



D E L I C A C I E S

erotica

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Delicacies

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“The ways of intercourse are many and varied. If whips and bonds are needed, *dominus vobiscum* and have at it.”
— *Pope Pius XII*

(Quote unverified.)

PART TWO



They called it The Sensual Discipline Program...

Silvia's business was pleasure, and she took her job seriously. Which is not to say she held back from having fun. "Our industry offers 'enjoyment employment' and we are pleased to share the delights with all our disciples," Silvia said. "Taking part in the festivities is the best way to ensure that we maintain the proper level of quality control throughout the firm. Our actions are not selfish, they're altruistic," she asserted.

Silvia was one of a half-dozen upper-level managers within the fiefdom of Princess Coral. Silvia oversaw a small empire of businesses, all of which were focused on attraction, eroticism, and excitement. All were successful, and some of them were mostly legal.

The legitimate endeavor was Pro Forma Global, LLC, a management and personal services company that was a destination of choice for young women seeking careers in modeling, singing, acting, and dancing.

Many celebrities have emerged from Pro Forma, including two movie stars, seven TV personalities (sixteen, if you count weather girls), four singers, and dozens of models. You

would recognize many of them on sight and you probably know some of their names.

In addition to the oh-so-pretty people who appeared in front of the camera, Pro Forma employed photographers, videographers, hair stylists, make-up artists, physical trainers, and a coterie of fashion designers overseeing lines of *prêt-à-porter* (ready-to-wear apparel) for such brands as Plush Doll, Vicky's Sensations, Luv2Touch, Femininities, Sil's Sinners & Saints, and several other firms owned by Princess Coral's company, Slickness, Inc., which itself was a subsidiary of Stratmont Oakton Holdings.

There was also another side to Coral and Silvia's business ventures, one that was not entirely within the boundaries of the law. It was known by many names, but the one they used most often was *L'art du plaisir*. This was part of what they called *Le programme de discipline sensuelle*, or The Sensual Discipline Program.

"I think you will find most of the women in *L'art du plaisir* quite appealing," Silvia said as she spoke with a potential new male client. "Here," Silvia continued with a smile that

would have made Renoir envious, “we instruct women in ways that provide erotic gratification to men.” She paused, raised an eyebrow, and added, “And women, of course.”

As she continued guiding the man through a litany of erotic delights, Silvia was quietly assertive. “All of our girls are trained in the erogenous arts, and thus they make lovely companions,” Silvia stated. “Their liaisons are only on a temporary basis, of course, so please clear any marriage proposals with me prior to discussing future interactions with our ladies.”

“I understand,” the man replied.

“Basically,” Silvia told him, “I teach my pleasure girls to strike various poses, both on their own and in groups, and to hold those positions while they are, well, let us use the word ‘enjoyed.’ I probably don’t need to tell you that all these positions are designed to display a woman’s body in enticing ways. I know you will enjoy it when a woman presents her charms. The poses range from suggestive to ‘do me,’ as you will see. That is, if you want to see.”

“Yes,” the man replied. He gulped for air and added, “I want to see.” His voice was

steady, but he was working hard to control the palpitations of his heart.

“Together,” she mused, “we will be caressing one or more of my Pleasure Girls, playing with them, teasing them, tormenting them, training them, and, when necessary, disciplining them.” She regarded the man with faux innocence while adding, “If that’s acceptable to you, of course.”

The man weighed the pros and cons of Silvia’s offer. The costs were higher than he had expected, but what she was promising seemed to justify the expense. He also considered the array of moral and ethical quandaries this situation might present. He mulled over the decision for several seconds, not because he was going to decline, but because he didn’t want to appear hopelessly eager. With as much restraint as he could muster, he assured her that what she proposed was acceptable to him.

“*Naturellement*,” she said to herself. “So, let us continue with your tour of upcoming joyous moments,” she said aloud.

The man soon learned that Silvia’s girls were always receiving discipline of one sort or

another. Silvia meted out punishment using her hands as well as a selection of toys, tools, and implements. “You know,” she confided to her new client, “I sometimes require a man to discipline them using his cock. Please let me know if you’re interested in helping me in that regard.”

This time, it took only one nanosecond before he abandoned all efforts to appear restrained. With a bit too much emphasis, he assured her that he was interested.

Silvia nodded. “*Bon,*” she said and began showing him photographs of the gear she regularly utilized with her captives, including bondage bracelets, anklets, collars, and corsets. There were fifty photos of corsets, each one lovingly fitted to the body of a goddess. Each photo was carefully composed and lit so that the images had an elegant sheen.

Silvia took some time to comment on the features of many of the corsets and bras. “You’ll notice that some of them just barely cover the nipples while others just barely do not cover them. I find both are quite lovely.”

“Um-hmm,” the man said, trying to speak as calmly as possible.

“Perhaps we should have a few of our girls model their lingerie for you.”

He nodded in agreement with her idea. He intended to say something as well, but instead focused on not choking on his tongue.

Silvia stood up, took the man by the arm, and led him on a tour of the changing rooms. First, she pointed out the selection of slappers, crops, whips, switches, and mini-cat-o-nine-tails. “With these, we have numerous ways to administer spankings. Depending on the whip, the flick of the wrist, the number of strokes, and the area of the body being spanked, we have the opportunity to excite or punish each girl. That’s a very powerful feeling.”

“Um-hm,” the man said, his head feeling delightfully dizzy at the thought.

Next, Silvia mentioned that they had dozens of different styles of vibrators, plus many types of straps to hold them inside a woman’s body. “Most of the straps have some elasticity,” Silvia pointed out. “That way, one can slide the vibrator out part way, let go, and the straps will pull the vibrator back inside.” Her face was impassive as she asked him, “Isn’t that a good game to play with my girls?”

He told her that sounded like one of the best games ever.

Gliding through the large chamber, Silvia showed the man an array of nipple clips. He had no idea there were so many different styles, designs, and sizes. Nor had it occurred to him that they didn't always have to be applied to nipples.

“Clips can be persuasive,” Silvia told him.

“Yes, I'm sure,” he replied. As she spoke, he had to keep remembering to close his mouth, swallow, and concentrate on regular breathing.

“As you can see from my collection of sensual toys,” Silvia continued smoothly, “I am extremely dedicated to the enjoyment of the pleasures of the flesh.”

With a wicked grin, Silvia invited him into one of her private entertainment centers where she suggested they watch a movie.

“A movie?” he asked.

“A video,” she said. “It shows a few aspects of the training sessions we conduct with our girls. Some of the discipline we administer to their bodies is shown in the video, and you may comment on those that you

might find entertaining. We call it ‘master’s choice.’ Doesn’t that sound like fun?”

“Yes,” the man said, almost tripping over the one syllable.

“The imagery is in high definition,” Silvia said. “I believe several sequences are in the latest in what I call ‘ultra resolution,’ and a few require 3D goggles, or whatever term they’re using these days, but I’ve found that actual 3D is better than simulated 3D, especially because you can reach out and touch your pleasure toy here in our playground.”

The man was more than happy to agree with her on this point.

“Still,” Silvia continued, “videos are very helpful in selecting toys and outfits for a playdate.”

She had him sit down on a couch in front of an impressively large built-in theater screen. On the coffee table in front of him were several thin pre-rolled joints as well as two bottles of wine. She tilted her head at the goodies and asked, “Red, white, or THC?”

“Oh, I’m a THC guy,” the man replied.

“Excellent,” she said. She nodded at the pre-rolls and suggested he select one for her

and one for himself. When he had done so, she took the one he offered, put it to her lips, and ignited it using an S.T. Dupont lighter, the Le Grand Chinese Lacquer Black model. She inhaled deeply.

“That’s a beautiful lighter,” he told her.

“I aim to impress you in many ways,” she said after exhaling. She placed the other joint between his lips and again flicked her lighter. He leaned forward slightly, inhaled, and was surprised at how fast the joint disappeared into smoke and ash. With just two quick puffs, the joint was half consumed.

“Whoa,” he said.

“This particular strain is from Thailand,” she said. “I believe you’ll soon realize why my joints are rolled so thin.”

“Alright,” he replied. “I’ll let you know when the—” He didn’t finish because his mind was suddenly open to colors and shapes and sounds and tactile impressions and the way the inside of his head was full of electrical impulses that were stimulating his senses in a most delightful manner.

“Very powerful stuff, wouldn’t you agree?” she inquired, knowing the answer.

“Um-hmm,” he said, this time drawing it out for several additional syllables. The potency of the joint was such that he asked her if it had been laced with something.

“Not at all,” she replied. “I can assure you,” she purred, “that every stimulant in my collection is perfectly safe to imbibe.” As if to prove her point, she swapped joints with him. “In this case,” she continued, “the only ingredient is tetrahydrocannabinol. It’s just a very potent strain.”

As they finished the THC, she picked up a sleek black-and-silver remote and punched instructions into the touchpad. The lights in the room dimmed and the video display came to life.

On the huge screen, figures swirled in a soft-focus kaleidoscope of colorful shapes. As the image sharpened, the man saw the interior of a large, high-ceilinged room. It was a kind of gymnasium, but with unusual equipment constructed of gleaming lacquered wood.

“This girl is on a spanking bench,” Silvia said as she ran one hand across the back of a beautiful young woman who was bound with her body bent over at a 45-degree angle.

“Where are—” He turned to where Silvia had been standing, then back to the screen.

“You will notice,” Silvia continued, “that her ass, thighs, and pussy are available for discipline.” Silvia was in the video.

The man’s head was spinning. How did Silvia move from right beside him to standing next to the captive girl on the screen?

He watched as Silvia selected a short leather slapper from the side of the bench and administered a couple of strokes across the girl’s enticingly curved derriere. The captive moaned through her gag while her arms and legs strained at the leather bondage holding her in place on the device.

“In a moment, you may try your hand at disciplining this captive,” Silvia said.

“I... But... How...?” He blinked and shook his head. “WTF?” he mused.

“Those are joy stations,” Silvia told him. “You will soon become familiar with them,” she added as she patted his arm.

With a jolt, he realized he was now standing next to Silvia and the semi-clad captive girl tied to the spanking bench. Had fantasy merged with reality? That couldn’t

happen, he thought. It must be that Silvia had led him into another part of her chambers, and he was too stoned to notice. “It must be,” he said to himself, not at all certain he was correct.

“Over in this part of the room we have a discipline station called a queen’s perch,” Silvia told him. Again, she ran a hand over the flesh of the woman posing on the perch. “Almost everything about the queen’s perch is identical to the spanking bench,” Silvia said. “The difference is the lack of bondage. Here,” Silvia added, “the captive girl demonstrates her obedience by holding the pose while we spank her.”

Silvia performed the same discipline as before, but then used the slapper to caress the woman’s thighs, ass, hips, back, shoulders, and neck. “After each spanking,” Silvia said, “we caress some of our captives, sometimes with hands, sometimes with the whip. We also allow the most obedient girls to climax.” Silvia turned to the man and asked, “That’s a nice reward, don’t you think?”

He told her that was very thoughtful. He kept glancing around, as if trying to convince

himself he was not hallucinating. He was, of course, hallucinating, but he was in the room with the women, the bondage, the whips, and all the accoutrements of Silvia's pleasure chamber.

"Let's move to the center of the room," Silvia said. "Here is the station we call The X. I will now have some of the girls demonstrate the advantages of this position." She snapped her fingers.

The lighting in the room slowly changed, or was he imagining it? Silvia lit another joint, took a puff and put it to his lips. He finished it off.

Head swirling from the extraordinarily powerful high, the man gaped at four women who entered the room. Three of them were Silvia's assistants, which she sometimes called subs or subordinates. Other times, Silvia called them accomplices, backups, adherents, whip girls, or abettors. The three subs were dressed alike in black patent leather high heeled shoes with delicate ankle straps, black sheer nylon stockings, black lace garter belts, black lace bras, and tiny black thong panties tied with a bow at each hip.

The fourth woman was also wearing black stockings but with a pink garter belt, and no bra or panties. Around her neck was a black leather collar with a gold O-ring embedded in the leather. Each wrist had a black leather bondage bracelet with a metal O-ring. On her feet were high-heeled ankle boots, each fastened at the front with an ornate gold padlock; the outside edges of each shoe had the same bondage ring. Unlike the stilettos worn by the others, this woman's footwear had heels that were thicker. Silvia explained why.

“When we position our captive girls for training, discipline, or punishment, their bondage shoes are fastened with a rope or chain on each of the O-rings, and the heels are held securely in two iron vice-grips fastened to the floor. That's so she cannot turn her legs to try avoiding a stroke of the whip.”

In front of Silvia and the spellbound man, three of the women were binding the fourth in the center of the chamber. Braided leather cords were attached to the captive girl's bondage shoes and bracelets, and she was soon helpless, her arms and legs held wide apart. “*Voila,*” Silvia said. “A lovely example of a

beautiful sensual plaything in the position called The X. She is enticing, don't you agree?"

The man nodded.

Silvia snapped her fingers, and the subs were instantly attentive. Silvia pointed to a large antique armoire set back from where the overhead lighting framed the captive girl and her tormentors. One sub moved to the armoire and opened it to reveal two sets of whips, one in black leather, the other in pink.

"You'll notice," Silvia told the man, "the whips are arranged in order from the lightest to the most severe. I always like to begin with the smallest riding crop, which is sometimes called a slapper." To the assistant at the armoire, she said, "Bring me the black slapper."

The crop was brought to her. Silvia nodded her thanks and immediately placed the tongue of the short whip on the body of the captive. She kept her eyes on her victim but narrated her actions to the man.

"This is called sweetheart discipline. I usually begin with one or two light strokes across the girl's ass." She administered the brief spanking with two flicks of her wrist. The

captive flinched but did not cry out. “Notice that this level of whip discipline produces a nice sting but leaves no mark on the bare flesh. This leaves her skin ready for more strokes—harder strokes—in a little while. But right now, we’re going to lightly explore her body with the crop.”

Slowly, almost reverently, Silvia guided the business end of the crop across the captive woman’s body. The girl shuddered a couple of times and was obviously tense, but she was otherwise still. She was familiar with the ritual and had come to enjoy the experience, both the physical sensations as well as being the center of attention for Silvia, the three subs, and the man who would probably be penetrating her soon.

“We begin at the ankle and move up the outside of one leg to the knee,” Silvia told the man. “Then, down the back of the calf to the ankle, then up the inside of the calf to the knee, and then... repeat all over her. This, I’m sure you’ll agree, is a delicious way to let the captive know you appreciate her body, her curves, and her charms.”

“Uhm-hmm,” the man replied.

The man and the three subs watched Silvia use the crop to caress the girl's calves, thighs, hips, ass, ribs, back, breasts, arms, shoulders, and neck. The three subs exchanged glances whenever Silvia returned to the area of maximum sensitivity between the girl's legs. They noted that Silvia was careful to prevent the black leather crop from touching the now glistening vulva.

"You see that she is excited," Silvia told the man.

"Yes," the man replied, his voice almost too soft for everyone to hear.

"Good girl!" Silvia told the captive. To the man, she said, "Our little sensual plaything is now ready for some attention from 'the pinks,' which is how we sometimes refer to the crops with the pink leather."

Silvia snapped her fingers, and a sub brought her a pink leather slapper. Tenderly, Silvia used the crop to tease the girl's pussy, moving up and down, side to side, and even a bit in and out of the desirable opening.

"Up and down, up and down," Silvia said, almost salivating at the delight she was experiencing by dominating the captive.

Silvia snapped her fingers again and indicated that her subs were to begin discipling the captive.

The girls performed a ritual where each administered a couple of spanking strokes on the captive woman's ass.

“The X is a wonderful pose,” Silvia told him. “It is an ideal position to bind a woman because one of us can play with our captive from the front while the other can play with her from behind. During future sessions, I'll have some of the girls demonstrate the advantages of each of the other stations. If you're amenable to something of that nature.”

The man said he was “amenable.” He shook his head and said, “I mean amenable. No, I mean...”

“That's alright,” Silvia said with a small smile. “I understand THC-speak.”

For the next several months, the man was a regular visitor to the pleasure chambers. One day, the man let Silvia know he also found her desirable. She was pleased, and she began teasing him, always finding reasons to touch him, whisper in his ear, and brush her hips against his.

Eventually, he inquired about being able to be with her.

“To ‘be with’ me?” she asked.

“To fuck you,” he said.

“Why, thank you! Now, we can send the others away and I can pose here for your enjoyment.”

He leaned close to whisper in her ear, “Or you could pose on the Queen’s Perch,” he suggested, “while I play with you and then fuck you.”

She whispered, “Yes!”

“Perhaps one of your girls can watch us,” he added.

“If I order it, all of them will stay and watch,” she replied out loud.

“Outstanding,” he said.

“They can also help,” she said. “Isn’t that correct, ladies?”

“Oh, yes, Headmistress Silvia,” the girls responded.

Smiles were shared. Sensuality ensued. The man caressed Silvia, played with her, and spanked her. The girls oohed and aahed as they watched. They also used fingers, feathers, and slappers on both Silvia and the man as he

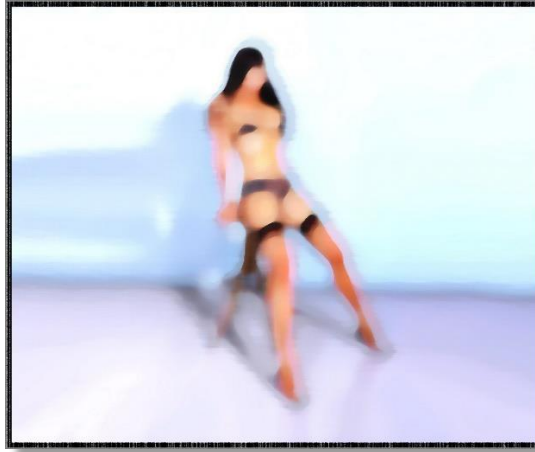
entered her. Their coupling continued for twenty-six minutes, which was a personal best for him and a nice starter session for Silvia.

Afterwards, the lovers had very different responses. Silvia went on to enjoy several climaxes with her girls. The man, on the other hand, was so delightfully exhausted that he fell into the comforting arms of Mamu, the deity of dreams, and was soon borne away by the waves of his inner visions to become lost in darkness and distance.



Apologies to Mary Shelley for ~~stealing~~ borrowing a line from the denouement of *Frankenstein*.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Stunningly beautiful, easily bored, and very high maintenance, Victoria Sarkozy-Reiss glides through life with a faint whisper of a smile on her face, as if she acknowledges the cosmic humor of our earthly situation while realizing the intense angst of our brief moment in cosmic time.

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