

THE EPISTEMOLOGY OF ECSTASY



EROTICA

VICTORIA
SARKOZY-REISS

The Epistemology of Ecstasy

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~ *FOREWORD* ~

by Jennifer Fields

It was two-thirty in the afternoon when Hale Stephen McKimson returned from lunch to hear that his three o'clock appointment had already arrived. "Seriously?" he said to the department secretary. "That's taking timeliness to new extremes, especially for an English major."

"Don't disparage timeliness, professor."

"No, you're right, Sylvie," he replied with a smile. "Where is he?"

"She, and in the mini-conference room."

"Okay, thanks."

As Professor McKimson swept past the door to the small meeting room, he barely glanced at the student seated at the table. "Be with you in a sec'," he said over his shoulder. He reached his office doorway and tossed his backpack over his desk. It landed in his chair with a dull plop.

Returning to the meeting area, he breezed by the student, saying, “Hiya, sorry you’re early.” She nodded and watched as he poured himself a steaming cup from a small coffee machine in the corner of the room.

Without looking at her, he began a well-practiced speech: “I’m Hale McKimson and you need to be respectful when talking to me because I am the most important person at this university.” As he got some cream from the small ‘fridge near the coffeemaker, he continued, “Except, you know, for almost everybody else at this university.” He glided into a chair across the table from her. She nodded again but remained silent. He looked more closely at the student. She was dressed in a variety of mismatched thrift shop clothes and she made them look good. “So,” he said, “what is the purpose of your visit?”

“I would like an independent study class.” She had a very slight accent. French, perhaps?

“There’s a litany of reasons why the answer should be in the negative,” he told her.

“I know,” she said simply.

“You’ve done this before,” he said.

“Yes.”

“Perhaps you’d like to list those reasons. As you do so, you can try to refute them.”

She studied him with the faint beginnings of a smile. “Certainly,” she said. “One: is there a scheduled class that would accomplish the same thing? No. Two: could more than one class be combined to accomplish the same thing? No. Three: is the project more suitable to another school? Probably, but I am not in another school. Four: is it a graduate level task? Yes, but I’m working on it now.”

It was his turn to have the faint beginnings of a smile. “Very good,” he said. “Glad we got that out of the way. Okay, so what’s your project?”

“I am writing a book,” she said, “and I require someone who is well-versed in idiomatic American English to serve as *amicus curiae* as I complete the volume.”

“Well, I don’t want to be *amicus curiae* of a book that’s witless or tasteless. Or worse.”

“What could be worse than that?”

“It could be boring,” he said. “Boring is the biggest sin of all.”

“No one calls my book boring.”

“How have people reacted to your work?”

“Love or hate,” she replied.

“Can you be more specific?” he asked.

“It has been called ‘brave,’ ‘eye-opening,’ ‘insulting,’ ‘outrageous,’ and ‘a pile of filth.’ Sometimes by the same people,” she added.

“Fiction or non-fiction?”

“It’s a novel.”

“How many pages have you written?”

“Two thousand.”

“Two thousand?!” He nearly choked on a sip of coffee.

“Yes.”

“That’s prodigiously prolific.”

“I cut the first thousand down to a hundred and forty-nine pages plus a title page.”

“And you want to cut the next thousand down in a single independent study project?”

“Yes.”

“Why did you pick me?”

She hesitated a second before replying. “You’re the last one who can approve my request,” she said.

“So you’re one of the truthful ones.”

“Except when I’m writing fiction.”

He smiled. But it faded. He suddenly lost all interest in the topic. This type of student request was happening more and more often lately. Too many undergrads with the same problems. Too many repetitions of the same excuses. And now the prospect of proctoring an independent study project with an ungodly amount of verbiage. It was too much for him. “Glad you’re honest,” he told her with a sigh. “So then perhaps you won’t mind if I am honest back?”

She rose, saying, “Thank you for your time, Professor.”

“You were very specific about the number of pages of the manuscript,” he stated.

“Yes,” she said, “I was.”

“Why was that?”

“That’s the maximum number allowed for the Tellenberg.”

“You entered your manuscript in the Tellenberg Competition?”

“Yes.”

“How far did you get?”

“It’s in the finals.”

“The ‘pile of filth’ is in the finals?”

“Some people like it,” she said.

“I’m a prelim judge for the Competition. Maybe I’ve seen parts of it. What’s the title?”

“It’s called *The Epistemology of Ecstasy*.”

He gaped at her. “You’re kidding.”

“No,” she said simply.

“Wait,” he said. He got up, brushed past her out the door and into his office across the hall. She followed him to the doorway and watched as he rummaged in his backpack. He pulled out a battered manuscript that had blue and yellow Post-It notes on dozens of pages. He read the author’s name aloud: “Victoria Sarkozy-Reiss.” He glanced at his schedule of appointments and read the three o’clock name aloud: “V.S. Reiss.”

“Yes to both,” she said.

“If this is yours,” he brandished the manuscript, “you don’t need our classes.”

She smiled and said, “I’m afraid I do.”

“Why?” he demanded.

There was a moment of hesitation before she replied: “Maintaining a certain course load is a condition of my parole.”

“Oh?” he said. “Oh,” he said again in a different tone. “Should I be afraid?”

“Not unless you try to hurt me.”

“Does literary criticism hurt you?”

“No.”

“Okay.” He looked from her to the manuscript and back again. Suddenly, the fatigue and the mental exhaustion were gone. “You know there are people on the judging committee who hate this book.”

“Yes,” she said calmly. “Their loss.”

“All right,” he said, “you’re on, Victoria Sarkozy-Reiss.”

“Good,” she said.

“How many units do you want?”

“I was going to ask for two or three.”

“Four is the max for any one semester.”

She just stared at him.

“Look,” he told her, “fill out the request for four, and we’ll get it signed.”

She tilted her head, weighing the situation.

“Hey,” he told her, “I want to read what you write.” He smiled and added, “Not to mention sticking it to the dim bulbs on the Tellenberg committee.”

“I see,” she said. “You’re not, well, you’re not going to expect credit, are you?”

“You’re getting the credits.”

“No, I mean on the book.”

“What, like an editor or something?”

“No, I mean like co-author.”

“Are you kidding? It’s your book.”

“Well,” she began...

“Oh,” he said. “You went to see our esteemed department chair, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“He’s an asshole,” McKimson said.

“That is a distinct possibility,” she said.

“Just add me to the acknowledgements page.” He looked at the manuscript and added, “This is going to be a kick.”

“I see,” she said. “One more question. What are all those for?” She pointed at the yellow and blue tabs poking out from many pages of her manuscript.

“The blue ones mark passages where I thought you’re referencing something from literature or mythology or pop culture and I wanted to go look them up. At various times, I thought you alluded to the libretti of Wagner’s

The Ring of the Nibelung, the poetry of Emily Dickenson, Michael Maltese's contributions to *Looney Tunes*, the fable of Icarus, the films of Alain Robbe-Grillet, the board game 'Clue,' and the Wu-Tang Clan. I don't know whether to call it genius or insanity."

She nodded. "I often don't know either."

"Good. You'll need a few snappy answers like that in interviews after your book gets published."

"And the yellow ones?" she asked.

"Those indicate passages that I found quite astonishing in their beauty and/or horror." He smiled and gave her an order: "Okay, Ms. Sarkozy-Reiss, get the application in. I want to start reading new pages."

"Yes, Professor." She smiled the smile of a poker player holding a straight flush, turned and left without another word.

"Parole," he muttered. What had he gotten himself into?

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~ Author's Note ~

The publisher insisted on an introduction to my work. Personally, it feels unnecessary, but if something of that nature had to be included, it should have been called 'Foreplay.'

~ V.S. Reiss

~ 1 ~
I

Fuck. Try as I might, I simply cannot think of a better word to begin this adventure. That particular profanity is ideal for this enterprise. Wonderfully flexible, “fuck” can be violent or tender, hateful or loving. It can be a noun, pronoun, verb, adjective or any of the nine parts of speech if that’s how you fucking want it.

An excessive amount of thought goes into the verb form of the word because coitus is so very often in the thoughts, hopes and dreams of the male of our species. And in the female.

No man or woman should be shocked by that fine Anglo-Saxon “f-word,” which for several years I thought was spelled “effword.” However, some people are prudish or priggish or overly prim and proper and they probably think the beginning of a girl’s novel should be something soft, soothing, or blissful. Like:

“Love.”

Awww! That is so much more charming and happy and celestial and upbeat and lovely and kittens and puppies.

It's also a lie.

Wait, a lie? Correct. It's an invention, a fabrication, an untruth, a caprice. There may be such a thing as love, but with the exception of loving a pet or family member, it probably doesn't exist without fucking.

Face it, the word fuck gets right to the point. It is part of the zeitgeist. It is fabulous and jolting. It provides its own percussion. It suggests emotional and physical eruption.

You need to understand something: A fascination with sensuous vulgarity is a result of my being young enough to expect that more conquests remain ahead of me than behind.

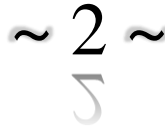
You need to recognize two more things. First, this narrative will parody the way men write about women having sex. Well, that's not quite correct. The writing here will be a burlesque of the way male authors write when pretending to be female authors.

Second, since this presentation will be reflective of my mind, there will be sudden

shifts of focus. Quick cuts. As when one glances from a woman's face to her breasts and back again. Or from a woman's face to her breasts to her hips to her legs and back again.

Especially when the woman raises an eyebrow, arches her back, and sends you a look that says she enjoys feeling your eyes on her body.

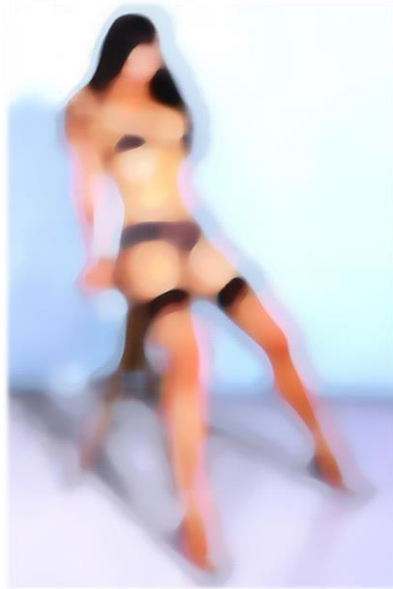
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The women were in various stages of undress. Supervising them was The Wren. The name was a bastardization of *La Reine*, or “the queen.” With quiet authority, she directed the others to hold poses that were to her liking. She leisurely admired the arcs, curves, cambers, and parabolas of the women who were modeling garments made of diaphanous fabrics and leather. As ordered by The Wren, their outfits were quite revealing.

The women moved, undulated, or held their poses within a large, vaulted room with floor-to-ceiling drapes that slowly rippled from the faintest current of air. Peeking through the draperies was a boy, his face a mask of wide-eyed wonder. Every once in a while, one of the women glanced in the direction of the boy. They knew he was there, and they wanted him to know that they knew. The raw power of this spectacle would remain with the boy for the rest of his life. In a manner similar to one of

Pavlov's dogs hearing the pealing of a bell, he would always respond to the sight of a woman in nylon and lace. As The Wren explained to her girls, "Now one more boy will forever be captivated by mesh-on-flesh."



A new girl was brought into the room. The Wren said to her, "Welcome to the pleasure chambers within The Protectorate. My name is Claire, but you will call me Queen Claire."

Like the other women in the chamber, the girl was wearing a leather collar, bracelets, and high heels with wide ankle straps. The shoes, bracelets, and collars had metal O-rings, which

enabled The Wren to have their bodies bound in any position she wished. And she wished to see the new girl in a submissive pose. Hands were fastened to a chain that was lowered from the ceiling; ankles were fastened to rings set into the floor.

“This is our newest ecstasy-girl-in-training,” Claire told the others. “As was the case with each of you, she has come to us seeking greater, deeper, and more frequent orgasms. To reach that goal, she has signed the pledge to obey our commands as we guide her to explore the infinite possibilities of physical pleasure. She will be introduced to the discipline and rewards of residing here in The Protectorate. Isn’t that exactly what you desire, my curvaceous new toy?”

The girl was wearing a gag and could only nod or shake her head. She considered the question for a second and then shook her head “no” just to see what would happen.

“So, you are already misbehaving,” Claire noted. The girl began struggling. “No matter,” she continued. “Every woman here needs to practice her backhand.” The girl’s eyes darted

left and right. “I see that you have heard that phrase,” Claire purred. “Then perhaps you know it refers to one of the methods we use to discipline a captive. You see, the best way to gain skill with a slapper, crop, rod, mini-cat, or switch is to administer spanking strokes to the exposed flesh of a tightly bound woman. I insist that my girls repeatedly practice delivering forehand and backhand strokes from both the right and left side of our captives.”

The girl squirmed in her bondage.

“In a little while, *mon petite belle captive*, we’ll familiarize you with a few of the various styles of whips available to us to use on you during your training.” The girl shuddered.

Queen Claire reached out and delicately ran her fingers from the girl’s neck to one of her nipples and then gently rolled the nipple between thumb and index finger. Claire’s expression was a mixture of anticipation and menace. The girl struggled against her bonds, trying to pull her torso away.

“An obedient pleasure pet does not try to move back like that,” Claire told her. “An obedient pleasure pet tries to thrust her body

toward her owner.” The girl hesitated a second, then did as Claire had suggested: she attempted to offer her breasts to her tormentor. “That’s better, my little pet. You will also learn to become aroused by our touch. Don’t worry, we will teach you. We will teach you many things. And have no concerns about the time. We will train you no matter how long it takes.”

Claire held out her hand to one of the other women who placed the handle of a short riding crop on her palm. Grasping the crop, she slowly moved around her captive and expertly administered a spanking stroke on the girl’s ass.

“Uhn!”

Claire spanked her again.

“Uhnmm!”

Claire moved all the way around her plaything, halted, and looked into her eyes. “We have many toys, implements, and tools we can utilize to encourage you to obey.” Claire stared hard at the captive and said quietly, “It is going to be a lot of fun training you.” The girl started to shake her head but

caught herself and held still. “That’s better, my pet,” Claire told her. “We will have long conversations about your behavior. Then we will determine what kind of punishment you deserve for any infraction, any infraction at all. But right now, let’s begin with something softer than a whip.” She snapped her fingers and a woman stepped out of the shadows to display a selection of feathers. “The medium-firm ones this time, I think,” Claire said.

Snapping her fingers once more, Claire had an assistant bring over an ornate oak chair covered in velvet. She sat down, adjusted one of the garters holding her stockings, and crossed her legs. As with most skirts worn inside a pleasure chamber, hers was short enough to reveal the tops of her nylons even when she was standing; more of her thighs were revealed when she sat down. She nodded at her girls and they curtsied before turning to go to work on the captive. With a relaxed smile, Claire watched as the girls took turns using the feathers to caress the body of the bound woman.

Behind the billowing wall of curtains, the boy was pleased and frightened by his body's reaction to the sights and sounds of this erotic tableau. He sometimes strained to hear what the women were saying.

“Does our captive wish to submit?” Claire asked the bound woman. The captive hesitated and then nodded. Claire smiled and said, “Let's find out if the captive girl is being truthful. Remove her gag.” One of the women carefully, almost lovingly, removed the gag from the captive's mouth. Claire repeated her question: “Does our captive wish to submit?”

“Yes, Queen Claire,” the captive said.

“Complete your request,” said Claire.

“Yes, Queen Claire, I wish to submit to you. I wish to provide you with pleasure.”

“That sounds very nice but I am not certain you mean it,” Claire said ominously.

“Oh yes, Queen Claire!”

“To remove all doubt,” Claire said, “more persuasive methods will be necessary.”

“Oh no, please, Queen Claire!”

Claire issued a command: “Trainer Kyla and Trainer Chantal.”

“Yes, Whipmistress,” they said in unison. Both curtsied, then stood erect, backs straight, heads held high, eyes staring forward, hands on the sides of their bare thighs.

Claire regarded them for a moment. In addition to their bondage shoes, collars, and bracelets, both women were dressed in lace corsets that reached from below the breasts to above the mons. One had neatly-trimmed public hair, the other was shaved.

“On my command, both of you will turn and go select a slapper,” she told them, referring to the lightest of the various types of whip available to them. “Ready...” she held back on the final word, waiting to see if either woman would move before the command was completed. She savored the moment of power and then spoke the word that released them for their appointed task: “...obey.”

Both women curtsied again, turned, and walked to the far wall where a rack held numerous crops, floggers, rods, and whips. They each selected one and returned to the gothic scene in the center of the room. They curtsied and stood at attention.

“On my command,” Claire told them, “Kyla will caress the captive’s tits and Chantal will caress the captive’s ass and the back of her thighs. You may alternate between the whip and your hands. Ready... obey.”

Claire watched for several moments with a satisfied smile playing about her lips. The bound woman would often sigh, moan, squeal, and gasp for breath.

Claire languidly glanced in the direction of the boy behind the draperies and mused aloud, “I wonder who would like to pleasure our young male admirer.” The women glanced in his direction. When they looked back, Kyla smiled at Claire and nodded.

The boy watched, silent and wide-eyed. Anchored in place yet inwardly spinning, he was in the throes of the most intensely erotic experience of his life, hypnotized by the sights of the flesh, the satin, the lace, the nylon, the leather, the undulation of the women’s bodies.

With a wave of her hand, Claire directed Kyla to approach him. Kyla smiled, curtsied, turned, and walked to where the boy stood. He nearly panicked at first, but was calmed by

her smile. She took his hand and whispered to him, “Come with me.” She led him to the next room where she introduced him to shared ecstasy, or what some of Queen Claire’s girls called “the togetherness.”

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~ 3 ~
3

Much of what you read here takes place in the extended midnight of my reveries. Which leads me to wonder: will my musings become part of your shadow world? Perhaps my fantasies will help you through your own wee small hours, those moments when we wish ourselves to be greater, stronger, and more alluring.

As to the question I am often asked—am I *La Reine*? No. No, I am not. No, not at all. Not in any way.

“The lady doth protest too much,
methinks.”

— Queen Gertrude, *Hamlet*, Act III,
Scene II.

~



Queen Claire entered her largest pleasure chamber followed by the three women she had selected to assist her. Earlier in the afternoon, Claire had supervised the choice of attire for everyone in her upcoming session. First, she gave instructions to her three assistants. “The three of you will be dressed in a similar manner so there will be no confusion as to who is a trainer and who is a trainee.”

“Yes, Queen Claire,” the three women replied, more or less in unison.

After Claire completed her orders about their attire, she watched as the three woman made themselves ready. First came tops that revealed their breasts to varying degrees. One had her areolae barely covered but each nipple seemed ready to pop into sight any second. One wore a top that covered her upper body but hugged her curves with sheer material that delicately displayed her charms. The third

wore a presentation bra that provided uplift but a majority of each breast was in view.

Next came garter belts. One was sheer, one was a combination of lace and nylon, and the third was made of thin leather straps. Each wore stockings that came up to mid-thigh. One pair in black seamless, one in black fishnets, and the third in white with seams.

“You will each decide on your panties and we will have a modeling session so we can all comment on your selections.” The women spent a few moments selecting the style and color panties they thought would be most pleasing to Claire. When ready, they moved to the center of the chamber where they formed a line facing their queen. At a nod from their mistress, they curtsied and then stood at attention awaiting further instructions.

Claire smiled at them, savoring the power she held over them. “I think you have all made excellent choices. Don’t you agree?”

“Yes, Queen Claire,” they responded happily.

“Good. We will now proceed to the training session. The five girls we will be

instructing today will be wearing bondage boots, slave bracelets, control collars, and gags. Nothing else. That way, every part of their bodies will be on display for our enjoyment.” Claire smiled and added, “Let us begin.” She pointed at her assistants and then at the door. The women curtsied and moved to complete their assignment.

One at a time, five young women were brought into the chamber. The three assistants were careful to guide the bound women so they would not stumble or fall. Claire watched impassively until all five of the captives were in the center of the pleasure chamber, hands bound to chains reaching down from the ceiling, feet bound to metal rings set into the floor.

Claire languidly moved from one to another of her victims, sometimes running a finger along the soft flesh of the girls. They flinched and tried to speak but the gags were quite effective at muting any sound other than a moan.

“Welcome to your training in giving and receiving pleasure,” Claire said. “Let us devote

this session to introducing you new recruits to a selection of whips.” Claire watched to see how many of them flinched at the thought. She turned to address her assistants. “For today’s lesson, we will spank each pleasure pet with a slapper, a crop, a mini-cat, and a switch. Then we will blindfold them and remove the gags so we can see how long it takes for them to correctly identify the whip being used on them at any given moment.” Claire admired the five captives for a moment. With a satisfied sigh, she turned to her three assistants and said, “Ladies, each of you will now go to the wall of whips and select a slapper. When you return, hold them out for the captives to see. Ready... obey.”

The three assistants curtsied and did as Claire instructed. The captives regarded the five whips with apprehension. Claire told them, “You can see that these tools are primarily designed to administer the lightest of spanking strokes, with the goal of eliciting the most delicious orgasmic response from your bodies.” She then caught the eyes of her assistants and told them, “The three of you

should caress each body with the slapper, concluding with a couple of spanking strokes on the ass. Once all three of you have completed that task, move to the next captive and repeat the discipline.”

Claire watched her assistants begin the training and then moved to the wall of whips to select an implement of her own. She had a few ideas about punishment to mete out if someone in the chamber was not obeying her commands properly. As Claire walked back to admire the work of her assistants, she flicked the whip back and forth. There was a satisfying sound of rushing air with each flick.

She wanted the process of caressing and spanking the captives to proceed at an unhurried pace. “Take your time,” Claire reminded her assistants. “We have all afternoon to devote to this training session.”

Once each captive had felt the effects of a slapper and a riding crop, the mini-cats were displayed to them. Claire pointed out the features of this tool. “Each miniature cat-o-nine tails can have anywhere from five to nine strands of leather. It’s an ideal way to

administer multiple stinging slaps with each stroke. While it may sometimes be difficult to discern the difference between a slapper and a riding crop, I am confident that you will notice the difference when we use a mini-cat.” She nodded at her assistants and said, “Be careful not to leave marks on their flesh; that way we can easily continue the training for a while.”

When the three assistants concluded the demonstration of the mini-cats, Claire spoke with quiet menace to the five bound women. “You are approaching the end of the first part of this session. There is only one more whip to be demonstrated. Then we will move to the second part of today’s training. During that process, you will need to ask yourself if you want to receive this type of training on a regular basis.”

The captives squirmed and shook their heads “no.”

“No?” Claire asked them. “Then you will need to become true pleasure pets and obey our commands in the most seductive manner possible. Your goal will be to offer pleasure in order to achieve pleasure for yourselves.

Otherwise...” She let the thought fade into silence. Claire instructed her assistants to select a switch. Once again, they displayed the whips to the victims. Claire addressed the captives. “As you can see, a switch is a flexible slender shaft which, when whistled through the air to land on your bare skin, has the capacity to inflict a more effective amount of discipline or punishment. At the start of this next phase of your training, we will administer spanking strokes on your bodies. For the time being, we will limit these strokes to your ass and the back of your thighs. We will never break the skin or even leave a mark. Each stroke will be a prompt to behave, to obey, to comply, to provide the service or pleasure demanded by a master or owner. Notice I said these would be spanking strokes. However, with just a little additional force, especially when employing a switch, the punishment can be quite severe; therefore, you are going to want to obey our instructions. Do you understand?” She made each of the bound women nod. One of them required a few additional strokes on her thighs before she

obeyed. “You will all learn to follow our commands. Otherwise, we will have to spank you on your tits. Obey, and you will be rewarded. Disobey, and you will suffer.”

Claire once again turned to her assistants. “It is time for you to blindfold our captives and remove the gags.” They did so with a mixture of eagerness and tenderness. One whispered compliments in the ear of two captives. Claire noticed and smiled. She nodded to the assistant, meaning that she would be able to have those captive girls for her own session later in the evening. Observing that, the other two assistants made their wishes known concerning the remaining three captives. Claire was more than pleased to grant their requests. “That is very nice,” Claire told them. “I appreciate it when you volunteer to help me with the training of the new girls.”

Claire returned to addressing her five captives. “You will now be caressed and spanked at random by the four of us. After each stroke, you will tell us which of the whips we just used on you. When you are correct, your tits will be caressed. When you are

incorrect, the spanking will continue. We will keep spanking you until you get it right.”

That evening in her rooms, Claire sighed in satisfaction at the delightful session.

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~ 5 ~
2

At the time of its founding, The Protectorate was considered a pipe dream, a folly, and/or a boondoggle. The idea of creating a new city beside the ocean was understandable, but the physical impediments in this instance appeared to be insurmountable. Situated along a barren portion of the North American coastline, the area was unviable for residential use. Even industrial ventures seemed to be out of the question. Windswept and storm-tossed beaches abutted a hostile desert with its thriving population of insects, rodents, scavengers, and reptiles.

Occasionally, foolhardy campers spent time in the area. The ones who survived the experience were those who followed a list of lifesaving admonitions. One such was “boil your water and strain off anything that died in the pot.” Another was “before using any form

of portable toilet, raise the lid and kill anything you find crawling around.”

Twenty-five years ago, one man regarded the forbidding real estate and saw possibilities instead of peril. William Bayton Jeffries obtained deeds for thousands of acres in the area, starting with the foothills of the desert and extending all the way to the high water markings on the beaches. Long before it was fashionable to do so, Jeffries was exploring the potential of regenerated power, rainwater capture, and recycling of resources.

Part of a wealthy family, Jeffries had added to his inherited fortune with the invention of several engineering products that were utilized in modern manufacturing. His plethora of patents assured a steady influx of capital and he foresaw using his wealth to create a shining city that would emerge, Phoenix-like, from the desolate landscape.

He put a majority of his companies' profits into two activities: constructing the infrastructure for his city of Baytown, and the launching of private satellites. While the plans for the city held promise of enough profit to

quiet the questions of his fellow investors, the exploration of space was always a cause of disagreement because he kept much of the process shrouded in secrecy. No matter how many times his fellow investors complained that he was wasting his money on building a global flotilla of unmanned space stations, Jeffries simply smiled and said, “You’ll see.”

Jeffries kept launching machinery and material into earth’s outer atmosphere where a series of enormous space platforms took shape, almost every square inch of their surface covered with photovoltaic modules, or what are commonly called solar panels. There was nothing new about that; the breakthrough was his firm’s ability to return the captured energy back to earth. And with that, the world changed.

Suddenly, the population of cities large and small could free themselves from the pollution and destruction of fossil fuels. The Middle East quickly spiraled downward into chaos. In the waters of the Mediterranean, Red, Black, and Dead Seas, U.S. naval forces were on alert. At high altitudes above the

region, U.S. air forces crisscrossed the skies; at low altitudes, U.S. drones tried to keep track of the warring blocs. Sometimes U.S. or NATO forces sided with one faction or another, but they primarily acted as heavily armed observers. “This is, essentially, a mega-powerful police force,” was how one op-ed put it.

In North America, the old order shriveled and expired as new clean energy firms sprung into being. Power was now available at lower rates than had ever been thought possible. With the advent of the innovative renewable energy facilities, everything changed for Jeffries’ city, the so-called pipe dream, the much-maligned Baytown, the city built on that formerly barren coastal terrain. Practically overnight, Baytown became the site of the most powerful organization on the globe. Meanwhile, turmoil and upheaval became the order of the day for organizations engaged in raping the earth for oil, gas, and power generation. As Jeffries stated proudly, “We put the fossil fuel behemoths in jeopardy the moment Baytown Power Supply opened for

business.” He held out only one ray of hope for the now-scrambling plutocrats: “Those firms willing to retool and revamp while also re-educating their workforce may be able to continue.” He ended discussion on this topic with a threat: “Those unwilling or unable to adapt to this evolutionary imperative will find themselves callously deposited into the dustbin of history.”

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Claire smiled at her latest victim. “You have made the journey to the Baytown Protectorate in order to receive some very special training,” Claire said quietly. “When you are successful in each part of our distinctive little tests, there will be a reward for your good behavior. Each time you fail one of the tests, you will be punished. Do you understand?”

The girl could only make mmrump sounds through the gag.

“Yes, I know you cannot speak at the moment but you can nod your head for ‘yes’ or shake your head for ‘no.’ Now, let’s try it again. Do you understand?”

The girl nodded, her eyes wide and fixed on Claire’s face. Without a blindfold, the girl could keep her eyes on her instructor to make certain she was providing pleasure.

Claire licked her lips as she regarded the object of her affection. “Stunning,” Claire said

admiringly. “You look wonderful in the outfit that my ladies selected for you.” Dark leather boots had metal rings built into the outer sides near the ankles and knees. Her legs were together but the four braided polymer cords attached to the rings suggested they would soon be spread apart to give Claire many opportunities to administer love or discipline to her charge. Often, just the threat of punishment was enough to bring a bound woman to climax.

A soft leather collar adorned the girl’s lovely neck while padded leather restraints circled her wrists. Her arms were bound above her head. She was completely at the mercy of Claire.

Claire turned her attention to the girl’s breasts. She delicately ran her fingers over them, moving slowly, savoring each centimeter of movement, up, down, half-circle, full-circle, eventually including the nipples, which she pinched oh-so-lightly.

“You enjoy my giving your tits some appreciation, don’t you?” Claire said softly but with an undercurrent of authority, just a

suggestion of possible chastisement if the answer turned out not to be to her liking. The girl started to nod her head “yes,” stopped, then shook her head “no,” but then stopped in consternation.

“Ah,” Claire said to her. “You’re thinking this is a trick. You’re thinking that I’m trying to get you to answer in a manner that’s unacceptable and thus offer an excuse to punish you. Well, my little pleasure-pet-in-training, you don’t need to worry about that. If your answer does not please me, I will indicate that to you and you will have the opportunity to change your response. Besides, if I want to punish you, well then, I can just punish you. Let me demonstrate.”

Claire walked to the wall behind the bound girl and selected a number of implements. She returned to show the captive a small assortment of tools. “Here,” Claire told the girl, “is a riding crop.” She made several swipes through the air so the girl could hear what a stroke with the crop would sound like just before the leather made contact with her flesh. Claire held out another. “This one is a

mini-cat, short for miniature cat-o-nine-tails.” Delicately, Claire used the leather tendrils to caress the girl’s body. She held out another implement. “And this one is a switch. It really stings. Now, which one do you choose for your discipline today?”

Claire held up the switch, expertly twirling it in her hand. The captive girl nervously darted her eyes from the switch to Clair’s face and back again.

“Or perhaps you’d like me to use this one.” Claire held up the mini-cat, gently swaying the leather strands back and forth. “Or this one.” Claire held up the riding crop.

“No? You don’t wish to make a selection? That’s fine. We will demonstrate each one in turn so you have enough information and experience to know which one you prefer.”

The girl was shaking her head. “Oh my dear sweet little pretty pussy girl,” Claire purred, “you were offered a chance to vote and you demurred. I think you’ll cast your vote the next time I ask you.”

With an ever-broadening smile of satisfaction, Claire administered strokes of the

crop, the mini-cat, and the switch to the bare ass of the bound woman. Claire took care to display each tool before using it. “Pay attention so you’ll know the different kinds of discipline you will be receiving.”

When she finished, Claire told the girl, “There. Those are my three favorite training tools. You have just received spanking strokes on the ass, but there is so much more that awaits you if you misbehave or fail to provide pleasure. For example, the simplest way to increase the encouragement is to give you additional strokes.”

As she spoke, she slowly ran the crop over the exposed flesh of the girl. All over her: ass, thighs, tits, belly, and the delightful mound just above the pussy.

“Do you want additional strokes right now?”

The girl shook her head.

“Later on, then,” Claire said. “Another way of escalating the discipline is to increase the power of the stroke. For example, instead of administering a spanking stroke like this...” Claire delivered a slap across the girl’s ass.

“We would make it a warning stroke, which is a bit harsher. A warning stroke is like this.” There was a WHAP on the girl’s ass. “Do you want more of those?”

The girl shook her head more rapidly this time.

“I thought not. So perhaps you will not require punishment strokes. Some of our pleasure pets only need to receive spanking strokes to encourage them to obey, while others ask for the harder, harsher warning strokes. Your behavior will determine which level of penance you require. Do you understand?”

The girl nodded her head.

“Good,” Claire said. She stepped back to admire the body of the woman tied up for her amusement. “As you may have surmised, there are other ways of intensifying the sting of the whip, or intensifying the discipline, for that matter.” She again began running the crop over the girl’s body. “You might have to receive strokes here....” The crop slipped down from the ass to the back of the thighs. “Or here....” The crop slid up one thigh, across one

hip, up past the ribs, and gently caressed the breasts. Claire tilted her head to pay special attention to this activity. The girl was emphatically shaking her head.

“Oh yes,” Claire whispered to her, “if you misbehave, we will have to administer spanking strokes to your tits. And if you continue to disobey, the strokes will have to land here.” And suddenly the crop was between the girl’s legs, sliding up the inside of her thighs, almost but-not-quite coming to rest on her labia. “Yes, my little pleasure pet, your behavior will determine whether or not you will be whipped directly on your nether lips. Each style of whip comes in a pink handled version, specifically meant for your pussy.”



The girl was struggling against her wrist and ankle restraints, moaning in protest. Claire gently pulled the crop away and stepped close to the girl.

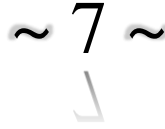
“Now, I have plans for your pussy but that’s for later. Right now, let’s get back to where we started.” Claire once again began caressing the girl’s breasts and nipples.

“You enjoy my giving your tits some appreciation, don’t you?” Claire asked again.

The girl nodded.

“Good,” Claire said. “In a little while we’ll bring over a selection of nipple clips and give you a chance to vote on which ones you would like me to place on you. Won’t that be fun?” It was not really a question.

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The renewable energy breakthrough offered by Baytown Power Supply caught everyone by surprise. “How could we have missed what they were working on?” cried the moguls in the fossil fuel industry. Part of it was due to an elaborate ruse. Baytown’s directors created a fake organization that appeared to be an even greater threat to the fossil fuel companies and their rapacious businesses.

Incorporation papers were filed for a firm called LIFE (Laboratory Initiatives for the Environment) whose work proceeded with a high degree of secrecy even while stories were surreptitiously given to the media in order to create an ongoing distraction.

The process was simple: A story would be leaked to the media; reporters would begin asking questions; and denials would be issued by a succession of LIFE spokespeople. All of which sparked great public interest in the

“secret program.” Eventually, grudgingly, members of the LIFE team began to provide data to an over-eager press corps.

“While there are a number of exciting enterprises currently under the LIFE purview, the primary procedure is one that is able to remove carbon from the earth’s atmosphere,” said a man who was pretending to be one of the program’s middle-level geo-engineers, a Ph.D. named Walter McGregor. His real name was Marty Simpkin. “The scientific processes behind this work are quite extensive,” the actor continued convincingly, “but if we boil it down to an easy-to-comprehend statement, all you need to know is that the biosphere is basically just a swirling, living collection of microorganisms and there are ways of isolating the parts that are detrimental to human, animal, and plant life on our planet. Once these fragments are sequestered, they can be attacked, broken down, and ultimately dissipated. That’s what the LIFE program is all about.”

This created a tremendous amount of interest from media and industry alike. Each

press conference with LIFE officials was more frenzied than the last. “Ladies and gentlemen, please, please allow me to continue,” one of the LIFE actors told a scrum of reporters. The man was relishing his role of the fictitious Isaac Fischer, Ph.D. His real name was Travis Scruggs. “If we can have a measure of calm, please, people. Thank you. Now, because our firm is already deploying the breakthrough scientific processes invented and refined by our multi-disciplinary teams, you can see the results for yourselves. The atmosphere in the vicinity of every LIFE installation is cleaner, the sky is brilliantly blue, the clouds are more white and fluffy, colors everywhere are brighter, and objects are in sharper focus.” Scruggs/Fischer was a good talker.

The story he told seemed too good to be true because it was too good to be true. Because the facts didn’t add up, there was instant controversy, which further helped draw attention away from the real project. For every actor playing a scientist who praised the LIFE program, there were critics who railed against it at the top of their lungs, calling the effort as

many names as possible. One was “the lie in the sky.” Another was “the hole-zone layer.” The naysayers were correct to be suspicious, as a LIFE spokesperson eventually admitted: “Actually, both sides of this controversy are right. The LIFE program works. The problem is that it costs more than it’s worth. A lot more.”

After the shouting died down, the spokesperson continued: “Will the LIFE program ever become viable? Perhaps, once the world’s environmental changes begin killing people at a higher rate than at present, then it will start to be thought of as ‘cost-effective,’ but not until then. Meanwhile, a large number of independent business organizations and several governments around the globe are pouring more research dollars into LIFE in hopes of figuring out a way of, well, extending life. Thank you very much, everyone. No more questions.” After that, the press conference broke up amidst cacophony and acrimony.

In the interim, the transformation of Baytown from backward burg to modern

metropolis was astonishingly rapid. Hotel and resort construction proceeded at a torrid pace up and down several miles of coastline. The upsurge in construction led to a succession of long-term contracts with workers, which resulted in employees moving into the area with their families, which resulted in roadways, infrastructure, homes, apartments, condominiums, stores, shops, restaurants, schools, and a myriad of civic services.

After dredging the bay and erecting a breakwater, the U.S. Navy constructed a base less than ten miles from the city. The U.S. Air Force built an airfield in the desert thirty-five miles from the city center. The U.S. Army began holding quarterly training maneuvers fifty miles into the desert.

With the newfound prominence of the region came an upsurge in security. Aerial access to the entire area was monitored by planes and drones from the 333rd Tactical Wing of the United States Air Force. Sea access was scrutinized by ships, submarines, and unmanned underwater vehicles from the

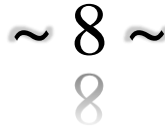
Amphibious Ready Group of the Third Fleet of the United States Navy.

Every square inch of the city was under constant observation. Roads, alleys, shops, and resort areas were surveilled through an installation and placement of a grid work of high-definition cameras, many of which featured laser weaponry.

“You can all rest assured that the area is totally under control,” said the director of Protectorate Security. This group was called “the safety net” by most residents of the area; those who ran afoul of their strict enforcement of the rules sometimes called it “the goon squad,” although not to their faces.

With the scheduling of sessions with some of the more willing girls in her chambers of The Protectorate, Claire was able to have the safety goons look the other way as she continued to operate her special services. “Pleasure is perpetual,” Claire noted with a smile.

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A man's hand on a woman's knee is an act both simple and profound. It can be full of promise yet still innocent enough to occur in public. When in private, it can signal the onset of desire. At this moment, the man had his hand on Claire's knee as they sat on an antique couch, listening to a playlist Claire compiled for this tryst.

His touch was firm yet tender as his fingers moved around to the back of her knee and then up her thigh. She responded with a smile and uncrossed her legs. He moved his hand further up her leg until reaching the top of her stockings. His caressing of her nylon-clad flesh was exciting for both of them; the feeling of suddenly encountering the bare skin of the top of her thighs sent a delicious electric charge through their bodies. They kissed... and everything else in the world ceased to exist. The playlist transitioned from Clara Schumann's "Trio in G for violin,

piano, and cello” to an ethereal electronic piece with a whispered chant:

*You enter a
still-wet watercolor
of engorged angels
in active reverie*

Between kisses, the man continued playing with Claire’s legs, sometimes using fingers-and-palm but just as often utilizing only the fingertips in a nimble hand-dance of ritualized excitement. They both delighted in the gentle shocks of sensuality shooting through their bodies. The whispered chant continued:

*Delicately surging impulses
journey from knee to thigh
to spine to hip
and to the three
most important parts of a woman:
her heart
her brain
her soul*

Surrendering to desire is easier for some than others. To reach a state of sensuality, there is a gate that we unlatch, a door we throw open, a path we traverse. There are curtains and covers and layers and barriers comprised of “No” and “Propriety” and “What Would Our Friends Say” that serve as internal impediments to carnal pleasures. Only when every atom within you is screaming “Now” can caution be tossed aside. Decorum must become a kite launched into the gale of public opinion.

When we decide to submit to the sensations, to be in the right mood, to be ready, to be excited, to be turned on, the whole body succumbs to rhythms of the heart and synapses of the mind. For many magnificent moments, tremors and amazements and desires and hopes and dreams were traversing Claire’s body. The result of her lovemaking was like a fast-motion movie of orchids coming into bloom.

The man’s hand slowly glided along the top of her thigh. Not too far up the leg, just

enough to lift the hem of the skirt to reveal a few more inches of nylon-covered flesh. Claire thought of how she had prepared in anticipation, her body lovingly scrubbed, soaped, shaved, lotioned, perfumed, and covered with the delicate-but-strong nylon mesh that feels so silky smooth to the touch. Claire often instructed her young captives, “It is a fortunate woman who enjoys the ceremony of getting ready for sex; it is a process that can be greatly enhanced with the right amount of self-stimulation.”

Claire was pleased when the man took her hands, stood up, and gently pulled her to her feet so they could remove her skirt, completely revealing her legs. He kissed her and then took a step back to admire the upper thighs now on display, adorned only by delicate lace straps holding the stockings. The man indicated that Claire was to remain standing while he sat on the couch and ran his hands over her curves. She gasped in delight as his hands explored her. “I love the way you caress me,” she told him in a breathy voice. “Your hands,” she enthused, “your hands,

sliding along each nylon-covered leg... then they reach the bare flesh just a couple of inches from my pussy. Fun for you and wonderful for me,” she assured him. “And what delights are awaiting,” she whispered to him.

The man stood up and glanced at Claire’s blouse. She nodded and unfastened the top button on her top, then clasped her hands behind her neck, pulling back her shoulders and thrusting her breasts forward. He rewarded her with a light kiss. Another whisper and the next button was unfastened and then she returned her hands to behind her neck. Another gentle kiss as a reward. Slowly, systematically, delectably, the blouse was opened. The erotic ceremony continued: A whispered command, one arm removed from one sleeve, a pause, and a kiss. Another whispered command, the other arm removed, a pause, and a kiss.

Breathing heavily, Claire delicately liberated one breast from the lacy cup of her bra. Kiss. Then the other breast. Kiss. And then she folded the filigreed material inward

and under each breast to create a shelf bra or what the man called a “presentation bra.” After admiring her a moment, he kissed her lightly on her lips and breasts. As he kissed her nipples, they stiffened; for Claire and the man, the sensation was glorious.

“You are wonderful, darling,” she whispered to him. He pulled back to smile at her. Keeping her eyes locked on his, she extended one hand and snapped her fingers. Several girls stepped out of the darkness of the far corners of the chamber. Had they been in the room all along?

“I hope you don’t mind if some of my assistants help us enjoy each other,” she cooed at him. With well-practiced efficiency, the women had slave bracelets around his wrists and were already tightening the braided leather straps that ran from the ceiling to the metal rings in the bracelets.

“Hey!” he protested. “What the hell are you—” The gag cut him off.

“You are going to provide me with a great deal of amusement, my love,” Claire informed him. “The girls will caress you until

your cock is hard enough to enter me and give me the joy I want. Or, if necessary, they will use a crop to spank you until you are hard. So, I suggest you relax and enjoy the sensations. I know that's what I am going to do."

Already, the women were running their hands over Claire and the man, all the while whispering compliments and encouragement to both of them. To the man: "You are so powerful." "You are so handsome." "You are so masterful." To Claire: "You are so very beautiful." "You are so very desirable." "You are loveliness."

After his initial struggles, the man returned to the aroused state he had been in while caressing Claire. "He's ready," one of the women said. Claire moved forward and her assistants guided the man's cock into her. She reached up to clasp her hands in his.

"Now you can go to work on us," she instructed the women.

They began with light spanking strokes on the ass of Claire and the man, gradually increasing the power and the sting of the blows. While the women with the crops paid a

lot of attention to each ass, they also included strokes on the back of the thighs. The man tried not to make a sound but they increased the force of the strokes until he moaned. Claire was moaning right from the beginning of the whip session.

The sweet torture continued as the man gave Claire the pleasure she sought.

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TRANSCRIPTION OF INTERROGATION SESSION WITH SUSANNA BETTINA CLOUVET. Subject is a 22-year-old woman employed by The Protectorate, a semi-autonomous territory located in the southwestern part of the USA. The interrogation was conducted by Police Psychologist Bethanne Garner.

GARNER: All right, let's begin. I'm Bethanne Garner and—

BETTINA: I know who you are.

GARNER: All right. I'm a psych—

BETTINA: I know what you are.

GARNER: I see. Why don't you call me Bethanne or Beth if you'd—

BETTINA: I'll call you Headshrinker if I call you anything.

GARNER: Well, that's colloquial. What shall I call you? Ms. Clouvet?

BETTINA: Name's Bettina.

GARNER: Fine, Bettina. You have worked for the past several months in The Protectorate, is that correct?

BETTINA: Yeah.

GARNER: What can you tell me about it?

BETTINA: What do you wanna know?

GARNER: Pretend I don't know anything.

BETTINA: In other words, like every other cop.

GARNER: Bettina, insulting me isn't going to make this any easier.

BETTINA: Makes it more fun.

GARNER: We're not going to get anywhere if you—

BETTINA: Fine. Jesus. Look, in The Protectorate, it's the same with every girl. First, you sign the consent forms.

GARNER: The consent forms?

BETTINA: Yeah. What you can expect in terms of bondage and discipline. What kind of spanking or punishment you think will turn you on. That kind of thing.

GARNER: I see. And then that makes everything all right?

BETTINA: Makes it legal. After that, you get into your costume and go to work.

GARNER: Your costume?

BETTINA: Yeah. Costume. Outfit.

GARNER: Well, can you tell me—

BETTINA: Mostly, it was like a cabaret girl look. Stockings, garter belt, teaser bra, maybe a micromini, and high heels.

GARNER: I'm sorry, a teaser bra?

BETTINA: Yeah. Like this.

GARNER: Oh, I see.

BETTINA: Yeah. The look they want is just before the nipples are about to pop out. Just like this. See?

GARNER: Yes, all right. I see. You can close your blouse.

BETTINA: Why? You shy?

GARNER: No, no, it's just that, well, it's more businesslike.

BETTINA: Businesslike. Huh. Okay.

GARNER: What were your duties?

BETTINA: I did the doors.

GARNER: I'm sorry?

BETTINA: For what?

GARNER: You said you "did the doors."
What does that mean?

BETTINA: Well, just like The Garden is connected to all the other display areas, there's a hall that's right between The Garden and a set of training chambers. I operated the console that worked the locks on the doors of the hall. It was what they called "controlled access."

GARNER: Well, that's not as clear as I'd hoped, but... Let's set that aside. Was what you were doing difficult?

BETTINA: Nah. When someone is coming in from The Garden, they go through a body scanner and I make sure they are examined if the alarm goes off. If somebody is moving from one chamber to another—you know, if they've already been inside the building—then it's not such a big deal.

GARNER: Excuse me, but I'm not familiar with the geography of the location. Could you...?

BETTINA: Yeah, sure. Okay, well, there are special sections on the grounds where the girls are tamed and trained. Taught and disciplined. The places are The Farm, The Factory, The Annex, The Garage, The Garden, and The Hall of Training Rooms. The first four have a pathway to The Garden and from there people can go into the Hall, which is where I work. You see?

GARNER: I'm not certain I've got the full picture.

BETTINA: Yeah, so, in The Hall you've got doors to the training chambers where girls are given more personal attention.

GARNER: "Personal attention."

BETTINA: Yeah. Training them in how to give and get pleasure.

GARNER: Yes, I've been reading about that. But right now, perhaps we could—

BETTINA: My job was nothing special. It's just a kind of minor security position. It's a good job, though, because everyone gets to see you. It's like you are auditioning for some of the other parts you can play.

GARNER: Well, all right. Now you say "auditioning for other parts." I'm not clear about what you mean.

BETTINA: Well, everything's an audition, really. Look, take the job I had, working

the doors. It's better than being a party favor, but you really want—

GARNER: I'm sorry, a "party favor"?

BETTINA: Yeah. That's when you're put on display with your legs spread and guests can do anything they want with you.

GARNER: On display? You mean right in the middle of a party?

BETTINA: Sometimes, sure. Or you might be in a private room next door to the party. You could be trained to bend over and spread your legs as soon as someone was brought into the room. Or you could be tied up. Sometimes you'd be in a collar and leash and you'd be led around a party so people could bid on you.

GARNER: Like a slave auction?

BETTINA: You got it.

GARNER: I see.

BETTINA: Y'know, honey, even though you're a dome gnome, you might get some good bids. You'd have to keep your mouth shut. Well, until it was time to use the lips and tongue.

GARNER: Let's keep this on topic.

BETTINA: Yeah, okay. So, having the job with the doors is a couple steps up from party favor. Or from being a lip service girl.

GARNER: Does lip service mean...?

BETTINA: Blow jobs.

GARNER: Ah.

BETTINA: Right! Open and say ahh.

GARNER: Well, I meant... never mind.

BETTINA: Some girls like that. As long as it's not with the O-ring gag.

GARNER: All right, I'm sorry, but I just don't know the terminology. Oh ring?

BETTINA: It's a gag that keeps your mouth open so you can lick and suck but you can't bite down on anything.

GARNER: I see.

BETTINA: That way, they can whip you while you're taking a cock and you still give pleasure with no biting.

GARNER: Um...

BETTINA: There's videos if you want to study up on any of this.

GARNER: Well, I don't think...

BETTINA: Anyway, there's lots of roles for girls.

GARNER: All right, what are the roles? Tell me the hierarchy.

BETTINA: The what?

GARNER: You said some roles are better than others. What are the good roles and what are the bad roles?

BETTINA: Okay, you come in as a captive or victim or slavegirl. Above that is a lip service girl or party favor. Then there's a pleasure pet or pussy girl. Then there's a whipmistress or trainer. Then maybe you can become a countess, and then maybe move up to princess. At the top, there's Queen Claire.

GARNER: All right, I see. So, you undressed and posed as part of auditioning to get better assignments, is that it?

BETTINA: Sure. Or to get jobs.

GARNER: Jobs?

BETTINA: Yeah, outside jobs. Actress, model, singer.

GARNER: Outside of The Protectorate?

BETTINA: Yeah, so, you know that model, Kimmie Xtreme? She started in The Protectorate. Or the actress, L'mone Doushay? She started there. A whole bunch of people in TV, movies, fashion—they all started there. Well, they're still kind of there.

GARNER: What do you mean?

BETTINA: There's a management company that handles the booking and the agent stuff and the business manager stuff. Once a Protectorate Girl, always a Protectorate Girl. Unless you just want to do porn. Then they don't have much hold on you.

GARNER: I'm not sure I understand.

BETTINA: It's simple. As you work your way up to Princess, you can try out for a real modeling or acting job. You make some porn first—you know, so they have a hold over you—but then you model some clothes or make a regular TV show or a regular movie and if the public likes you with your clothes on, you have a straight career. But either way, you stay with the management company here because of the porn they've got on file. With all the money from Baytown Power, the company has a lot of influence.

GARNER: What you described breaks several laws.

BETTINA: Not in the Protectorate, it doesn't.

GARNER: Oh, Bettina, I think the laws of kidnapping, coercion, sex trafficking, and extortion apply in equal measure everywhere throughout the civilized world.

BETTINA: You call it civilized or uncivilized, nobody's breaking any laws over in The Protectorate. Not there.

GARNER: Well, we'll see about that.

BETTINA: That sounds like a threat.

GARNER: With your testimony, we will have enough evidence to move forward—

BETTINA: Whoa, hang on. What testimony?

GARNER: Your statement. When entered into evidence it will—

BETTINA: Lady, you better check with your friends in blue who set up this chat. I specifically said I would talk on background, not on the record. You bring up any of this and I'll say we were hashing out the plot for an erotic novel.

GARNER: Now wait just a minute. You can't just—

*SESSION TERMINATED UPON THE
ARRIVAL OF ANDREI WOLLOVSKY,
ATTORNEY FOR MS. CLOUVET.
{INTERACTION WITH MS. CLOUVET'S
COUNSEL HAS BEEN REDACTED BY
ORDER OF THE BAYTOWN DISTRICT
COURT.}*

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~ 10 ~
10

The garment resembled a corset. It was form fitting but did not force the woman's figure into a painful hourglass shape, it simply revealed the delightful curves of her body. The top of the garment ended just under her breasts. The bottom ended just above her neatly trimmed pubic hair. The dark hue of the corset matched her stockings and high heels.

Standing around her were several women dressed in similarly revealing outfits, although theirs were all made of nylon and lace. The women took turns gently playing with the girl while giving her compliments: "You are beautiful!" "You are lovely!" "You're so very pretty!" "What a desirable little girl you are!"

They tenderly ran their hands over her body. Her breasts. Her thighs. Her hips. Her ass. The commentary continued: "Oooh, what a cute little bush you have!" "That little triangle is so nice!" "Your body is so

delectable!” They each petted her and some kissed her neck, shoulders, and breasts.

Moments before the session began, Claire had selected a male companion and now they stood by, watching approvingly.

“It is delightful when a women starts to get close to climaxing, don’t you agree?” Claire asked the man.

“With the breathing and the moaning?” the man asked.

“Yes,” Claire replied. “Let me ask you an important question. Would you like to help us train her in the art of giving pleasure?”

“What, uh, did you have in mind?”

“Fucking her.”

“Really?”

“Of course,” Claire told him. “I’ll let you know when it’s time. Meanwhile, allow me to assign one of my assistants who will get you as aroused as possible.”

Claire signaled to one of the girls who began caressing the man. He looked embarrassed at first but gave in to the sensations after Claire smiled and nodded encouragement. Suddenly, there were two

people in the chamber who were reacting to caresses with sharp intakes of breath.

For the woman being trained, the gulping of air became faster, faster, then came a tightening of all the muscles of her body. Claire and the girls smiled as the woman enjoyed a climax while fingers were gently exploring her.

They let her catch her breath for a moment. At the direction of Claire, the man kissed her. The girls kissed her. The man gently ran his hands over her body. Her breasts. Her hips. Her thighs. Her shoulders. Her arms. Her legs.

Claire snapped her fingers and the girls led the woman to a gleaming metal pedestal from which braided leather straps were attached. Each strap was looped through O-rings built into leather cuffs that they fastened to the woman's wrists and ankles. The straps were tightened.

"You are so lucky to be in light bondage like this," one of the girls whispered to her.

Another of the girls whispered, "This is called a 'Queen's Perch' and usually a little

slavegirl like you doesn't get to experience this."

"Yes, you are so lucky," Claire said to her. "Usually, when you're being trained, the bondage is much more severe. Much tighter. Still, there is quite a lot we can do to you right now."

They all looked at their captive for a moment, considering the possibilities.

"I think she needs to be spanked," the man said.

"What a wonderful idea," Claire replied. "Let's begin with crops." She snapped her fingers and the girls walked to the wall of whips to make their selections.

The girls began by delicately caressing the woman's body with the leather riding crops. At a nod from Claire, one of the girls administered a spanking stroke on the woman's ass. There was a collective intake of breath by everyone in the chamber, a reaction to the sting of the whip by the woman and the anticipatory delight by the onlookers.

Claire instructed her girls to "go to work on our captive." They gave her commands.

“Offer your tits.” If she did it properly, she was rewarded with a gentle caress. “Offer your ass.” If her pose was not acceptable, they spanked her. “Offer your pussy.” They took turns playing with her body, sometimes with a light and delicate touch, sometimes with a firm grasp.

“It’s time,” Claire whispered to the man. She guided him forward with a smile. With obvious joy, the man entered the captive woman. Claire and her girls watched as the bound woman was overcome with pleasure as the girls whispered in her ears that she was stunning, luscious, worshiped, and adored.

The woman entered into ecstasy. And then she entered into ecstasy again. And then again. For her, the session represented eroticism, carnality, and hedonism. For every one of the participants, the session was delicious.

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~ 11 ~
II

Sara was the most recent denizen of The Protectorate who the police pulled in for questioning. She sat in an interrogation room, calmly answering questions from two plainclothes officers. Both men were large, and both sat stolidly on one side of a metal table, directly across from her. She regarded the two, sizing them up: a dull-looking one with close-cropped dirty auburn hair, and a dull-looking one with close-cropped dirty flaxen hair. Mr. Auburn kept checking a clipboard with a sheaf of papers attached to it. Mr. Flaxen kept fiddling with his shirtfront.

“Are you worried those buttons are going to pop off?” she asked Mr. Flaxen.

“What? No. Let’s continue with your statement. What happened to bring you to The Protectorate?”

“They captured me,” Sara said quietly. There was poise and dignity in the way she spoke.

“How did they capture you?”

“They had a dozen women move in on me, grabbing me by the arms, shoulders, neck, waist... There was no way to fight them off.”

“Where was this?”

“I was working at the Casino de Ponte-Earle at the time.”

“This happened at the Casino?”

“No. I had gone into town to meet with some people, some officials of the city.”

“Why were you meeting with them?”

“A story had been fabricated about me. Gambling debts, helping scam the casino, that sort of thing. I turned to some powerful people for help. They were the wrong people. I did not receive help.”

“Let’s back up a moment. What was it that you were doing at the casino?”

“Performing.”

“Performing?”

“Yes. On stage.”

“Can you be more specific?”

“Certainly. I sang a number of songs in very elaborate costumes. I was their Marlene for a few seasons.”

“Their Mar-lane-uh?”

“Marlene Dietrich.”

“You impersonated Marlene Dietrich in a stage show?”

“Yes.”

“What songs did you sing?” This from Mr. Flaxen. Because it was off-topic for this inquiry, it elicited a grimace from Mr. Auburn.

Sara was unfazed by the question. “The ones you would expect. ‘Lili Marlene,’ ‘Falling in Love Again.’ Sometimes, when the audience was especially appreciative, we would add others like ‘*La vie en rose*’ or ‘*Je sais que vous etes jolie.*’ It was your standard Marlene songbook.”

“Did you ever date customers of the casino?” Once more from Mr. Auburn with the clipboard in the interrogation room.

“Not if I could help it,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“If someone met me while I was at work, I would be polite but distant and usually it would end right then and there. If they persisted, I signaled security and they removed the problem. But if I met someone later, at a

party perhaps, there would be no way to know if they had been a patron of the casino.”

“Working in a casino in Europe must present other temptations.”

“Meaning?”

“Did you ever engage in prostitution?”

“No.”

“No?”

“No. The entertainers were in a separate category from the bedroom companions.”

“They called the call girls bedroom companions?”

“Also the boys.”

“What?”

“The sex-by-the-hour workers were both male and female.”

“Uh, okay. But did you go on dates?”

“Not with customers.”

“But you had offers?”

“Of course. A woman appearing on stage wearing form-fitting outfits while singing a repertoire of sad but romantic songs—it would have been unusual if I had not received any propositions.”

“How did those happen?”

“Some were in notes, some in person. Some were sweet, some were crude; some were subtle, others were deliberately shocking. There were people who took the time to send flowers first. That was always nice, if ineffective. But in essence, every approach came down to the same thing: you do this in exchange for that.”

“And you were never tempted?” Mr. Flaxen said with disbelief in his voice.

“On the contrary, I was often tempted. Aren’t you tempted from time to time?” Her question hung in the air for a moment as they considered their most recent enticements. “Anyway,” Sara continued, “it was my decision to be intimate for love or adventure but not for money. Perhaps that was naive. “

“How long had you worked there before the trouble began?”

“Three years or so. Three-and-a-half.”

“Okay, so things were normal for all that time and then, out of the blue, you were accused of being part of a scheme to steal from the casino?”

“Yes.”

“Can you give me more than just a syllable or two?”

“All right,” she said with a tiny smile, “but I will need a few things.”

“Such as?”

“A comfortable chair and a good cup of coffee.”

The men looked at each other and then laughed. “Yeah, I guess we can do that.”

“I would like to emphasize that the request is for good coffee,” she added. “Not what’s available in the offices out there.” She nodded her head towards the door of the interrogation room that led out to a bullpen crowded with utilitarian, scuffed, and messy desks. “You can send someone down the street for it. One of the people who keep entering the room next door, hoping to steal a glance.” This time she just barely nodded her head toward the mirror built into the wall at one side of the room.

The men glanced at each other again. “Yeah, sure, why not,” Mr. Flaxen said and signaled to the people who were watching from behind the mirror.

Mr. Auburn said, “There’s no decent chair in the building, but we can provide a cushion.”

“That will help,” she said. “Mind if I stand up for a moment? I will wait as you glance at each other.”

The men glanced at each other and their faces flushed at being called out on their habit of checking with each other before responding. “Okay, yeah,” one said, “we could all do with a stretch.”

The three of them stood up. Mr. Flaxen left the room to borrow a seat cushion from the chair of an investigator who was currently out in the field. Sara moved close to the mirror, aware of Mr. Auburn’s eyes on her body from behind and equally aware of the eyes on her face from the people lurking on the other side of the reciprocal mirror. She studied her make-up for a few seconds and then swept her eyes from left to right and nodded as if she was observing the people through the glass. This had an immediate effect on those seated in the darkened observation room.

“Can she see us?” one whispered in the stifling closeness of the dim chamber.

“No. She’s just screwing with you,” said another. He repeated it, this time speaking loudly enough for her to hear through the glass and she gave another of her am-I-or-am-I-not-smiling smiles.

Mr. Flaxen returned with an absurdly blue felt-covered plump cushion. “Here we go” he said, and placed it on the metal chair.

“Is that Detective Brady’s seat cushion?” the other man asked.

“Yeah. She’d throw a fit if she knew somebody touched it.” They stifled a laugh.

Sara regarded them for a few seconds. She raised an eyebrow a millimeter or so and they reacted.

“Coffee’s coming soon,” said Mr. Flaxen.

“How do you take it?”

“If it’s good, black. Otherwise, cream and sugar.”

“It’ll be good.” Softly, he told his partner, “I asked for three coffees.”

With a guilty glance at the mirror, the partner said, “Good.”

With a smug glance at the mirror, the other man said, “Yeah, good.”

The coffee arrived. They sipped. They sat down. “So,” Sara said, “my story. We’ll skip over my childhood and pick things up where the casino’s owners decided to expand their business activities beyond gambling and prostitution in order to move into narcotics distribution.”

“Can you prove that?” Flaxen asked.

“Doesn’t matter,” Sara replied. “Out of your jurisdiction. The point is that I overheard things that I was not meant to overhear and it seemed frightening to me. So, I decided to leave. They thought that represented a threat to them, apparently. Next thing I knew I was on a plane to the United States.”

“How did that happen?”

“I don’t know. They drugged something I ate or drank, I guess. I lost consciousness and woke up on the plane, handcuffed to the seat. Every other passenger was a woman who was handcuffed to her seat.”

“Where did you land?”

“I don’t know. It was dark and cold. We were taken to a hotel and locked in. Next day, they brought me into a large building full of

women and girls. We were all dressed differently, wearing whatever we had on when we arrived. But everyone was wearing a collar with an electronic shock device.”

“Like an electric dog collar?”

“Yes. If you resisted, they sent a shock through your body. A short jolt the first couple of times, a longer and more powerful shock if you repeatedly refused to obey.”

There was a pause. Mr. Flaxen started to ask a question but had to clear his throat first. And then what happened?” Both men were trying to maintain a professional demeanor but clearly, this part of the story disturbed them.

“They trained me.”

“Trained you?”

“To perform, to give pleasure.”

“These were women who were training you?”

“Yes.”

“So this was a lesbian thing.”

“Not always,” Sara said. “Some of the training was to please men, some to please women. Either way, we would be shown what to do and then were made to practice it. Or

sometimes we were led through a procedure, given punishment for every wrong move. We were taught how to dress and undress, how to pose our bodies, how to offer our bodies, how to kiss, suck, and fuck.” She paused. “It was scary at first, but, well, you know.”

“No, I don’t know.”

“Sex can be pleasurable, don’t you agree?”

They glanced at each other, unable to reply. She was doing that extraordinary thing women are often able to do to men: radiating the idea of passion, exuding the potentiality of excitement, conveying the possibility of coitus. The male has no defense against the emanating vibrations of sex. The two officers felt the power emanating from her.

“Uhh,” Mr. Auburn said, and had to clear his throat.

“Being a prisoner in sensual encounters has beneficial affects for some people,” Sara continued.

“How so?”

“It removes the possibility of guilt. The patriarchy raises women to fear their own

sexuality, to feel shame about their natural human responses. When you're a captive participant in intercourse, and you're instructed to act like you enjoy it, well, then you can actually enjoy it and avoid any complications of the guilt that male society wants to impose upon you. I'm not saying this is true for every woman; I am saying that it is true for some of us. For many women, bondage sex with partners who want you to climax can be extremely liberating."

The men stared at her, their pulse rates slightly higher than normal. Mr. Auburn finally broke the silence. "So, um, what you're saying is that what's going on inside The Protectorate involves sex, sex games, and sex slavery?"

"Well, I'm not just saying it," Sara replied. "I lived through it."

"And you got to like it?"

"Yes. Which is why I will be returning to it shortly."

"I think the police department and the district attorney's office will have something to say about that," Mr. Flaxen said.

“No,” she said. “No, you will not have anything to say about that.”

Sara was comfortable watching how uncomfortable they were as she related her tales of desire and of agony; of that exquisite intersection where a body reaches the very limit of pleasure and just barely touches the outer ring of pain—that delicious point where Yes! and No! meet and an organism rises from the throes of ecstasy and terminus.

At one point, Sara noted, “Women enjoy sex as much or more than men.” Mr. Flaxen and Mr. Auburn glanced nervously at each other, then back at Sara. “You don’t agree, gentlemen?”

“Well, I don’t know...” one began.

“That’s not, uh, the word on the street, so to speak,” the other said.

“It is true, nonetheless,” Sara told them. “Women love orgasms. Women love climaxing. Women love making love. It may not appear that way to you because you overlook the conditions women apply to the act of coupling. You see,” Sara said, “women just have different standards they apply to

choosing their partners. Quite often, we want to know a little something about our partner. Men, on the other hand, seem more willing to not know much of anything about the person they're fucking. Afterward, if it turns out they like their partner, that's terrific. If not, well, too bad. And they go their separate ways."

The men regarded Sara in silence. One of them was ever-so-slightly nodding as he digested this new information. The silence in the room was broken only by the whirring of the air conditioning system. And then there was a buzz on the cop communication system.

"Yes?" Mr. Auburn said, pressing his earpiece further into his ear cavity to hear the request or command from the highest-ranking member of the watchers behind the mirror.

"Yes sir. Right away." He cleared his throat and addressed Sara: "We have some photographs from your time at the Protectorate. Would you mind telling us about them?"

"Not at all. Do I look good in them?"

The men couldn't help smiling. "Well, uh, yeah!" one replied.

“Yes,” said the other, “yes you do.”

“That’s encouraging,” she said.

They opened a large manila folder and removed a sheaf of 9x13-inch photographs. Some were in full color while others were in the green tint of a night surveillance camera. They handed a few dozen of the printouts to Sara.

Before glancing at them, Sara took a sip of her coffee, then picked up the stack and regarded the images with her customary cool demeanor, that same little smile playing around her lips.

“Ummm,” she said while looking at a color image showing her standing in a room with several other beautiful women. In the photograph, Sara was clad in a form-fitting business suit but the other women were in tight skirt-and-blouse outfits. The woman in front of Sara was unbuttoning her top.

In the next photo, the woman was removing her blouse, revealing a bra so tiny that her nipples were exposed. Sara nodded, remembering the scene. She moved the top photo to the bottom of the stack and looked at

the next image. Now the woman was unzipping her skirt.

In the next image, the woman was stepping out of her skirt and Sara was holding the woman's shoulder, providing an extra measure of balance for her because the woman was wearing very high-heeled shoes.

Sara appeared to enjoy each photo in the sequence. The final image showed Sara in a room full of women wearing the skimpiest lingerie possible. "Only a little is left to the imagination," Sara noted, "and yet it is in the imagination that a lot of scenarios can be played out with the help of these stationary poses."

She handed the photos back to the men.

"We would like you to identify some of the people in those photos. For example," he said, handing the pictures back to Sara, "what about the people in this one?"

"What about them?"

"Let's start with this girl right here," he said, tapping one of the photographs.

"That's a girl named Chantal."

"Last name?"

“Mendum.”

“Who was she?”

“A nice person.”

“What did she do at the Protectorate?”

“Provide pleasure, mostly.”

“Oh?”

“Yes.”

“To men?”

“Sometimes.”

“And to women?”

“Sometimes.”

The two men were silent, perhaps each one imagining the possibilities of man-with-woman and woman-with-woman and... And so on with a wonderful in-the-brain movie of delicious fantasy images and scenarios.

“Okay, uhhh,” Mr. Auburn said, at a loss for words.

“It was very nice,” Sara said. “The two women could kiss and caress each other for a man’s enjoyment, and our own. Sometimes he would instruct us. Sometimes he would take part. The sessions could last for an hour or more.” Sara was lightly fingering a button on her blouse as she spoke. “The kissing and

caressing would continue as we removed our clothing. Well, most of our clothing.”

Sara took another sip from her cup. The men stared at her, unmoving. Would she continue talking? Please-please-please they thought to themselves.

“There were so many delightful variations,” Sara went on. “A beautiful and sensual woman can please her partners while wearing a lot or just a little. High heels, for example. And stockings. And a garter belt. Sometimes just the garter belt. A tight and sheer top without a bra. Or just a bra.” Sara smiled and sighed. “There are lots of possibilities, don’t you agree, gentlemen?”

They looked at each other nervously.

“We’re done here,” she said, “unless you’re planning on charging me with something.” She stood up and glanced down at her legs. “Just let me make certain these are the proper height.” She leaned forward and used the fingers and palms of both hands to slide one stocking upward. The men did not stand up but watched, fascinated, as Sara’s skirt slid up as she adjusted the stocking. She

let the skirt fall back to its proper position but then repeated the procedure with her other leg. She was enjoying having all eyes on her. When finished, she said, “Isn’t that better?”

The men wanted to reply but no words came. They were both startled by a knock on the interrogation room door. A sergeant opened the door and informed the officers, “Her lawyer is here.”

Andrei Wollovsky strode into the room and acted as if the two officers weren’t present. He moved to Sara with one hand outstretched. “I am so sorry you had to endure this nonsense for so long. I have a car waiting.”

Sara smiled, nodded, and stood up. “That’s quite all right, Andy. I’ve had a good time making up some interesting stories for the boys to use the next time they masturbate.”

“Good, good. I’m certain that will give them some small satisfaction as they respond to the claims of harassment that are already being filed against them.”

“Now hold on,” Mr. Auburn began.

“Within a few minutes,” Wollovsky said, “if it is not already happening, your captain will be receiving a call from the governor’s office and the result of that will not be pleasant for you. For any of you.” He made a point of glancing from the two officers to the mirror on the wall. “Come, Sara. We’ll get you back to civilization.”

“You can’t—” Flaxen began.

“Don’t,” Wollovsky told the officers with more than a hint of menace in his voice. “Don’t make things worse for yourselves, gentlemen. Try ascending to the level of average dolts by keeping your mouths shut.”

He guided Sara out of the room.

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~ 12 ~
15

Claire was enjoying something new in the session with her current captive. High definition video screens had recently been installed on the walls and ceiling of her favorite pleasure chamber. This enabled her to alter the décor at the touch of a button. For this evening of fun, Claire had selected visuals that made the room resemble the Salon de Venus, one of the imperial apartments within the Palace of Versailles. Befitting the opulence of the setting, Claire instructed her pet to address her as one would address a member of the royal family during the reign of King Louis XVI.

Claire regarded the costume of the victim to determine if everything was to her liking. The woman was wearing black high-heeled shoes with wide ankle straps. The front of each strap had a gleaming brass padlock to keep the shoes in place. The outer side of each strap had a shiny brass ring through which it would be

easy to fasten a chain, rope, or braided leather leash. “Your bondage shoes are ideal for tonight’s festivities,” Claire told her. “They are a superb choice.”

“Thank you, Queen Claire.”

Claire continued her assessment. The woman was wearing a black lace garter belt but no stockings. The dangling garters seemed to accent the bare flesh of her thighs. “I also approve of your choice of garter belt,” Claire said. “Very nice.”

“Thank you, Queen Claire.”

Claire raised her gaze to regard the woman’s chest. The bra was made of the same black lace as the garter belt. It provided lift to the woman’s breasts and held them firmly in place without covering her nipples. “That bra is, if you’ll permit the pun, outstanding,” Claire noted.

Once again, the woman recited her line: “Thank you, Queen Claire.”

“Your tits are in the ideal ‘presentation’ position. I like it when my pets take care to offer the tits so they can be admired or caressed.” Claire stepped close to the woman

and slowly stroked her breasts. “So perfectly shaped,” Claire said. With every caress, she gave each nipple a slight pinch with her thumb and index finger. Occasionally she turned her hands so she could pinch the nipples between her middle and ring fingers. The woman began breathing harder as her body reacted to the attention.

“We’re going to tie you up for your next demonstration of compliance. Won’t that be fun?” Claire asked. The girl shook her head in protest. “Really? My little pleasure pet is already disobeying?”

“Oh no, Queen Claire,” the girl protested.

“Am I going to have to spank you on your tits this evening, or are you going to be an obedient pleasure pet?” Claire asked.

“Oh yes! I will be Queen Claire’s obedient pleasure pet, this evening and always!”

“That’s good,” Claire purred. “I am going to give you plenty of opportunities to demonstrate your willingness to obey. Now, step over to the spanking bench and place your body on it for my pleasure.”

“Oh, please,” the woman said.

“I see you’re disobeying again.”

“Oh no, Queen Claire!”

“Then obey my instructions.”

The woman walked to the side of the chamber with the spanking bench and paused a second. “Does Queen Claire want me to spread my legs first, or after my body is on the bench?”

“Excellent question,” Claire said. “That’s very good, my pet. I think this time we will have you spread them after you’re on the bench.”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

The girl placed her waist against the curved leather brace at one end of the bench and leaned forward so her neck was ready to have the restraint collar fastened to her. She placed her hands behind her back.

Claire walked over and expertly tied the girl’s body to the device. “I’m not certain why this tool is called a bench,” Claire mused. “There isn’t much to it other than where we fasten your waist, neck, arms, and legs. You’ll notice that the design of it provides complete

access to your legs, ass, pussy, tits, and mouth.”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

“Now, let’s study that ass for a moment. You look quite attractive in this position.”

“Does Queen Claire want me to spread my legs now?”

“No, not yet,” Claire said, “but you are a very good girl for asking. Here is your reward.” Claire placed her fingertips on the girl’s neck and slowly ran them down her spine, coming to a rest on the coccyx, just above her ass. The girl shuddered. Claire slightly moved her fingers side to side, then up and down. The girl moaned. “Now you may spread your legs,” Claire informed her.

“Oh!” she said while obeying.

“That’s very good,” Claire told her. “You will receive another reward in a moment. Just as soon as I finish tying you.” Claire fastened cords to the metal rings on the girl’s ankle straps. The woman was now totally exposed and totally helpless.

Claire began caressing the girl’s body. “Let me ask you a few questions,” Claire said.

“Are you a ‘control’ actress or an ‘emotive’ actress?”

“I—I don’t know what you mean, Queen Claire.”

“Are you sending signals through your expressions, motions, and moans? Or are you recalling sensual pleasure in your past and surrendering to those sensations?”

“I— I don’t know how to answer, Queen Claire.”

“No matter. Your performance is quite good.”

“But Queen Claire, it’s not— I mean, I’m—”

“You mean you’re actually excited and you’re enjoying your training?”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

“Very good.”

“Good enough for a ‘good girl,’ Queen Claire?”

“Yes. Yes, I think so. Good girl.”

“Does that mean I get a reward, Queen Claire?”

“Yes. Would you like me to demonstrate some of the other ways you can be rewarded?”

“Oh yes, Queen Claire,” she whispered eagerly.

Claire hesitated a second, then began slowly gliding one hand from the woman’s shoulders to her thighs and back again. “You can be caressed like this,” Claire said quietly. “Sometimes it’s called petting but for me caressing and petting are the same thing. Do you enjoy being caressed like this?”

“Yes, Queen Claire,” the girl whispered.

“We can also devote special attention to your breasts.”

“Oh yes,” was the immediate response.

“Good,” Claire said. “I enjoy devoting time to stimulating a woman’s nipples. I believe that my technique is excellent. Let me get comfortable so I can demonstrate.”

Claire strolled to one corner of the chamber and returned with an ornate stool. She sat on it next to her captive and began gently playing with one nipple before slowly sliding her hand to the other breast and repeating the foreplay. The girl was breathing harder now. It wasn’t long before the girl’s nipples became hard. “That is very nice,” Claire told her. She

began using both hands at once, still keeping her touch tender, almost reverent. She applied a faint amount of pressure with thumb and index finger, just barely twisting each nipple first in one direction, then the other.

“Ohhhhh,” the woman said.

“That’s nice to hear,” Claire told her. “I am pleased to get such a positive response from my pet. You deserve another reward, but right now I am going to begin pinching your nipples a little more firmly.”

“Ohhhh,” the girl said again.

“I am also going to add to the torque. That’s the amount of twisting I am going to apply to each nipple. You will have to pay attention to the way your body responds to my touch so you can beg me to stop at the precise moment that it seems the pleasure will turn to pain. Do you think you will be able to do that, my pretty one?”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

“Good. Now, let us proceed.” Claire almost imperceptibly increased the pressure of the pinching and rotating of the girl’s erect nipples. “Just a tiny bit more,” Claire said. She

continued playing with the girl's breasts. "And now a tiny bit more," Claire said again.

"Oh!"

"Have we arrived at the point where you want to begin begging?" Claire asked.

"I, I don't know," the girl admitted.

"A tiny bit more then," Claire said.

"Oh! Please, Queen Claire," the girl said.

Claire moved her lips close to one of the girl's ears and whispered, "Am I going to have to increase the punishment I have planned for you or are you going to be an obedient pleasure pet?"

"I will be an obedient pleasure pet."

"Good girl," Claire said. "Now let's continue with the tit teasing and tit torment. I am going to go select a whip to use to spank you. Spanking strokes will be administered to you on your ass and thighs. I will also select a couple of styles of nipple clip. If you ask nicely, I will put the nipple clips on your tits instead of spanking you on your tits."

"Oh no, please, Queen Claire!"

Claire gave the girl one more quick caress and then walked to the wall of whips and the

display of many styles of nipple clips and clamps. She slowly returned to her captive and began using the riding crop on the girl's ass and thighs. She was slow and deliberate, enjoying the sound the crop made as it landed on the girl's flesh. In between strokes, she used the whip to caress the girl's body, including the breasts. "Your tits look so inviting," Claire told her. "They are just waiting for some attention as they are on display there, pointing towards the floor." Claire administered another set of spanking strokes to the girl's ass and legs, then returned the whip to play with the breasts. "Now, do you prefer being spanked on your tits or do you want to ask for the nipple clips?"

"Oh please, Queen Claire! Please, no!"

"If you don't respond, you will receive both punishments."

The girl's voice was barely a whisper: "Please put clips on my nipples."

"Good girl," Claire told her. "Now, you have a choice of clips. Let me show you the selections I have made for your decision."

Claire held one pair in front of the girl's face so she could see they were alligator clips. "These, I am afraid," Claire noted, "will cause you a certain amount of discomfort."

"No, please, no Queen Claire!"

"These, on the other hand, are my favorites." She held another set out for the girl to contemplate. "They're called old-fashioned twisters. No alligator points on them, and they have an adjustable amount of pressure. At the lowest level of pressure, some girls find them quite stimulating, even when a bit of twisting is applied. Would you prefer these instead of the alligator clips?"

"Yes, Queen Claire," the girl said quickly.

"Then you'll have to be a very good girl for the next few minutes. First, at my signal—you can probably guess what the signal will be..." Claire delivered a stinging stroke across the girl's ass.

"Oh!"

"Yes," Claire told her, "that will be the signal. Now, my little pet, do you know what it means to wag your tail?"

"N-no, Queen Claire."

“You will rotate your hips very slowly to your left, then to your right, then return to the center position you’re in at the moment. Now, at my signal, wag your tail.”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

Claire caressed the girl’s thighs for a moment, then spanked her. She watched as the captive rotated her hips. The movement was seductive and enticing. “That was not bad,” Claire told her. “But it can be even slower. Let’s try that again. Pleasure pet, at my signal, wag your tail.”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

Claire again teased her with the whip before administering another stroke.

“Oh!” The girl performed the movement again, and this time she did it to Claire’s satisfaction.

“That’s excellent,” Claire told her. “Now you will be given the command to wiggle it. That’s a quick left-right movement. Quick, but subtle. You don’t move the hips very far. It’s a way of saying that you’re ready for whoever is enjoying you to pay more attention to your pussy. Let’s try that right now.” She altered

her tone slightly for the command: “Pleasure pet, at my signal, you will wiggle it.”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

The teasing was very delicate this time, which made the spanking stroke seem even stronger.

“Oh!” The girl gave a little wiggle of her ass.

“That’s perfect,” Claire told her. “Now you can escape the whip strokes on the tits because you have selected the old-fashion twisters. Claire tenderly put them on the girl, telling her, “I am making certain they are on the lowest level of pressure. For now.” Claire gave each clip a few gentle twists and was pleased to observe that the girl’s nipples remained hard.

Claire once again took up the crop and began running it over the girl’s body. “Now,” Claire told her, “let’s spend a few minutes going over what we have learned today. Won’t that be fun?” Once again, Claire was not really asking a question.

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~ 13 ~
13

While law enforcement agencies were focused on trying to gather meaningful evidence of sexual impropriety within The Protectorate, the corporations being squeezed out of business by Baytown Power Supply were also busy. They aimed their efforts at trying to negate, subvert, or at least slow down the advancements of the new and rapidly growing organization. Naturally, William Bayton Jeffries was one of their targets. As might be expected when greed was the driving factor in human activity, the “bidness” people aligned against Bayton had no scruples. They tapped phone lines, hacked emails, performed surveillance, attempted blackmail and/or extortion, and resorted to strong-arm tactics.

Jeffries dutifully increased the budget of his security team with each new outrage, but it wasn't until the appointment of a new head of Corporate Defense that the battle began to be

fought on equal terms. Henry Langer was the man for the job. He quickly sized up the formidable opposition and devised plans for shielding Baytown Power on the one hand, and conducting a campaign of offense on the other. The outline of his approach was explicated in a speech he delivered to the Baytown Power board of directors:

“We are creating a legal team that will proceed on two fronts,” Langer noted. “First, I want to make certain that no one associated with The Protectorate is ever left alone to battle with local, state, or federal law enforcement agencies or personnel. Let me pause for a moment to laud the superb work performed by Andrei Wollovsky. His efforts have been exemplary in every regard.” Langer turned and nodded at Wollovsky. “Andy, I salute you.” There was a smattering of applause from the members of the Board. “He and his staff are no longer on their own. From this point forward, Mr. Wollovsky will be the head of a cadre of thirty lawyers who will leap to the defense of anyone in The Protectorate who finds themselves or our activities

impeded in any way by outside forces. And each member of our team will have the resources to call for additional legal and paralegal experts whenever it is deemed necessary. Second, we are not simply acting in a defensive posture. We are actively going on the offensive in a multitude of ways. For example, every time any harassment occurs, Mr. Wollovsky's team will liaison with a squad of 150 attorneys who will utilize every legal methodology at our disposal to strike back at our attackers. We are going to unleash a litigious onslaught so formidable that we will figuratively bury the sons of bitches in a shit-blizzard of injunctions, depositions, filings, requests for data, investigations, and lawsuits. We are going to make certain our foes become so tied up in paperwork and court procedures that they are unable to do their regular jobs, much less put any more time into causing even the slightest inconvenience to any of our people." The members broke into stronger applause at this point. "Thank you. Our goal is to have everyone feel protected here, just as the term

‘Protectorate’ implies. Whether you’re working on an assembly line or in the boardroom, whether you’re a food truck driver or the head of our architectural design unit—you will enjoy our shield. Whatever your role here in our organization, you should know that there are legal experts ready, willing, and able to come to your aid or defense if that becomes necessary. Just as we provide daycare, healthcare, dental, vision, retirement benefits to all our workers, residents, and families, we also provide legal backing and support to the fullest extent of the law.” Langer paused to sweep his eyes across the room. “The message, ladies and gentlemen, comes down to this: We are here for you. We’ve got your back. Throughout the entire Baytown Power Supply organization, we look after our own!”

Langer received a three-minute standing ovation.

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~ 14 ~
I†

Claire was relaxing after her morning swim when she spotted Suzanne on the other side of the pool. The woman was exquisitely proportioned and wearing an outfit that hugged every curve of her body. “Yum,” Claire murmured to herself. Signaling to one of the nearby sauna attendants, Claire asked her, “What is your name?”

“My name is Chantal. How may I serve you, Queen Claire?”

“Tell me about that woman over there,” Claire replied.

“The statuesque woman? Her name is Suzanne and she asked about being introduced to you.”

“Really?” Claire mused. “That’s nice. Thank you for telling me.”

“Not at all. Would you like me to bring her over?”

“No, I’ll go introduce myself.”

“No introduction will be necessary, I’m sure.”

“That’s flattering,” Claire said, “but the beginning of a relationship is sometimes better with a certain amount of social courtesy, don’t you agree?”

“It certainly can be, Queen Claire.”

“And do you have any interest in assisting me in a session, Chantal?”

“Oh yes, Queen Claire.”

“Good. I have a feeling that we will be able to enjoy something like that very soon. Let’s exchange data.”

They each raised their left wrist and brought them together for a few seconds. The electronic devices implanted under the epidermis made their connection and their contact information was automatically registered.

With a smile and a nod, Claire took her leave of Chantal. She walked around the pool to approach Suzanne and the two women began a pleasant conversation that continued through the remainder of the morning. They

discussed sex, the weather, sex, clothing, sex, workout schedules, and sex.

“This has been stimulating,” Claire noted.

“Yes, I agree,” Suzanne said.

There was a pause as they smiled at one another.

“So,” Claire said.

“So,” Suzanne repeated. “Now what?”

“Let’s get dressed.”

“Dressed dressed, or in session outfits?” Suzanne inquired.

“I don’t know about you,” Claire said, “but I am more than ready for a session. It’s been hours since my last orgasm.”

Suzanne grinned and said eagerly, “I feel the same way, too.” Her next statement was in a different tone of voice. “How would you like me to dress for your pleasure, Queen Claire?”

Claire smiled, moved close to her, and kissed her tenderly. Then she whispered in Suzanne’s ear, “Modeling session.”

Suzanne nodded excitedly and the two walked to the changing room next to Claire’s favorite training chamber. Claire immediately put on a black nylon body suit that revealed

her most sensitive areas, while Suzanne began trying on and demonstrating a variety of stockings, garter belts, high heels, tight sheer tops, teddies, panties, micro-mini-skirts, and more. Claire appreciatively admired Suzanne's choices, admiring her body, caressing her, and kissing her.

“In training a woman to be one of my personal pleasure pets,” Claire noted, “there are numerous approaches one can take.”

“I have heard some of the girls talk about that, Queen Claire,” Suzanne replied, “but I don't know how much of that is true and how much is gossip.”

“Let's discuss some of the possibilities,” Claire told her.

“Oh yes, Queen Claire,” Suzanne said, obviously relishing the physical delights awaiting her.

Suddenly, Claire was distracted. “That skirt is quite nice,” Claire told her.

“Think so? It's short enough to just hint at everything that's available to you, but only reveals it all if I twirl. See?”

“You are quite lovely,” Claire told her. “Come here a moment.”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

They kissed and then Claire played with the ultra-short skirt, sliding it up in back one moment, in front the next. “Yes, that is an excellent choice. I think you should keep that on and model some panties next.”

“Oh yes, Queen Claire!” Suzanne replied. She turned to an assortment of panties to make her first selection.

“Where were we?” Claire said. “Oh yes, training methods. Some women need to be brought along slowly, tenderly, with attention to detail. Others require a harsher approach, with plenty of use of the whip to emphasize their subjugation. As you can tell, so far I am employing the former method rather than the latter.”

“Yes, Queen Claire,” Suzanne said. “I will do anything to have the tender approach.”

“Good,” Claire said.

“I have on some panties I can model for you. Would you like me to hold still while you

slide up my skirt, or would you like me to twirl?”

Claire smiled and let out a sigh of satisfaction. “You are being delightful, Suzanne. You are being a pleasure pet without my having to train you.”

“Thank you, Queen Claire!”

“But we do have to make certain you know how to respond to my commands, and therefore...” Her tone became more firm. “Pleasure pet,” she said.

“Yes, Queen Claire?”

“Twirl.”

“Yes, Queen Claire.” Suzanne curtsied, stood poised for a second and then executed a twirl to let her skirt flair up to reveal her choice of panties.

“Very nice,” Claire said. “Let’s do that again with another color. Let’s be blatant. Do you have some in pink or bright red?”

“Both, Queen Claire.”

“First one, then the other.”

“Yes, Queen Claire.”

They passed the time agreeably, enjoyed a mutual climax, showered, and changed into

casual clothing so they could go to lunch. Afterwards, they returned to the training chamber and Claire got to work on Suzanne using some of the tools and toys that always produced a strong reaction from her captives as well as from her. They secretly kept track of their orgasms but pretended to lose count.

“We’ll catalog our climaxes next time,” Claire suggested. “Also, there is a young woman who we can invite to help us during our sessions.”

“Do you mean Chantal?” she asked.

“Yes,” Claire said. “Perhaps we will have her assist us or possibly you and I will work together to train her. Would you enjoy that?”

“Oh yes, Queen Claire,” Suzanne replied, looking forward to their next tryst.

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~ 15 ~
12

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~ 16 ~
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High definition video cameras captured every aspect of the woman's preparation for a session of sexual training and pleasure. Aided by several young women attired in teasingly skimpy French maid outfits, the woman was shaved, bathed, patted dry, lotioned, and perfumed before the group moved to the dressing room.

“Let's begin with the strap-in,” one maid said.

“The strap-in?” the woman asked.

“Oh yes, this is a luxury for girls who are very lucky.”

“How does that work?”

The maids were eager to explain while demonstrating their skill at the procedure. “First, you will wear this set of straps. It's like a very special thong. I know it looks like finely braided leather but it's stretchable, see?” The maids demonstrated the elasticity of the straps. “Hold still while we slip it on.”

The woman watched as the strap-in procedure began. The thong was guided gently up her legs. One strap encircled her waist. “Look in the mirror,” a maid instructed the woman. “Two straps are connected to the waistband, and they both get nestled in the crevice of your ass. They should be resting on you anus, giving you a little stimulation there every time you move.”

“But then the straps separate,” another maid explained, “and they go between your legs, one on each side of your pussy.”

“Now, look here in front and you see how they get connected to the waistband almost all the way to the edge of your hips.”

“Then,” purred another maid, “we lightly coat your pussy with lubrication.” The woman had a sudden intake of breath as the maids expertly anointed her labia.

“Next, we put some lube on the vibrator and we slide it into you.”

The woman moaned as the maids sensuously penetrated her.

“A strap-in vibrator is held in place by the elastic straps. Would you like to see the clever

way the device is connected to the cords? Here,” she said, holding a hand mirror so the woman could watch as the delicate linking was made. “While you’re admiring the most sensitive part of your body, let me demonstrate the advantages of the elastic straps. Whoever is enjoying you can pull the vibrator part of the way out of your pussy, and when they let go, the straps pull it back in. Isn’t that fun?”

The woman gasped.

“The vibrator can be remote-controlled or motion controlled. Let’s activate the motion sensor.” The maid picked up a remote control and pushed a couple of buttons. “There. Now, each time you take a step, cross your legs, wiggle your hips, or tense your ass, the vibrator will deliver a nice, two-second burst of pleasure. Here, let me show you.” The maid reached out to spank the woman. Her body reacted to the stroke and then to the gentle pulsation inside her.

“Oh!” the woman said.

“It is one of the very nicest ways to spend the first part of a session,” one maid told her.

“Yes,” the others agreed. “You are so lucky!”

“Now, let’s get you dressed.”

With each article of clothing there was some movement of the woman’s body, activating the pleasure tool, as they called it. Panties, stockings, garter belt, revealing bra, high heels, miniskirt, tight top—every part of the time spent in getting dressed meant she moved her body, which activated the motion sensor in the vibrator, and that delivered pleasure to the woman. By the time she was ready for a man to enjoy her she had climaxed several times.

“You’re really ready for him now,” the maids observed. “You’re welcome.”

They led the woman into the nearby training chamber where a man was given the opportunity to admire, caress, explore, play with, strip, tie up, spank, and kiss the woman. Then, once the vibrator was removed, he could fuck her. Every stage of his activity with her brought about another orgasm and the onslaught of sensuality and carnal

response continued until she was happily exhausted.

When the maids returned to retrieve her from the training chamber, she told them she had never had so much physical pleasure in her life. She was already anticipating her next session.

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~ 17 ~
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The two officers, Sergeant Avila (Mr. Auburn) and Sergeant Foster (Mr. Flaxen) sat in an unmarked police car and watched Claire as she led a group of women into Baytown for lunch and an afternoon of shopping. The two officers made notes of the girls' progress and tried to resign themselves to the fact that the department had told them to stand down from attempting to investigate the activities of the ladies of The Protectorate.

“Man, I would love to bring her in for questioning,” Auburn said.

“Can't do it,” Flaxen said.

“Yeah, and that stinks.”

“Yup, but that's the way it is. We shouldn't even be surveilling her like this.”

“What if we spot them committing a crime?”

“You mean like shoplifting?”

“Any crime.”

“Still can’t do it.”

“Why the hell not?”

“Because we’d have to say how it was we came to observe them.”

“This sucks.”

“Yup.”

“I mean, this really sucks.”

“Once again, yup.”

There was a painful pause.

“But look, what if we—”

“Nope.”

“Yeah, right, but what if—”

“Hey!”

That got his partner’s attention.

“C’mon, man.”

“I’m telling you right now, I am not interested in getting busted back to walking a beat. Are you? ‘Cause if you are, get yourself another partner.”

“Okay, okay, I hear you.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah.”

They again sat in a painful silence. They jumped when someone knocked on the window of the car.

“Jesus.” Flaxen composed himself and rolled down the window. “Can we help you, sir?”

“Naw,” said the man. He looked like one of the technicians employed at one of the many Baytown Power Supply facilities. “But I might be able to help you. Let me in and we’ll chat for a minute.”

Auburn and Flaxen exchanged glances and shrugged. “What the hell,” one said. Auburn unlocked the rear doors and the man got into the back seat.

“Thanks. Okay, we haven’t got much time so I’m going to give you this fast and you’ll have to follow up on it later.”

“Give us what?”

“I’m getting to that. Look, there’s a new power supply firm that’s building up to compete with Baytown.”

“There must be a hundred of them,” Flaxen said.

“Right, but this one is right here in town and they’re using staff and facilities of Baytown Power.”

“Like some sort of revolution?”

“Exactly,” came the reply, and he proceeded to reel off a large number of examples of how resources and proprietary data of BPS were being appropriated by the nascent Resistance Power organization, as they called themselves.

“Yeah, that’s all fascinating,” Auburn said, “but where are you getting this info? How do you know about it?”

“Because I’m working with them.”

“So, you’re some kind of double agent?”

“Double agent, triple agent, whatever.”

“Who are you?”

The man hesitated just a second before responding. “Call me Ishmael.”

“What?”

“Sorry, bad joke. You can call me Izzy.”

“Izzy,” Auburn said skeptically.

“Yeah, Izzy. You got a problem with that?”

“Yeah, we like real names.”

“Hey, you want the info or don’t you? Names are the least of the problems with this whole thing. Guys, I’ve gotta get back. Think about how I can get data to you without

anybody seeing us. When you come up with something, put an ad in the college paper that says you have disco eight-tracks for sale. You'll get some replies from kook collectors but you can just ignore them. I'll call you from a burner phone so we can work things out. Mostly I'll be passing you digital files and maybe some paperwork. We could use lockers at the airport, maybe. You know more about that than I do. And look, I know you'll be checking me out but don't be so heavy-handed that you draw attention. Check out a few men and women in the Technical Facilities Department of Baytown Power. That's their R&D department where some of us work. Don't put too much heat on us, okay? Gotta run. Release this door."

Auburn and Flaxen exchanged glances again, shrugged again and Auburn popped the lock on the passenger door. The man practically flew out of the vehicle and was gone.

"Jesus," Flaxen said.

"Yeah," Auburn agreed.

"Think that's for real?"

“Can’t hurt to treat it as real. Until we know different.”

“Yeah.”

“If it’s crap, we just blow it off.”

“But if it’s not crap...”

“Then we’re really on to something.”

“Yeah.”

“Something big.”

“Oh yeah.”

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~ 18 ~
18

The TV screens in the discipline chamber were covered by projections of flickering candles of many shapes and sizes. In addition, each corner of the room featured an array of red and black tapers, many of which were giving off incense as they burned. In this flickering light, Claire's latest captive, Brianna, was tethered in the center of the room. A braided leather leash reached from her leather collar to a chain dangling from the ceiling far above.

Brianna was dressed for going to a club, in a fashionable skirt and blouse, under which she wore stockings, garter belt, panties, and bra. On her feet were pumps of the very latest style.

"The first thing we need to change are the shoes," Claire observed. She snapped her fingers and three women in body suits emerged from the darkness to remove the pumps and buckle Brianna's feet into bondage

shoes. The padlocks on the front of the wide ankle straps glittered in the candlelight, as did the metal rings on the outside edge of each of the shoes' leather straps. "That is very nice," Claire commented. "However, I think we have too many scented candles. Let's snuff them out and bring up the light on the projections."

When everything was to her satisfaction, Claire gave instructions to the girls to strip Brianna. The process was leisurely but eventually the blouse, skirt, bra, and panties were removed and set aside.

"Here's what we're going to do tonight," Claire said. "Let's use Brianna's training session to also teach some other new recruits." Claire instructed the body-suited girls to bring additional women into the chamber and the three of them performed their tasks diligently. Within a short time, four additional captives were tied up on various devices in the chamber.

Claire looked at the women with a smile of anticipation. The four women were dressed alike. Each wore high heels, stockings, garter belt, and a half-bra that revealed the nipples.

Two of them wore panties that were very tiny, very tight, and very sheer; the other two wore no panties. All four were gagged.

“Notice how available each of our captives appears,” Claire stated.

Utilizing a minimum of material, the devices presented the women’s’ bodies in a pose of total surrender. Similar to being bent over the back of a chair, each girl was bound to a bar that prevented them from escaping the submissive position. Their arms were tied behind their backs; their legs were spread apart; their leather collars were tethered to the floor. “Isn’t that a pretty picture?” Claire said. “Tits, thighs, ass, and pussy are all offered to us,” she noted with satisfaction. “These girls are in for a session of discipline and punishment.”

Claire walked to the wall of whips and selected four long, thin, flexible riding crops. Keeping one for herself, she handed the other crops to her three body-suited assistants. Following Claire’s example, the crops were used to delicately tease the bodies of their bound captives. At Claire’s command of

“Time for a spanking,” they would each administer a quick stroke to the ass of each victim. Then they returned to using the crops to torment the sexual playthings. “Run the crop gently across their flesh,” Claire instructed them. “Ass, back of the thighs, inside of the thighs, belly, tits, especially the nipples. We will reward each girl whose nipples become hard and erect. We will have to discipline those who do not respond to the attention we’re devoting to them.”

Next, Claire untied Brianna and led her around the four bound women. “Stand here,” Claire directed her. Turning to the four captives, she said, “Raise your heads and pay attention to what we’re showing you here. Those who disobey will receive additional encouragement with the whip. In fact, as a demonstration, it is once again... Time for a spanking.” The body-suit girls happily administered spanking strokes to each of the four captives.

“Now,” Claire continued, “the four of you will observe my interaction with pleasure pet Brianna. I am going to show you what will be

expected of you in future sessions.” Claire turned to regard Brianna. “Notice how she is standing. She is holding still, her body erect, legs together, arms at her side, head up, spine straight, shoulders back. This is the position called ‘at attention.’ Notice that it is not a rigid military pose. Instead, it is respectful, observant, and a little formal. You will adopt this position whenever you are in a session and you will hold the pose while awaiting commands.” Claire turned to regard the four bent-over captives. “I think it is once more time for a spanking.” The body-suited girls administered the strokes. All of the bound women squirmed and two of them emitted gasps, whether of pain or pleasure was impossible to determine.

“Very good,” Claire noted. Turning back to Brianna, she issued her next command. “Put your hands behind your back.” Brianna did so. “That’s fine,” Claire told her, “but with your hands clasped like that you spoil the view. Lift your hands and slide them along your forearms until your fingertips touch your elbows.” Brianna obeyed. “There,” Claire told

her. “That’s better. Do you wish to be rewarded every time you obey?” Brianna nodded. “Good.” Claire lightly ran one hand over every inch of her exposed flesh. “Wasn’t that a nice reward?” Brianna nodded. Claire turned back to the four bent-over captives. “Time for a spanking.” There were three satisfying cracks of the whip on each bare ass. This time, all four of the gagged women moaned. “Excellent,” Claire noted.

Turning back to Brianna, she issued her next command. “Put your hands on your hips.” Brianna did so and Claire nodded her approval. “Spread your legs.” Brianna hesitated just a second before obeying. “Ahh, that was almost insubordination,” Claire pointed out, “but you recovered just in time.” She moved close to Brianna and kissed her. Then she caressed her. Then she began playing with her pussy. “I think it is time for the two of us to move next door for a private session.” She told the body-suit girls to play with their captives in any way they wished. “Enjoy,” Claire said as she took Brianna’s hand and led her out of the room.

*FROM THE DIARY OF BRIANNA
ANDRESSEN:*

In my sessions with Claire, classical music was always playing in the background, usually a recording but sometimes musicians were in the room with us. Some pieces were from the Romantic era but most were Baroque. Because music was part of the atmosphere of the sensual, sexual sessions, I now am aroused by the sound of classical music: a solo piano composition, a string quartet, a wind-and-string quintet... any chamber music, actually. The mathematical interaction of the notes speaks to me of the kisses, the caresses, the spankings, and the couplings. The allure of the melodies conjures up for me the feelings of heat that result from carnality. The inexorable progression of the music envelops me in a feeling of desire and passion and serves as the perfect accompaniment to the well-placed application of the whip.

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~ 19 ~
Ið

Captain Talcott was skeptical at first, but sergeants Avila/Auburn and Foster/Flaxen kept placing more and more evidence in front of him until his desktop was hidden by several layers of paperwork.

“We’ve got data files listing the employees involved in working on this new company,” Auburn said.

“We’ve got logbooks of the hours being put into the development of everything you’d need to build a rival power supply organization,” Flaxen said.

“There are spreadsheets detailing the purchasing of equipment and the re-routing of the gear to various locations outside of Baytown Power,” Auburn said.

“There are detailed minutes of clandestine meetings of cells of people working on secret projects within the Baytown facilities as well as offsite,” Flaxen said.

“We’ve got financial projections.”

“We’ve got cost/benefits forecasts.”

“We’ve got demographics of the markets they intend to target for the new company’s services.”

“Yeah, and the markets are not all in this country. This new Resistance Power is planning on selling to foreign governments.”

The data was piling up in front of him and this began to disturb Captain Talcott. As a man who prided himself on the neatness of his desk, he had a place for everything and he made certain everything was in its place. As his sergeants handed over the documentation, Talcott stacked the reports and printouts in neat piles but Auburn and Flaxen continued handing over more and more documents until—

“All right, that’s enough!” the Captain said. “Jesus. Okay, okay, have you gone to the D.A. with any of this?”

“No sir,” Auburn said. “That’s why we’re here—it’s time to bring them in on it.”

“I agree,” the Captain said. “What you’ve got here looks like probable cause.”

“Right,” Flaxen said.

“That means we can start some wire taps,” Captain Alcott said.

“Yeah,” Auburn replied, “uhh, we’ve got to be careful about that.”

“What do you mean?”

“Our source claims that the BPS brass and their security people are paranoid about surveillance and they can spot when their phones are tapped.”

“Mobile devices, too?”

“Especially mobile devices.”

“Well, the transmission of data must go through their computer networks,” Talcott said. “Maybe we can—”

“They monitor that, too,” Flaxen said.

“Look, what you do in your spare time, I can’t stop, but if you want the department to make this an official assignment, you’re going to have to bring in the D.A.”

“Well, sir,” Auburn said, “we might convince the D.A. to use the security monitoring of Baytown Power itself.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Talcott demanded.

“Okay,” Flaxen said, “it turns out that some of the internal data communications of the company are tied-in with the county law enforcement agencies. They’re sharing some resources.”

Captain Talcott regarded his two sergeants with a steely glare. “Okay, first of all, are you saying some of our guys are working with this renegade group?”

“Well,” Auburn said, “yeah, maybe. Hell, considering what we’ve got here, what do you think?”

Talcott looked like he was about to spit. “Shit,” he said. After a deep breath, he continued. “All right, putting that aside, you expect me to believe that a company as globally powerful as Baytown Power Supply doesn’t have its own internal security communications system?”

“No, no, they do,” Flaxen said.

“Right,” Auburn continued, “but some of the lower level stuff is shared. Gate guards, maintenance crews, night shift watchmen, that kind of thing. It’s a flaw in their system that they haven’t fixed yet.”

“I don’t know...” Talcott said. “That seems unbelievable.”

“Yeah,” Auburn admitted. “But we’ve got recordings of these guys talking about what the R&D teams are doing and—”

“Wait, you’ve got recordings? You mean you’ve been performing surveillance without a court order?” Talcott demanded.

“No, no, no,” Flaxen said hurriedly.

“No sir,” Auburn said emphatically. “The recordings, actually the audio files, were given to us by our source.”

“Your anonymous source?”

“Well, he says to call him Izzy.”

“Izzy.”

“Yeah, Izzy.”

“Christ,” Talcott scoffed. “You have anything on this guy?”

“Yes sir. Izzy is William Ezekiel Grumman. Here’s the file on him.”

“Yeah, that’s just what I need, more paperwork.”

“Sorry, sir.”

Talcott weighed the file in his hands for a second and then reminded his officers of

something: “You know that if this Izzy of yours doesn’t testify, most or even all of this other info is inadmissible in court.”

“Right, right, we know that, Captain,” Auburn said.

“But Captain,” Flaxen said, “whenever we hear something, then we know more of what to look for with the legal surveillance.”

“Which you say will be spotted by their internal security forces.”

“Well, we’ve got to be careful in that area.”

“Ya think?” Captain Talcott said. “Yeah, I’d say you have to be damn careful. Don’t piss off the most powerful corporation on the planet.”

The three men lapsed into a tense silence.

“Sir?” Auburn said at last.

“What?”

“According to our source, they are going to launch this competing firm in ten to twelve weeks. We’ve got to try something and we’ve got to try it soon.”

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Claire was delivering a speech to the Coastal Gables Ladies Cultural Society, which described itself in its flowery literature as “a group of energetic women dedicated to the preservation of the natural wonders of the littoral community continually attempting to live to our motto of Legacy Meets Decency.” The primary interests of the group did not always match that grandiose purpose, as they were more a combination book club, movie reference service, and gossip cluster. The discussion of societal effluvia was the order of the day among this collection of ladies-who-do-lunch. Their thrice-annual fundraising drives donated money to a legal fund that worked to allow rich seaside landowners to block public access to the beach.

Claire’s informal talk was garnering rapt attention because of her topic, which was eroticism. “Whenever certain pleasure centers

are activated in the brain,” she said into the microphone on the Yacht Club’s stage, “there is a jolt of electric current that runs up and down your spine. For a brief moment, the voltage dwells in your shoulders and hips, and then courses through your torso and limbs until reaching the tips of your fingers and toes. Your whole body,” Claire said dramatically, “becomes totally alert, aware, and alive.” There was a murmur of assent from the ladies in the audience.

“I’m talking about the pleasure that is derived from participating in controlling the physicality of a beautiful girl. Well, a beautiful woman, actually, since I prefer being intimate with the most responsive creatures, and we all know that the female of the species is at her sexual peak above the age of thirty.” The crowd liked that observation.

“When I first discovered sex, which was one summer when I had just turned fourteen, it had a profound affect on me. Perhaps this happened to some you as well. I wanted to fuck all the time.” About half the audience applauded. “Yes,” Claire continued. “It just

feels so right, so fine, so... well, what do you think is the most descriptive word? How about: exquisite.” There was a buzz of appreciation from the audience.

“Speaking of names, can we all start working to put an end to the improper use of terms for female sensuality? What the hell is with the word ‘slut,’ anyway? That is offensive.” The crowd was with her on that. “All these words, like slut, slattern, hussy, trollop, strumpet, and tart are just part of the patriarchy attempting to control women’s behavior. Men and women enjoy sensuality. Men and women enjoy lovemaking. Men and women enjoy orgasms. Men and women enjoy making love. We all recognize that making love is glorious, but men are condoned or even celebrated for it and women are shamed. I say it’s time to stop it. The next time someone uses that term directed at women, turn it around on them. Shout back at them, ‘Men are sluts!’ See if they like it.”

The audience laughed, then applauded.

“My precocious sexual exploration continued unabated,” Claire continued. “This

went on for a number of years until my life turned into the Leiber and Stoller tune, ‘Is That All There Is?’ There have been a lot of recordings of that song but the most famous version was by Peggy Lee. A lot of people don’t know that the lyrics were based on a short story by Thomas Mann called *Disillusionment*. In any case, the song perfectly captures that feeling of not knowing what one wants even as one wants more of it. That was me. Until I discovered whips.” Claire paused to let that abrupt transition take affect.

“That’s correct,” Claire told the group. “Whips, riding crops, switches, rods, minicats, and floggers. First, I used them on myself. On the ass. Amazing! On the backs of the thighs. Scrumptious! The stimulation of the blood vessels is so richly delightful that words almost fail me here. I wanted more of these sensations, so each time I used a vibrator on myself, I also used a whip. Each time I was with a girlfriend, and even sometimes when I was with a trusted boyfriend, we shared spanking each other.”

Women in the crowd reacted with a mixture of shock and fascination.

“Around this time,” Claire said dreamily, “I met two people who wanted to share my journey into decadence and sensuality. One was a woman, who we will call Aubrey, and a man, who we will call Stephan. Like me, Aubrey and Stephan had just discovered the joys of stimulating the body to increase sexual response. Our exploration of fleshly desires became frequent and intense, usually in couples but occasionally in threesomes.”

Claire paused to sweep her eyes over the audience. “Do you remember the first time you decided to do everything in your power to turn on your partner? The focus on stimulation began with getting ready for your date. Preparing your body. Selecting your outfit. Perhaps you knew exactly what you planned to wear; possibly, you began a private modeling session to review your choices. Your lingerie. Your shoes. Your dress, or your skirt and blouse. You may have practiced removing your clothing, judging in the mirror what parts of your costume you’ll discard and

which parts you'll leave on. Sometimes you would perform a striptease while other times you'd invite your partner to help undress you. Have you all experienced that?" She received some assent from the crowd.

"Remember the caresses that preceded removing your clothing? Remember the way your legs felt in your stockings? Remember the delicious shock as your lover's hand slid from your nylon-covered skin to your bare flesh?" Claire went into rapturous detail about her sessions that she appeared to have hypnotized half of the audience by this point.

"When some light bondage was added to our sessions," Claire noted, "that's when things got even more interesting. The fun of pretending that one of us was a prisoner, a captive, a sensual plaything, a sex slave. Being told to strip; being ordered to place your body in suggestive poses; the enjoyment of being put in bondage; the delight of having to respond to hands exploring your body from knee to neck and back again; the satisfaction in selecting a tool for training and discipline—a riding crop, a rod, a switch, a

mini-cat-o-nine-tails.” Claire saw many in the audience with a look of desire on their faces.

“And if you were the mistress, then you were in charge. You controlled the session and could revel in the entertainment of making your sex toy beg, bargain, and offer bribes. Sometimes you would be gentle with the enforcement tools. You might begin with light taps and guide strokes, but you might not stop there. You might proceed to spanking strokes on the ass, on the thighs, and on the tits. And, of course, there was the delight of threatening to increase the harshness of the whipping.” Claire now had a similar look of desire on her face.

“I remember,” Claire told them, “how I would just lightly tap them with the riding crop and explain how these were light spanking strokes. And then I demonstrated how the severity of the lashes could be increased. There are strong spanking strokes. And there are discipline strokes, which are harder than spanking strokes. At this point, your pleasure pet will want to begin begging not to go any further. I would tease them by

letting them know there is such a thing as punishment strokes, which are harder still. I would ask the captive girl if she would like me to demonstrate the differences between all three types of whipping. Now the begging turned to pleading. The power and beauty of that moment is something to be savored.”

Some in the crowd had heard enough and headed for the exits, but most were hanging on every word.

“And then,” Claire said, “it was time to discuss what we planned to do with the pussy.” That stopped everyone in their tracks. “In a session of sexual play, what should be done to a girl’s pussy? Does it need training, discipline, torment...? Or is it ideal to perform penetration with fingers, thumb, dildo, vibrator, or cock?”

Once again, there was a mixed reaction from the audience.

“Whatever I decide to do to the pussy, my primary concern is making the woman climax over and over again. And, of course, I sometimes invite a man to help me in all forms of domination and enjoyment.” Claire

put one hand on the microphone stand, moving it delicately, like Tina Turner in her concerts. The sexual innuendo was obvious.

“The pleasure chambers of The Protectorate are often frequented by people who are taking advantage of their new-found skills, their awakening to the fullness of sexual joy. And for anyone who is interested in this exploration, I invite you to let me know your desires. Thank you.” Claire walked away from the microphone and stepped down from the stage to mingle with guests in the ballroom. She was pleased to meet with her many new admirers, some of whom would soon become acolytes. While many in the crowded room acted scandalized, quite a few sought access to Claire’s sessions. She was happy to oblige.

Within the community of Baytown, there was one additional result of Claire’s presentation: that evening, a great many husbands got lucky.

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The early launch of Resistance Power Corporation caught everybody by surprise. Coming six weeks before the earliest date that had been forecast by Izzy, no one was prepared. The media had teased the public that a possible competitor to Baytown Power was under development, but no start date had ever been confirmed and all the details about the venture were shown to be speculation or outright invention. While government officials continually attempted to obtain information about the possible competing organization, there were only rumors and conspiracy theories available and no verifiable information ever emerged. Even within Baytown itself, no one in the law enforcement community or the district attorney's office had a clue about the moved-up date.

A number of D.A. office staff complained to Captain Talcott. "I didn't know they were

ready, either,” he told them. After doing what he could to calm down the D.A.’s office, he immediately contacted sergeants Avila and Foster and demanded, “What the hell is going on?” over the police radio while they were in the field.

“We’re just as surprised as you are, Captain,” Avila said.

“Listen,” Talcott barked, “I’ve got the press and the entire staff of the District Attorney’s office screaming at me on this.”

“We’ve been hearing complaints, too,” Foster said. “But we were caught flatfooted.”

“There are at least four separate investigations that were just cold-cocked by this,” Talcott said.

“Nobody’s happy about it,” Auburn responded.

“You know that the D.A. was in the middle of writing up their orders to show cause, preliminary injunction requests, and all of the legal-beagle documents and now they’re using all of that for scratch paper!”

“We’re sorry, Captain. But you gotta understand that we—”

“Never mind that,” Talcott snapped. “What does your source have to say about this?”

There was a pause. “Um, here’s the thing, Captain, we, uh, we lost touch with Izzy.”

“You what?”

“We don’t know what happened. We’re trying to run it down now.”

“You find that son-of-a-bitch and you get me some answers.” Talcott ended the transmission.

Avila and Foster, Auburn and Flaxen. Both were angry. They started pushing their contacts hard to unearth some information—any information—on the whereabouts of William Ezekiel “Izzy” Grumman. They began coming up with a very big pile of nothing. Bad information. Misinformation. No information at all.

“It’s as if this guy never existed,” Auburn said.

“Maybe he didn’t,” Flaxen said.

“That would mean we were being played.”

“Yup.”

“But why?”

“Easy,” Flaxen replied. “To make fools out of the cops.”

“But why call attention to something that was actually taking place? I’ll bet if we double check all the data Izzy gave us, most of it will turn out to be real.”

“That’s nuts,” Flaxen scoffed.

“Okay,” Auburn admitted, “the names of the people were probably all made up, but I mean the data itself. There was all this activity to create the second power supply firm. Why tell us about it at all?”

“Look what that accomplished,” Flaxen said. “We start investigating the little stuff. The appropriation of equipment, the double shipments of supplies, the attendance of people in secret meetings. All the while throwing us off the track of the actual timetable.”

Auburn thought about it for a moment. “Shit,” he said, “you could be right.”

“So,” Flaxen said. “What the hell is our next move?”

And then they spotted Izzy.

“Jesus! Look over there.”

“Where?”

“Across the street.”

“Holy shit. C’mon, let’s get that sucker.”

They began advancing on Izzy with a frightening intensity of purpose. Which made it even more surprising when Izzy waved to them with a big smile.

“Hey, sergeants!” Izzy called to them. “I’m going in there for a coffee. Meet you inside.”

With that, Izzy walked into the Taste of Bliss artisan tea and coffee shop. Auburn and Flaxen paused a second, then hurried toward the shop. “You take the front,” Flaxen said to his partner. “I’ll go round the back.”

“Right.”

The two officers made an impressive entrance from two sides of the shop. The thirty men waiting for them all looked at them with quiet anticipation.

“What the hell is this?” Flaxen said.

“We just wanted to thank you guys for all the help you provided,” Izzy told them. “Not that you knew you were helping, but still...”

“You’re under arrest,” Auburn said, pointing at Izzy.

Izzy sighed. “Okay,” Izzy replied, “two things. First, you’re not arresting anybody right now.” The two sergeants found themselves staring at thirty men calmly pointing a variety of weapons at them. “We’ve got guns, Tasers, and this new sort of laser-guided stun weapon that some of us are just dying to try out.” Izzy nodded at the two officers. “Take your hands away from your holsters, gentlemen, and you’ll be in no danger.”

The sergeants didn’t like it, but they were trapped. As they complied, Auburn said, “You’re not going to get away with this.

“Oh, I think everything will work out,” Izzy told them. “Second, we’re going to be giving you the goods on some of the activities of organizations that are attempting to harm both Baytown Power Supply and Resistance Power. And the public will be really grateful to you for taking out some of the bad guys who are trying to prevent everyone from enjoying low cost renewable energy.”

“What are you talking about?” Auburn demanded.

“Baytown and Resistance are saving the planet. Anyone working against them is a bad guy,” Izzy said simply. “You’ll probably get promoted. Come.” He waved them toward the bar where a couple of men moved out of the way. “Let me show you some files of documents and video that display the real criminals. Come on.” Izzy indicated a computer that was on the bar. “Come on,” Izzy said again. “You’re going to want all this. You don’t want it to go to any of the others in the department, do you? And you don’t want it to go to the D.A.’s office, right?”

The tension in the room slowly dissipated as the case against several companies outside of Baytown was presented to the two officers. Reluctantly, slowly, the policemen were won over and agreed to utilize the information. There were handshakes all around and the officers left the shop.

Back in their vehicle, Flaxen was once again skeptical. “How do they have all this new information?”

“They said that Baytown Power and Resistance Power were providing everything,” Auburn replied.

“Yeah, I heard them. But why are they doing that?”

“They don’t want to be spied on,” Auburn said. “They don’t want to have more competition.”

“I think it’s something else,” Flaxen said.

“Yeah? What’s that?”

Flaxen was silent.

“Hey,” Auburn said to his partner. “What’s your point?”

Flaxen pulled out a log book and wrote something on one page, tore it out and handed it to his partner.

Auburn read the note and was about to speak when his partner put a finger to his lips and indicated he thought their vehicle was being monitored. “Seriously?” Auburn asked.

Flaxen nodded.

Auburn read the scrawl again. Flaxen had written: “Baytown and Resistance are the same company. Same owners.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah.”

“What do you want to do about this?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Right.” Flaxen sighed. “Look, it’s like the Captain said: don’t piss off the most powerful corporation on the planet.”

Auburn just stared out the window of the car, seemingly defeated by the turn of events. Flaxen looked hard at his partner, wondering if he was up for the task of trying to look into this allegation without department backing. He doubted it. It turns out neither was up to it. Within a very short time, they began enjoying their side gigs as highly paid Security Consultants to an organization called B & R Power. It was a cartel comprised of elements of both the Baytown and the Resistance companies. They both began to feel comfortable referring to their remuneration as consultancy fees rather than the more colloquial and more accurate term, bribes.

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Everything about the party was elegant, starting with the costumes of the courtiers, the servers, and the attendants. Their outfits were elaborate but paled in comparison to the sumptuous garments of the guests. On this collection of well-toned bodies was an impressive display of lace, silks, and Paris Chiffon, all mingling with satins, marbled velvet, and baubles.

The ballroom was a mixture of genuine Habsburg dynasty era décor and carefully crafted reproductions. Furthering the illusion, the walls and ceilings glowed with high-resolution image projections of the 13th century royal world decadence of the Hofburg imperial palace. The room was a museum quality exhibition of stylishness in various shades of crimson, purple, cream, and the darkest of deep brown tones, all framed with gold.

Claire was smiling but not talkative as she assessed an array of potential sexual partners for her evening's entertainment. Admiring glances followed her as she glided through the room. Selecting a potential partner, she moved very close to him, leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "Pleasure Pet Claire loves master." Pulling back to assess the man's reaction, she smiled at his look of anticipation. She leaned forward again and added, "My pussy belongs to master; my pussy is for master's pleasure." They exchanged light kisses on the lips. They moved to one side of the room. Half-hidden from other party-goers, they embraced and enjoyed several kisses. Claire took the man's hand and led him along the side of the room.

He thought they were heading for a bedroom or a pleasure chamber but she turned abruptly and brought the man to the center of the main room. She signaled for the music to change and the loud pulsating EDM faded down, replaced by a Mendelssohn string quartet. Claire slowly unbuttoned her top and removed it. She unhooked and unzipped her

skirt, and then removed it. After a moment while she allowed everyone nearby to admire the roundness of her breasts, she folded down the front of her bra to reveal her nipples. After another pause, she removed her panties. Her eyes swept across the crowd. She nodded to several of them and within seconds, every woman at the party began copying her erotic movements and the room became one gigantic slow-motion striptease. Claire glanced around with a Mona Lisa smile on her lips.

Men and women began exiting the main hall to enjoy the more intimate surroundings of the smaller pleasure chambers built around the perimeter of the main building.

In the Carnelian Room, one woman spoke softly into the ear of the man she had selected for her session: “Enjoy fucking me as much as you want. Play with my tits while you punish my well-trained little pussy. Climax inside me whenever you want. Or,” she slid around the man and concluded her purring comments near his other ear, “you can slide

out of me and take any of the girls who are assisting us.”

In the Cuatro Sillas room, four women gathered in the center of the chamber that featured a display station with a “captive chair” faced by three other chairs. The central chair had a reinforced back to hold a strong corset on the chosen pleasure pet. This is important because when the seat of the chair is removed, the pet is semi-suspended. This allowed for access to the ass as well as the tits. Once the legs were spread, the pussy was also on display to her admirers and lovers.

There was an observation chair directly in front of the captive, with a full view of everything. There were two chairs on each side of the captive. In this case, two more pleasure pets could sit and play with the captive according to the wishes of whoever was in charge of the session.

Feathers, brushes, rods, whips, and hands were lovingly employed to bring the captive pet to climax again and again and again.

In the Crystal room, a man and a woman stood and gazed longingly at each other. In the center of the chamber, the woman was tied in the X position, arms and legs spread wide. The man glided forward. He caressed her body before bringing his lips to hers. Their kiss was slow at first, then a bit more energetic.

“Ummm, that was quite lovely,” the man told her, “but not quite lovely enough to be considered a bribe.”

“Oh, please—” she began, glancing at the wall holding a variety of crops, slappers, and whips.

“I think we should try again,” the man told her.

“Oh yes!”

“Part your lips.” Their next kiss was deeper, longer. After a moment, the man admitted, “Yes, that’s better. That is an acceptable bribe.” The woman smiled. The man moved to the wall and selected a switch. He returned to his captive and began caressing her body with the leather implement of discipline. “But you do realize,” the man

continued, “the bribe is only good for a little while. You will receive a stroke of the whip unless you offer another bribe.”

“Oh!” protested the woman.

“And then another, and another, and another.”

“No...!”

“Would you like to continue offering me bribes?” the man asked.

“Yes!”

“The bribes are not going to always be kisses,” the man said. “I have plans to take my pleasure from you using your pussy.”

“Oh yes,” the woman told him excitedly.

In the Sapphire room, a beautiful woman was begging for the opportunity to climax. She wanted to have a strap-in inserted into her. She wanted caresses, kisses, and then cock. The man who was enjoying her signaled to girls who had been standing in the shadows at the edge of the chamber. They rolled large wood-framed mirrors into position so the captive was able to see what was being done to her body. “There is power in a reflected image,” the man

stated. “You feel even more exposed now, don’t you?” he asked gently.

The woman could barely nod because she was already entering into ecstasy.

In the Topaz room, Alicia, a Claire-trained whipmistress, welcomed a man and a woman. The girl was wearing the briefest of outfits. Her breasts seemed about to emerge from a too-tight top. Her micro-mini-skirt revealed more than just the flesh of her thighs above the tops of her stockings; it was so short that her sheer and extremely tight panties were visible even when she was with her legs together. Her high heeled shoes had extra-wide ankle straps of strong leather, each with metal O rings to make binding her quick and easy.

Around the girl’s neck was a leather collar with another metal O ring. Fastened to the ring was a leather leash that Claire held loosely in one hand. Alicia guided the girl to the center of the chamber. “Stand at attention,” Alicia told her quietly but firmly. Then she turned to regard the man who was

clearly pleased with the situation. “What do you think of her?” Alicia inquired.

“Very nice,” the man replied. “She is very, very attractive.” He smiled, knowing he was about to enjoy a Presentation and a Session, both guided by Alicia.

“T&A,” Alicia ordered the girl, who immediately obeyed by bending forward about thirty degrees while keeping her head up and shoulders back. This position directed attention to the tits and ass. “Very slowly, wiggle it,” Alicia told her.

Both Alicia and the man admired the lovely side-to-side motion of the girl’s hips. He nodded his appreciation to Alicia.

She notes that “This will be even more fun once we remove her panties, but it’s a nice start, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” was his breathy response.

“Straighten up,” Alicia commanded and the girl obeyed. “Proud tits,” Claire said and the girl stood at attention with a bit of extra thrust to her breasts.

Alicia and the man slowly walked around the woman, sometimes lightly passing a hand

over her body, but mostly simply admiring the sight of a beautiful, desirable figure who was about to provide pleasure to both of them.

“Why don’t you give her your first command,” Alicia said to the man.

The man tilted his head slightly as he considered the possibilities. Then he decided to involve the girl. “What does the Novice Pleasure Pet wish to do at this session?” the man asked the young girl.

“I wish to pleasure Master and, and, um,” and she faltered.

At a nod from the man, Alicia spoke to the girl. “Your line is: ‘I wish to please Master and any girls he selects regardless of rank, whether they are Slavegirl, Pleasure Pet, Lady, Princess, or Queen.’ Do you want me to repeat it?”

“No, Whipmistress Alicia. I think I know it.” Her voice trembled.

“She was pulled out of The Factory on her first day,” Alicia told the man. “I think she may have only run through it once or twice.” Alicia turned toward the girl and told her, “Because of your lack of training, you won’t

be punished for not knowing it perfectly.” The girl smiled hopefully. “No, you won’t be punished for that, but we may have to discipline you,” Alicia added, and the girl’s smile vanished.

Alicia’s voice held a trace of peril in her expression as she thought of the discipline and torments she had in mind for the young captive before her. “I will repeat Master’s question and help you during your answer, if you need it. Just glance at me if you’d like me to prompt you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Whipmistress Alicia.”

“Very well,” Alicia said. “Now: ‘What does the Novice Pleasure Pet wish to do at this session?’”

The girl answered but she required Alicia to provide two prompts. They started over. This time, she made it almost all the way through the statement before hesitating and needing a prompt. Alicia looked at the man and raised an eyebrow. The three of them stood there and two of them relished the emotions of fear and phallic fantasy that were jostling each other in the room’s atmosphere.

“Shall we discipline her now?” Alicia asked the man.

“What sort of discipline did you have in mind?” he replied.

Alicia smiled. “I think you should discipline her pussy using your cock. Doesn’t that sound delicious?”

“Yes,” said the man and the woman at the same time.

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It began to go down very early in the morning. The two power companies, Baytown and Resistance, were attacked at the same time from many directions. Several assaults were launched by ad hoc underground coalitions including the People's Power Collective, Electricity for Everyone, Spread the Power, Fair Share, and a dozen others. The departments of the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, and Coast Guard all sought to obtain a foothold in one or both of the organizations. In addition, there were numerous groups that originated within the government and/or the Pentagon.

The result was utter confusion. While the security forces within each power supply firm were overwhelmed, the attacking forces battled with each other as much as they took over the positions within the target companies and the chaos was shocking.

“Pull the plug,” was the ultimate reaction of the power firms. Suddenly, no one was receiving electricity, gas, heating, air conditioning, juice, or energy. The civilized world returned to the dark ages within just a few minutes. The engines of commerce were stilled. The hum of machinery was replaced by the howls of frustration of people who had come to rely on a seemingly inexhaustible and low cost supply of power. Factories, restaurants, homes, schools, healthcare centers, shops, malls, distribution centers—everything ground to a halt. The harm to business and trade was astronomical; the harm to people was shocking.

Except for one place in the world. Years before the launch of Baytown and Resistance, the far-seeing William Bayton Jeffries made certain that a system of backup generators was in place to ensure the smooth functioning of The Protectorate. Anyone living and working in the insular location enjoyed the same modern lifestyle and benefits as before. Certainly, there were dips in power as the main supply shut down and the generators fired up,

but the solar panels on the vast plains surrounding the city provided the power necessary to provide every resident with the comforts of modern civilization.

At first, Protectorate inhabitants could go outside in the fresh air but that gradually changed as more sectors of the globe sank into drought, famine, disease, pestilence, warfare, gang fighting, and the explosion of larger and larger devices, befouling the atmosphere with an unbreathable toxic stew. But no matter; Earth was an expendable planet.

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54

Deep underground, in what remained of The Protectorate, Claire was at her most persuasive as she maneuvered to seduce her new lover, Chantal. While Claire had always enjoyed the physical pleasure of men, she was never one to pass up an opportunity to engage in sensual acts with women. This was fortunate now that the majority of available males were dead, wounded, or engaged in the multitude of skirmishes, battles, and attacks.

“Would you like a drink?” Claire asked.

“No, I’m fine,” was the reply.

There was a pause as they regarded each other. At last, Claire spoke: “I think we should enjoy each other now.”

“You mean have sex?” Chantal said.

“Yes,” Claire responded, “that is exactly what I mean.”

“As long as you don’t use that special word.”

“Special word? What word is that?”

“You know. Your use of the term is horrible,” Chantal told her.

“I disagree completely,” Claire replied. “I believe the word is sacrosanct.”

“No, the word has been perverted in this edifice to sensual pleasure.”

“My darling Chantal,” Claire said soothingly, “this is not the case. Not at all. I recognize that the word itself is possessed of beauty, delicacy, supreme power.”

“I don’t see how you can say that.”

“The word is glorious and I can prove it.”

“How?”

Claire stepped forward and gently put her arms around her partner. Their eyes locked together. Claire was brimming with confidence, and it was contagious because Chantal now looked hopeful. Firmly but tenderly, Claire asked, “Do you know what I feel for you?”

“What?”

“Love.”

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VSR

Victoria Sarkozy-Reiss was born in Switzerland to the Polish mistress of a French diplomat. Running away from home at age 15, she drifted into several professions, the nature of which may be discerned from her rap sheet: burglary, narcotics trafficking; larceny; solicitation of prostitution; assault and battery (“that was a bum rap; it was self-defense”); and arson. She participated in the Incarceration Classroom Project while serving her sentence, editing twenty-seven monthly issues of *Pen Games*, the prison newsletter. “The U.S. industrial incarceration complex is proof humans can create hell here on earth.”



JSG

Man-about-town. Tastemaker. Stud. Bon vivant. Quick wit. Cool dude. Philosopher. Sensualist. Olympic semi-finalist in yo-yo. Seeker of world peace. Defender of the timid and gentle. Pediatric cardiologist to the children of the stars. Champion of the downtrodden. Idiot-savant. Poet of the unwashed masses. Collector of commemorative hatpins.

None of that describes John Scott G or his alter-ego, Victoria Sarkozy-Reiss.

With a callous disregard for public safety, he continues to compose snarky sentences and puzzling paragraphs. He was born in the last century, so you'd think he'd be old enough to know better, but so far, nope.



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