

# DELICACIES



Victoria Sarkozy-Reiss

erotic a

*Delicacies*

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**gnud**

*GOLOSIO NONTRADITIONAL  
UNIVERSAL DISSEMINATION*

“Ohmygodohmygodohmygod!”  
— *Saint Teresa of Ávila*

(Quote unverified.)

## PART FOUR



*...very little was overlooked  
in their pursuit of sensuality...*

Silvia's wing of the mansion contained many rooms, but the one that was most enjoyed and whispered about was the large chamber that most people called the gymnasium. While it is true that clients who visited the gym got a certain amount of exercise, that was not their primary objective. Their goal was sexual gratification.

Male clients outnumbered females by a factor of twenty to one. "It used to be closer to forty to one," Silvia noted to Cassie, her latest pleasure pet, "but that was before women decided they were fine with the idea of paying for sexual intimacy. Sauce for the goose as well as the gander, so to speak."

"Yes, Lady Silvia," Cassie said.

Silvia took a moment to admire the outfit she had chosen for Cassie. The lace corset hugged her torso but barely covered the young woman's nipples. "Our friends appear ready to pop out," Silvia noted. "That's an excellent look for you. And that tiny flare at your waist accentuates the curves of your hips. It also

reveals your ass, your mound, and your pussy, and they are all quite lovely.”

“Thank you, Lady Silvia.”

Instead of panties, Cassie was wearing elastic straps that held a vibrator inside her.

“Is that the vibrator you prefer?”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.”

“Is the motion sensor activated?”

“Not yet, Lady Silvia.”

“You will now bring me the remote.”

“At once, Lady Silvia.”

Silvia watched the young woman walk smoothly across the room in her high heeled bondage shoes.

“You’re moving much more gracefully in your heels. There’s a nice swing to your hips and ass. Keep working that.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.”

Cassie returned with the remote control and handed it to her dom.

“Tell me, Cassie, would you like to bribe me to select the vibrator settings that you most enjoy?”

“Oh yes, Lady Silvia.”

Silvia smiled, nodded, and motioned for Cassie to step closer. “Put your forearms on

my shoulders.” The girl obeyed. “A triple kiss,” Silvia commanded.

Silvia kissed her sub, then swiped her tongue across Cassie’s lips. Taking her cue, Cassie kissed back, then swiped her tongue in the same manner. Silvia enjoyed a long kiss before stepping back to reward Cassie with a smile. “You may now choose the settings you want for your stimulation.”

“Thank you, Lady Silvia.”

“Also, please select a riding crop you can use on one of the disobedient girls. It’s time for us to greet our guests in the gymnasium. Oh, and one more thing: get the slippery kit.”

“Ooh, yes, Lady Silvia.”

When they entered the gym, they found ten women stationed around the perimeter of the chamber and two more on a raised platform in the center. Five of the women were in a position called The Straight-Up, in which they were standing at attention with arms tied above their heads, legs together, and ankles bound to metal rings set into the floor. They also wore gags.

Standing beside each of the five bound captives were five masked women in high

heels and revealing outfits of nylon and lace. Each of the disguised ladies held a small whip called a stinger, which they used to tease and spank the captives who were going to be forced to watch the ceremony on the platform in the middle of the large room.

Silvia leisurely made her way from one bound woman to the next, admiring their bodies and often running her hands over the captives as well as the whip girls.

“I revel in the sensation of touch,” Silvia said. “Especially when one’s fingertips move from nylon and lace to bare skin.” She paused next to a whip girl and took an extra few moments to caress, tease, and toy with her.

After briefly enjoying each of the ladies, Silvia motioned for Cassie to join her next to the two women on the riser. One was naked and bound in the pose called The X, which was a standing position but with arms high above her head and legs spread wide. The captive also wore a gag as well as a blindfold. The other woman was fastening a leather belt around her waist. The dildo that was attached to the belt was ribbed and a half foot long.

“Ladies, you may already know my pet, Kyra. Watch now as she prepares her strap-on for a smooth penetration of our captive.”

Kyra took the slippery kit from Cassie, and expertly applied lube to the dildo. There were murmurings of approval from some of the women watching the ritual. Kyra next gently applied lube to the vulva of the bound captive. The captive girl alternately tensed and relaxed during the sensual application of the viscous solution of glycerin, aloe, and glycol.

“Excellent work from our pretty pet Kyra, as usual,” Silvia said.

“Thank you, Lady Silvia.”

“Now it is time for Kyra to penetrate the captive’s pussy.”

“Certainly, Lady Silvia,” Kyra said with a smile. She moved into position and slowly—very slowly—teased the captive’s pussy with the tip of the dildo. The playing went on for several minutes, each time sliding several millimeters further inside the captive, and then back out again.

There was a muffled moan from the bound woman as Kyra finally plunged the dildo in to the hilt. Some of the whip girls

applauded, then returned to occasionally teasing and spanking their own bound girls.

“And now,” Silvia said, “my pet Cassie will begin playing with our captive using her whip. I suggest you coordinate your spanking strokes with Kyra’s thrusts.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.”

“In fact, all of the whip girls might do the same with their captive ladies.”

There was a chorus of approval from the girls holding floggers. As Kyra rhythmically penetrated her captive, the girl with the riding crop teased the bound woman’s ass and thighs using the leather whip. In, out, in, out. “Whip girl at the ready?” Kyra asked.

“Ready,” came the reply.

Kyra pulled back her hips, bringing the dildo about three-quarters of the way out of the captive’s pussy. “And...” Kyra said, paused, and then said “Now!” while thrusting the dildo into the tied-up woman. At the same instant, the whip girls administered a couple of spanking strokes on the victim’s ass.

There were moans and muffled gasps from all the bound ladies as the training and punishment session continued.

“Captives, you will learn to obey and provide pleasure as we command, or you will be in more ‘motivational conferences’ like this one. As for Cassie, Kyra, and my lovely whip girls, please enjoy yourselves.”

All the girls without gags thanked her.

“You’re very welcome,” Silvia said.

Silvia turned and left for a visit to one of the other pleasure rooms. On some occasions, she created an orgiastic event for herself in which several girls might be tied up for spanking, others would be helping with the whips and nipple clips, and still others would provide kisses and compliments.

Today, however, she chose a comfortable chamber with just one girl.

Jane curtsied as Silvia entered the room.

“Lady Silvia, I am Jane, and I am here for your pleasure.”

“Excellent, Jane. Stand at the ready.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.” She stood at attention, back straight, head held high, legs together, and arms at her side.

“Hold that pose and be silent for a moment.” Silvia leisurely stepped around Jane, admiring her body as well as her outfit. The

woman's skirt was short, so short that her panties were visible even as she stood at attention. The skirt was black, as were her garter belt and stockings, but the half-bra and thong panties were pink. "You are quite delectable in that outfit. Or maybe you are making the lingerie seem enticing. Either way, you deserve a reward. Nod yes if you want to be caressed, teased, or kissed."

Jane nodded three times.

Silvia nodded as well. "How nice for me." She moved closer to her submissive, took a breath, and began. With care and attention to detail, Silvia ran her hands over Jane's body. From neck to knees, she tenderly caressed the girl. "You're delightful," Silvia whispered.

Silvia took her time caressing and teasing her sub. She continued whispering to the captive: "Thighs, hips, ass, back, shoulders, neck... all so very lovely. And now back down to your breasts, belly, mound, and pussy."

Jane was already breathing heavily from the caresses, and now she began gasping for air when Silvia repeated her motions using just her fingertips.

“You’re having difficulty holding still,” Silvia noted. “Perhaps that’s a sign that you need to be tied up.”

Jane began to protest, then thought better of it. She bit her lip and remained silent.

With a smile full of desire and menace, Silvia began her serious foreplay. She used her index fingers and thumbs to lightly pinch and twist the girl’s nipples, slowly increasing the pressure and the torque until Jane begged to offer kisses as a bribe. Silvia accepted a few kisses from Jane before directing her attention to the girl’s mound and pussy.

“Let’s proceed through the stages of pussy provocation,” Silvia said. “First, finger play.” Silvia ever-so-lightly brushed the tips of her fingers along Jane’s vulva. There was a sharp gasp for air from the girl. “That’s nice,” Silvia whispered. “When you feel you’re ready to climax, you will ask permission.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia,” was the breathless reply.

Silvia slowly used her hands to tease the girl’s pussy. With practiced delicacy, she moved her fingers up and down, side to side, and then clockwise and counterclockwise.

“Please, Lady Silvia,” Jane said in a quiet rush. “Please let me come!”

“Yes!” Silvia whispered with satisfaction.

After allowing her plaything to enjoy an orgasm, Silvia began gently curling her fingers, tenderly pinching the lips of the captive’s pussy. This led to another climax, followed by another when Silvia inserted first one, and then two fingers into the girl.

After a frenzied few moments of ecstasy, Silvia slowly removed her hand, stepped back, and said, “Let’s take a moment to catch our breath. You haven’t seen the new installation of the walls.”

Jane was still gasping for air but was able to ask, “What... what about the walls?”

“Watch,” Silvia said. She glided to a niche near the room’s entrance, reached inside for a control knob, and began turning it. With each rotation, the imagery on the walls and ceiling changed. “They’re called Vision Panels,” Silvia said. “Light-emitting diodes, I believe, or maybe it’s holograms, I’m not certain. But we can make it seem like nature...” The room looked like it was in a pristine forest glade.

“Pretty,” Jane said.

“Yes,” Silvia agreed. “Or we can choose to be in a luxury suite at a resort in Monte Carlo...” The images changed each time she played with the knob. “Or an interrogation room of the Borgias... Too scary. Let’s try the Sistine Chapel... Too blasphemous. Let’s try a grotto behind a waterfall. That’s good.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.”

“Or an ancient temple of Bacchus... Or on a luxury superyacht... Or in the clouds...”

“Ooh,” Jane said.

“You prefer this one? Good, we’ll keep that in mind, but let’s check a few more. Here’s the palace at Versailles. Opulent. Nice, but perhaps just a bit too much ornamentation. Ah, here we are in the center of an elegant party...” Everywhere they glanced, it seemed that smartly dressed men and women were staring at them; some were pointing at them.

Jane moaned.

“Yes, that is a bit eerie,” Silvia said. “Let’s go back to the clouds. We can even choose to have them moving.” She made an adjustment to the controls and the clouds slowly swirled around the room seductively.

“We can add storms, lightning, and thunder,” Silvia said. “Although I think just the clouds will be perfect. Don’t you agree, my little pet?”

“Oh yes, Lady Silvia.”

Silvia added audio of peaceful solo keyboard music by Ravel, Fauré, and Satie. To the deep yet delicate work of the impressionist composers, the two women enjoyed multiple orgasms. Amid the keyboard sonics emanating from the chamber’s multiple speakers, they surrendered to ecstasy; under the spell of the shape-shifting cloud formations projected on the walls and ceiling, they enjoyed orgasm after orgasm.

Afterwards, Silvia mused about her plans for lovemaking involving several of the scenic displays combined with vibrators, feather play, brushwork, bondage, and spanking. Jane was made to agree to it all.

Silvia turned to regard Jane. “Your ‘do me’ outfit is very nice.”

“Thank you, Lady Silvia. Um...”

“Yes, my pet?”

“Lady Silvia, the lace and nylon are two items you always like to see on me and your girls, isn’t that so?” Jane asked tentatively.

“Yes,” Silvia replied. “I know it seems like I have a fetish, just like men. Well, I am a bit obsessive when it comes to clothing. But remember, my fantasies require a woman who is both beautiful and desirable—the lingerie and high heels don’t get the job done all by themselves.”

“No, Lady Silvia,” Jane replied.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” Silvia said. “These image wall projections are now being added to the performance rooms so the teaser girls can perform in front of any kind of backdrop. Plus, there’s the green suit experience.”

“Lady Silvia, what is the green suit experience?”

“That is our company’s latest revenue generation stream.” Silvia paused for a moment. “You know, I think this is a good time for us to take a break. We’ll get dressed—I think perhaps in our full-length lace boudoir gowns—and then we’ll go see the video crew working on one of their productions.”

Silvia and Jane chatted about clothing, styles, fabrics, and colors while helping each other strip down and leisurely get dressed for their next appearance.

They began with elastic straps. “They’re a little more than a thong, but also a little less at the same time,” Jane noted.

“Indeed,” Silvia replied.

They each selected a vibrator, applied their favorite kind of lubrication, and paused.

“Should we do each other?” Silvia asked.

“Ooh, yes, Lady Silvia.”

First, Jane slid Silvia’s vibrator into her pussy, then Silvia did the same for Jane. They triggered the motion sensors of the vibrators and adjusted the sensitivity to their preferred level. Silvia said, “Testing, testing, one-two...” as she moved her hips to experience the pulsations she received from the stimulation tube in her vagina. Jane smiled and did the same. When they were pleased with the settings, they continued dressing. Garter belt. Nylons. Bra. Slip. Heels.

Finally, they each donned full-length silk and lace boudoir gowns. Silvia’s was white brocade with gold threads; Jane’s was pink with silver threads. They stood for a moment in front of floor-to-ceiling mirrors.

“My, we look like we’re going to appear in a French grand opera,” Silvia said.

“Lady Silvia, thank you for choosing this beautiful outfit for me.”

“Thank you for how you look in it.”

Jane blushed and they kissed again.

“That was very nice,” Silvia whispered to her sub. In her speaking voice, she said, “Come. Let’s visit the video crew.”

After one more glance at their outfits in the mirrors, Silvia led Jane through the mansion’s ornate hallways until they reached the entrance to one of the video production stages, where they were greeted by a uniformed guard.

“May I help you?”

“Yes, I am Lady Silvia. This is my companion, Jane. We’re supposed to meet the producers of the videos using the... let me see... I believe it’s called the ‘motion capture and green suit production technology.’ I hope I got the terminology right.”

“That’s close enough,” the guard said with a trace of a smile. “You both can go right in,” the guard told them. “Your guide will be right with you.”

Within moments, Silvia and Jane were enjoying a tour of the production stage with

someone who said his name was Akhnaten. “It’s the title of a Philip Glass opera,” he said. “It’s hard for people to pronounce, so I’m thinking of changing it again.”

“What were you called before?” Silvia asked pleasantly.

“Most recently, Merlin, but before that, I was Ergot, Zampir, Walpurgisnacht, and, um, well, I was Lloyd as a kid.”

“Lloyd is nice,” Silvia said, “but I think choosing one’s own name is wonderful. Good for you. Now, can you please tell us about the green suit experience?”

“You bet,” Lloyd said. “Okay, what we do here is a combination of three approaches. An actual green suit sequence is just people screwing while wearing green suits, and then we add all the details of what the people will look like when the video files are put into the computer. The same thing happens with a motion capture suit, which you see a couple actors wearing over there in the dungeon set. Any questions?”

“The suits over there are black instead of green,” Jane said. She immediately glanced at Silvia, worried that she shouldn’t have spoken.

“Good point,” Silvia said. “What else is different about them?”

“Sure, yeah, well, they look a bit like the green suits. Except, you know, they’re black.” He slapped his own head. “Sheesh. Okay, most important, each black outfit has electrodes, diodes, and sensors woven into it to, well, you know, capture the movement of the human body.” Another head slap. “Duh. Sorry. So, what we’re doing is filming everything twice, giving us two chances to get the visuals we need. The green suit is really for people at home to put themselves into the video. Makes everything into an interactive experience.”

“You said three approaches,” Silvia said.

“Well, everything goes through a computer program we call CAI, or Cognitive Artificial Intelligence. So, by using CAI, the machines are learning to think and even talk, based on what we feed into them, of course.”

“Of course,” Silvia said, managing not to sound too skeptical.

A bell and an electronic buzzer cut short their conversation. An assistant director loudly called for quiet, and the buzzer sounded again.

After this, the actors and crew filmed a scene of intensely erotic sexual intercourse.

“Lady Silvia,” Jane whispered in her ear, “that looks real.”

Silvia smiled and nodded.

Afterward, Silvia thanked the guide and took Jane’s arm as they headed back to her chamber. They chatted as they strolled.

“That was definitely not faked,” Silvia said. “The girl’s muscle control was fantastic.”

Jane bit her lip, caught Silvia’s eye, and mouthed the word, “Please?”

Silvia smiled. “What would my pleasure girl like?”

“Lady Silvia, I have a question.”

“Certainly. What is it?”

“Lady Silvia, what are the financials on this project?”

“Sounds as if you have been taking some Economics classes at the college.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia.”

“Why is that?”

“To learn this business, Lady Silvia.”

Silvia glanced at Jane. “So, you’re beautiful, desirable, smart, and want to learn more,” Silvia said. “Very impressive.”

“Thank you, Lady Silvia.”

“All right, I’ll suggest some aspects of the financials, as you called them. Some pay to be the girl in these productions, and others pay to be in the green or black suits, but there are larger numbers of people who pay for the video file so they can insert themselves into the scene—pun intended.”

“Then what?” Jane caught herself and immediately used the proper form of address. “I am sorry, Lady Silvia. I deserve a spanking. I meant to say: Lady Silvia, then what?”

“You are a delightful toy. I am going to enjoy playing with you.”

“Thank you, Lady Silvia.”

“To answer your question, they can enjoy watching themselves at home or put their version of the video online. There are sites that host porn. At least, that’s what I’ve been told. Was I misinformed?” she asked mischievously.

“No, Lady Silvia.”

“Good. Anyway, the financials for our organization are strong now, and they are about to explode when The Plus is approved next quarter.”

“Lady Silvia, what is ‘The Plus’?”

“A double protection pill,” Silvia said. “One capsule a week and males and females alike are protected from conception as well as from STDs. It’s going to revolutionize sexual intercourse. Not that sex needs any help, but the condom industry is going to disappear along with sexually transmitted diseases.”

“That will be amazing!” Jane again forgot to use the proper form of addressing her dom. She was about to apologize, but Silvia gently placed one finger on her lips.

“Shhh, my lovely little pet. Let’s continue the financial conversation later. Now, tell me: what do you want to do next?”

“Lady Silvia, I want to give you pleasure.”

“That’s nice. Take my arm.”

Jane obeyed.

“Come with me to the training room.”

“Of course, Lady Silvia.”

“There is a new girl I want you to help me initiate into our community.”

Jane obeyed.

Silvia led Jane through the baroque splendor of the mansion to a private library. Recessed lighting gave the room an inviting

glow, but there was also a flickering effect from lit candles and burning incense in Cloisonne holders sitting on teak tables on either side of the room.

The two women moved to the North wall and placed their hands on two leather-bound volumes (*Poèmes d'amour et de désir* and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*). Silvia nodded to Jane, and they pressed the spines of the books at the same time. There was a satisfying metallic 'clunk,' and then a section of the bookshelves slid out of the way, revealing a corridor. They moved into the hallway. They paused to watch as the door quietly closed behind them.

"It looks just like a part of the wall," Jane said.

"There are hidden passages in several of the rooms throughout the building," Silvia told her. "We'll explore a few of them sometime. But now, come with me."

They moved down the hallway until reaching an ornately carved wooden door.

"Lady Silvia, I remember this place," Jane said with trepidation.

“Yes, my darling pet. This is where I removed your blindfold before introducing you to our methods of providing pleasure. Today, you will help me train our newest members of our Society of Sappho. Or, as I believe some of the girls call it, Club Fuck. You’re going to be a good little helper, aren’t you?”

“Oh yes, Lady Silvia.” There was relief as well as anticipation in Jane’s voice.

They entered the chamber and found three women waiting for them. One was nude; the other two were wearing brief tops and skirts made of shear nylon that revealed more than they concealed. Stockings and high heels completed their outfits. They curtsied as they introduced themselves as “trainers.” Both held a short riding crop in one hand and nipple clips in the other.

The one who was nude couldn’t curtsy because she was tied up in The X position.

Silvia and Jane moved to the bound woman. At a signal from Silvia, they both delicately ran their fingertips over the captive’s body. “What is your name?” Silvia asked.

“I am slavegirl Val.”

“And what is your purpose in today’s session?”

“I will obey your commands,” Val said.

“Yes,” Silvia said. “Yes, you will.” Her smile sent a chill through the captive. “More importantly, we will begin training you to provide pleasure. Shhhh,” Silvia said as the woman started to reply. “Today, we will teach you a few elements of the script.” Silvia turned to the two trainers. “Is that what the girls are calling it now? Or does it have an actual title?”

“Lady Silvia,” one trainer replied, “they are calling it *The Path*.”

“*The Path*? ”

“Lady Silvia, it’s short for *The Path to Ecstasy*.”

“My, how delightfully pretentious,” Silvia noted. “I see why we’re going with *The Path*.” She turned to study her captive. “So, my little slavegirl, we will begin taking you down a long, luxurious, and delightful primrose path. You will be taught motions and poses so you can perform for us. There are also statements that you will memorize. Don’t worry, we’ll give you plenty of practice to help you learn your lines.” Silvia took a breath and then spoke

in a harder tone. “You are eager to obey, aren’t you, my little pleasure package.” It was not a question, but the woman responded.

“Yes, Lady Silvia.”

“Good. First, you will always need to remember what is called the costume directive. Jane, please recite the costume directive.”

“Yes, Lady Silvia. I was taught that the costume directive is ‘dress to tease, undress to please’.”

“Exactly. Thank you. Now, with that in mind, we will show our captive girl some acceptable attire for providing pleasure.”

Silvia and Jane happily supervised the dressing of their new plaything. Garter belt. Stockings. Revealing bra. Black high heeled shoes with wide straps containing metal O-rings on the outside of each ankle. Black wrist straps with O-rings. A black leather collar with O-rings on the front and back.

“That’s nice,” Silvia said. She leisurely ran her fingers over the woman’s body and her lingerie, sometimes making a few comments about her lovely curves, her lustrous skin, and her luminous eyes.

“Thank you, Lady Silvia.”

“Hush now. Don’t speak except to reply to my questions. Put your hands behind your back.” The girl obeyed. Silvia stepped close, put her hands on Val’s waist, pulled her close, and they kissed. “That was nice, my little piece of candy. Now, put your hands on your hips.” The girl obeyed. Silvia enjoyed another kiss. “That was also very nice. Now, place your forearms on my shoulders.” The girl obeyed and Silvia kissed her again. When Silvia stepped back, she said, “Let’s do The Bells.”

The three women holding crops curtseyed to Silvia and moved to obey. Small clamps called OFT (old-fashioned twisters) were placed on the captive’s nipples, and tiny bells were attached to the clamps.

“The slavegirl will hold her tits still,” Silvia said. “They’re on display for us to admire. If you move your tits, the bells will signal us that you require a spanking. Not too much, just a few strokes on your ass. Unless you refuse to obey. Then we’ll also have to spank your thighs and tighten the clips.”

One whipmistress used a feather on the back of the captive. She placed the tip of the plume in the small of the girls’ back and

moved it in a circular motion, gradually increasing the radius until the feather reached the captive's ribs. The bound girl flinched at the touch. The bells were heard clearly. The captive blurted out, "No!" The girls giggled in eager anticipation of the torment they were about to inflict.

Silvia smiled and began slowly circling the room as she spoke. "I see that our captive is interested in hearing about the spanking regimen we have developed for training slavegirls to be pleasure girls." She lightly brushed her fingertips across the bound woman's shoulders.

The captive girl flinched again, and the bells betrayed her movement.

"We usually begin by spanking the ass. Next, we spank the backs of your thighs. Then we'll have you spread your legs so we can spank the insides of your thighs. It's a very sensitive part of your body, perhaps not as sensitive as your tits and pussy, but a few strokes will encourage you to want to provide pleasure. Here, let me show you what a good spanking stroke feels like on the back of your thighs."

Silvia approached the captive and all three of her tormentors offered their crops. Silvia accepted one and stepped to the captive's side.

There was a whrrrr as the leather crop flashed through the air, followed by a short, sharp slap as the flat leather tongue at the apex of the tool landed on the captive's thighs.

The girl gasped and her body strained against her bonds. She inhaled and exhaled, and then hurriedly returned to the "slavegirl stare" into the middle distance.

Silvia looked hard at the bound woman and told her, "Through the use of the various slappers, crops, mini-cats, switches, and whips, we hope to encourage you to obey and be eager to provide pleasure."

Next, Silvia taught the captive part of a script, that of a Full Recital.

"Slavegirl..." Silvia said as she delivered a spanking stroke on the girl's rump.

"Yes, Lady Silvia?"

"Your legs... recite."

"My legs belong to Lady Silvia. My legs are for Lady Silvia's pleasure."

"Good girl," Silvia told her. She lightly brushed the crop against the girl's body.

“Slavegirl...” she said again and administered another spanking stroke on the ass.

“Yes, Lady Silvia?”

“Your ass... recite.”

“My ass belongs to Lady Silvia. My ass is for Lady Silvia’s pleasure.”

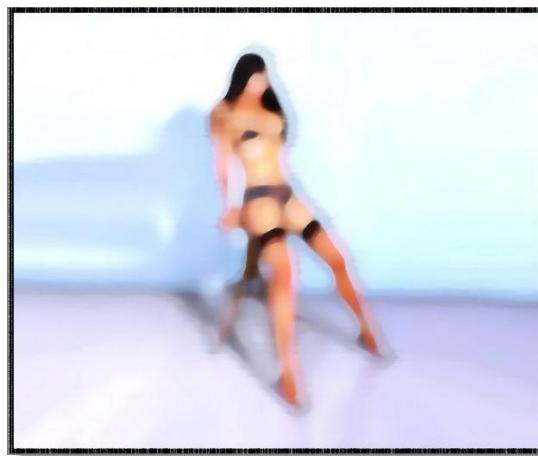
“Very nice.” Silvia repeated the procedure with demonstrations of dominance regarding the captive’s thighs, tits, and pussy.

“Excellent,” Silvia said. “Now, Jane will make Val perform a Full Recital. When she has finished, Jane and I will depart, and our two trainers will each make our slavegirl perform a Full Recital. Won’t that be fun?”

“Yes, Lady Silvia!” the whip girls said.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**S**tunningly 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.

*Please savor the anti-literature of John Scott G,  
the snark of Jimmy Ray, and the erotica of  
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