

Housebound

Shane pressed his thumb against the front door of his new residence, adjusting his glasses as the scanner registered his print and flashed green. The young man took a deep breath. If he was right, today was going to be a very good day. If he was wrong... well, a new apartment in Waverly Towers wasn't anything to sneeze at, but he was only getting one shot at this. Requesting a residency transfer twice in the same year was a sign of being a Poor Fit in the Network, and he'd spent most of his life carefully working to avoid that fate.

He hefted his duffel bag and stepped through the front door, looking around. The place was fully furnished, of course. The previous resident had been a fan of landscape paintings and cat statues; the paintings would have to go, he could pass them off to people at his office, but the statues were kind of cute. Everything was crisp and clean; cleaning bots had been through. He made a note in the system to suspend that service; no sense wasting electricity when he had other plans.

Shane's heart was beating a mile a minute as he looked around. Then he saw that the bedroom door was closed, with a small red light notifying that it was locked, and his face broke into a beaming smile.

He walked up to the door, and knocked on it. "Hello?" he called, putting his ear against the door. He could hear a frantic, repeated thudding coming from the other side, so faint that it was barely audible even here. Perfect.

Taking a deep breath, Shane put his thumb on the bedroom keypad, took a step back, and let the door hiss open as the woman who had been banging against it fell forwards, falling to her hands and knees in front of him.

She was Black, her skin a half-shade lighter than his own, a few inches shorter than him, with curly black hair streaked with red highlights. She was big and curvy, with wide hips and a plump ass that jutted into the air as she scrambled to get back to her feet; it was easy enough to tell because she wasn't wearing anything but a frilly, mostly-transparent purple nightdress. She looked exhausted, with bags under her eyes, and she looked up at him hopefully. "Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

“Hello, Brianna,” Shane said, trying to keep his voice steady. “I’m Shane.” He set down his bag and reached inside, pulling out a bottle of orange juice. “You must be thirsty. How long were you trapped in there?”

“Almost three days!” Brianna took the juice, drinking it thirstily. Shane watched her breasts jiggle as she gulped it down, before continuing her story. “I woke up one morning and I was locked in the bedroom. I couldn’t access my closet, I couldn’t access my feeds. I’ve been drinking water out of the ensuite tap while I tried to get *someone’s* attention. I’m so glad they sent you. ”

“Yeah, these domiciles are really soundproofed,” Shane said absently. He toggled the network, searching for Brianna’s name and face. “Do you always sleep like that?”

Brianna flushed, hunching over to try and cover her breasts and crotch from his gaze. “I’d just seen someone,” she muttered. “We were... enjoying ourselves. He left in the middle of the night.”

“Which is why you locked the bedroom door,” Shane said understandingly. He knelt down, putting a hand on her shoulder. “You wanted to be safe.”

“Yes, exactly.” Brianna smiled up at him. “You’re so understanding.”

“Well...” The smile that Shane returned was cold, and Brianna’s own smile slipped away as Shane continued to stare down at her. “I am. I understand more than you, I think. You’re dead, Brianna.”

“What?”

Shane stood up, turning to look around the residence. “The man you slept with logged a medical request. Thought you’d had too much to drink. Medical bots reported to your logged location, and found your ID sitting on a bridge. The algorithm judged that you’d gone out for a midnight walk, fallen into the river. Odds of recovering the body, minimal.”

“No, but that’s not right.” Brianna struggled to her feet. “I’m right here!”

“Residences don’t have interior surveillance, for privacy reasons,” Shane reminded her. He glanced over his shoulder, taking the woman in. She was nervous enough that she’d momentarily forgotten her sheer dress, and he loved the way her

breasts moved. He was close. Just a few more steps. “They log purchases and preferences, of course, but you were in a soundproof room. You must have missed the emergency alert.” There hadn’t been an emergency alert, of course. In his position as a civic responder, he’d adjusted the number slightly when the alert came in. Just to be safe. They’d flung themselves into the void, convincing the algorithm that she was gone.

Brianna took a few staggering steps, and Shane carefully took her by the hand, guiding her to the couch. She was tired, exhausted, hungry and confused. “Last night, the 48-hour response period expired,” he said in a cruelly pleasant tone. “Your death was formally logged, and your residence was listed as available. You’re lucky that I was the one that was chosen.” It had taken quite a bit of work to submit a residence request that would meet all of the criteria, while the 48-hour period was still ticking down, but he’d known exactly what keywords to use. He’d researched everything about Brianna as soon as she was logged missing, ostensibly as part of his job.

“Why?” Brianna stared up at him, lost.

“Because if someone else had found you, they might have called for paramedics before they talked to you. And when your genetics came back as deceased, the system would have redirected you.” Shane breathed out slowly, enjoying the look in her eye as she realized what he meant. The algorithm was never wrong. It could never be corrected. If she was dead, the system would treat her as dead, but if the sensors were registering her as *alive* she’d be listed as an unclaimed body and diverted to live medical research.

Brianna collapsed against the couch, breathing heavily. She shook her head. “What do I do?” she muttered. “I can’t appeal. I can’t get food, I can’t even unlock my doors...”

“Yeah, I’m really sorry,” Shane agreed. “Well, I guess you’d better get going.”

Brianna’s eyes shot open. “What?! But...”

“I can’t keep a dead woman in my house,” Shane pointed out. “I would need to feed you, clothe you. It’s a big resource drain, I’d have to make sure to work enough to balance it out.” It would be easy enough; as a civic inspector, he was in charge of distributing a lot of resources, and he could ensure that a small portion of them came to him. Most of the inspectors did it, so that they could contribute to

parties and make friends. But this was the pressure point. “It’s not that I don’t *want* to help you,” he said politely. “And I wouldn’t call the parademics. But it’s just too much.”

“No, please.” Brianna grabbed his hand, clutching it tightly. “I won’t last a week on the streets! They’ll round me up, send me to medical research, or log me as an organ donor. You’ve got to help me. I’ll do anything!”

Shane gave her a sidelong look. Sitting on the couch like this, with dappled sunlight coming through the frosted glass, she was a study in beauty. Her breath was coming in quick gasps, her eyes were wide and brimming with tears, and the nightgown was clinging to her body as it slowly became clammy with sweat. He made a show of considering the answer that he had known he would give from the moment he walked in the door. “...anything?”

He did his best to sound uncertain, to keep the hunger out of his voice. He wanted this to be *her* idea. And he wasn’t disappointed. He saw the idea flash through her eyes, saw her swallow once.

“...anything,” she said, sliding closer across the couch. One hand drifted down his side, running over his leg. “You could save credits by having a live-in cleaner. Live food preparation instead of automated. And you wouldn’t need a Buddy for your... needs.”

“My... needs?” Shane let a hint of mockery into his voice. Now that he had Brianna considering the idea, he didn’t want her to think this was an equitable arrangement. “What needs, exactly? What am I going to all this trouble for? I want you to tell me, in your own words. Be persuasive.”

Brianna flushed again, but she let her hand creep up his leg to the fabric of his pants. “I would fuck you,” she said breathily. Shane let her slide her hand into his pants, feeling him growing hard as her painted red nails teased at his length. “I would do whatever you want, whenever you want. Blowjobs, handjobs, putting on a show.” Her free hand reached up to her breasts, jiggling them for his amusement. “Whatever you want me to be. Sir.” She watched him uncertainly, waiting for a response.

Shane’s smile grew. This was going better than he’d imagined. “Let’s see about that, shall we?” He reached out, gently pulling her hand out of his pants. “When I got notice to move in, I left most of my things for the movers, but I had some

accessories that I didn't want to get lost. Just some toys I've used with partners in the past." Reaching down to his duffel bag, he placed the handles in her open hand. "So why don't we audition you? Three tasks, one try each. Pass all three, and you can stay. Fail any of them, and you go out the door."

Brianna whimpered, but nodded. "Of course," she said. "Whatever you want."

"Good. First, go into the bedroom, look through this, and put together an outfit that you think is appropriately servile for someone who's going to be depending on me for the rest of their life. Remember, you only get one try, so be sexy and be mean to yourself."

Brianna nodded quickly, picking up the bag and retreating into her bedroom. Shane leaned back on the couch, grinning from ear to ear and imagining his new life. It didn't matter what she did; he wasn't going to let her slip through his fingers. But he wanted her to feel like she'd agreed to a life as his servant, agreed to be domesticated to his whims. He needed to break her, and he needed to do it while she was still terrified and hungry.

He heard a muffled shriek from the other room, and laughed. She'd found some of the trickier toys, and it sounded like she was going all-in. A second shriek, more like a yelp, came a minute later. Finally, just as he was considering getting up and checking in on her, he heard Brianna's feet padding down the hall towards.

"Do you like what you see, sir?" she asked as she came around the couch.

Shane grinned. "Oh, very much."

Brianna hadn't held back. She'd started with makeup, using thick black mascara to conceal her bags and putting on scarlet lipstick that matched her hair. The mascara was already running, two black lines tracing down her cheeks from the corners of her eyes, almost looking like a deliberate choice. Her nose was flared slightly open; she'd inserted small plastic wedges to keep her breathing steady if her mouth was full. She was also wearing a silver chain choke collar; a large dog tag dangled from it, reading "BITCH" in large black letters.

Her nightclothes had been replaced as well; a black corset pushed in the curves of her belly, causing her breasts to seem even more massive; they spilled over the corset, dangling down. Each breast had been affixed with a vice-like clamp, with inner prongs pressing down painfully on her nipples; the vices were connected by

a chain, and a small heart-shaped weight dangled from *it*. Her arms were draped in long, black silk gloves, and locked behind her back by a pair of tight handcuffs, and a leather belt was strapped around her waist, a thin metal cord running tightly between her thighs and riding up into her crotch and ass. Finally, Brianna was wearing long black silk stockings, ending in a short chain attached to her ankle cuffs, giving her room to spread her legs just enough that when she stood in front of him, she could thrust out her crotch to him.

Brianna turned around slowly, and Shane saw that she was gripping a small remote in her hands. “For you, sir,” she said humbly.

Shane grinned, realizing that she hadn’t just dressed up, she’d slipped a toy up her pussy. He reached forward, taking the remote, and nodded. “Full marks,” he said. “Now, your second task. You said you could put on a show. Dance for me. Slutty, sexy, and humiliating.”

“Yes, sir,” Brianna said, swallowing a whimper as the realization of how all these toys were going to affect her dawned. Shane leaned back, toggling a saxophone medley as she began to sway in front of him, gritting her teeth as the motion set the weight on her nipples swinging and tugged painfully on her breasts.

Dancing was clearly incredibly difficult for Brianna in her restricted state. She kept trying to move her arms and overbalancing; once, she instinctively moved to kick out as part of a routine and tumbled over, landing hard on her ass on the floor. Her body jiggled as she rolled onto her side, trying to find a way back to her feet without using her arms, and Shane watched the heat rise in her cheeks as she realized that he wasn’t making a move to help her. He toyed with the remote, idly twisting it from a sudden pulse to a low murmur, a spike of rapid vibrations deep in her pussy and then back down. Soon, sweat was pouring off her, mascara running down her cheeks and body flush as she began to pant for breath. She kept looking to Shane, clearly hoping that he would call an end to her humiliation, but he just nodded and gave her a ‘keep going’ motion.

Finally, Brianna collapsed to the ground, overcome by exhaustion. She lay in front of Shane, panting desperately for air and trying not to sob as the silence extended. “Please, sir...” she mumbled.

Shane finally stood, taking a step forward and kneeling in front of her. He reached down, grabbing her hair, and pulled her head up to look him in the eyes. “Not great,” he said. “We’ll have to work on that.”

Brianna's sobs caught in her throat. "I passed?" she mumbled.

"You passed the second step, yes. Just barely." Shane leaned in, kissing her on the forehead, and she let out a sigh of relief and joy. "You're so close," he whispered in her ear. "So very, very close."

Reach down, Shane pulled out a second set of cuffs, latching them around Brianna's elbows. She let out a yelp as he tightened the chain between them, pulling her arms together behind her back until he could see her elbows straining. "Alright," he said. "Third task. You said you do blowjobs."

"Yes..."

"Well?" Shawn sat back on the ground.

Brianna stared at him in dawning horror. "I can't use my hands," she protested.

"Not a good start."

She whimpered softly, staring into his pitiless eyes. "Please, sir," Brianna murmured. "Please use me. Fuck my face like the toy that I am."

Shawn laughed. He reached down, unzipping his pants and pulling his member out, and then grabbed her by the hair again. Her legs kicked out, trying to push herself closer to him, weight dangling from her breasts as they bobbed up and down. Shawn didn't help her, just used her hair to pull her slowly in his direction.

Finally, she was placed above him. He was ramrod-straight, practically ready to cum already from the day's activities. She lowered her head down, and as soon as she was wrapped around him he shoved down, pushing her onto his full length.

Brianna gasped and choked, flailing underneath him for a moment before she recovered. As quickly as possible, she began to run her tongue over his cock, letting him pull her up and shove her back down, keeping her teeth out of the way as best she could. As Shane used her like a toy, he triggered the remote, and Brianna screamed around his length as the vibrator in her pussy exploded to life again, eyes bulging from the unforeseen pleasure, watering from lack of air as he roughly held her down and pulled her up again.

It didn't last long. Shane was too worked up from the success of his plan, from Brianna's show earlier, and from the sensations roaring through him. He pressed her down against his crotch as he came, letting his cum explode down her throat, and she struggled and squirmed against him, eyes fluttering, until the combination of breathlessness and sensation pushed her over the edge, too. She bucked and screamed, an orgasm erupting through her, and finally he pulled her off him and let her collapse to one side.

"Acceptable," he said, when he could finally breathe again. He shifted his pose, turning her on her side and cuddling her against him. "Good marks overall, Brianna. I don't think I could ever let you go."

"I can stay?" she murmured, exhausted.

"As long as you like," he agreed. "Let's take a shower, and then I'll put some supper together for you."

She started to nod gratefully, but then hesitated. "Don't I have to cook? Sir?"

"Usually, yes. But you've had a rough few days. I'll handle it today, and tomorrow I'll start teaching you how I like my food."

"Yes, sir," Brianna said, pressing tighter against him.

Shawn looked down at her exhausted smile, and grinned. There would be some training involved, a lot of effort to make sure that she didn't backslide and that she stayed appropriately grateful to him for 'saving' her, but it looked like his plan to acquire a real live servant for himself was going to work out just fine.