was not just a test of safety; it was a manifestation of control, a dance of dominance and submission, with Salia as the merciless choreographer.

Chapter 17

The Empress-2000 approached slowly, its gleaming body inching closer to where Nick lay trapped. Salia's hand rested lovingly on the dashboard, her fingers caressing the car as if it were a beloved pet.

"Empress, my dear, you know why we're doing this," Salia cooed, her voice soft and intimate. "For the little injustice you have suffered! For little scar he caused you, my poor baby...!" Her words were laced with a cold determination, a vow spoken between mistress and machine.

"And because it's so much fun...! Right??! Yes!!!"

As the car neared, Nick's breath caught in his throat, his fear mounting with each heartbeat. Lying on his back, he could see Salia's face through the windshield, her eyes glinting with cruel joy, her lips stretched into a smile that spoke of twisted pleasure.

The right-front tire of the Empress-2000 made contact with his belly, the pressure sending a jolt of pain through his body. The roll over Nick's belly sent a shock through him, a crushing sensation that was more alarming than painful. His intestines felt compressed, but not severely injured. It was a strange, unnatural feeling, but he told himself it was bearable.

Salia didn't stop; her foot pressed on the accelerator, guiding the car forward. Nick's eyes widened in terror as the right-back tire followed the path of the first, rolling over his midsection with a relentless force.

This time it was was different. As the tires rolled over him again, he felt a sharper pain in his gut, a warning that something was wrong. His insides seemed to protest, a dull ache spreading through his midsection. But still, it was manageable, he thought, trying to reassure himself. He could endure this.

Then Salia shifted into reverse, and his heart sank. The terror in Nick grew as he realized she wasn't finished. The next pass was worse, much worse. He felt his insides twist and buckle under the pressure, serious damage that sent waves of agony through him. It was no longer just uncomfortable; it was painful, genuinely painful.

As the cruel demonstration continued, Nick became vaguely aware of the onlookers, his former co-workers, who had gathered to watch the spectacle. Their faces were twisted into cruel smiles, eyes wide with morbid curiosity and glee.

Laughter rang out, a sound more chilling to Nick than the crunching of his own body beneath the tires. They were laughing at him, taking pleasure in his suffering, reveling in his humiliation. The people he had once considered colleagues were now enjoying his pain, egging Salia on as she inflicted more and more damage.

The final pass was pure agony, a torment beyond anything he had ever experienced. He felt something give way inside him, a catastrophic failure that sent him into a world of pain. He knew, without a doubt, that he was seriously injured, perhaps fatally so.

His mind swirled with panic and despair, the realization that Salia had not just humiliated him, but had physically destroyed him. Nick was left broken, his body a testament to her cruelty, her power, and her utter lack of mercy.

As the car came to a halt, their laughter lingered, a haunting reminder of their betrayal and indifference. Nick was left to endure not only the physical agony but the crushing realization that he was utterly alone, abandoned by those he thought he knew, his misery turned into a spectacle for their amusement.

Chapter 18

Nick awoke, totally naked, in a room that radiated affluence and power. His eyes were drawn to an expensive table in front of him where his smartphone lay. His mind was a whirlpool of confusion and pain, but it was the elegant figure standing nearby that anchored his attention.

Salia observed Nick's awakening with a glint of satisfaction in her eyes, enjoying the dazed confusion and terror that played across his face as he took in his surroundings. He was strapped to her office chair, an exquisite piece that cost more than most people's yearly salary.

"Ah, you're awake," she cooed, her voice dripping with feigned concern. She leaned closer, her eyes cold as she continued, "You know, the paramedics had to carefully place you here. Your spine, dear Nick, is broken. This chair," she gestured at the plush seat beneath him, "is designed to keep you from becoming paralyzed or something even worse."

Her lips curled into a twisted smile, her tone shifting from faux sympathy to mockery. "I must apologize, though it's not entirely my fault," she said, her words laced with insincerity. "You see, I simply forgot to change the tires on my Empress-2000. Those were the regular ones, not the soft ones I promised. A minor oversight on my part."

Her laughter rang out, a cruel sound that cut through the silence of the room. Nick's pain and fear were palpable, but they only fueled Salia's enjoyment. She reveled in his suffering, the power she wielded over him, and the success of her sadistic game.

Salia's eyes sparkled with a malevolent glee as she carefully placed Nick's heart on her expensive table, the organ preserved within a transparent containment unit. It was a gruesome and yet captivating sight, and she knew that Nick's eyes would be drawn to it.

"Your heart, Nick," she said, her voice dripping with artificial sweetness. "I'm willing to sell it back to you. Only $10,000. A small price for something so vital, don't you agree?"

She handed him his smartphone, her eyes never leaving his face as she watched the hope and desperation in his eyes. She knew he was broke. She knew he couldn't afford it. But she relished every moment of his struggle.

"Oh, you can't afford it?" she asked, feigning surprise and concern. "Well, I suppose I can show some mercy. Let's make it $1,000 instead."

Nick's frantic attempts to transfer the money were in vain, and Salia's smile only widened. She knew he didn't have even that much.

"Alright," she sighed, feigning disappointment, "one cent. That's as low as I'll go."

Nick's hands trembled as he tried to make the payment, but it was no use. His account was overdrawn, every payment locked, overdue bills piling up. Salia knew all of this, of course. She had planned it meticulously, ensuring that he couldn't even pay a single cent.

"Tsk, tsk," she clucked, shaking her head in mock sympathy. "I truly thought it would be more valuable to you, Nick. What a shame. I never intended to withhold it from you, but it seems you can't even afford this small gesture."

Her words were a dagger, each one carefully crafted to twist deeper into his psyche. She had never intended to give him back his heart. It was all a game, a cruel and twisted game that she had orchestrated from the start.

Chapter 19

Salia's eyes narrowed, and she picked up Nick's still-beating heart, examining it for a moment with a cold, analytical gaze. Then, with a look of disdain, she casually tossed it onto the floor, as though it were worth less than a cent. Nick's eyes widened, his breath catching in his throat as he watched the organ that could save his life now at the mercy of Salia's whims.

"Oh, dear Nick," she cooed, her voice dripping with false sympathy. "It appears your heart isn't even worth a single cent." Her words were a calculated humiliation, and she smiled cruelly as she stepped forward, her designer boot pressing slowly onto the heart. "What a waste of potential."

Nick could only watch in horror as she continued to step on his heart, damaging it more and more with each deliberate movement. Salia seemed to savor his torment, her eyes gleaming with a perverse satisfaction.

"I'm afraid you'll have to be installed on my chair," she said, her voice soft and mocking. "Moving you from this position is simply too risky. But don't worry, you'll stay alive." Her boot pressed harder on the heart, the sound of it being crushed filling the room. "There will be something placed as a cushion to prevent you from talking, but you'll still be able to see."

Her words were a torment, a promise of a future filled with suffering and degradation. "You won't starve, dear Nick," she continued, her boot grinding down on the heart, blood and viscera staining the floor. "I'll make sure little tubes go inside your body and keep you alive."

With a final, deliberate movement, she popped the heart, crushing it completely. The sound was sickening, a wet crunch that echoed in Nick's ears, a symbol of his shattered hopes and dreams.

"You will become my chair, Nick," she said, her voice cold and unfeeling. "For the rest of your life."

She turned away, her boots leaving bloody prints on the floor as she called to an employee, instructing her to dispose of the heart and flush it down her personal toilet. Her laughter rang out again, a sound filled with malice and triumph, leaving Nick broken and defeated, a mere object in the twisted games of a woman who knew no mercy or compassion.

THE END