



AN UNUSUAL TRIP & THE INTERVIEW

Story by Ernest Greene & Tawny Tomsen
Illustration by Tawny Tomsen

Featuring: Ernest Greene, Berseh, Tawny Tomsen, Elrola, Aletessa



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An Unusual Trip

By Tawny Tomsen



Tomsen Manor – Basement

Berseh: "You spoke of an unusual trip. Then what are we doing here in the basement?"

Tawny: "Just be patient my angel. Take off your clothes, we need to change our clothes"



No sooner said than done and both Tawny and Berseh get rid of their clothes. Tawny takes the clothes, locks them in a locker and takes out 2 very futuristic looking suits from the locker, not forgetting to take advantage of the situation when both were naked and hug, kiss and cuddle Berseh.



After Berseh & Tawny have cuddled enough, they both put on the suits.

Berseh: "Oh my god, what are these suits? Are we going to a comic con? Who are we representing?"

Tawny: "No my dear, these are not fake suits but real space-approved exo-suits ..."

Berseh: "Space-approved exo-suits? What are we up to? ..."

Tawny: "Let me surprise you. You'll see in a moment. I will reveal to you a secret that no man on this earth has ever seen ..."



Tawny: "So my darling, we are ready for our trip."

Tawny opens the otherwise always locked door in the basement of Tomsen Manor ...

Berseh: "Oh my ... there's an elevator behind this door? And I always thought that was a junk room."

Tawny: "Yes, there is an elevator hidden. Deep under Tomsen Manor is a massive cave system that was created a very long time ago and apparently served as a storage or fabrication facility in the early 20th century. And now I hide my secret there "



Berseh and Tawny get into the elevator and Tawny activates it by entering a code. Slowly the elevator starts moving on its journey to the depths under Tomsen Manor.

Tawny again takes the opportunity to cuddle with her beloved Berseh during the ride and Berseh also presses herself close to Tawny. Curiosity is written all over her face.

Tawny: "My darling, I will now take you to a completely new world. What you will see I have only managed because some friends, who are not from this earth, have helped me. Also, these suits we wear are not a product created by humans. The location of Tomsen Manor was deliberately chosen before my time because there is this cave system underneath."



The journey into the Tomsen Manor underground seemed endless and Berseh and Tawny made good use of this time of togetherness.

After they reach the underground cavern and the elevator door opens about 2000 ft below the earth's surface.

Tawny: "Come my darling, I'll show you my secret now"

Tawny leads Berseh out of the elevator and Berseh couldn't get out of her amazement because of the dimensions of the underground cave. And her eyes got even bigger when Tawny drew her attention to the secret



Berseh's surprise increases even more: "Oh my What's that?"

Tawny: "That's my space shuttle and we're going to take it for a little ride."

Berseh: "A space shuttle? What do you need a space shuttle for and how do you get to it?"

Tawny: "I'll explain that to you later, my dear. But also this is not from earthly production. Unfortunately, the technology on earth is not yet ready to produce something like that. Especially that it's totally sustainable and the energy storage is powered exclusively by solar energy."

Berseh: "You said that this secret has not been seen by any human being and what are the persons doing down there?"

Tawny: "They are not humans, they are Tawndroids. So something similar, like Androids, only that they have the ability of independent thinking and also feeling sensations."



Berseh and Tawny approach the space shuttle, where the two tawndroids are waiting for them.

Tawny: "My darling, may I introduce? Mona and Lisa, who work down here and keep everything in tip-top shape."

Mona: "Miss Berseh ... Nice to finally meet you in person. Miss Tawny often speaks of you when she is with us."

Lisa: "I, too, am very happy that we get to meet you."

Mona kisses Berseh's hand and asks unabashedly: "Would you like to feel my breasts? They feel good"

Berseh: "Ehm Excuse me?"

Tawny: "Don't be surprised Berseh, they are both sex obsessed "

Lisa: "I suppose you want to go for a ride with Demeter?"

Berseh: "Who's Demeter?"

Tawny: "Demeter is the Greek goddess of fertility and I named my board computer after her."



Tawny: "Lisa, you accompany us and Mona will hold the fort here." Turning to Berseh,, "... are you coming my darling?"

Berseh nods and Tawny enters the shuttle.

Demeter: "Welcome aboard Captain, I've missed you already."

Tawny: "Hello Demeter, good to see you again too. I've already missed our trips. And how are you?"

Demeter: "Thanks for asking, everything is fine with me. All systems are checked and approved. I just missed your orgasmic moans ..."

Berseh looks questioningly at Tawny: "You'll see what she means in a moment ;)"



Berseh, Lisa and Tawny take their seats. Tawny checks the systems again, has the door closed and prepares everything for takeoff.

Berseh can't stop marveling and is overwhelmed by the impressions: "That means we're flying into space now?"

Tawny: "Yes, my darling, and it's so nice to do it together with you this time."

Berseh: "You do know that I have another shoot the day after tomorrow for a science fiction film."

Tawny: "That's a good coincidence, you can help out with a few practical tips But don't worry, we'll be back by then."



Tawny gives the go-ahead and Demeter retracts the landing struts without the shuttle moving even a millimeter.

There is also no engine noise and the shuttle silently begins its journey through the tunnel.

The guidance through the tunnel is fully automatic and therefore there is no danger that it crashes somewhere against the tunnel wall.



After a long and, thanks to Demeter's steering, safe ride through the tunnel, the shuttle reaches the exit of the cave, which is in a rocky cliff to the ocean. Demeter stops the ride, "I assume Captain, you want to take over again." Tawny: "Thanks Demeter, you're right." ... Turning to Berseh: "What do you think about a roller coaster ride ... but much better?"

Berseh nods and smiles to Tawny. Whereby there is still a little uncertainty, because Berseh does not know what Tawny means by roller coaster ride.

Tawny: "Well then, this is going to be fun. Demeter: Turn off the pressure absorbers, limit acceleration to 1.9 G, and emulate engine noise."

No sooner has Tawny said this than a motor can be heard humming inside the shuttle. Tawny grabs the throttle and, with her other hand, the control stick. The engine noise gets louder and



... and 'WROOOM!!!' off they go! 😁



The jet pilot is about to return to the base from his patrol flight, but suddenly he sees something strange again.

Pilot: "Creepy Eye to Groundcontrol: I see again a strange flying object without having it on radar. This thing looks like a space shuttle, and the way it's built, it shouldn't be able to fly. And what's especially strange is that it's completely silent."

Ground Control: "Unfortunately, we don't have anything on the screen either."

Pilot: "I think I'm really going to take a vacation. I'm coming back now. I hope I'm not just imagining things and that the evaluations of the outboard cameras show something useful. Over and out."



Tawny: "Oh shit, the jet pilot saw us. Demeter, can you determine if he was recording and if he was transmitting?"

Demeter: "Don't panic Boss, I listened to his frequencies immediately after I located him and other than voice messages, which from the outside might be considered rather jumbled, he didn't transmit anything. However, there are active outboard cameras that could cause us problems."

Tawny: "Thanks Demi, can you clear the memory of his cameras and disable any further recordings?"

Demeter: "Nothing easier than that and done. Well, how did I do that?"

Tawny: "Great Demi, thank you and now off into space."

Tawny turned to Berseh, "I'm going to get a coffee now, can I get you something too my dear? We have freshly squeezed carrot juice on board."

Berseh: "No thanks, maybe later. Right now I'm just enjoying the impressions"



A short time later, the space shuttle leaves orbit and the view of Earth is breathtaking.

Berseh: "This is fantastic, I can't believe we are in space. Why aren't we weightless? Or is the shuttle just a flight simulator?"

Tawny smiles at Berseh: "My darling, I am also at a loss for words every time I see this. And no, this is not a flight simulator. We are really in space. The ship has an artificial gravitational field so I don't spill my coffee "

Lisa: "Miss Tawny, do you mind if I use this time to recharge my batteries?"

Tawny: "No problem, go ahead"



No sooner has Tawny given Lisa the go-ahead to recharge her batteries than she hear a very aroused moan behind her seat.

Berseh turns around and sees Lisa inserting a vibrating and luminous dildo into her vagina.

Berseh: "I thought she just wanted to recharge her batteries. I guess I misunderstood ..."

Tawny: "No that's right. The charging contact is built into her vagina and the dildo is the charger. To start charging she has to keep pushing the charger back and forth to transfer the energy. Once she is fully charged, this is indicated by an orgasm. Since in her vagina also corresponding arousal sensors are installed, this is linked to a corresponding horniness with her."

Berseh: "Strange to do a recharge like that Who came up with something like that?"

Tawny: "ehrm that was a design suggestion from me"

I want to show you something else about our exo-suit. Please come to me my darling"



Berseh stands up and walks over to Tawny, who puts her hands around Berseh: "My dear, these exo-suits have some amazing features. One of them is that they have a lot of little micro-servos built into them that can stimulate the muscles by massaging them. And these servos also exist on the erogenous zones. Shall we try it together?"

Berseh nods to Tawny: "Together with you I want to try everything, mistress."

Tawny smiles, "Demeter, connect with our exo-suits and start the orgasm program."

Demeter: "That took you a long time today to ask me to do that."

And no sooner has Demeter spoken, Berseh and Tawny feel a pleasant tingling sensation on their pearl, breasts and even anus, which becomes more intense as time goes on. Berseh and Tawny cling to each other and start moaning at the same time



Berseh and Tawny couldn't stay on their feet for long after Demeter took control of the exo-suits, and both soon slid down to the floor of the shuttle, tightly embraced.

Demeter played with the massage servos of the exo-suits like a virtuoso on his instrument. One could get the impression that Demeter felt great pleasure in leading the two women to orgasm again and again and to hear their aroused moans and cries of pleasure.

But at some point Demeter stopped the stimulation and disconnected from the suits: "My dear horny doves, I must inform you that we are already approaching the space station and I ask you to take your places."



Still completely out of breath, Berseh and Tawny take their seats in the cockpit again.

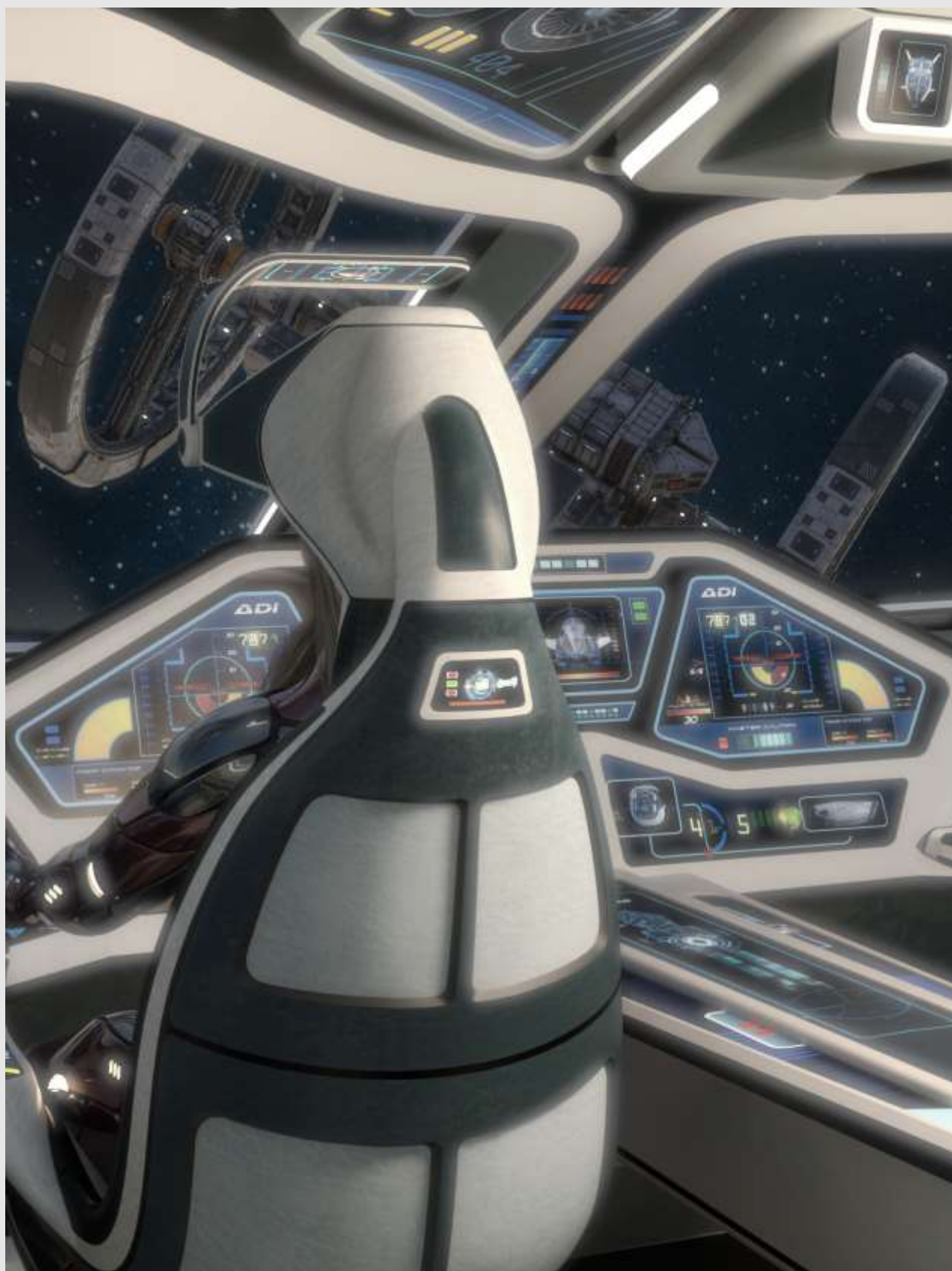
Demeter: "Well, how was I?"

Berseh: "Phew ... that was intense"

Demeter: "Glad to hear it. By the way we're landing in 10 minutes."

Berseh: "Landing? Where? I don't see anything ..."

Tawny: "The space station has visual and tracking protection. In a moment it will be visible"



No sooner has Tawny spoken than there is a flicker in space before Berseh and Tawny's eyes and the space station becomes visible.

Tawny: "Voilà ... There it is"

Berseh: "Wow, it's huge"



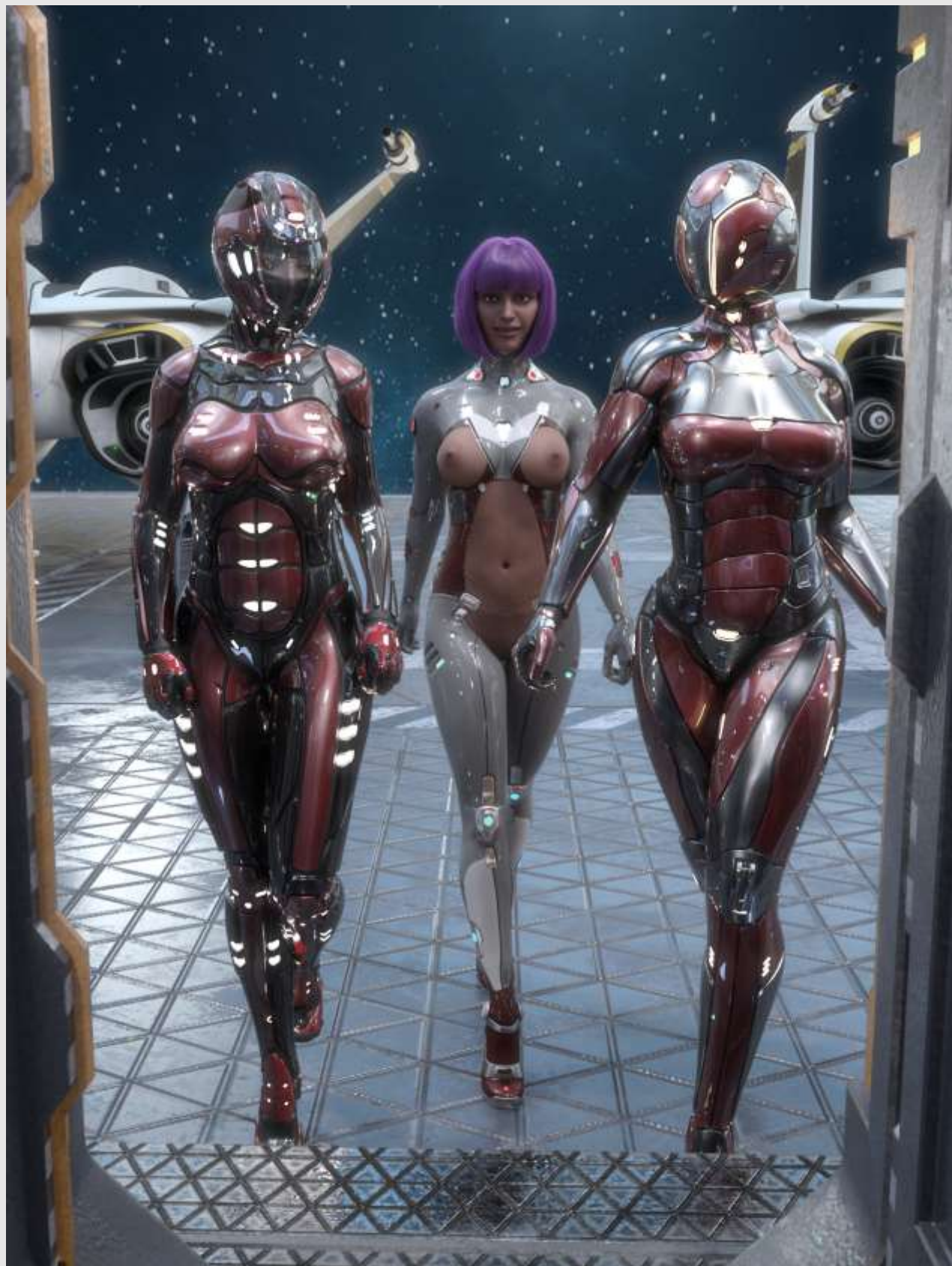
As our friends get closer to the space station, it becomes clear just how big this station really is.



During the landing, which is completely automatic, Tawny and Berseh activate the space helmets of their exo-suits.

Only then is the air pumped into the designated chambers and the door opened.

On the landing platform, there is a gravity similar to that on Earth, but no atmosphere. Lisa, since she is a Tawndroid, does not need a space suit and follows the two.



Berseh and Tawny together with Lisa go to the airlock so that Tawny can let her beloved in on the secrets of this station and so that they can also take off those exo-suits.



After the airlock was filled with air, Berseh and Tawny were able to remove their helmets. After that, Tawny led Berseh and Lisa through several corridors in the station until they met 3 people who were already waiting for them.

Tawny: "Hello Ynwat, Hesreb and Aloppoc, nice to see you again. May I introduce you to my beloved Berseh."

Ynwat: "Nice to see you back at the station as well and it is an honor to finally meet Berseh. What's new on Earth?"

Tawny: "Unfortunately nothing new, it's getting worse. Even this Friday for Future initiative is simply ignored by the powers that be."

Ynwat: "That's very sad to hear and it shows how important our mission is here. But let's talk later. I think you'll want to show Berseh around the station and especially get you out of the suits."

Tawny: "Yes, that's right, I'll see you later ..."



Tawny leads Berseh and Lisa to her cabin and as soon as they get there, they get rid of their exo-suits. And since there is still some time, the two lovers use the situation to enjoy their naked togetherness



The love game of Berseh and Tawny quickly became more intimate and Lisa did not miss the opportunity to actively support the two loving.



After Berseh and Tawny had had enough sexual intercourse together with Lisa, Tawny takes out the ward suits and gives the white one to Berseh.

Tawny: "This is a little more comfortable than those exo-suits. By the way these ward suits were made to my specifications "

Both then proceed to the conference room.



Equipped with the ward-suits, Tawny leads Berseh into the conference room, where the others are already waiting.

Berseh and Tawny take a seat and after a little small-talk, during which Berseh learns that Tawny visits the station more often than she thought, Ynwat explains to Berseh the purpose of this station: "We have had Earth in our sights for a long time, and we thought that when the humans were mature enough, we could include them in the intergalactic trade organization of the united planets and make you a partner. Earth would have been a very central part of the united planets.

Unfortunately we had to realize that mankind destroys the earth instead of becoming more mature and as the current developments show, this destruction cannot be stopped anymore.

A solution, which is rather hypothetical, would be to give the children the power, because with their "Friday for Future" movement they show that they get a feeling for the real problems.

Only unfortunately with some humans both politically and economically, which hold the power in the hands the power and profit greed is so large that they do not have interest in the future of the earth and these unfortunately do not hear on their childrens concerns.

And that has called us on the plan. Since we look a bit different from humanity we would have a hard time to walk unnoticed among humanity and we have been looking for allies to help us face this problem. You may have heard of Marvin the Robot, who in turn has reconnected with Robert, Tawny's friend and partner, who has facilitated this connection."

Then Tawny interjects, "I was presented with the project to save Earth and humanity and I was immediately on fire for this project and am helping any way I can ..."



Berseh: "That sounds very promising, but how are you going to help Earth?"

Ynwat: "We have evaluated various options. And I want to make it clear that we are only considering non-conflict solution options. In no way do we want to force a violent solution here, because after all, we see humanity as our future partners. Our first approach was to start with persuasion, but there, probably like your children, we fall on deaf ears. We could also supply the earth with alternative energy sources like our hyperspace tapper, which for example operates this station here. But here again the danger is too great that these will fall into the wrong hands and be used for other purposes.

Mankind simply needs more time to learn and when I look at your young generation, there is indeed hope. Only what does the youth do then with a broken earth? So, they need more time and a healthy earth.

Our current project that we are tackling is a volunteer evacuation project. We are in the process of preparing a habitable planet in another galaxy and creating all that so that the same quality of life prevails there as on Earth. We have the opportunity to permanently open a gateway between these galaxies and establish shuttle traffic and communication channels between this planet and Earth.

Tawny should help us to make appropriate preparations on Earth. On the one hand that we are not seen as a threat and on the other hand, when the time comes, to advertise the project. This should not be difficult, because the life expectancy on the other planet is 30% higher than on Earth.

We figure we'll have to relocate 50% of earth-population for Earth to recover."

Berseh: "That sounds just too good to believe. But what's the catch?"

Ynwat: "There is no catch, especially since this project is not being done altruistically. We need humanity as a future central trading partner in the Milky Way and, in a manner of speaking, this salvation action also fulfills an end in itself. How many alien life forms have you already discovered? None, as far as I know because also none exist in direct environment around the earth. You would be a bridge between different galactic unions, so to speak."



Berseh: "Thank you for your speech Ynwat but you know what? I need to know a few things about people who want to save me or the planet I live on, I mean the fact you've got superior technology doesn't give a blank check.

Throughout mankind's history we found out superior technology was very often detrimental to the lower techno people.

So my first question will be: Do you understand what love is? Amorous love? Passionate, crazy love?"

Ynwat: "I'm glad you asked that. We too know love and it is the driving force for many things. We got to know what crazy love is with Tawny."

Ynwat winks at Tawny.

Ynwat: "I would be happy if you Berseh, visit us more often to get to know us better. We would be happy if you would help us to save your planet. We can provide you with your own shuttle or you can take Demeter whenever you want. Tawny told us a lot about you and also about the love that connects you. We have also learned that not only emotional love but also physical love is very important to you and that is why we have designed and programmed the androids accordingly. However, this thing with BDSM was new for us and we like to learn. Tawny has shown us that you humans love to be tied up and tortured"

Berseh turns her head to Tawny and thinks that Tawny should still enlighten Ynwat that this is a need that not all humans enjoy the way Tawny does.

Tawny: "OK, I may have gone a little overboard with my craziness and need to do some follow-up here. What do you think, my darling, if I show you the secrets of this station?"

Ynwat: "Make yourselves at home here and if you have any further questions, dear Berseh, we are always at your disposal. Tawny will show you how to reach us."



Tawny leads Berseh through the station and shows her the different facilities and they meet Marvin.

Marvin: "Hello Tawny, I assume your companion is Berseh. Why are you in such a good mood? There is absolutely no reason for that"

Tawny: "Hello Marvin, nice to meet you. Optimistic as always"

... and turning to Berseh: "May I introduce you to Marvin, a good but very pessimistic friend who made contact with our friends here."

Berseh greets Marvin with a smile and asks what has crossed his mind.

Marvin: "I think the whole project is doomed to failure. I'm sure no one will go along with it and fate will take its course"

Tawny, who doesn't want her good mood to be destroyed by Marin's cynicism and pessimism, quickly but politely says goodbye to Marvin and continues the tour of the station with Berseh.



During the tour Tawny shows Berseh a special room with a strange device in the middle of the room.
Tawny: "You probably remember the short film where I was tortured by a machine for a few hours."
Berseh: "Yes, but you know how I feel about these machines. I thought you shot that in the studio."
Tawny: "No, that was here. And don't worry, I'm not going to turn on that machine today. But I enjoyed it very much and I will surely do it again " Berseh: "You are just a crazy mistress, my darling 🍆"
Tawny: "But now I'm going to show you something that I'm sure you'll like".



Tawny: "I want to show you a special room now, where ever since I saw this room, I felt the urge to share the amenities of this room with you. I think we should take off our clothes out of here."

No sooner said than done, they both remove their clothes and enter this special room.



After both of them get rid of their clothes, they enter the room. Tawny takes Berseh by the hand so that she feels safe. The door closes and as soon as it is closed, gravity stops.

Tawny: "Well, isn't that a great feeling to be weightless for once? But be careful my darling, no jerky movements. Especially not if you come into contact with the wall."



Berseh and Tawny enjoyed the weightlessness very much. They explored every possibility of discovering each other's bodies in this situation.

No annoying gravity, which always makes a part of the body that you want to explore inaccessible depending on the position, as well as parts of the body that are pulled down by gravity are suddenly freed from all constraints.



The love game in zero gravity becomes more and more intense and ends in numerous orgasms of both



After the great experience Tawny and Berseh had together, they meet with Ynwat and chat a bit about the current situation on Earth and that they want to carefully involve other helping people to counteract the climate catastrophe. Afterwards, they both put on their exo-suits again and say goodbye to Ynwat.



And so our heroines set off again on their way to Earth with their shuttle. Demeter made sure that the flight home was an unforgettable and especially orgasmic experience for all involved

An Unusual Trip

Text by Ernest Greene
Illustrations by Tawny Tomsen



Ernest Greene had visited the airbase before in his investigations as The Tomsen Town Gazette's specialist in unexplained phenomena. A cluster of low, sleekly modern structures overlooking the sea, it functioned mainly as an observation post operated by a shadowy military unit specializing in signal intelligence. Ernest wasn't certain what all it observed, but at least some of the odder phenomena appearing on its screens or spotted by its pilots fell under the category of things Greene investigated. He knew his sources there only gave him small pieces of larger puzzles.

When politely invited to visit the base Greene's expectations of what would be revealed were always modest.

This time, however, there was an unusual urgency to the summons from the base's new commander, Major Abigail Clarkson. She had something she wanted him to see she was certain would interest him.



The airbase's reception area could have been entryway to a spacious, austere modern corporate headquarters – except for the athletic young sentries in their tight-fitting black combat fatigues. Though there were no visible cameras or microphones, Ernest had no doubt there was a heavy layer of electronic security backing up the human assets.



A young desk lieutenant, quite appealing in the abbreviated summer uniform recently adopted by the base staff, looked over Ernest's credentials as she calibrated the retinal scanner mounted on the front of her desk.

Noting the cadet's wings on her snug blouse, Ernest asked how close she was to certification.

"Just another two hundred hours," she said cheerfully, "and I'll be flying something more interesting than a desk."

She handed him back his identification papers with a smile.

"It's definitely you," she said with a smile. "Welcome to the facility, Mr. Greene."

He turned at the sound of approaching heels and a voice of calm command to be greeted by Major Abigail Clarkson, the base commander, as squared away an officer as he'd seen. Welcoming him with a firm handshake, she thanked him for coming in on short notice.

"I've always wanted to meet you," she said as they walked down the long hallway to her office. "I follow your work at The Gazette."

"To make sure I'm not printing anything I shouldn't?"

She laughed.

"Actually, we share an interest in things that aren't easily explained."

"I take it you've encountered something meeting that description."

"I certainly can't explain it. Perhaps you can."



Ernest looked over Major Clarkson's shoulder as she brought up the laptop on her immaculate glass desk. She plugged in a small flash drive and the image of a standard reconnaissance jet slicing through the night sky popped up onscreen. Though the footage had been shot from a low angle the picture was sharp and clear. Major Clarkson narrated.

"Just a routine training flight. Level at fifteen thousand feet, airspeed fifteen hundred KPH. All systems nominal ... and then ..."

Suddenly a winged craft quite unlike any Ernest had previously encountered dropped down out of the clouds to fly alongside the recon jet. Fabricated from some non-reflective material, its fuselage was peculiarly narrow and its sharply raked delta wings didn't seem adequate to provide enough lift.

Ernest wasn't an aviation expert but like most journalists he knew a little about almost everything.

"What do you make of that, Mr. Greene?"

"It's definitely hypersonic, engineered more for trans-atmospheric operation but the design ..."

"Completely unrecognizable from our databases."

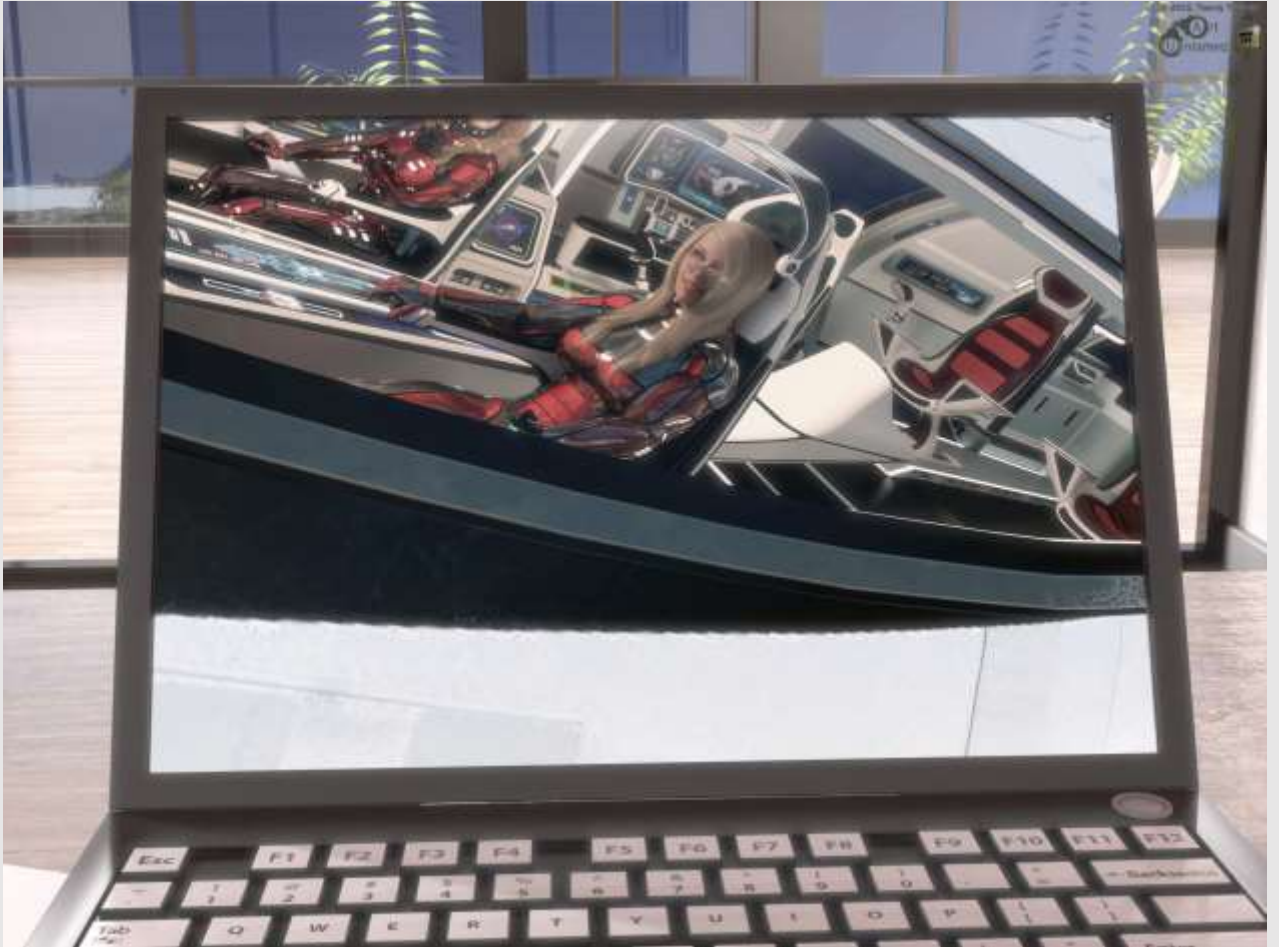
"I'd think you'd have some usable data on it from the jet's telemetry."

Major Clarkson shook her head.

“If we had any. For some reason we lost both radar and wing video for a few seconds just as the pilot called in the phenomenon. Then a ground tracking crew came up with this during scheduled maintenance.”

“So where is the pilot now?” Ernest asked. “Maybe he could answer a few questions.”

“Transferred to Aviano. Between this and his report last month of spotting a winged humanoid in the night sky he was put on limited duty. Keep watching and something ... or someone ... recognizable will come into view for a few seconds.”



The mysterious vehicle wagged its wings in the universal gesture of friendly intentions between foreign aircraft. When the port side dipped a big, illuminated canopy briefly revealed two passengers in exotic flight suits. For once, even Ernest managed a look of surprise. He asked the major to run the clip again, freezing it just as the passengers appeared.

“That,” Ernest said pointing at the figure behind a completely unfamiliar bank of controls, “is unmistakably Tawny Tomson.”

“Our town’s leading citizen buzzing our no-fly zone in some kind of space plane.”

“It would appear that Ms. Tomson has developed an interest in aeronautics.”

“Space tourism is a hobby for egotistical tycoons. She keeps a low profile, does her good works confidentially and zealously guards her personal privacy.”

Ernest took a silk hand kerchief out of his pocket to polish his glasses.

"If you're concerned, perhaps you should go and ask her about it."

"I'd love to but sending military intelligence agents to question civilian philanthropists is bad optics."

Ernest nodded.

"So, you want me to do that for you."

Major Clarkson shrugged.

"I figured it's a good story and that you'd be interested in it."

"It is and I am. But I would feel obligated to disclose the source of the lead and anything she gives me off the record stays that way."

"Understood."

"I'll keep in touch."

The major raised a skeptical eyebrow as both rose.

This was all highly irregular to say the least.



The offices of Ernest Greene and Tawny Tomsen in every way reflected the contrast between them. Ernest's was like a small museum of antique automobile blueprints, architectural models, nautical clocks and stacks of leather-bound books, many titled in Latin.

Sitting at his wooden desk, he looked a bit out of his time with a modern cell phone at his ear.

The nerve center of the Tomsen empire was Spartan, uncluttered space with an ergonomic table for her computer, a swivel chair for Tawny herself (today wearing a chic but not overly modest blouse and skirt) and a small seating area for guests, of which she tried to entertain as few as possible when working. For such a high-profile figure remaining the ruler of her own time against the unceasing onslaught of petitioners, capital seekers, dreamers and admirers was a constant challenge. Journalists, as Ernest was demonstrating on the phone, were among the most persistent disrupters of her attempts to concentrate on many projects simultaneously.

“Really Ernest,” she said amiably while continuing to study columns of figures marching across her monitor, “I’d love to sit down and discuss it over a glass of wine. You know I’m a big fan of your work.”

“The publishers of the Gazette would be pleased to hear that,” he replied, a little surprised.

“They hear it from me often enough as a member of the board of directors.”

Ernest was well aware of this fact. It didn’t make his today’s task any easier. Nor did the surprising revelation that came next.

“Actually, I was referring to your previous career. You directed some of my favorite erotic films. Berseh and I still watch them together.”

If they’d been in the same room Tawny would have seen Ernest’s face split in a wide grin.

“My attempt to escape my scandalous past by moving here appears to have been less than entirely successful,” he drily replied.

It was no secret that Ernest had enjoyed a controversial career as a maker of erotic films before returning to journalism and decamping to Tomsen Town.

She expressed her hope that he didn’t regret earlier works.

“None at all,” he assured her. “I just became interested in other things. I’m quite sure you know how an active mind becomes restless at any single pursuit over time. That’s why I wasn’t surprised to learn about your new venture in trans-atmospheric flight. But if you don’t care to discuss it yet ...”

Tawny took a thoughtful pause before responding to his unfinished sentence.

“Perhaps I am, but my schedule just doesn’t have room for a standard sit-down interview.”

A sudden inspiration inspired a mischievous smile.

“However, if you don’t mind working on the fly, I have a photo shoot next week during which I could address your questions.



It was just a short walk on a sunny weekday afternoon from Ernest's office to the studios of T&T Visions where Tawny produced the prodigious output of video and still images used by the many media platforms her company operated for both business and artistic purposes. Having seen numerous examples of the studio's output, Ernest was always impressed by its powerful creativity and technical polish. That the subject matter was often sexual in nature and highly explicit gave Ernest a particularly relevant metric for comparison, as he had produced somewhat similar material in his own previous career. Understanding the complexity of erotic presentation from experience, he was particularly impressed by every media bearing the T&T logo he'd seen. Though today he would visit in his capacity as a journalist, he was equally intrigued with the prospect of watching Tawny and her crew at their creative labors. He wondered if her invitation to the set was related to what she knew of his own history, as they were in a sense colleagues.

He didn't doubt it. Very little in the Tomsen empire happened at random. Clearly, he was expected. Approaching the sliding glass studio doors, he was met by a lovely young dark-haired woman in a tight-fitting jumpsuit cut to afford a generous view of her impressive cleavage. Introducing herself with a firm handshake, she offered him a tour of the studio on the way to Tawny's dressing room.

If this unusual circumstance for an interview was meant as a distraction, Ernest was certain it would prove a pleasant one.



Ernest was no stranger to dressing rooms and wasn't surprised to find Tawny's roomy, well-equipped and comfortable. The focus of today's attention, relaxed in a gossamer wrap that concealed little, sat in front of the mirror, attended by her highly skilled personal hairdresser and a pair of makeup and hair specialists, either of whom could have been a model herself. Both wore minimal uniforms that left much of them on display. All continued to concentrate on their labors as Ernest appeared in the doorway except for Tawny, who caught sight of him in the mirror, smiled and invited him to come in and make himself at home.

In this environment he already felt a nostalgic sense of belonging from a time before, and a strong curiosity about the action that would later unfold as he attempted to gather some important information under atypical circumstances, not for the first time.

There were always distractions in the process of Ernest's investigations but rarely were they so pleasant.



“Welcome to the studio, Mr. Greene,” Tawny said with a smile. “Come sit next to me while we get ready for the shoot.” She motioned him toward a padded stool at her side, casually allowing her robe to fall open. Shrugging off his coat to one of the stylists who reached out for it, Ernest made himself comfortable.

“Thanks so much for taking time to talk to me. I know you’re much in demand.”

“Thank you for accommodating my unusual schedule. Not many journalists would be amenable to conducting an interview under these circumstances.

Ernest looked around and smiled.

“I’m certain it will prove enlightening in more ways than one.”

“As an admirer of your films I almost feel as if I should be interviewing you,” Tawny said, raising an eyebrow.

“Happy to reciprocate at your convenience,” Ernest replied. “For the moment I think we’ll have quite enough to keep us occupied.”

Taking out his notebook and antique fountain pen, he got right down to business.

“I find it interesting that you continue to model along with all your other enterprises.”

“As I’m sure you know, the engineering of erotic devices and systems is a major component of T and T Enterprises’ operations. I prefer to take a hands-on approach, as it were, to the development of our products, since I wouldn’t offer any to our customers without knowing how they work inside and out.

She favored him with a mischievous look.

“In addition to enjoying the experience of a new creation myself, I’ve found that our clientele takes a special interest when the proprietor demonstrates it herself. I enjoy a challenge and I don’t doubt today will prove quite the exercise in multi-tasking. So where shall we begin?

“I was thinking a little background on your unique history would greatly interest my readers, who after all live in a town that bears your name but know little about how you came to be such a presence in so many fields.”

Keeping her eyes on the mirror as she spoke, Tawny summarized her family history.

“My ancestors are known to me as far back as the 18th century. There was this Tawny Sparrow, a notorious pirate in the Caribbean. She married Adrian Frankenstein and they had two children, Victor and Tawny. Victor went down in history with his research but Tawny, who shared his scientific interests, never became so famous.

“After that Konrad Stone married into the family at the beginning of the 19th century. Konrad and his wife Julia had a daughter named Tawny who ran a brothel. This Tawny then met Mayor Tomsen of Zwolle in The Netherlands during the Second World War. Both emigrated to America where they continued in the family trade, opening a brothel in the middle of the desert. This operation was so successful that others quickly settled nearby, and Tomsen Town was founded. My grandfather had two sons, Peter and Paul.



“My father Peter and my mother Helen started T&T Products, offering specialized goods for erotic enhancement. They were very successful and the empire they created exists today. They built the family estate, Tomsen Manor, just outside of town. I also have a brother who became a car mechanic and doesn't have much to do with my business.”

Ernest scribbled furiously to keep up, shaking his head in amazement as Tawny concluded the family saga.

“In every way it seems you were destined to become the influential figure you are today,” Ernest observed.

Tawny smiled.

“I like to think I'm carrying on the family traditions, but it has so many of them the only way I can do it is to continue them all in a more contemporary direction.”

“Not to mention adding a few of your own,” Ernest said.

Tawny pointed at Ernest's note pad.

“I suppose that brings us to the matter of why you come calling at this moment.”

“I suppose that in some sense navigating unexplored courses would be an extension of your heritage, though it's quite a jump from wooden ships to spaceships.”

“That would depend on one's conception of time, wouldn't it?”

Tawny looked over as one of the stylists brought out the first set of gleaming steel cuffs.

“Speaking of which, I believe it's time I tried these on.”



Ernest watched closely while the first of the steel cuffs was carefully buckled around Tawny's upper arm. He asked if he might take a closer look at one of the restraints. Tawny encouraged him to do so. Picking up one of the gleaming bands, he examined it carefully, turning it over in his hands, testing the hinges and locking mechanisms. He nodded approvingly.

"I think this is best made cuff I've ever seen," he said.

Tawny was visibly pleased.

"Quite a compliment from such an experienced master," she replied.

"I know that elaborate ropework is the fashion of the moment," he sighed, "but I still prefer quality fetish gear made from steel, leather and rubber. I'm a bit of a classicist I suppose."

Tawny batted her eyes flirtatiously.

"Perhaps when you're not on duty you and Berseh and I might enjoy a classic BDSM session with you as our dominant."

Ernest smiled slyly back at her.

"I'm very flattered by the suggestion and would be most delighted at the prospect once my assignment is completed."

Handing the cuff back to one of Tawny's attendants, he returned his attention to the pad and pen.

"You've built an amazingly diverse career for yourself as an executive, an artist, an industrial designer, a philanthropist and an adventurer. What drew you to these various pursuits?"

Tawny pondered the question while the rest of the cuffs were locked on her arms and legs.

"I was always involved in my parents' business and very interested in technology. I was educated as a communications engineer but changed after my training in I.T. to focus on business informatics. I started my professional life at a large corporation where I managed high-availability data centers all over the world." "And yet you're best known for your artistry and design work."

Tawny laughed.

“I was discouraged from graphic design because I wasn’t trained in it. You can see how attempts to discourage me from something I find interesting usually work out. “At some point I took over T&T Products and continue to run it successfully, shipping to customers all over the world. My video productions are also well received. I picked up 3D art on the side and work with DAZ studio, Blender and Gimp to design both my products and my stories.

“BDSM has also played a big role in my life.”

Ernest couldn’t suppress a chuckle.

“Why BDSM and not the violin?”

Again, she flashed him that seductive look.

“It’s all your fault, Ernest. I was inspired by many of the productions you directed and performed in.”

She pointed a humorously accusatory finger at him.

“It’s all your fault!”

“If I believed that entirely I’d be even more flattered, but I suspect the interest was already there.”

Tawny shrugged.

“No doubt. One can be influenced in such things but only if they’re inclined a certain way by nature. And, of course, I must credit Berseh – my lover, friend, slave, confidant and muse –Without her many of my visions would not have been realized. Interestingly, the name Berseh also appears among many of my ancestors. It seems that our souls have been connected for generations.

Tawny extended her arm for the next set of cuffs. She seemed increasingly relaxed as each new restraint closed with a solid snap.

Ernest glanced down to his notes, marveling at the range of his subject’s occupations.

“With so many different interests and occupations,” he asked, “how would you say you prioritize them?”

Tawny was quick to answer, a momentary flare of excitement in her eyes.

“I put the largest part of my energy into telling erotic stories, particularly the creation of their visual elements.”

Ernest suggested that this was something else they had in common. In one medium or another he too would categorize himself as a storyteller above all.

“I would describe myself as a crazy content creator,” Tawny said with a laugh. “I don’t know if that exists as a job title, but that’s the best way to describe it.”

Ernest underlined her description with a stroke of the fountain pen. It was highly quotable.



Swiveling on her stool to extend her legs for the next set of steel bands, she unselfconsciously presented Ernest with a most beguiling view, to which he responded with an equally unselfconscious grin. This interview was proving revealing in more ways than one. His next question seemed particularly apropos.

“With the means at your disposal I’m sure you could live anywhere you chose. What brought you back to your ancestral home?”

Wagging a playful foot at him, she pondered the matter as if she’d never thought of it before.

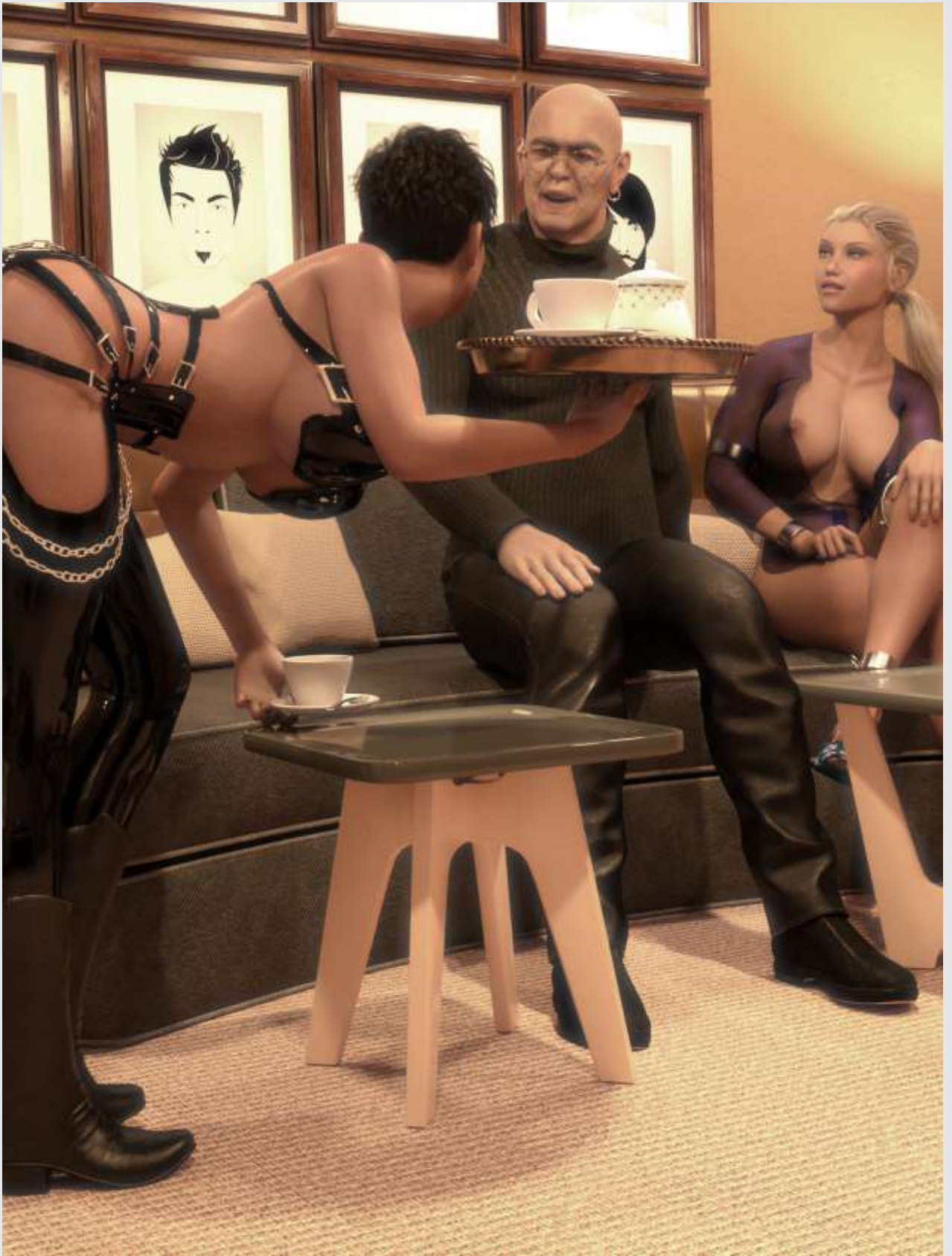
“Tomsen Town is where the diversity is greatest and where it is lived. We welcome it in religion and ethics and in the composition of the population itself. Where else will you find humans, aliens, demons and elves living in harmony? Most of all we pride ourselves on the acceptance of eroticism, free of the stigma attaching to everything having to do with nudity unfortunately found in many places.”

Looking around the room, in which Ernest seemed the exception for being fully dressed, Tawny’s description seemed positively understated. “Part of the pleasure of working here as a journalist is the openness and tolerance of the population. There’s also an enthusiasm for creativity you don’t see elsewhere. Did you set out to influence the community in these directions?”

For the moment Tawny’s demeanor grew more serious.

“I like to think our community reflects my understanding of ideology. I stand up for social justice, helping the oppressed, opposing unfairness and corruption. I see diversity as opportunity. I have been involved in many voluntary aid projects and associations and will continue to be. So yes, I am doing my part to ensure a just life for all. “

Her remarks were punctuated by the last click of a final ankle cuff.



Knowing that much remained to be done in the studio, Tawny proposed a cappuccino break in the small but comfortable lounge area outside the dressing room. Quite comfortable in her custom-fitted restraints, she settled in next to Ernest while one of the sleekly appealing artists from the makeup room gracefully bent down to serve them steaming cups of fragrant java. Ernest, clearly enjoying the attention, complimented her graceful hospitality.

"My pleasure, sir," she said with a smile, "is there anything else I can do for you?"

"She prides herself on the quality of her service," Tawny said with a wink.

Ernest confidently admired the girl's charms, remarking that he was sure she had good reason but didn't want to interfere with preparations for the shoot. Perhaps it was a subject that could be pursued in greater depth afterward.

"As you wish, sir," she said, departing with an extra wiggle or two.

"Bright girl?" Ernest asked after she was gone.

"Studying engineering," Tawny replied. "Very helpful for shoots requiring an understanding of how technology interacts with the human body."

"I expect to learn more about that today," Ernest offered before returning to the list of questions on his pad.

"Of course, there's a difference between influence and power," Ernest continued. "Though you've certainly directly involved yourself in some aspects of this community's development you've also let it evolve on its own. Would it be correct to say that your broader vision for Tomsen Town deliberately makes room for spontaneity?"

Tawny was ready for that one. She had already seen a general direction to Ernest's overall approach. "Yes, you can certainly say that. I would love to see several artists set up shop in Tomsen Town and enjoy the spontaneity. As for my influence, I must emphasize that I have no desire for power. However, I am a profiling neurotic. I do want everyone to know that I am behind many projects. I am addicted to recognition. In terms of group dynamics, I could best be described as a beta figure who supports the alpha figures to the best of my ability."

Every word rang true, and yet Ernest knew that in at least one very important matter Tawny had thus far chosen to remain anonymous about her participation. He would come to that in due course.

"With so many different projects and enterprises to oversee I would imagine maintaining a balance in your personal life would be quite a challenge. How do you stay so calm and centered in the middle of it all?"

"There are many factors that help me stay centered. There is my love for Berseh of course. And there is my interest in the human ego. I have had extensive training as an NLP master practitioner. This is useful in understanding myself as well as others. It's enabled me to better assess what's really important. The words "You must now ... " do not exist for me. I don't have to do anything. I do something when I want to do it. "Of course, there are certain things that must happen for the community to function. But if you think about it, the real necessities are few. Many so-called requirements that are imposed on people by belief are simply wrong. This is also the reason why I stay out of all religious obligations. In every religion there is an element of "You must ..., so that you go to heaven." I feel this as stress and a kind of blackmail. My greatest enemy is stress. That's also why I don't take on commissioned work."

To a man whose career brought him into regular contact with the

unknown, the unexpected and the unpredictable, this sounded very much like common sense.



Finishing her cappuccino with a final swig, Tawny was about to suggest they visit the studio to see how the preparations are progressing. As they rose Berseh, chic and stunning in a daring dress, made her entrance with a delighted look on her face.

“There’s my queen!” she proclaimed, falling straight into Tawny’s arms for a long and passionate kiss.

“This is a nice surprise,” Tawny said when their lips finally parted. “I didn’t expect you here today.”

Berseh turned to tap Ernest on the chest with her index finger.

“When I heard this naughty man would be in the studio, I thought I should check in to make sure he wasn’t distracting you.”

Ernest feigned a shocked expression.

“What makes me, a naughty man?”

Berseh looked around theatrically, as if to make sure no one was listening.

“We’ve watched your movies together you know,” she said in a stage whisper.

“I seem to remember you mentioned something about that when we were all on [Tessa’s Late Night Talk Show](#) together.”

Tawny laughed.

“They were so shocking we had to see them all.”

“Would love to have seen Berseh in them,” Ernest replied.

This time Berseh laughed.

“You and a few million other men. And it might have been fun, but I can make a living with my clothes on, more or less.”

“Less when the part calls for it and she trusts the director,” Tawny added.

“One of the many things I’ve learned from my darling mistress is never to feel pressured to do anything I don’t want to, or to hesitate at doing something a bit shocking if it feels right. But she also taught me how to stand by my limits.”

Tawny suggested Berseh join them on the couch for a few moments to fill in some of the subjects Ernest and Tawny had been discussing.

“She’s been telling me about how the emotional support you give each other makes it possible to live such demanding lives.”

Berseh said she’d be delighted.

“It’s my favorite topic.”



The trio made themselves comfortable, Tawny's hand resting on Berseh's knee. Tawny let her robe fall open so Berseh could drape an arm around Tawny's neck and cup her exposed breast affectionately.

Ernest saw immediately one of their complimentary qualities. Berseh was accustomed to being the center of attention with much experience at handling interviewers while Tawny, as she herself had observed, generally preferred the background to the spotlight. Berseh's relaxed manner seemed to radiate to her mistress by touch.

A brief return of the girl who had served the cappuccino brought Berseh a glass of carrot juice and refills for Tawny and Ernest. Taking a sip, Berseh glanced down at Ernest's notepad.

"It's unusual these days to meet a journalist who writes by hand instead of relying on a digital recorder."

Berseh furrowed her brow as she tried to make out a single line of Ernest's copious notes.

"You can actually read that?" Berseh asked with a laugh. "I'd have better luck with The Rosetta Stone."

Ernest thought it over. It wasn't the first time he'd been asked about this eccentric habit. He shrugged.

"I don't know why but this just seems more natural to me.

At this Tawny and Berseh exchanged an enigmatic look, as if something Ernest said resonated with the two of them, though he wasn't sure what.

"It's remarkable for two such powerful personalities to share such a harmonious life. Why do you think it works so well?"

Berseh reflected a moment.

"For one thing there's never any question who's in charge."

Both women laughed.

"But in fact," Berseh continued, "though we're always there for each other we each have lives and careers of our own. Spending as much time as we do apart makes the time we have together that much more precious. And I can tell you that living with an explorer is fabulous! Every day is a new adventure. Her fearlessness makes me feel bolder, confident to risk the unexpected. I'm not sure people fully understand what a great gift that is."

Ernest grinned ironically.

"I might know something about it."

Berseh nodded.

"I suppose a man who makes his living the way you do must like surprises."

"Otherwise, it would be impossible. I'm always amazed by how much I don't know. It's definitely not boring."

"Imagine having that to share with an intimate partner," Tawny interjected.

Ernest said that only a very special person could be that partner.

Berseh paused to think a moment.

"Should I rely on Mr. Greene to share a confidence, my love?" she asked.

"I'm sure we'd both like to hear it," Tawny replied.

“With me, she doesn’t always have to be Tawny Tomsen. If she’s tired or frustrated or disappointed I’m always there, ready to provide the healing power of pleasure however she needs it from me.”

Tawny looked deeply into Berseh’s eyes. Berseh returned her gaze.

“Providing for my needs can be challenging,” she said.

“I can appreciate a challenge,” Berseh replied invitingly.

Tawny took Berseh’s nipples in a nice, firm grip through the thin fabric of her dress. Berseh shuddered deliciously, putting her hands behind her head.

“Mistress could do that harder if she wanted.”

“I know. And I will.”

She kissed Berseh again, then let go.

“But you came down here to keep me from being distracted, didn’t you?”

“Thank you for reminding me, my queen.”

Ernest asked if Berseh intended to stay for the shoot.

She shook her head.

“Not today.

She put her hands back down, shook out her hair.

“Berseh doesn’t share my enthusiasm for automated erotic stimulation.”

“When it comes to sex, I still think it’s difficult to improve on nature. But I admire my beloved for trying.”

“We see our differences as a strength, balancing our similarities”

“I look forward to reading your account of today’s experiment, Berseh concluded. I’m sure you’ll get an excellent story from the experience.”

“I already have,” Ernest said, smiling. “And you’ve definitely made an important contribution to it.”

Tawny nodded in agreement.

“She’s the real expert. Nobody knows me better.”



Before Ernest could pursue his next question the door of the lounge area swung open to admit two more striking women he recognized from earlier coverage of the T&T empire.

Sheila was a Tomson Town native in charge of quality control and test management at the company for the past ten years. An enthusiastic bisexual submissive and masochist, she tested all new products on herself before certifying them for distribution. Though her interests included riding, fitness, cinema and parties, she dedicated as much of her time as possible to the very personal fine-tuning of her employer's creations. Tawny suspected her of being a bit crazy in a similar way that made for a particularly comfortable rapport between them. Dressed in the revealing uniform of the day, she was accompanied by an even more exposed Jutta, a dark-haired Austrian beauty whose skin-tight bodysuit plunged below the beltline front and rear, leaving her fetchingly exposed from any angle.

Jutta and Tawny had been friends since school and she was ever eager to assist in Tawny's projects. Sleekly athletic, she kept in shape with skiing, hiking and jogging, ever at her best for the demanding performances in which she participated as Tawny's featured model. Like Sheila, her sexual tastes were submissive, masochistic and versatile with both men and women.

"Hope we're not interrupting," Sheila said, "But we wanted to let you know the studio is ready for your inspection."

"And to welcome our friend Ernest no doubt," Berseh said with a glint in her eye.

Tawny and Berseh stood for an exchange of hugs among them all.

"Wonderful to see you Sheila," Ernest said with a smile. "I'm not surprised you're involved with today's presentation."

"Evidently I've been assigned an unusual role in the proceedings."

Jutta laughed.

“Sheila and I will be working together in a rather unique capacity, Sir.”

“After seeing your amazing self-bondage demonstration, I would expect no less.”

Tawny and Berseh exchanged another of those knowing looks.

“I think it’s safe to say you can expect a good deal more. Sheila and Jutta have been assigned to your company throughout the shoot,” Tawny said.

Ernest gave the girls a grateful nod.

“And very desirable company you are. I’m sure you’ll take excellent care of me.”

“We’ll do our best, Sir,” Sheila said.

“We’re looking forward to it, Sir,” Jutta added.

There was just a hint of suggestiveness in Tawny’s tone when she spoke to the two of them.

“With the benefit of your hospitality I’m certain Mr. Greene will take away the best possible impression of T&T Enterprises.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” the girls said in unison, bowing their heads.

Berseh gave Tawny a hug.

“My mistress thinks of everything, doesn’t she?”

“Indeed.”

What she was clearly thinking of was as improper by journalistic standards as everything else about this mission, but it would be rude to refuse Tawny’s hospitality, counterproductive to the maintenance of a cordial rapport with his subject and, frankly, against his nature. He was not one to decline an act of generosity from a respected fellow dominant.

Berseh saw the sly grin pass across Ernest’s face, spoke to Sheila and Jutta.

“My, aren’t you a couple of lucky girls.”

She turned back to Tawny.

“Mistress, perhaps we should entertain Ernest at home sometime. We could both be submissive together for a change.”

“I’m sure it would be a memorable visit,” Tawny agreed with a seductive look.

“Of that I have no doubt,” Ernest replied.



The chief stylist joined the group in the hallway. All headed for the studio except Berseh.

“I believe this is my exit cue,” she said, pausing for a passionate, lingering embrace with Tawny.

“Enjoy your hours of erotic torture, my beloved.”

Tawny laughed.

“You know I will.”

“I’ll be waiting to hear all about it when my queen returns.”

She gave Ernest a friendly peck on the cheek.

“I have a feeling you’ll enjoy it as well, Mr. Greene.”

“Given the circumstances...

He looked back and forth between Sheila and Jutta.

... it would be impossible not to. Thank you for your insights, Berseh. Someday I look forward to doing a solo interview with you.”

Affecting an air of theatrical ennui, Berseh rolled her eyes.

“Perhaps, if anything unexplained ever happens in my perfectly ordinary life.”

They all laughed as Berseh made her departure.

Knowing that Tawny would soon be highly engaged in the shoot, Ernest decided to get in a few more questions on the way to the studio. Though it didn't show, he was grappling with an inner conflict. What he already had would make a splendid personality profile, if only his task was so simple. So far, all discussion of the mysterious flight has been avoided, but he and Tawny both knew what really brought Ernest here. Not entirely comfortable with the conflict between his natural journalist's disengagement from any kind of official business and the Major's secret assignment, he did his best to reconcile the two by bringing the conversation around to issues that might provide an opportunity for the main subject to emerge on its own. Ernest had learned never to hurry the process. The most important information often came out in seemingly incidental conversation.

“Though we usually see you in the dominant role, particularly with your life partner, today you'll be the one in bondage.”

Tawny welcomed the opportunity to explain something she knew many of her admirers considered mysterious. “It's important that dominants also know the submissive side and even better if they experience it themselves. As a dominant, you take a lot of responsibility for the person who surrenders to you, both physical and emotional. My experiences with dominants who have explored both roles have been a lot better than with those who refuse to put themselves in the other person's collar, so to speak. It's important to understand that the role of dominant is not a higher position in the value of the persons.

She giggled and gave Ernest a little nudge with her elbow. “Besides, I love to be tied up and penetrated or even tortured a bit. I misinterpreted that when I was younger, believing I was basically a submissive person. Time has shown me that I am mainly dominant and like to keep control even while I am surrendering. Maybe that's why I have such a preference for machines. They don't care about my preferences.

Ernest laughed.

“Or their own for that matter.”

“And they come with no egos attached.”

They both found that idea amusing, but Tawny continued in a more serious vein. “In my eyes BDSM is a game of people who trust each other and not, as many unfortunately see it, oppression or brutal violence. My sessions can be quite hard but never violent. You will rarely see me take a whip in hand though I have done it for a fan who truly loves it.”

“Perhaps that's one of the reasons you can enjoy being submissive even though your nature is dominant.”



Surrounded by beautiful women whose clicking high heels made a perfect background for Tawny's observations on the subject of BDSM, Ernest found himself wanting to linger on this topic just a bit longer before addressing the central issue. Knowing they were approaching the studio he had to use the time thoughtfully.

"Being submissive is sort of a vacation," Tawny explained. "I'm forced to do nothing and let things happen to me, which is very different from what usually happens in my life. If I know my partner enjoys inflicting it, I can also enjoy torture if it's not just mindless brutality. In the dominant role, I like seeing the person who trusted in me feel real satisfaction from what I give them. I can't enjoy a BDSM session of either kind if my partner doesn't."

Knowingly or not, she'd set Ernest up perfectly for vectoring toward his objective.

"In addition to your advocacy for sexual liberation, you are active in other areas of social justice work. What do you see as your highest priorities there?"

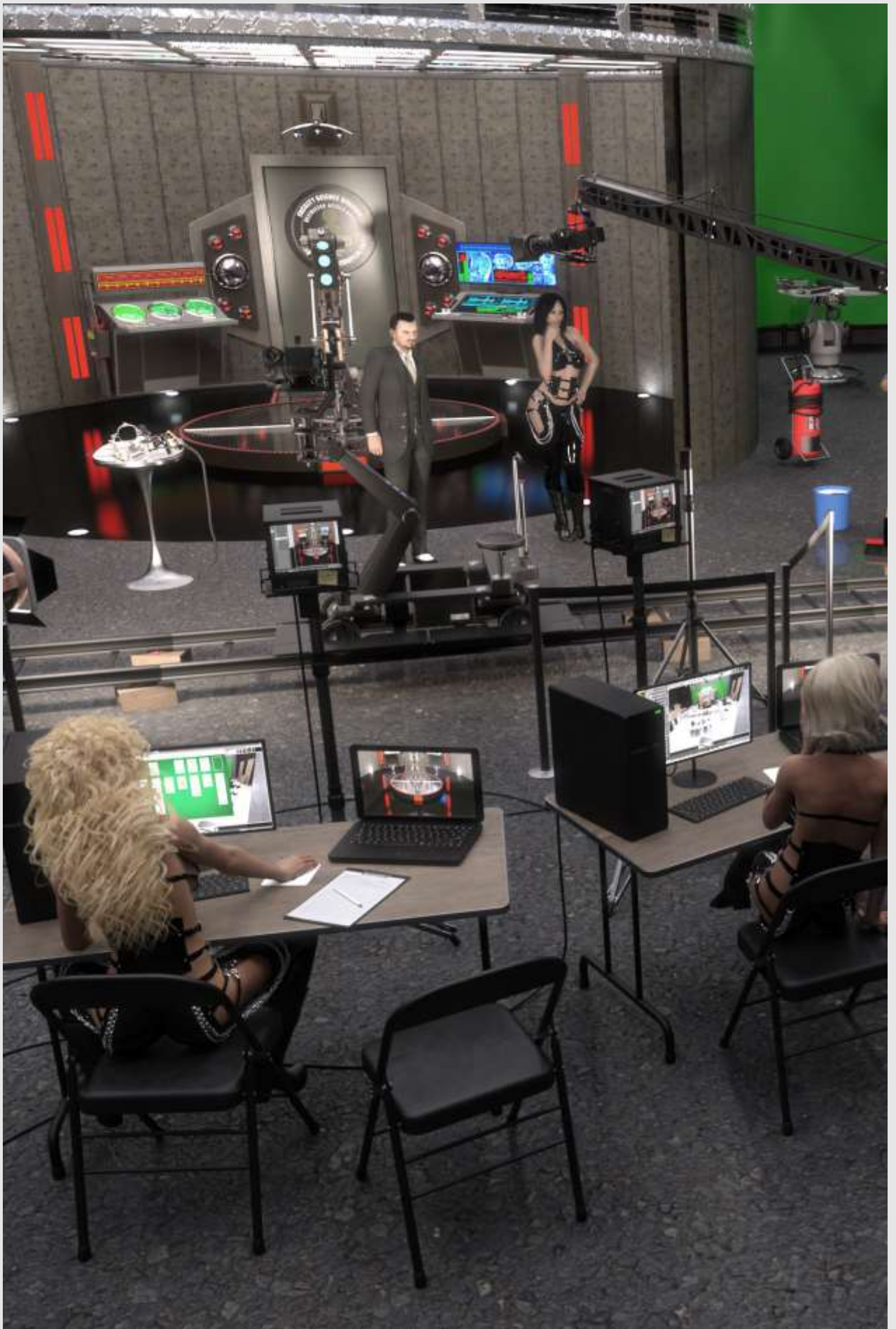
Tawny stopped and everyone else stopped with her. She looked him directly in the eye. "As I mentioned at the beginning, social justice is a major concern for me. I try to help the oppressed wherever possible regardless of nationality, religion or skin color. But my most important cause is the preservation of this planet for posterity in a livable form. The climate crisis, which is increasingly turning into a climate catastrophe, is topic Number One for me. This must be fought with every means available. In this I face resistance from states where the subject is suppressed and free development of opinion is prevented. I have a feeling you agree. That's why you're here today."

She'd given him the opening he needed.

"Let's just say I have reason to believe that your involvement with this issue goes beyond conventional political activism."

Tawny grinned broadly at this.

"That is entirely possible, and I might be willing to discuss it, but we've arrived at our destination. Perhaps you'll find the answers you need in the studio."





Entering the studio arm-in-arm with Tawny, Ernest had to pause a moment just to take it all in – dollies, jib arms, crane booms – as well-equipped and designed as any sound stage he'd been on during his directing years. Everything was state-of-the art. The vast space was a beehive of activity as the almost all female and very attractive crew made last-minute tweaks to the gear.

At the center of it all an elaborate device clearly meant to restrain a human body stood atop a round platform awaiting its occupant.

"Most impressive," Ernest remarked. "I would think the apparatus on the platform might inspire a bit of nervous anticipation."

"Of course," Tawny said, looking it over as they approached the platform. "That's part of the experience. I know it's been extensively tested for safety but being completely helpless and at its mercy, knowing it will arouse and torture me simultaneously gets the butterflies fluttering. That I can't predict or control its operations starts the juices flowing. My reactions, which are equally unpredictable, will be recorded to the smallest detail. And having you here contributes to the challenge."

Ernest, who had seen himself as more witness than participant in the production, was puzzled.

"How so?"

"I fully expect you to continue your interview while the infernal machine has its way with me. My mind will have to remain engaged in your questions while my body responds to the mixture of sensations."

Ernest couldn't help smiling at the implications.

"I don't normally resort to such methods to get my questions answered but I'm sure your replies will be as unpredictable as your experience."

Tawny laughed merrily.

"You may not have done it, but I bet you've wanted to. I'm voluntarily giving you the opportunity to question me under torture."

She turned serious. "Each of us has a purpose in your presence here. You'll contribute to the simultaneous testing of my mind and body and presumably you'll get some of the answers to the real questions I know are at the back of your mind."

Ernest had to admit it sounded like a fair trade, though he was already convinced Tawny was more than a match for him in the elaborate game they were playing. She suggested they take a closer look at the apparatus onstage.



The machine was even more intimidating up close. Constructed of stainless steel and carbon fiber composite, its articulating arms, wired dildo, heavy-duty wand vibe and thick central core didn't appear exactly user friendly. Just from a quick appraisal Ernest, who had some considerable experience of his own with the operation of complex sexual stimulation devices, could anticipate the functions of some of its subsystems but needed a more detailed understanding of how all the moving parts would interact with Tawny's body to fully understand what he was about to witness.

Circumnavigating the massive assembly, her eyes carefully studying each element for any deviation from her meticulous design, she explained it for him while Jutta made various adjustments and settings.

"The session is intended to last four hours. Once started, it cannot be interrupted. The connected devices are activated randomly, continuously increasing the intensity, speed and duration of penetration. As for electrostimulation, the current intensity rises and falls in response to the sensors reading my reactions, raising the degree of unpredictability. "The pauses between periods of activity become shorter and shorter. Suction tubes fixed to my breasts will maintain extended periods of vacuum sensitization on my nipple. My position is also controlled completely randomly so the machine can put me in any position imaginable. I will have virtually no freedom of movement. "The cameras are live throughout the entire time to record the raw footage for later editing. The staff is there to control the cameras. Once the process is initiated no one has any influence on the machine."

"I assume," Ernest said as he pondered full implications of Tawny's words, "there is some kind of emergency shut-down protocol for safety reasons."

"Yes, but even that will be outside human control, activated solely by the sensor readings of my vital signs. Redundant systems monitor my stimulus-response patterns for later analysis."

This was clearly a massive undertaking to obtain a series of images. Ernest surmised that some larger intention animated this project.

“What do you intend to do with the data collected?” he asked.

“I doubt the entire device will ever be marketed as a single piece, if that’s what you’re asking. After all, how many potential buyers would have room for it? My reactions, however, will be used for guidance standards in the adaptation of derivative devices for home use. If it works as well as expected the pictures from the shoot will create popular demand for a whole range of products.”

“I would expect the dramatic effect of having the manufacturer herself demonstrate the prototype will inspire emulation among those who follow your sexual explorations,” Ernest suggested.”

“I think there will be an appetite for some of the ancillary components, but my motives really aren’t commercial. This a thing I’m doing because I want to and am fortunate to have the means. In that way, it is a live-action form of storytelling to which the audience will be witness. If it excites their imaginations, it will have accomplished its purpose as far as I’m concerned.”



Surveying the final elements of the infernal machine, as Ernest had taken to thinking of it, Tawny was increasingly preoccupied with the intricate details, and with the anticipated sensations of pleasure and pain they would produce.

Much as Ernest found the idea of continuing the interview while the human-machine interface played out, he had to balance it against his mission objective. What if Tawny's physical responses made lucid conversation completely impossible? Impressed by her ability to organize the session while doubtless imagining what lay ahead for her, he knew from experience that reality was nothing if not unpredictable and this was all about to get very real.

Knowing he might not get another chance to directly address the urgent matter that had brought him here, reluctant as he was to disrupt Tawny's concentration at this crucial phase, he asked her if she might take one final moment aside with him before the inexorable process began to show her what was on the small flash drive in his pocket, as it might be of interest to her as well as his readers.

"And it might give you something to think about if you get bored with having your erotic vulnerabilities probed in every conceivable way."

His tone was ironic, but there was an undercurrent of serious intent that Tawny did not find surprising. Neither of them had lost sight, despite the wonders around them, of what both knew had brought them together for this most unconventional meeting.

"I would have been surprised if you hadn't asked," she replied. "Let's go over to the video monitoring station and have a look."

Promising her crew to return shortly, she led Ernest to the tables of monitors, cable hubs, vector scopes and assorted video components that would be used to record the shoot in minute detail from every angle.

"So, what have you brought me today, Mr. Greene?" Tawny asked with a sly hint of knowingness, as if whatever it was wouldn't prove entirely unexpected.

Taking the small military-grade drive from Ernest's hand, she plugged into an open port on one of the laptops. They sat down together to watch – Tawny what appeared on the screen and Ernest Tawny's reaction to it.

Of course, the few seconds running time contained what Major Clarkson had given him – Tawny and Berseh in the illuminated cockpit of the spacecraft from the perspective of the ground camera.

Tawny didn't even blink. In fact, she showed no sign of surprise at all, as if she had been expecting this moment.

"A most unusual vehicle I'm sure you'd agree," Ernest said, looking her straight in the eye.

"Unlike any even you have seen before I imagine," she replied evenly.

"True. I try to keep current on the latest trends in aeronautical engineering, but this craft is totally unfamiliar. There's a lot of design activity in suborbital flight at the moment. None of the prototypes in development resembles this craft in the slightest. The pilot and passenger, however, do look familiar. Tell me, if you will, is that you at the controls?"

Of all the answers Ernest had imagined Tawny might give to this question, what he got came as a total surprise.

"I can't say for sure."

She'd done the impossible, elicited a completely baffled look out of Ernest Greene.

"I can't imagine piloting such a ship would be something you'd forget."

"Certainly not. That wasn't what I was suggesting. Addressing the image itself, can you say for certain that the woman pilot is me? With our ability to create realistic people, places and things, how can either of us be sure that this image wasn't totally synthesized, including my presence in it? Is that really me or does someone want you to think so, and perhaps raise the question in the media."

Ernest stroked his chin.

"Have to admit, you've got me there. It certainly wouldn't be impossible to construct a short clip like this by completely digital means. But what would motivate anyone to do such a thing?"

Tawny shrugged.

"You might want to ask your friend Major Clarkson about that. There's also the possibility that, as we proceed here today, I might reveal something more regarding this matter, that is, if I know anything more about it."

Tawny stood up and headed back for the platform, leaving Ernest, for once, entirely mystified. While not utterly implausible, Tawny's suggestion that the woman flying the spacecraft might not be her, or even exist, was the least likely explanation. And her awareness of his discussions with the major had come as a total shock. There was a bigger game going on here and Ernest realized he had no understanding of the state of play.

If Tawny was going to disclose anything it would be strictly on her own terms. That was clear. Nothing else much was.

While no doubt what was to follow would prove revealing in a variety of ways, Ernest could not be sure any of what was revealed would open the black box this story had become. It was an unsettling sensation for a man who generally knew the answers to questions before he asked them.

For the moment, all he could do was follow Tawny back to the platform while she checked out a few final sub-assemblies.

Ernest had learned that some mysteries solved themselves. Others could be solved by skilled inquiry. However, there were always a few that only the direct testimony of the participants could unravel.

Clearly, this fell into the latter category.



“How does it work?” Ernest asked as Tawny meticulously examined an electrically wired steel shaft studded with dials and switches.” From looking at the thick, bullet-shaped butt-plug, also steel, mounted on one end, he had a pretty good idea where this fiendish contraption would go but could only guess at what it would do when installed there.

“The ass-hook is fixed to a tall posture collar with a tilted chin platform that immobilizes my head at an upward-looking angle. The internal motor turns a spindle that progressively shortens the shaft, pulling the plug in deeper and deeper. Maximum contraction is reached after about three hours. It can also deliver pleasurable electrical stimulation or sharp, painful shocks in a syncopated and unpredictable order. By the end of the cycle, I’ll be forced to bend over backwards. This will stretch my breasts, contained in suction cups, farther forward.

“Reacting in a feedback loop to sensors measuring my arousal response, the whole system will bring me to the edge of orgasm repeatedly, sometimes allowing me to have it, others stopping me just short with an abrupt change in sensations. It’s all completely unpredictable.”

“And completely ingenious,” Ernest observed. “If the intention is to create as demanding an erotic challenge as possible, I’d say the prospects are good.”

“I’m always motivated to test myself, to see how far I can go and how much I can take. I’m curious about the way my body processes pleasure and pain simultaneously.”

“I would imagine this experiment will satisfy your curiosity.”

Tawny laughed.

“I expect it to satisfy that and a good deal more.”

Ernest smiled.

“I’m pleased to know this isn’t purely in the name of science.”

Tawny laughed.

“Let’s just say that research isn’t my only motivation.”



Though Jutta slid the weighty steel torpedo into Tawny’s tightest passage slowly and tenderly, Tawny couldn’t suppress a slight shudder. A wave of gooseflesh rippled over her smooth flesh and her nipples stood to attention.

“You didn’t warm it up, did you?” Tawny asked breathily.

“No, Mistress, Jutta was not instructed to do so.”

Ernest, who had marveled at Jutta's extraordinary self-bondage performances, understood why she had been selected to install the mechanical elements that would interact with Tawny's anatomy most intimately.

"It was thoroughly lubricated though," Jutta added, sliding it in just a bit deeper.

"Such a thoughtful girl," Tawny said, regaining her composure and wiggling her backside a bit to help ease the intrusion.

Robert, the only person on the set Ernest had encountered on one of his more typical assignments, stood off to one side rechecking calibrations with a hand-held translucent touch-control pad. A family retainer of House Tomsen for so long literally no one remembered when his tenure began, Robert oversaw the company's most complex and ambitious operations, of which this was certainly an example. Dapperly dressed and curiously pale, Robert seemed never to age for reasons not unknown to Ernest and about which he told no one. It was critical to Ernest's work that his sources trust anything confided to him off the record would stay there.

"The camera arrays are giving us roughly eighty-seven percent coverage," Robert said in a slightly somber tone Ernest knew to be characteristic. "I believe we can do better."

"Ever the perfectionist," Tawny observed as Robert headed over to the video monitors.

With a last small tug, Jutta settled the curve of the hook in place over Tawny's tailbone, the plug now fully inserted.

"It seems a good fit ma'am," said Jutta. Tawny agreed that it must be "as I'm feeling quite full."

She turned her attention to Ernest.

"Weren't you going to ask me something, Mr. Greene? This might be a good time."

Jutta continued securing the assembly holding the plug in place while Ernest posed a hypothetical possibility.

"Supposing for the moment that the image of the spacecraft is real and not an artifact. If you really were flying a vehicle more advanced than any aircraft on earth, could it be something of your own construction? From what I see here you could conceivably have the resources to create such a thing.

"Conceivably, yes, but actually no."

That was certainly cryptic.

"This would suggest that it was obtained from others," he mused. "One can't help wondering who and to what purpose.

Tawny shrugged, causing the butt-hook to remind her of its presence. She steadied up and stood still while Jutta tested some switches on the panel at the front of the steel belt locked snugly around Tawny's waist.

"Theoretically, if the electronic record were accurate and I really did possess such a craft, it's possible someone gave it to me."

"Gave it to you?" Ernest asked skeptically.

"Yes, as a gift."

"A rather generous gift," Ernest suggested.

Tawny smiled at him.

"Getting warmer," she said.

"This line of questioning?" asked Ernest.

"Or perhaps the rather large metallic object inside me."

Jutta giggled at that, being familiar with the sensation of body heat transferred internally to large metallic objects.

A gift.

Tawny had opened an entirely new line of speculation, one freighted with implications.



Ernest was neither a believer nor a disbeliever. An open mind, developed over decades of working very closely indeed with all kinds had given him a healthy respect for the surprises they were apt to spring on him. It was a complicated balancing act, maintaining the necessary skepticism to sort reality from illusion while remaining receptive to seemingly unlikely truths. One did not get to interview an elf by outspokenly insisting there was no such thing.

If Tawny's description of the mysterious spacecraft on the recording as "a gift" was truthful – and the circumstances of the moment seemed unpropitious for an elaborate deception – the origins of this "gift" lay at the heart of the whole mystery. If no country or private entity on earth could have built such an advanced vehicle, what possibilities did that leave?

He was determined to find out. Feeling the rising excitement in the atmosphere of the studio as Jutta circled Tawny's neck with the high, unyielding platform collar that would keep Tawny's head tilted back, Ernest knew time was short for coherent answers to direct questions. Would Jutta's presence within earshot of their conversation inhibit Tawny's willingness to divulge more? He doubted it. Discretion seemed a universal characteristic of those admitted to her inner cadre. Jutta went about her tasks seemingly without regard to the conversation in progress, though Ernest suspected very little escaped her notice.

"If the spacecraft, which we all agree no nation has the technology to produce was a gift I have to wonder who would give it to you and why. Certainly, if such a thing fell into the wrong hands the results could be disastrous. The mysterious benefactors must have had great confidence in your judgment and urgent cause to rely on it."

"Which still presumes that really is me on the recording."

"I don't presume it, but I do believe it," Ernest said flatly. "Questioning its authenticity was a good chess move but it didn't change the board. The more I know about you the more convinced I become that it was you in front of the cockpit controls."

Holding her head high so Jutta could lock the collar in place, this time Tawny raised no further questions about the footage Ernest had shown her.

"I'm sure you're quite curious about who would give me such a gift."

"That would be an understatement."

Tawny did a couple of neck-rolls before the collar would be locked, after which her head would be fixed in place. The ass-hook had already begun its beta routine producing some heavy breathing and stiffening of the limbs from Tawny. Her eyelids briefly fluttered down as she acclimated to the first new sensations with a sigh.

"Suppose I told you that the gift came visitors, visitors with good intentions."

"I would ask you to be more specific."

"And I would answer that doing so would be a bit premature. For now, let's just say it's a prototype for something that could prove very important."

This much Ernest had already surmised.

“A prototype of something your company might consider building perhaps?”

Tawny managed a laugh between gasps as the ass-hook finished its first round of testing.

“It would be more consistent with T&T Enterprises’ operations to construct more machines of the type I’m in right now.”

That rang true. There was a substantial gap between aerospace engineering and advanced erotic technology. This only made the gift from those well-meaning visitors more enigmatic.

Though Ernest had already gotten further than expected with this line of inquiry there were still two critical questions remaining unanswered. Knowing he would soon be stepping off the platform for the shoot to commence, Ernest was determined to take those answers with him before stepping back.



“That looks everything but comfortable,” Ernest pronounced when Jutta finished fixing the collar so its steel chin plate tilted Tawny’s head back at a twenty-five-degree angle.

“It’s not just physically uncomfortable,” Tawny agreed. “It’s psychologically disturbing because it prevents me from looking down. I can’t see what’s done to my body, only feel.”

“It’s rather becoming as well.”

Tawny gave Ernest a lascivious smile.

“Yes, if I were on my knees it would make for a very submissive blowjob, I’m sure. Wouldn’t you agree Cassandra?” Tawny asked the girl with the fashionable bob adjusting the floor-mounted dildo destined to enter Tawny from the front.

“Yes, ma’am. It really puts a girl in her place.”

“I love it,” Jutta added, fluttering her lashes at Ernest as she finished securing Tawny’s gleaming cuffs to the positioning frame. “It makes me feel like my face is just there waiting to be fucked.”

“And you have such a fuckable face,” Ernest said, looking Jutta directly in the eyes. She gracefully dipped her head.

“Jutta thanks you for the compliment, sir. She can only imagine how knowledgeable sir must be on that subject.”

“We’ll certainly give him the opportunity to judge for himself, won’t we?”

“Yes, ma’am!”

“I’ve assigned Jutta and Sheila to attend to your wishes in every respect,” Tawny explained.

Why not? What more could be done to corrupt Ernest’s objectivity in this story than the bargain he had struck with Major Clarkson? That ship had sailed.

When the dildo made contact Tawny sighed with anticipation, knowing there was much more to its capabilities.

“The steel rings around the instrument she’s pushing into me are wired to produce internal contractions with intermittent electric current,” she said, clearing her throat. “It can also deliver a nasty jolt. I won’t have any idea what I’m getting until it happens.”

Ernest said it sounded quite suspenseful.

“Rather like taking a hypersonic flight vehicle into sub-orbital space,” he opined, pointing an index finger at the ceiling.

“Perhaps if someone had given me such a gift Berseh and I might just take a spin in it to experience zero-gravity sex.”

Ernest laughed.

“I’ve wondered about that myself. However, I doubt it was given to you solely for that purpose.”

Kassandra tapped a rocker switch on Tawny’s belt panel. A low humming noise accompanied by Tawny rolling her eyes proved it operational.

“I can think of other reasons as well,” Tawny agreed. “Though at the moment it’s difficult to think of much other than sex.”

Perhaps, Ernest reasoned, there was a roundabout way to his destination through this route.

"I would guess you have quite a few moments like that. Why BDSM sex and not the violin?"

Tawny's laugh was cut short by the closing of another circuit activating the dildo's internal electrodes.

"How lovely," she purred. "Better shut it off or I'll start before the cameras do."

Kassandra put the internal probe on pause and Tawny regained her capacity for normal conversation.

"I do play musical instruments, but not the violin. I played bass guitar for a long time in a blues band, also the accordion, keyboards, electric guitar and harmonica. But BDSM sex inspires me like nothing else.

"I really can't what promoted my desire for BDSM so intensely. I would say this desire was always there. Really BDSM isn't exactly the right term for what I like. It implies something others might wish to suppress, which I oppose of course.

"There are two main manifestations of it that fascinate me. One is to place oneself into the hands of a trusted person and deliver oneself helplessly to this person. The second is to place oneself at the mercy soulless machines that have no mercy. They run their program and torture you without taking your feelings into account. That's what we're shooting here today. Like Jutta, I particularly enjoy self-bondage, putting myself in a situation where I'm helplessly trapped for a long time and can do absolutely nothing about it except somehow endure. Vaginal and anal penetration are always most important factors for me in whatever desire I indulge. It brings me to my limits, especially when I'm aware that I can't escape this penetration."

It was as lucid a description of the motivation behind these complex sexual expressions as Ernest had heard, and he'd heard plenty of them.

He couldn't have parsed his own indulgences more clearly even if not hooked up to a contraption engineered to render the user beyond rational thought.

"Ready for partial system test," Robert called out from the main control panel on the nearest wall. With much, buzzing, hydraulic pumping and flashing of lights the internal components came fully to life and so did Tawny. Her eyes widened, her chest heaved, and a low moan emerged from her lips. Jutta and Kassandra looked at each other and smiled.

Kassandra asked if the placements were correct.

"Oh yes," Tawny replied after a sharp intake of breath. "You can bring the rest now."

The rest?

Jutta and Kassandra sashayed off the platform and headed for a table arrayed with other exotic gear. Tawny, face flushed, suggested Ernest return to his more urgent questions while she still had a prayer of answering them coherently.

That she could now Ernest found amazing.

"Then it was just an outer space joyride," Ernest said skeptically, "in a mysterious craft given to you by unknown parties for unknown reasons."

A light sheen of sweat broke out on Tawny's flesh. She was clearly struggling to concentrate.

"I was merely familiarizing myself with new technology like I am now," she gasped out. "... indulging my curiosity ... sex in space ... they let us borrow it for the night."

"This," Ernest said, "is an account of which I prefer to remain dubious. I suspect some things have been left out. The friends from whom you borrowed the craft, where are they from, exactly?"

"Don't know exactly ... far away ... very far away."

That Ernest believed completely.



"Deeper."

Tawny's voice had become a husky whisper, but Cassandra understood it clearly, asking Robert to please pause the motion of the dildo arm so she could extend it a bit. She reinserted it manually, bringing a smile to Tawny's lips.

"Yesss ...," Tawny hissed. "Perfect."

When Robert reactivated the penetration elements Tawny twitched in the frame to which she was now fully secured.

"That's ... going to be interesting."

Tawny was already beginning her surrender to the inexorable operation of the system. Ernest knew he was running out of time much more quickly than he was running out of questions. Seeing Jutta approach with the vacuum assembly he knew he would soon face even more competition for Tawny's attention.

"These friends of yours, the ones who loaned you the spacecraft, are from far, far away. I don't know what kind of propulsion method it uses or its operational range, but the vehicle you may have been flying doesn't appear to be engineered for deep space travel."

The collar made it impossible for Tawny to meet Ernest's eyes. He wasn't sure what they would reflect in any case: a reaction to his question or more likely to a physical sensation. Like the dildo, he would have to go deeper.

"What I suspect you were piloting was a drop-ship from something much, much larger."

It was a completely unsupported speculation based on a fleeting image of something probably never seen by a human being from this planet before.

"Big," Tawny panted.

Ernest stroked his bald dome as he often did when he sensed that, while getting closer to the information he sought he didn't quite have it yet.

"Big like a mother ship of some kind?"

Tawny managed something like a laugh of sorts.

"The plug in my ass. It feels even bigger with my other hole filled."

Ernest was not unfamiliar with the sensation of pussy-fucking a girl with a large intruder up her tailpipe. The tightening sensation was certainly pronounced generally exquisite. While this understandably preoccupied Tawny it wasn't making Ernest's job any easier. Ernest knew better than to assume he could not be distracted. He decided to take one more crack at reasoning.

"If we had a map of our galaxy handy it would show that our planet is in the remote suburbs of The Milky Way. Why would beings, who must be more or less humanoid to judge by the design of the drop ship's interior, bring a much larger vessel of some kind such a vast distance?"

Ernest understood the gravity of the question. The wrong answer from a woman whose body was rapidly becoming a living factory for hormones and endorphins could have consequences of incalculable scale. Should he report to Major Clarkson that an enormous alien artifact was circling the earth undetected by any of a skyful of defense satellites she would likely respond in a reflexively military way. He doubted the major would be so quick to see its creators' intentions as benign. More likely she would regard it as a potential threat and mobilize to defend against it. This struck Ernest as a very bad idea indeed.

Looking at the naked woman riding the edge of multiple orgasms in the unyielding grip of a robotic sex machine and remembering Major Clarkson at her desk in her crisp uniform, Ernest couldn't easily make a logical assessment of which one had the more reliable judgment.

In the absence of evidence-based logic, a problem he had encountered often enough, he had learned to do what reporters are taught not to, rely on his instincts. That these might be impaired by his inclination to embrace, literally and figuratively, someone with whom he shared so many characteristics, was something else to consider.

Could he trust Tawny's reading of the visitors or his own of her? Though so inclined, he needed just a little bit more before committing to that prospect.

With Jutta standing by, suction cups in hand, he felt his chances of getting that little bit more diminishing with each tick of his antique pocket watch.



Ernest stepped aside as Jutta returned to the platform with the vacuum assembly in her hand. Certain that its installation would command what attention Tawny had left to give, he was pessimistic about obtaining much more information from her. While having no wish to interfere in the completion of the system's calibrations and adjustments, he remained in earshot at a polite distance.

Sometimes important things emerged after the formal interviewing process wound down. Often the most useful testimony Ernest had heard emerged in the silence after his last question, when both he and his subject recognized a final opportunity to divulge a key revelation.

While waiting for this to happen, if it was going to, Ernest watched in fascination the coordinated placement and activation of the clear domes over Tawny's already engorged nipples.

"Does this feel correct, ma'am?" Jutta asked.

"Almost," Tawny said in a dreamy tone, "tilted up just a bit might be good."

Jutta slightly repositioned the suction cups and Cassandra tapped a switch on the belt panel. With a distinct outrush of air, the vacuum device went into operation, producing an instant swelling of Tawny's breasts inside their containments. She sighed deeply.

"Oh yes, just right."

She closed her eyes for a moment to savor the sensation. As seasoned vac player, it was a reaction Ernest knew well. The sudden and uniform expansion of a woman's entire breast tissues was seldom met with anything else.

Here, as with everything, however, there was a twist. As Tawny's nipples rose under the clear domes, they touched a pair of copper contacts at the point where the enclosures connected to the tubing. Tawny's body went stiff, her belly muscles hardening. She let out a surprised yelp."

Kassandra and Jutta smiled.

"There are electrodes inside the tit cups that dispense random shocks," Jutta explained. "They're timed to be brief but are most surprising when they go hot."

Ernest remarked that Jutta seemed quite well-versed in this process. Kassandra laughed.

"Try prying them off her sometime," she said."

"Jutta likes mechanical suction even better on her clit, sir" Jutta said, flashing Ernest a coy smile.

"Duly noted," he replied. It had been a long time since Ernest flirted with playful, pretty girls in a studio. It was as enjoyable as he remembered it, especially with partners who clearly understood flirtation as an art.

The audible inrush when the vacuum was released drew Ernest's attention back to Tawny, who took in and exhaled a deep breath.

"That certainly seems to work well," Ernest said.

"It better," Tawny replied. "I designed it myself to my own specifications so the seal would be good and tight.

Robert, having returned to the main controls, pronounced the full stimulation battery ready for a final test. Tawny braced herself for it. The system came to life all at once amid a symphony of buzzes, clicks, thrumming and pumping. Tawny went rigid in the frame, eyelids shut tight, chest rising and falling, hands clenched into fists.

"Fuuuck!," she howled. "I could come from this already!"

But the machine wasn't having it. The howl turned into a screech as the plug and dildo jolted her simultaneously. Her voice an octave higher than usual, she called out to Robert that everything was working.

"Ready for the face plate," she said.

Ernest didn't like the sound of that one bit.

In very different ways, he and Tawny shared the frustration of being very close to something they urgently desired but couldn't quite get. The difference lay in Tawny's certainty that she would be satisfied in due course while Ernest grew increasingly doubtful of his own prospects in that regard.



Ernest never ceased to marvel at how often people would tell a man dedicated to informing the widest possible public things they wouldn't confide to a priest. He'd concluded, after much thought, that the more explosive a secret might be the greater the desire to pull the pin. It was a human thing that defied easy explanation, rather like the vision of Tawny locked into a machine that would have its way with her for the next three hours regardless of her wishes.

Over at the equipment table Jutta and Cassandra fitted what looked much like a gas mask but made from some transparent composite to a long hose, leaving Ernest and Tawny alone on the platform for the moment. It was a moment Tawny didn't waste.

"Come ... Closer," she rasped at him.

This was it. He knew it in his bones as he approached, bringing his face as near to hers as possible.

"Touch me."

He didn't hesitate. Leaning down to put his ear next to Tawny's mouth, he circled her right breast with his left hand. He could feel her body heat and the pounding of her heart through the walls of her ribcage. She smiled at the skin-on-skin contact.

Her whispering came out strained and intermittent as she struggled to focus on what she had to say.

"Good. Firm. An honest man's touch."

A shiver rippled over her as something moved inside but she persevered.

"Could you ... keep a secret?"

An honest man's touch.

"That would depend," he said in a low voice, "on the morality of doing so."

"About something ... beneficial to everyone ... not a threat."

"There are things more important than headlines," he answered simply. It was an unconventional view for a journalist but as a result Ernest knew things no one else did. Knowing was more important than telling.

"This planet ... our planet ... It's in danger.

"That it is," he agreed gravely. "If we continue on our current course, I fear it won't be livable much longer."

Unable to turn her head, Tawny looked at him through the corners of her eyes. "We have help. Others ... powerful, wise ... want to ... to ..."

Tawny's nostrils flared. Her eyes widened. He could see the tension in her limbs. Her already-swollen nipples expanded even more under the plastic hemispheres. Ernest was impressed she could speak at all.

"They want to help us," she said through gritted teeth. "But that's all for now. Too dangerous. Not the time yet. You understand?"

"Not entirely but I have a general idea."

"Wouldn't say more if ... machine was set to torture only. You must trust me."

What a seductive invitation that was. He wanted to trust her. He wanted what she said to be true. He was sure she wouldn't lie to him. However, someone else might have lied to her. Tawny's ideals could have made her vulnerable to that. To reach a rational determination Ernest needed details. What he had were fragments that did not fit together well enough to make a story.

In a counterintuitive way, this was a relief, at least for now. The relief would not last long. If it weren't for those few seconds of Tawny's flight, he could dismiss the whole thing. Because of those few seconds, he knew Major Clarkson wouldn't. He could stall for a while but if he didn't come back with something eventually others less sympathetic would pursue a different kind of investigation, and he told Tawny as much.

"If I'm going to prevent that," he whispered in her ear, "I need to be sure. Is it possible for me to meet these visitors?"

"That," Tawny said in a strangled gasp, "depends on what you do ... do with what I've given you."

His quiet answer couldn't have been simpler.

"Nothing. A fleeting observation of an unfamiliar flight design, a source who tells me about space aliens. These things don't add up to a coherent narrative for either my paper or the major."

Somehow Tawny managed to smile. Ernest looked to either side, suddenly aware of being flanked by Jutta, Shiela and Cassandra. Jutta held the mask and Cassandra the long hose. Sheila went directly to the ports in the wall where the hose would attach and unscrewed its metal cap.



While Jutta made final tweaks to the mask harness Tawny somehow managed to shoot Ernest a playful smile despite the distractions of everything pumping away on or in her. Her voice was already muffled by the faceplate even though Jutta hadn't quite finished securing it.

"If you have more questions ask Robert or the girls. Robert ... Robert knows about the ... other matter but from him information is ... not always ... easy ..."

Ernest held up a hand.

"No need to explain. I've had the pleasure of attempting to interview Robert before. He can be quite informative when he chooses. A last one last question for you. The mask ...?"

"... special air mixture. Keeps me at the highest level of excitement ... Makes more ... more orgasms possible. Also prolongs them ... Robert can tell more."

Ernest figured he'd have better luck discussing this topic with Robert than pursuing his line of questioning concerning space flight, not that he wouldn't try. No comment is also a comment.

Satisfied the mask was correctly positioned, Jutta leaned down to open the valve connecting it to the hose. Tawny winked up at her when she activated the mask's microphone, which distorted Tawny's voice even more.

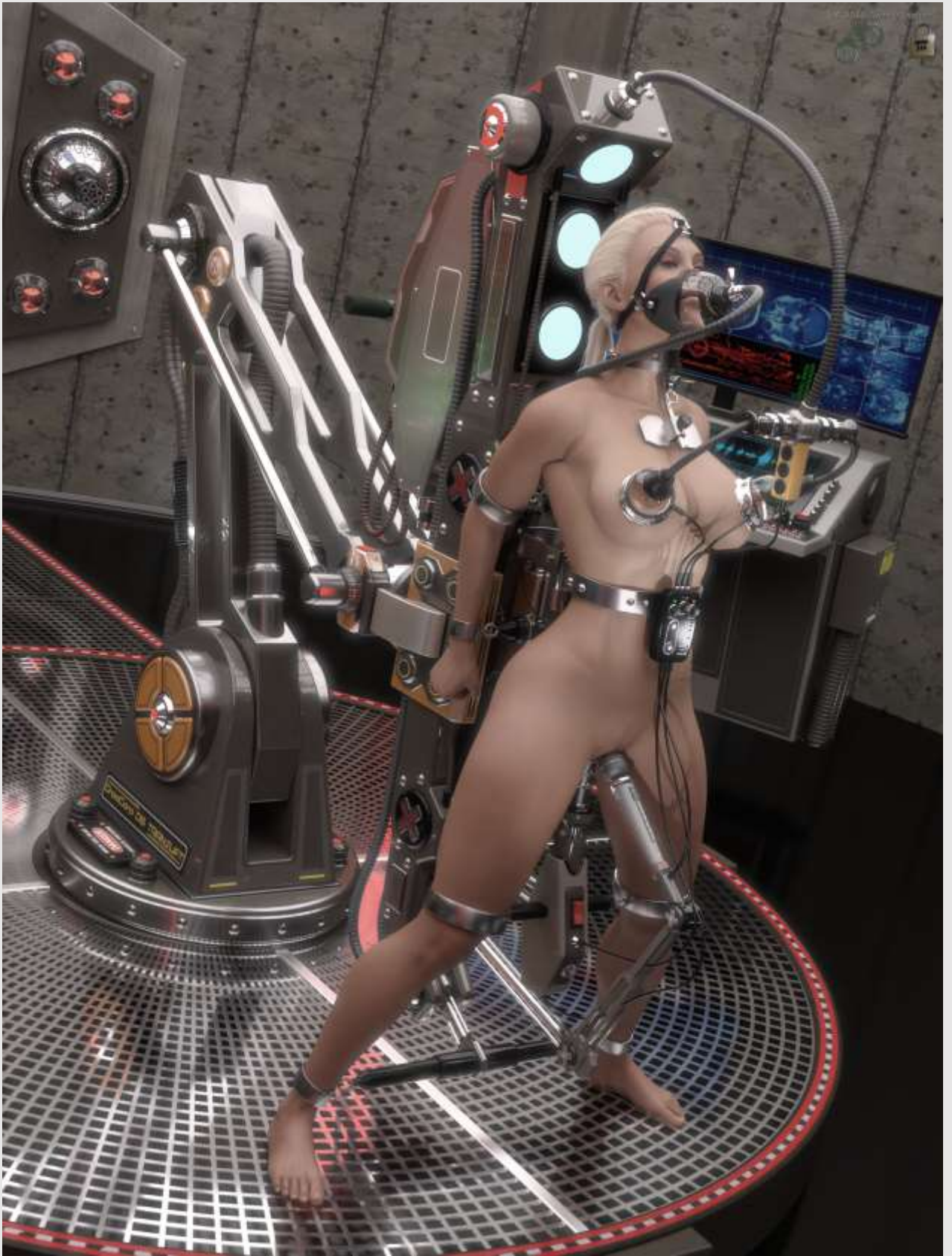
"Make sure ... oh, oh yes! ... that Ernest has whatever he needs. You, Sheila, Cassandra, read all his wishes ... from his eyes."

"Jutta thinks Sir will communicate them quite clearly."

Ernest agreed that was a fair assumption. He'd never had a problem telling women exactly what he wanted from them.

Jutta brought her face close to Tawny's and listened, making sure nothing leaked. Cassandra and Sheila finished connecting the hose to the wall outlet and started the gas flowing. At the first deep inhalation Tawny's eyes rolled back and she gurgled into the mic.

Knowing that Tawny's company never sold a product until she'd tried it on herself, he wondered if this chemical would soon be on the commercial market. Not likely, he surmised. Consumers might stop going out altogether with devastating economic impact.



An important thing to know about an interview is when it's over, the point beyond which nothing further relevant to the story would be said that day. Having received as much information about the helpful aliens as Tawny was prepared to give him at the moment Ernest proposed that they address the subject again in the future. Tawny, stuttering slightly, assured him they would. He kissed her on the cheek and wished her an exciting journey.

Then he stood back to marvel at a living work of art. The machine's embrace held Tawny's torso rigidly upright in a slight arch that thrust her breasts out inside their transparent containments. With a faint puffing noise amplified through the studio's speakers Tawny's nipples rose and receded to the tempo of the vacuum pump's cycle. Her legs, knees slightly bent to better present her pubic arch to the vibrator, trembled a bit as its buzzing grew louder. The thrusting of the self-lubricating dildo added a note of blissful wetness to the symphony.

While Robert did a final few sub-routine run-throughs Jutta installed the last item on the manifest, carefully settling the mask over Tawny's face and checking the gaskets to make sure it was properly airtight. Tawny's expression under the transparent plate was remarkably composed, almost trancelike. Her red-shadowed eyelids settled at half-mast.

"Switching to full automation," Robert reported from the main system hub. One last click, and the machine became fully autonomous, destined to play through its program without further intervention.

A sexy feminine synthesized voice called for attention through the studio speaker system.

"Please leave the silo. It will be hermetically sealed in five minutes."

Jutta withdrew as Robert walked away from the board. Ernest saw the peaks of the jagged line on Tawny's heart monitor already getting closer together. He surmised this was related to the bright green glow of the ass-hook schematic on the wall. The sound stage echoed with Tawny's sensual moaning. The testing process had acted as foreplay. She was already close to her first orgasm of the day. But it was not to be. When the silhouette of the ass-hook went suddenly from green to red, Tawny stiffened in her confinement, gritting her teeth. The spindle ratcheted a short distance, burying the plug just a bit deeper and a flashing light on the apparatus indicated the delivery of a brief shock, one just long enough to interrupt Tawny's climax. Edging was clearly one of the tortures the system was engineered to inflict.



As the boom-mounted cameras swung around overhead, capturing Tawny at every angle in both wide and close-up shots, the lighting filters slowly shifted through the spectrum from clear to magenta to cyan and back to clear again in random order, creating yet another source of disorienting sensory input. The effect added one more layer of drama to the spectacle of Tawny's totally presented body. She shook with frustration at her proximity to the denied orgasmic precipice, her muscles clenching visibly under her smooth skin.

Three hours of this? No safeword. No kill-switch. Tawny, who controlled so many things in the outside world, had surrendered herself utterly to a ruthless mechanism over which she had no control at all. Under such relentless stimulation Ernest was quite sure she would soon lose track of time and with it any expectation of when her ecstatic ordeal might end, much less what phase of it she would experience next. This was a challenge to the endurance and adaptability of the human body not seen since the heyday of Harry Houdini.

Standing next to Ernest, Robert glanced at his wristwatch.

"The program won't allow her first climax for twenty thirty," he said as the hydraulics lifted Tawny a few inches off the platform so her toes couldn't quite reach. The sliding in and out of the wired dildo, which had stopped briefly at full depth to inflict its own jolt to Tawny's pussy, began to speed up again. Tawny looked thoroughly alert now. There was no going back from this point. Doubtless, the sensation of being held aloft in a grip of steel made her feel all the more helpless. A brief whimper spilled from the studio monitors, followed by the sound of heavy, rhythmic breathing.

The spectacle was fascinating. It was also arousing. Glancing down at the reflective flooring surrounding the platform, Ernest wondered if that was evident through his leather pants. If so, he wasn't inclined to hide the fact. Ernest, after all, had started his earlier career fucking on camera in a roomful of people. Besides, there were much more interesting things for those present to watch than the bulging of his fly.

"Come sit down," Robert said, putting his hand on Ernest's shoulder. "We've prepared a comfortable spot for you to enjoy the process."



Robert showed Ernest to a well-padded chair near the active set where Tawny's splayed, straining body seemed to hover in space just off the floor. Ernest thanked Robert in his best soundstage hush.

"You can speak normally here," Robert told him. "The microphones are directionally oriented to pick up sounds from the platform only and feed them back through the monitors. The signal is filtered to dampen the frequencies of extraneous human voices. And, of course, the containment is soundproofed."

"You really thought of everything, didn't you?"

Robert tilted his head toward Tawny.

"She did. I just assembled the elements from her blueprints."

"You make it sound easy."

"Having been with the family so long, I probably understand how Tawny's mind works as well as anyone, except Berseh of course. Fancy a drink?"

"Why not?"

Robert withdrew momentarily, leaving Ernest to watch the drama playing out onstage. Though sound wasn't an issue, the big room was nearly silent, the entire crew raptly attentive to the center of the action. The system seemed to be cycling more regularly now, the dildo entering and withdrawing at a steady pace in time to the nipple suction.

By the reckoning of Ernest's pocket watch Tawny was still eighteen minutes away from that first dose of pure pleasure.

The gurgle of rushing water echoed briefly from the speakers. Ernest watched Tawny's throat, nicely shown off by the platform collar, undulate as she swallowed.

Of course, the machinery included a built-in hydration function to compensate for the perspiration beginning to trickle in the hollows Tawny's armpits. No doubt she'd be sweating heavily before the three hours were up. Inevitably her bladder would fill repeatedly between the automated watering and the tension produced by the constant shifting of sensory inputs. It would need periodic emptying—allowed or denied by the system's programming to combine the misery of retention with the delight of release. Ernest wondered what provision had been made for this bodily function. Several possible alternatives played through his thoughts. The swelling in Ernest's trousers thickened a bit more at the prospect.

Robert's return, tray in hand, interrupted his speculations.

"If I recall this is your brand of single malt," he said, pouring a healthy shot from a red bottle into a hi-ball glass.

"You saw me order that in a bar once three years ago," remarked Ernest.

"Eidetic memory," Robert said with a wink.

"I'm envious. Imagine how much ink that would save me."

Robert chuckled.

“Sometimes it’s more a curse than a blessing. Wouldn’t object to forgetting a few things I’ve seen.”

Ernest didn’t question that. He took a sip of whisky.

“So how does Tawny’s mind work, in your experienced estimation?”

Robert thought that over a beat before answering.

“Unconventionally. Most people are linear thinkers. Their thinking goes from A to B to C. Tawny’s goes from J to Q to Zed. It’s restless, always thinking about many things at any given time. What still amazes me is how intensely she can concentrate on all of them simultaneously.”

He nodded toward the silo.

“That’s how she can create a thing like this. It’s made up of a million little details and she gives each her full attention until she’s satisfied with it. Then it’s on to the next one.”

“I imagine that eidetic memory of yours must be helpful at keeping them all orderly.”

Robert smiled.

“Sometimes I feel like an animated outboard data drive. I do enjoy being in her service though. It’s never boring. I’d say that’s a family tradition.”

“I can only imagine how many secrets must be stored in there,” Ernest said, pointing at Robert’s head.

“Indeed. You’ll have to imagine them because I never tell any.”

“I don’t suppose if you knew something about space travel, you’d divulge it.”

Robert flashed Ernest a knowing smile.

“If I did or didn’t you wouldn’t hear about it. What people know about what you know is as important as the knowledge itself. Keeping that awareness facedown is the essence of discretion.”

“That’s why I always feel comfortable around you,” Ernest said. “I do much the same. In order to reveal certain things, I must selectively conceal others. Might I solicit a conjecture at least?”

Robert’s eyebrows arched.

“I’m not given to it, but I’ll do my best.”

“Why am I here? Tawny could certainly have arranged to be interviewed under less taxing circumstances.”

“If I were to hazard a guess, I’d say that’s the very reason she engineered this situation. She factored you in as another means of making it more challenging. Madame does not choose the easy path but rather that which leads to the highest view.”

“Such as from outer space?”



Robert favored Ernest with his most inscrutable expression.

"I'm sure that would provide a most intriguing perspective, if such an opportunity presented itself."

Well, it was worth a try. Unasked questions get no answers. With some people, neither do asked ones.

"Much appreciate the hospitality," Ernest said, raising the glass in a gesture of gratitude.

Robert glanced back over his shoulder and smiled slyly.

"Speaking of hospitality, I believe your companions have arrived. Madame encourages you to make full use of them."

A thigh-high boot landed the chair next to Ernest with surprising lightness. He felt the soft warmth of breast tissue against his bare skull, a hard nipple brushing his ear. Without looking he reached back to caress Sheila's tits, which had been exposed when she shed her body suit.

"Hello Sheila," he said without looking up.

"How did Sir Know?"

"The tall boots. You're the only one wearing them."

“Ma’am likes them with my long hair, said Sheila. “Sir has a lovely touch.”

“And you have lovely skin,” he replied, leaning back to rub his head against her.

At a particularly loud moan from the monitors both looked up at the platform where Tawny’s shivers clearly signaled the unhurried approach to the first peak.

“Isn’t it spectacular, Sir?

“Absolutely.”

Sheila let out a cute whimper and snuggled in closer to Ernest.

“I want to try it. I wonder how many times it could make me come. I’m very vulnerable to machine sex. Maybe ma’am will let me try it.”

Ernest noted that there would also be some agony involved. This made Sheila’s smile even brighter.

“Pleasure is even sweeter when earned with pain, “she said.

With his hands already conveniently placed, Ernest gave Sheila’s nips a hard tweak.

“Oooh! Sir really knows how to hurt a girl.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

He went back to stroking her gently. She made a soft purring sound.

“Ma’am has instructed us to give you whatever you desire. What does Sir desire of us?

Jutta climbed nimbly into the chair with him, knees first, legs straddling his lap. Resting one hand on Ernest’s shoulder and the other on his leg, she looked him in the eye.

“Perhaps Sir would like Jutta to open her top so she’s more accessible like her friend Sheila.”

Ernest thought that was an excellent idea. Two straps later, Jutta was as bare from the waist up as her partner. It was a splendid view. The points of Jutta’s round, full breasts were also erect. Continuing to pet Sheila with one hand, he explored new territory with the other.

“You both seem rather excitable,” Ernest remarked. The girls looked at each other slyly.

“When women have a lot of sex together, they start to cycle together,” Sheila explained.

“We’re both ovulating today,” Jutta added.

“That’s one of the reasons ma’am chose us to serve you,” Sheila said. “It tends to make us more sensitive. She thought you would appreciate that.”

Ernest said it was exactly the sort of enhancement he appreciated.

“This makes Jutta very happy. She is a big fan of Sir’s movies.”

““They have lots of bondage in them,” Sheila said with a shrug, as if no further explanation were needed. “And we both love bondage,” she added, “especially when we’re exposed like this.”

“A bound, exposed girl is more likely to be penetrated,” Jutta observed with great seriousness. “Orally, vaginally or anally.”

“If not all three,” Sheila suggested, smooching the top of Ernest’s head.

Kassandra, standing off to one side, asked if there was anything she could fetch for sir that might add to his enjoyment of her friends’ attentions. He thought it over carefully.

“For this little sprite,” he said, reaching back to tug a handful of Sheila’s luxuriant tresses, “I think a pair of steel wrist cuffs that allow her some movement would be nice. I suspect she has naughty hands.”

“That she does, sir,” Jutta confirmed. “Jutta has had them inside her.”

“And I believe a snug single glove would be very flattering on our restraint-loving Jutta,” he said, petting the tops of her thighs. Jutta’s eyes widened with delight.

“Oh, thank you, sir. That’s one of Jutta’s favorites!”

Ernest casually took her by the arms and brought her elbows together in back, meeting no resistance. He complimented her on her flexibility.

“A must for self-bondage, sir,” Jutta explained.

While Kassandra went off to fulfill Ernest’s requests Sheila and Jutta stayed within easy reach.

Sheila asked how he would like their service to begin.

“How so many fine things begin,” he answered, “with a kiss.”

He ran an index finger gently across Jutta’s lush, full lips, which parted slightly at the contact. His palm found her cheek and brought her face forward until their mouths met.

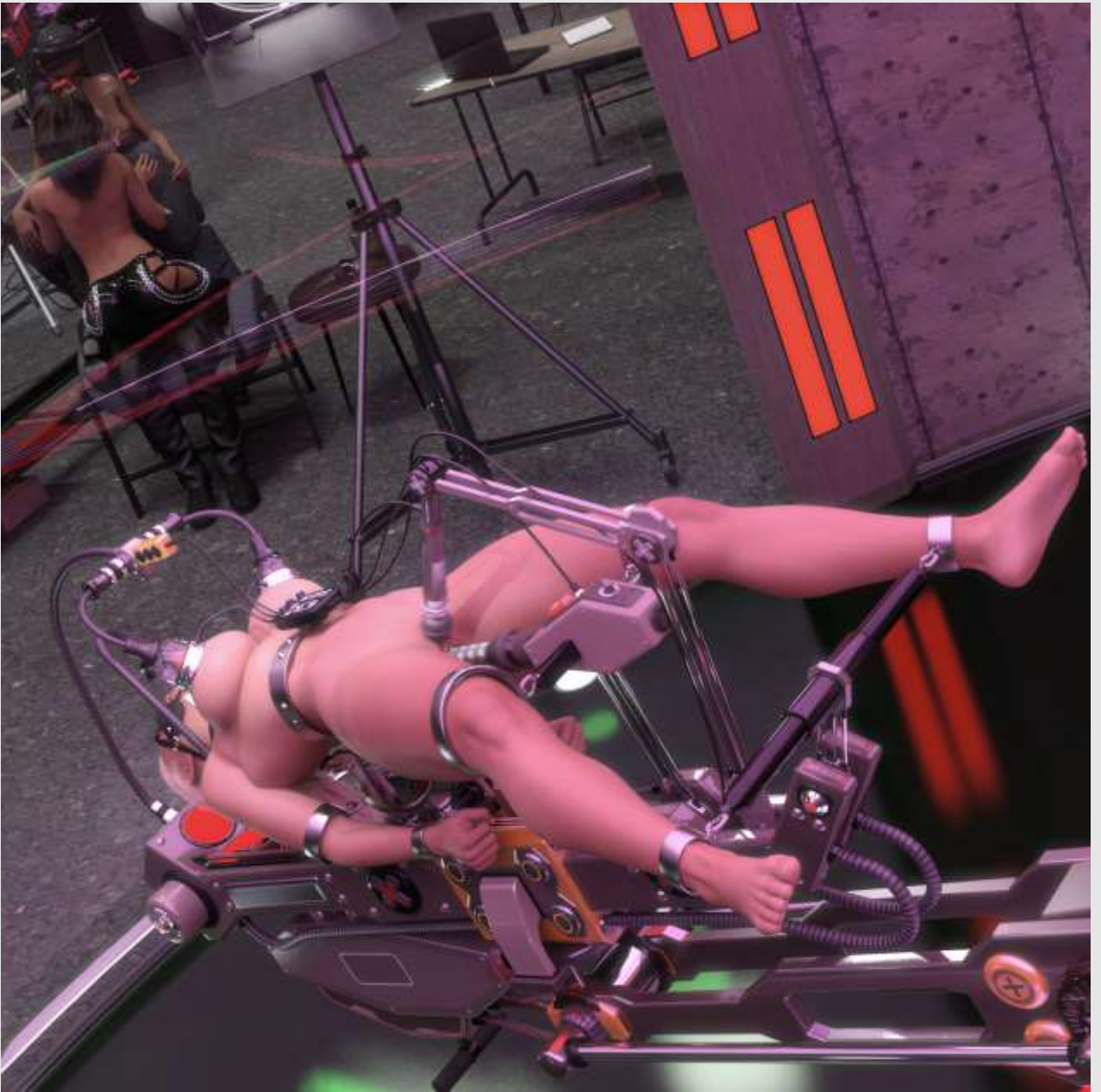
This was the crucial test. Ernest had never had a good lover who wasn’t a good kisser. He’d studied the art himself, as he demonstrated by starting with light contact and delicately slipping his tongue in just far enough to meet Jutta’s. She gave it a little flick. Very nice.

There was something tender about Jutta’s face that pleased him just as Sheila’s naughty grin was inviting in a more playful way. He motioned for her to come down and join in. Soon all three were lip locked, transitioning from curiosity to hunger.

They might have gone on like this for some time had not a new sound from the platform swept through the studio.

Ernest broke away to turn toward the platform.

“I do believe we’ve reached the thirty-minute mark,” Ernest concluded after a quick consultation with his pocket watch.



With a smooth whirr of gears, the apparatus slowly tilted back until Tawny's body was entirely supine. It stopped at a slight incline so her feet were just a bit higher than her head, a position that, while not uncomfortable, was undoubtedly somewhat disorienting to a woman rapidly approaching a long-denied orgasm. The red-filtered lighting had given way to the classic bastard-amber illumination that created the most natural skin tone.

Sheila and Jutta, following instructions to pay attention only to Ernest, resisted a powerful temptation to look at what was transpiring on the platform. When possible, however, they were to avoid obstructing Ernest's view. Sheila resumed her station behind him, casually stroking his arms. Jutta tilted her head slightly so he could look over her shoulder, keeping her soft, warm hands on his broad chest. Tawny, who thought of everything, must have known about Ernest's preference for the sweet affectionate and sensual type of submissive, not so very different from Berseh after all. Experience had taught Ernest that there were many other kinds.

Giving his full attention to Tawny's interaction with the system, he could see how all the critical elements worked synchronously to intensify the stimulation of her erogenous zones. The buzz of the clit vibe grew louder. The in-and-out stroke of the dildo sped up. From the dramatic expansion of Tawny's areolas

Ernest was certain the vacuum pump had reached maximum suction and remained there. The outline of the ass-hook on the wall had gone bright green and begun to pulsate. The swiveling of the camera booms surrounded Tawny's body with lenses to create a three-sixty image that captured both the workings of the machinery and every nuance of their effects on Tawny. Tawny's reactions were nothing if not dramatic. Waves of muscle contractions rippled up and down the length of her body. The heaving of her chest and belly strained against the steel restraints. Her hands clutched tight. Her muscular calves tensed. Her toes splayed open. From the way Tawny's face flushed under the clear mask Ernest surmised the oxygen/pheromone mix it supplied had been enriched to increase the efficiency of her circulation. This would also account for the hot pink flush spreading over her flesh from head to foot, along with a brighter sheen of glowing sweat.

Periodically, Tawny twitched and jerked in her restraints, which didn't budge a millimeter.

The most definitive evidence of Tawny's ever more urgent state came from the studio's monitors. Her breathing grew heavier, deeper and faster with every passing second. Amplified gasps, sighs and moans echoed through the cavernous set, the sounds running together into a continuous wave.

Then it happened. Tawny's body went completely stiff, trying desperately to arch as much as the frame would allow. Every inch of her shuddered violently. Her swollen breasts heaved rapidly under the relentless vacuum action.

What began as a long, low moan of intense pleasure rose to a loud, high-pitched wail of sheer ecstasy that went on and on, ascending from alto to soprano before finally subsiding at a breathless pant.

Somehow Ernest expected the machinery would now slow down, allowing Tawny a refractory period to recover from such a volcanic eruption. Certainly, a human being would have done so. But Tawny was not in the hands of a human being.

Instead, every element of the machine speeded up or intensified. Tawny's next orgasm would be forced. Seeing the dildo pick up speed in its cycling, he glanced over at the ass-hook schematic. It still showed green, but the contraction mechanism tightened the plug in just a little farther.

At that Tawny's labored breathing halted in an abrupt gasp. She hadn't expected this either, but that was the point.

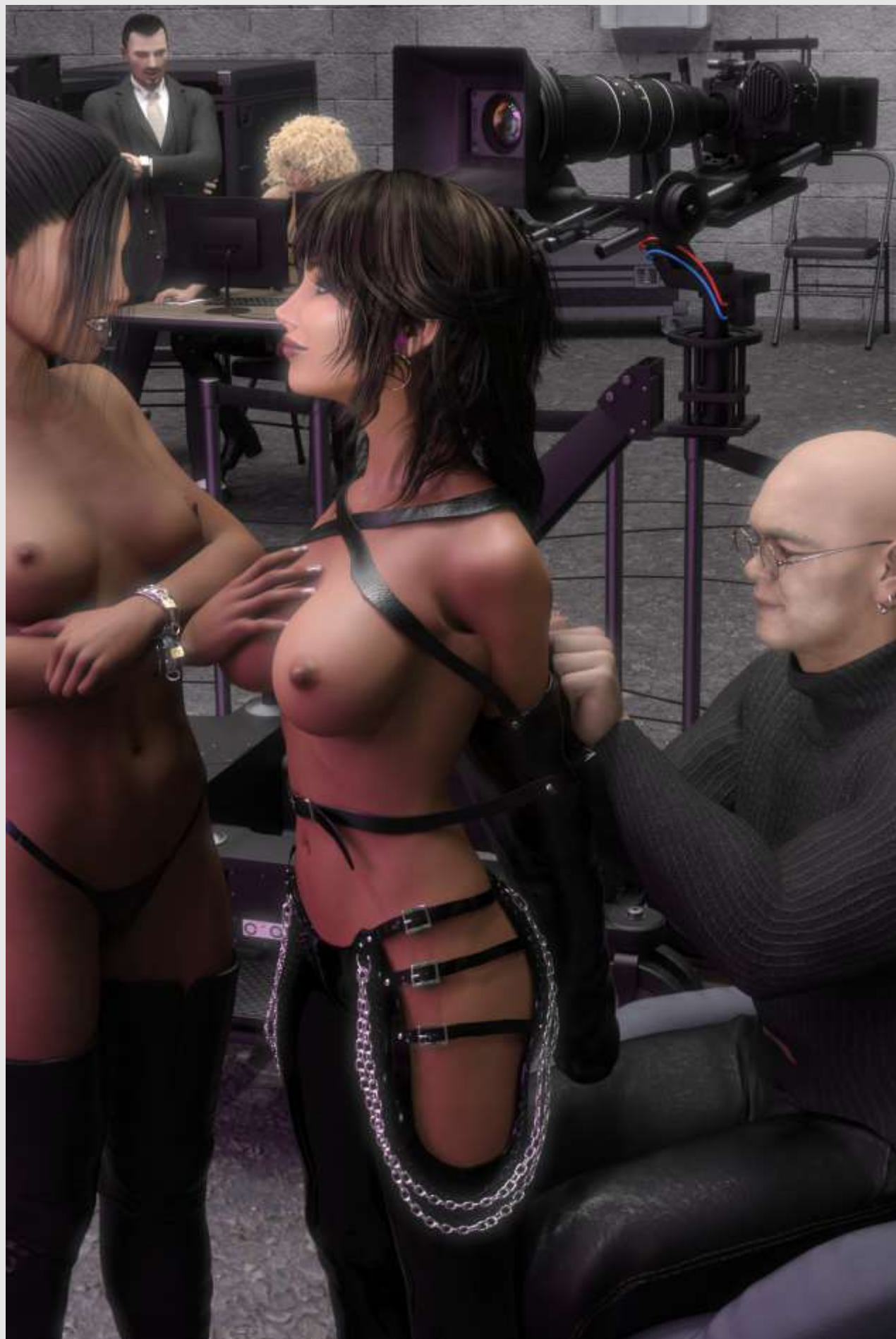
The whole frame began to tilt, raising Tawny's legs as the contraction of the ass-hook exerted backward traction on her spine. The effect was still comparatively undemanding but nevertheless visible.

Seeing Tawny, still breathless from her recent climax, now attempting to process a whole new set of sensations was undeniably hot.

Jutta dropped a supple hand into Ernest's lap. She smiled at him sweetly.

"Jutta thinks sir enjoyed that almost as much as ma'am."

"Let's just say sir found it most inspirational and looks forward to additional delights."



Tawny's amplified sighs, cries and moans reverberating from the monitors as the machine drove her relentlessly toward a second climax that wouldn't happen quite so effortlessly made a curiously compelling soundtrack for Ernest's personal production.

Waiting for Cassandra to return with the items he'd requested, Ernest suggested Sheila and Jutta continue making out. It was pleasing to watch them stand in front of him, snuggling nibbling and fondling affectionately.

"I take you two have done this together before," he said, smiling.

"It's not my fault she's adorable, sir."

"It's not Jutta's fault that Sheila knows what makes her wet, sir."

In the silo a new situation was developing. The frame had continued to angle slowly downward, gradually inverting Tawny a few degrees at a time. All the machinery tracked smoothly with her, continuing its merciless stimulation from every direction.

Kassandra returned promptly, gear in hand. Ernest mused on the luxury of having a dedicated messenger to deliver whatever hardware he wanted rather than having to seek it out himself. As promised, his every need was seen to.

Ernest interrupted Jutta and Sheila's playful nips and slaps, bidding them closer to him. He tried the shiny steel cuffs on Sheila's extended wrists first. Ernest was impressed at how perfectly they fit her.

"We all have our own sets made to measure, sir," Sheila explained.

"Show me your range of motion please," Ernest instructed.

Licking her lips lasciviously Sheila made a tunnel with her interlaced fingers, rocking her hands back and forth suggestively. No doubt with a little lube she could work wonders that way. As Tawny had ordered, she read his wishes in his eyes, flipping her hands sideways, she cupped with the lower one and gripped from above. She glanced over Jutta, who formed a pretty bow with her lips.

Ernest grinned at them cheerfully.

"Very promising."

He had Jutta turn her back while he unrolled the leather sleeve. Jutta put her hands palm-to-palm behind her and with an effortless inward turn of the arms touched elbows.

"Impressive," Ernest remarked.

"You made a good choice, sir. She wears the sleeve around the house to entertain Peter," Sheila said.

"Peter?"

"Jutta's boyfriend."

Ernest looked up from tightening the straps.

"I take it he shares your enthusiasm for bondage."

"Oh yes, Sir!" Jutta said enthusiastically.

"He also shares Jutta herself with both men and women. We love each other very much but he understands her powerful need for sex with both."

"Just like she understands my need for Peter's cock at least once a week," Sheila laughed.

The girls agreed Peter's cock was a thing of beauty that should be properly appreciated.

Ernest finished doing up the arm-binder with a final tug at the top.

"You have to tell me if you start to feel numb back here."

At that all three girls laughed.

"Jutta has excellent circulation, sir," Cassandra interjected.

"Very important for self-bondage," Jutta added.

"Peter enjoys coming home from work and unwrapping her like candy," Sheila breathed in Ernest's ear as she bent down to suck Jutta's nipples. Sheila's cuffed hands dropped into Ernest's lap and did some exploring, discovering a girthy rigidity she expected to find.

"Okay, you two. Come join me. I want to watch this for a while."

Ernest motioned toward the silo with his head. Cassandra asked if he needed anything else for the moment. Taking a swig of whiskey while Jutta and Sheila settled in, one to a leg, he promised to give the matter some thought.

All eyes turned toward Tawny, who was now fully inverted, her head just above the small sea of green liquid on the silo floor. From her labored breathing Ernest suspected that next orgasm was near.

It was ever so warm and cozy, having Sheila and Jutta snuggled in his lap while all three watched Tawny's continued pleasurable torture behind the glass. Completely inverted, head just inches above the pheromone soup whose fumes surely contributed to the dizzying vertigo of her position Ernest expected she would yield to the next climax almost instantaneously. She didn't. In fact, the low, guttural growling from the speakers suggested some new kind of dynamic tension obstructing the process.

"Ma'am seems to be fighting it," Jutta suggested, reading Ernest's mind.

"That's what I love about machine sex," Sheila pointed out. "You know you'll give in eventually but the longer you resist the harder it works you and the more excited you get. I like seeing how long I can hold out."

"At least until the machine penetrates your ass," Jutta laughed. "She's quite the anal slut," Jutta told Ernest, nuzzling in against his chest.

Sheila responded with mock indignation.



“Like you’re not!”

She turned to Ernest.

“You’d be amazed what Jutta can take up her pretty little pink pucker. She may look like an anal virgin back there but she’s not.”

Jutta actually blushed.

“It’s true, sir. Poor Jutta is also shamefully vulnerable to anal penetration. Peter has trained her well for it.”

Ernest made a mental note to explore the topic in greater depth with them.

“Speaking of which ...”

Sheila nodded toward the silo. The system’s sensors, having detected Tawny’s attempted resistance, deployed the ass-hook to weaken it. The schematic glowed brighter, beginning to pulsate. The spindle tightened considerably, as if the system resented Tawny’s willful efforts to exert some self-control. Of course, it didn’t, having no ego with which to do so. It merely varied its action in response to input from the sensors.

Watching wide-eyed, Sheila squirmed in Ernest’s lap.

“That’s so hot. She’s trying to hold back but the machine won’t let her. Like I said, girl versus machine, girl always loses eventually.”

Sheila rubbed her thighs together while Jutta nuzzled Ernest’s shoulder. He stroked Sheila’s smooth, muscular belly with one hand, squeezing the points of Jutta’s tits with the other. Sheila made that purring sound again. Jutta let out a little whimper.

“My, we are sensitive today, aren’t we?” Ernest asked, looking back and forth between them.

“Yes, sir,” Sheila admitted. “I love having my ovaries petted when they’re working overtime. And Jutta’s nips stay hard for three days straight.”

Jutta acknowledged that they got kind of achy, “but not in a bad way.”

“And I imagine you’re both quite wet by now,” Ernest suggested.

“Drenched, sir,” Sheila confirmed.

“Dripping, sir,” Jutta added.

Ernest looked back and forth between them with a wicked grin. They’d given him a lot to work with.

“Well, we’ll have to do something about that, won’t we?”

He caught Cassandra’s eye. She followed Tawny’s instructions precisely, gliding up next to him.

“What may I bring you, sir?”

Ernest gave her a gentle smack on the rump.

“You’re a very good girl, Cassandra.”

She bowed her head gracefully.

“Thank you, sir. I do my best.”

“Please do your best at finding me a matching pair of collars, two sets of clover clamps, two steel butt-plugs ...”

He paused, looking at Sheila and Jutta’s faces

“... of rather generous size and a pair of your most popular wand vibes.”

“Right away, sir,” Cassandra promised, hurrying off toward equipment table.

“And don’t forget a bottle of lube and some rubber gloves.”

Kassandra turned back, bowed briefly, as if to assure Ernest that all his requirements would be met, before continuing her mission.

“You’re going to hurt us, aren’t you, sir?” Sheila asked, already knowing the answer.

“I promise. Then I’m going to make you come.”

Predictably, this brought on some giggling and squirming.

Ernest looked up with a smile at the approach of a motorized camera. He could tell from the sound of the lens racking that it had widened focus to include the happy threesome, catching him full in the face. Over at the video controls Robert gave him the universal grip sign of open hands, as if holding a book.

Did Ernest want to be on camera?

In fact, Ernest had been making plans to assure he would be.

Even as he’d marveled at Tawny’s ingenuity and stamina, even as he’d let himself enjoy the company of his pleasures, an idea had been forming at the back of his mind. What lived back there was something he’d come to think of as “the situation.” It was a thing that recreated itself every time he took testimony off the record.

Knowledge you couldn’t use was a ticking time-bomb that would detonate as soon as whatever it was came to light. From the minute he had signed in at the base he knew he’d been under surveillance. Though he doubted whatever technology the major had could penetrate the security of this place she’d know he’d been there. No point in lying about that. No point in lying at all, ever.

What he could do was utterly destroy his own credibility regarding anything he’d learned here. Robert was helping him do that. Once the major got a look at Ernest misbehaving with a pair of beautiful playmates supplied by Tawny, nothing he said would ever be taken seriously again. He couldn’t wreck himself better with visual proof of taking bribe money from a source.

That what was happening was nothing like it appeared (Ernest couldn't be persuaded with any amount of sycaritic indulgence to conceal a single thing he felt should be made public) was irrelevant. How it appeared was all that mattered. It appeared he'd fallen prey to vice. In the major's virtuous world, that would be plenty of reason to disbelieve the limited information he might feel free to divulge when this was all over.

Nodding to Robert to hold the close-up, he took a nice handful of each girl's hair, pulling them in for a long kiss. Guessing the camera was probably set to thirty-eight millimeters, Ernest shifted to get as much of the girls' bodies and his mug in the shot as possible.

Tawny's respiration became more rapid and ragged from the monitors.

She was finally losing her battle with her own creation, just as she'd hoped.

While awaiting Cassandra's return, Ernest, Sheila, and Jutta turned their attention from each other to the center ring, where something dramatic was clearly about to happen. Even the cameras were now entirely focused on Tawny's upside-down form straining to prolong her beautiful agony just a few moments longer. The lighting in the silo had brightened noticeably so no detail of the action would be missed.

There were certainly plenty of details to be seen. The shifting weight of Tawny's breasts caused by the change in her center of gravity enhanced the effect of the vacuum pump, filling the clear cups with even more of her engorged flesh. As the vibrator continued ramping up its frequency the toned muscles of her lower abdomen, no longer able to offer even token obstruction to its throbbing on her most delicate spot, tensed visibly. The stroking action of the mechanized dildo got a bit faster with each revolution, rising to a rhythmic pounding no human partner could hope to dish out in the heat of passion. And yet passion of the conventional sort played no role in this interaction.

Which is not to say that this amazing invention was insensitive to its occupant's reactions. The scanning sensors seemed to read what produced Tawny's most intense reactions, not because it was conscious of Tawny's responses but because she had programmed it herself to a routine hardwired in its digital DNA.

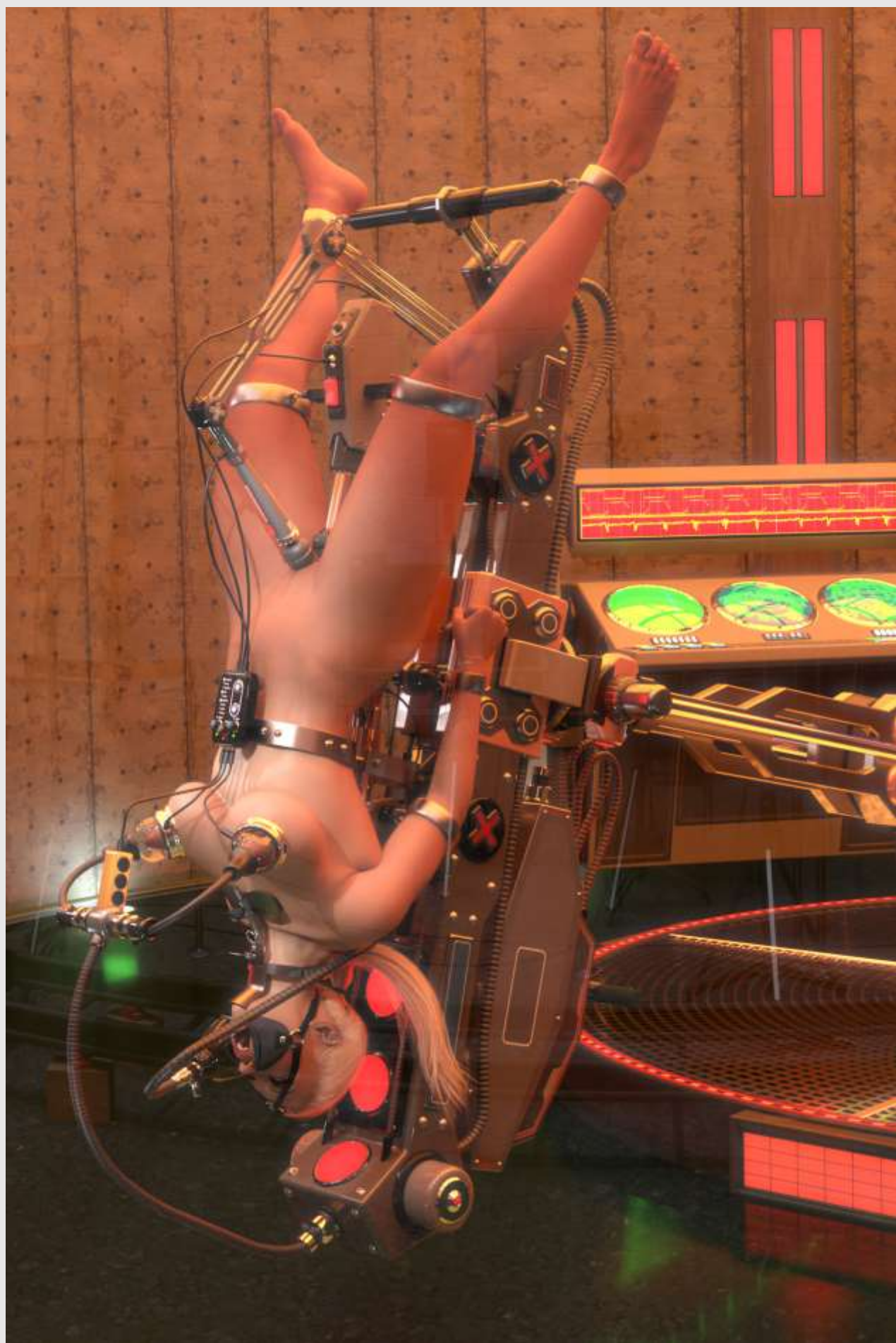
Ernest noticed the ass-hook diagram, now glowing and pulsing constantly, had shortened the shaft once again, wringing actual screams from under Tawny's mask. The first was short and sharp, but it was only the beginning. They grew louder, longer, closer together, each new one bringing in a bigger lungful of the gas mixture percolating through her bloodstream.

"I'm going to need something after this," Ernest warned his new friends.

"I'm sure we'll need it too, sir," Sheila said hoarsely.

Tawny's hands and feet, the only parts of her anatomy she still controlled flexed and curled. Her mouth fell wide under the mask but at first no sound came out. She just hung there, trembling, on the edge of the precipice.

Finally, the longest, loudest orgasmic scream Ernest had ever heard – and he'd heard some good ones – erupted from Tawny's lungs. Its high pitch and shattering volume made Ernest wonder if the audio recordings would have clipping dropouts. Glancing over at the A/V controls he could see Robert tapping the mixing slides. Clearly that problem had been anticipated.



Eventually, Tawny's shrieks diminished to gasps and sobs. This time the system did give her some respite, slowly bringing her up to a relatively comfortable oblique position while her breathing slowed and the trembling subsided. Tawny's sinews gradually relaxed.

Of course, the machine didn't just stop and let her relax. Her head was still lower than her feet, which kept her a bit disoriented. The dildo slipped to its deepest point and the vacuum tubes, though less furiously, continued to work on Tawny's nipples. Only the clit vibe shut slowed to a virtual stop. It wouldn't due to have her sore there with so much more time to go yet.

She lay still, respiration diminishing, sweat dripping into the green pool under her. The heart monitor on the wall displayed a greater distance between spikes. Tawny's eyes closed as the ass-hook on the wall panel glowed a softer green, waves of light pulses traveling up and down its shaft.

This part was pure pleasure and it showed on Tawny's face as her muscles relaxed. She even smiled under the transparent cover.

Ernest shared kisses with Jutta and Sheila, who knew their turn was at hand.

Sure enough, Cassandra appeared with a tray on which all Ernest's requested items were laid out neatly. She knelt down in front of the chair and held it up for his inspection.

"Please tell me if I've missed anything, sir."

She hadn't. Untangling his arms from around Sheila and Jutta's shoulders he bent forward to kiss the top of her head. He commended her thoroughness, bringing a smile to her normally serious demeanor.

"Well then," Ernest said cheerfully, "while Miss Tawny has her moment of relative peace, perhaps we should make some mischief of our own."

Jutta and Sheila's faces lit up. They'd been waiting a long time for this.

"What would you have us do, sir?" Jutta asked.

"Well, I do think you're a bit overdressed."

Jutta's task was easy. To make Sheila naked all she had to do was kneel, take Sheila's tiny thong between her teeth and pull it slowly down Sheila's long legs.

Wrists now manacled in the small of her back, Sheila had a somewhat trickier job. Standing behind Jutta and facing away, she undid the straps holding Jutta's pants together blind.

Stripped to their boots, Jutta and Sheila presented themselves side by side – backs straight, heads up, tits out, legs open and lips slightly parted. Ernest strolled around them in a slow circle. Sheila held her manacled hands behind her head, as Jutta would have if her arms weren't already enclosed. He began exploring their bodies with his hands.

Kassandra appeared at Ernest's side, collars at the ready. He examined one, turning it over in his hands approvingly.

He directed Cassandra to lift Sheila's waist-length mane. Ernest kissed the nape before wrapping her long, graceful neck. In the leather band, remarking on how precisely it fit.



"We each get our own at the end of training," Jutta said.

"I'm sure they make you earn them," he replied, repeating the same kiss-and-click operation on Jutta. Glancing over at the silo, he saw that Tawny was still tilted at a disorienting oblique angle, her spine beginning to bow a bit from the gradual contraction of the ass-hook. He didn't doubt the learning curve for attendant girls here was steep.

He turned to Cassandra.

"We'll need the clamps and wands next."

"Right away, sir," Cassandra said, turning toward the equipment cart.

Ernest's examinations became more intimate.

He paused in front of Sheila first, sliding his fingers between her legs to roll her labia together.

"Pleasantly thick," he declared, "and your clit seems rather plump."

"Vacuum treatments, sir," she said, her voice a bit strained as she struggled to hold still.

"Twenty minutes a day. I love them sir."

He gave her a little pinch, eliciting a little squeak.

"I'll bet it's stiff more often than not," he ventured.

“Jutta thinks that would be a safe bet, sir.”

He turned his attention to her. Jutta spread her legs a bit further and went up on tiptoe, giving him convenient access.

Her pussy was round as a peach, lower lips divided by a perfectly straight slit. Her little pearl stood out at the apex like a small marble.

“You’re as pretty down here as everywhere else,” he said. She thanked him for the compliment.

Sliding a couple of fingers into each, Ernest found both girls wet as they had promised, their insides warm and slick. They moaned and shook as he plumbed their depths expertly but neither budged from her position.

“As you said, Jutta, there are so many ways a girl can be penetrated in this situation.”

He gently withdrew his drenched, gleaming digits from between their legs, bringing them up to the two mouths already open wide in anticipation. He pressed his fingers slowly toward the backs of their throats. Neither so much as twitched, let alone gagged.

“Now that’s impressive. No reflex at all,” he pronounced, hand emerging. There was some slurping but nary a dribble of saliva escaped.

Promising an opportunity to demonstrate their virtuosity at its fullest, he would inspire their enthusiasm first, starting with a little decoration.

“Nice and tight,” he said, testing the action of the clover clamps. He lifted and squeezed each breast so they would bite deep into tit flesh.

“Well?”

Sheila was already panting lightly.

“Even more tender than I thought, sir.”

Jutta looked up at him, wide-eyed.

“A most appropriate torture for today, sir.”

Taking their collar rings in hand, Ernest kissed them both at length, letting the sensation build on their perspiration damped chests. They returned his affections as sweetly as possible. It was never a bad idea to demonstrate affection to someone torturing you.

“You’re suffering so beautifully you should certainly be rewarded,” he told them, taking a vibrator in each hand.

Making himself comfortable in the chair, which put him at right at pussy level, he settled in and switched on the wands.

“Now then,” he told them firmly. “No orgasms without permission. If you beg me sincerely, I’m sure I can be persuaded to grant it.”

The affirmative replies were certainly sincere already.

Setting the vibes to medium, he applied them lightly at first, working them back and forth over pink membranes amid a chorus of whining and moaning. He asked if he should turn them up.

“Yes!” Sheila cried out. “More please sir!”

“Oh, yes,” Jutta added. “Jutta will do anything sir wants.”

Ernest smiled at her.

“You’ll do anything I want anyway,” he said. “Nevertheless ...”

He ramped up the wands to full power.

Sheila screamed but didn’t plead while Jutta went directly to the begging stage.

“Please, Sir. Jutta begs you ...” she babbled. “Begs sir for relief.”

It was all divine to watch but Ernest had an agenda of his own.

“Now seems like a good moment. Go ahead and take your pleasure my little angels,” he said, holding the vibrators steady at the hot spot where they would be most effective.

The outburst that followed was mostly unintelligible. The repeated words “thank you” were about all that was understandable. Sheila bit her lip to try and keep her shouts in while a tear rolled down Jutta’s cheek accompanied by a sob from deep inside her.

Ernest slowly brought out the wands and turned them off, handing them Cassandra, who pivoted and carried them away for a wipe-down they surely needed.

Ernest stood, took a girl under each arm and tasted both their mouths, knowing they would taste him next.

When Jutta and Sheila got a good look at the butt-plugs Cassandra had secured, Jutta let out a little whimper while Sheila merely raised an eyebrow and shook her head.

“Kassandra, darling, you are an evil bitch.”

“Everything I know I learned from you. After all, you’re responsible for quality management here. You taught me everything I know.”

“But not everything I know,” Sheila chuckled, reflexively examining the pair of inflatables for possible flaws. They were simple but wickedly intrusive. Made of a dense, high-quality latex, they appeared to be a pair of black balloons, one tapering almost to a point, the other round with a steel valve at the base of the black rubber tube connecting them.

Ernest had seen this style demonstrated at a T&T trade show before. The tapered bulb was the “working part” that went inside the girl’s anus. When pumped, the round bulb inflated it to precisely the desired size, potentially a substantial expansion in a very limited space. A quick twist of the valve and it would remain that way until released.



Just as Cassandra prepared them for use the studio monitors emitted a loud, amplified cry from the mic inside Tawny's mask. Glancing over, Sheila noticed that the ass-hook schematic had flared red. She licked her lips, imagining the sensations Tawny must be feeling. She'd worked on the mighty machine and had a pretty good idea of its capabilities.

In addition to a touch of madness, she and Tawny shared more than a little appetite for masochistic pleasure.

"So, which one of you butt-sluts wants to go first?" Cassandra asked sardonically, already knowing the answer.

Sheila shot out her cuffed hands to grab a plug.

"Might need a little help with this since I can't spread my cheeks very well with my wrists so close together."

Cassandra was already snapping on a pair of black latex glove and anointing them with lube from a steel dispenser.

"I thought you might."

Jutta knelt next to Ernest as they watched the procedure smoothly done. Cassandra exposed Sheila's rear entrance with one hand while applying a generous dollop of viscous liquid and working it in with the other. Sheila gave a pleasurable wiggle while pumping the insertable balloon to serviceable rigidity.

"That felt nice," she complimented Cassandra, who slid out a well-greased finger for Sheila to complete the operation.

"That's my gig today," Cassandra said casually, "fetching and teasing."

She would just as willingly have played any other part in the script, versatile as she was. Peeling off the gloves, she put her bare hands back on Sheila's ass. She showed the onlookers a pretty, little, round gape into which Sheila slipped the plug with surprising deftness despite her cuffed hands. Even though she couldn't see what she was doing, from the wide-eyed look on her face she could obviously feel it. Her nipples swelled visibly inside the clamps.

Giving the round bulb a couple of pumps, Sheila paused, rocking her hips back and forth while the inner component settled. Looking not quite satisfied, she squeezed the inflation bulb twice more. A shiver of exquisite pleasure traveled up and down Sheila's lean, muscular body. Her face lit up with delight. She tossed her long hair over her shoulder.

"Perfect!" she exclaimed. "So rude!"

Casually clenching and unclenching her sleek rump and rubbing her thighs together to fully appreciate the effect of the rude invader Sheila gathered the required items and turned to Jutta.

"Up and over, Miss Jutta. Let's see that shapely tail in the air."

Jutta shot her a rueful look.

"Jutta thinks Sheila will enjoy this too much."

"Jutta is oh so right."

Though all submissive equals as attendant girls, they still took delight in the occasional opportunity to do naughty things to each other, especially under orders. After all, it wasn't their fault this was what sir wanted.

Despite the impediment of the armbinder Jutta rose smoothly from her knees and swung around, lifting her backside high and resting the side of her face, still warm and flushed from her recent orgasm, lightly on Ernest's knee. Working her legs as far apart as they could practically go without compromising her balance, Jutta lifted her leather-encased arms, offering Sheila full access.

Softly stroking her hair, Ernest looked down at Jutta tenderly.

"You're such a sweet girl," he said. "And you look particularly appealing this way."

Knowing very well what dominant men liked to see and hear, she batted her long lashes up at him, her full lower lip trembling a bit, a slight quaver in her voice.

"Sir, Jutta feels very vulnerable like this."

"And Jutta likes feeling vulnerable, doesn't she?" Ernest replied.

Jutta nodded, rubbing her cheek against the leather of Ernest's trousers.

“She does, sir. But she’s small back there and must relax her sphincters to take such a large object.”

Jutta fell silent, her words ending in a slight gasp and her eyes rolling back in her head as Sheila slowly popped the widest part of the partially inflated plug past the outer ring of Jutta’s muscles.

Sheila laughed sardonically.

“She forgets I’m intimately familiar with her lover’s cock and it is not what I would consider a small object. She gets plenty of practice at that relaxation thing.”

Sheila leaned down, inflation bulb in hand and spoke softly into Jutta’s ear.

“Does Jutta feel fully penetrated yet? Or could she take a little more stretching?”

Surprisingly, when Jutta regained her powers of speech, she admitted she might be good for another pump or two, which Sheila took as an invitation. On the first Jutta’s legs began to shake and on the second she dropped to her knees with a low moan, burying her face in Ernest’s lap.

Sheila shook her head.

“She always whines about it until it happens and then she goes crazy.”

“I like this kind of crazy,” Ernest said. “And I believe I’m the one who’s now overdressed. Perhaps you two could muster the necessary powers of concentration to solve that problem.”

With a quick “yes, sir” (Jutta’s somewhat muffled by Ernest’s leathers) the girls went straight to it. Jutta, hands still unavailable, took Ernest’s zipper between her teeth and pulled it down in a single, graceful motion. Ernest’s cock, which was of average length but rather girthy, jumped out, already at full attention. Sheila dealt with Ernest’s boots, giving each a kiss on the instep before removing it.

Ernest sat back and enjoyed their attentions while returning his own to the silo, where events had clearly taken yet another dramatic turn.

Despite the unbalancing constriction of the arm binder, Jutta sank smoothly to her knees in front of Ernest. Her face, radiant with desire, was so close Ernest could feel the heat of her breath. She gazed up at him with wide, yearning eyes.

“Oh, Sir has such a beautiful cock Jutta begs permission to suck it,” Jutta pleaded in a breathy half-whisper.

Ernest smiled at her affectionately.

“Who could say no to such a charming request? By all means, pretty girl, show me what you can do with just your luscious mouth.”

Ernest was well aware of the keen competition among submissive girls when it came to oral artistry. Cock worship was a religious ritual they performed with pride. He wasn’t surprised to find Jutta’s technique nothing short of exquisite.



She took her time. Full lips forming a tight, elegant “O” around his shaft, she worked her way in a single, slow movement from the tip to the base until her nose touched bone. There she lingered a bit, breathing through flared nostrils and swinging her head in lazy circles to massage the head against the back of her throat, where it triggered nothing but pleasurable sighs. On the withdrawal for the next stroke Ernest felt Jutta’s talented tongue wrap around him like a small anaconda.

Taking Jutta’s head in his hands, Ernest leaned forward and kissed the top of her skull.

“You just keep right on doing that, my angel, and you’ll make me very happy. Speaking of angels, where is my beautiful Sheila?”

Sheila presented herself instantly, exactly eight inches to the right of Ernest’s chair – an easy reach. Folding her still-shackled wrists behind her neck, she stood at attention just as she had for the application of the vibrators. No corps de ballet hit its marks better than the girls who worked at T&T.

“Would sir like for me to join Jutta in her service,” she asked, eyes averted respectfully, “even though I’m not exactly an angel.”

“That is my intention, but I think I’d like to torture you a bit first.”

Sheila did her best to conceal a small smile.

“I’m very torturable, sir. Ma’am says I’m sensitive in all the right places. That’s why I’m usually first to test any new product from the company.”

Ernest had no doubt Sheila was the woman for the job. He signaled to Cassandra to remove the cuffs so Sheila could fold her arms behind her

“Good then,” he instructed. “You will remain as you are and not budge a millimeter whatever I do to you. I’m going to ask you some questions because I like questioning girls this way.”

Sheila stiffened her posture even more.

“Understood, sir.”

Reaching between Sheila’s open thighs, Ernest took hold of the inflation bulb attached to the plug up her ass.

“You were rather mean to your little friend here with this device. How many times did you pump it inside her?”

“Four, sir.”

Reaching down to take Jutta by the hair, he pulled her off his cock for a moment.

“I imagine you’re quite aware of its presence inside you even now.”

“It makes itself felt quite insistently, sir.”

Ernest said he imagined it to be a bit uncomfortable.

“Jutta doesn’t mind suffering a little for sir’s enjoyment,” Jutta said with a slightly ironic expression. “She finds it a test of her ability to process more than one sensation at a time.”

“Not hard to imagine who inspired that interest,” Ernest said, motioning toward the silo with his head.

“Ma’am and I went to the same school,” Jutta explained. “We studied many things together.”

“I’m sure. Back to work for you.”

Ernest parked Jutta’s mouth on top of his rigid rod, turning his attention to Sheila and the inflator in his hand.

“I presume you know this apparatus well, having tried out the prototype. How many squeezes would it take to produce the same sensations inside you Jutta feels right now?”

“Two more would make me slightly desperate, sir.”

The sudden gasp and strained expression produced by a pair of firm pumps verified Sheila’s assessment. Her long legs trembled a bit, but she did not budge from her stance.

“Does that seem right now?” Ernest asked.

Brows knitted Sheila’s voice came out with a bit of a squeak.

“Very lascivious, sir. It inspires a craving for other sensations in the same area.”

Ernest laughed at this none-too-subtle hint.

“All the more reason to let this thing stretch you a bit longer while I move on to these.”

He reached up and took hold of Sheila’s clamped nipples, pinching them slightly tighter.

“They have been on quite a while. How do you think it will feel when I rearrange them?”

Sheila looked a bit pathetic at that thought. Ernest clearly intended for her to anticipate every move he made.

“The surge of blood back into my nipples always gives me a rush, but putting the clamps back on in a slightly different spot will be especially painful, sir.”

Ernest opened the clamps slowly, producing a brief, high-pitched whine from between Sheila’s gritted teeth.

“They left such deep imprints,” Ernest remarked, massaging the indentations firmly to banish any numbness that might make the next part easier.

Taking Sheila’s generous breasts in hand one at a time, Ernest reapplied the slightly weighted devices almost exactly where they had been before. Even though he closed them slowly, Sheila was already starting to sweat and whimper from the new torment inflicted on the pigmented tissues behind her throbbing buds. Giving the chain between the mechanisms a brief but startling tug, he was satisfied they’d stay put.

“You took that so well I’m inclined to be generous now,” Ernest said somewhat wryly. Sheila wasn’t sure she liked the sound of that, but Ernest was always good as his word when it came girl torturing.

Drawing his hand in a firm but gentle stroke down Sheila’s long torso, he slipped a couple of fingers between her parted legs and began manipulating her bits expertly. Now it really was a challenge to hold still but Sheila held fast, only angling her hips outward slightly to give Ernest better accesses.

Rolling her swollen pearl, still wide awake from the vibrator, between her fleshy lower lips, it didn’t take long to bring her to the begging stage. At first, she merely looked up, mouth open in a silent scream that gave way to desperate, chest-heaving groans.

“You’re even lovelier needy like this,” Ernest observed.

He slipped his fingers past her clit and into her flooded depths, alternately pressing them against her urethral sponge and the thin, drum-tight membrane over the inflated plug.

Though remaining stubbornly in place, Sheila couldn’t help looking down at Ernest in desperation, rightly assuming he’d like what he saw.

“Poor Sheila. What can I give her for taking all this so well?”

Jutta, who had been quite busy finding new areas to lick, nibble and suck between Ernest’s legs, looked up for just a moment to state the obvious.

“Jutta thinks Sheila needs an orgasm or she might be unable to stay where sir wants her.”

“Is that true, Sheila?” Ernest asked.

This released a torrent of entirely sincere babbling in which a few familiar words managed to find their way out, “Please” and “cum” being the most intelligible.

“Why not?” Ernest said, smiling approvingly at Sheila’s genuine, uninhibited exhibitionism in her urgency. “Let’s see if you can do it in place.”

Sheila threw back her head, long tresses flying in every direction and let out a ripping howl so loud the crew turned from their control boards to look. It went on a while, accompanied by much quivering and quaking. When the tidal wave of her orgasm finally began to subside, it seemed senselessly cruel from Ernest’s point of view to make her remain standing.

“Good girl,” he said, offering her his wet fingers to suck clean. “I’m very impressed by your obedience. Now, down on your knees. Show me how well you work and play with others.”

Smiling happily, Sheila dropped to the floor, kissed Jutta on the cheek and made herself useful.

As expected, their teamwork was smooth as ball bearings.

Sheila asked Ernest which of their mouths he preferred to finish in when a loud crackling sound from the monitors turned their attention back to the silo.

When he saw what was going on there Ernest decided he could hold out just a little longer.



Looking over Sheila's shoulder Ernest could see that the entire interior of the silo, the background lighting of which was dimmed for dramatic effect, had suddenly lit up with a shower of blue sparks nearly everywhere metal and Tawny made contact. Ernest knew from experience that static electricity at low amperage posed no real danger to a bare human body. However, with the voltage turned up it could certainly hurt like hell.

Tawny was simultaneously jolted on her reddened nipples from inside the acrylic domes and on her tits outside of them. The wand vibed proved itself capable of stinging like a scorpion while the reciprocating cycle of the dildo ramped up relentlessly. Of course, the ass-hook, now drawn close to the end of the spindle, discharged an extra-hot shot to create an aria of anguish that cascaded from the speakers in a range of high-pitched shrieks and screeches.

The worst of it was the way the highly tuned sensors had detected the instant at which Tawny was in the most sublime paroxysm of her best climax yet, which continued even as the shocks blasted her at every contact point.

Neither Sheila nor Jutta wavered from their posts to look, but Sheila, still recovering from her own last bout of spasms, did notice Ernest's fascinated gaze at the glass enclosure. Jutta also felt him throb inside her gullet. He was clearly taking shameless pleasure in the agony of his hostess. To do less, after all, would make him an unworthy guest. Like those who would ultimately view Robert's expertly cut and polished T&T Video release, Ernest was intended to delight in the always compelling spectacle of a beautiful woman's naked torment.

He, in turn, could see the yearning in Sheila's eyes to share this moment with him. Why not? She'd been such an obedient girl when he'd forced her orgasms he couldn't deny her, but he could exact a price.

“I’m going to keep my fingers in you while you turn to look,” he warned, “and you’re not to hurry.”

She didn’t. Rotating slowly on the probing axis of Ernest’s internal touch, she felt him massaging the inflated bulb in her rectum, which made her catch her breath, but she executed her turn elegantly, eyes widening at what she saw in the silo.

It wouldn’t be fair to deprive Jutta of the same privilege, but as he had some interest in justice, she too would have to earn it. Lifting her head out of his lap by the hair, he found her a bit teary-eyed, but not from the friction of her cock-sucking.

“Jutta is feeling emotional today and can’t help sharing in ma’am’s ordeal through her screams.”

“That’s very sweet,” Ernest said. “Let me give you some further encouragement.”

He beckoned Cassandra over to lube up Jutta’s tits so she could rub them against his cock while she watched Tawny shaking and arching in her bonds.

As Cassandra hurried over with the steel dispenser, he reminded her to have a care in the application of its slick contents.

“Jutta’s breasts are very tender at the moment.”

Cassandra nodded.

“So are mine, sir. She’ll use it against me later if I take advantage.”

Cassandra gently polished Jutta’s breasts and held them apart so Jutta could settle Ernest’s hard meat between them. All eyes turned to the silo. Inside, the sparks continued to erupt randomly over every inch of Tawny’s sweating, heaving musculature. Each new eruption produced another burst of howls and cries through the mask mic.

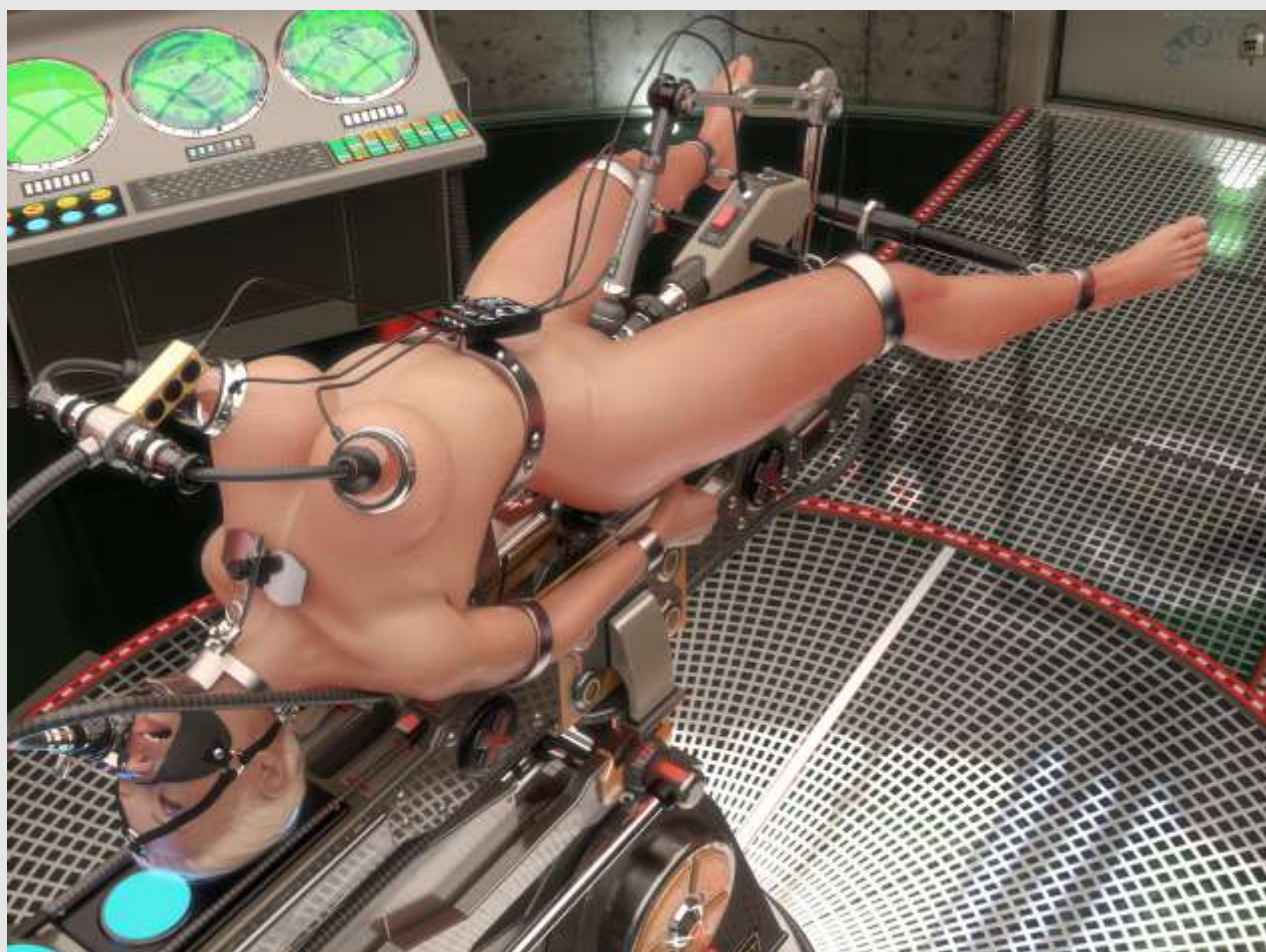
The ass-hook had tightened hard enough to test the flexibility of Tawny’s spine which she cultivated through a daily regimen of stretching exercises for just this kind of hard use. The tightness of her lean sinews was visible even at a distance. It would be even more obvious in the close-ups captured by the roving cameras.

A cloud of sexual effluvia seeming to emanate from the silo began to permeate the studio – a mixture of ozone from the lightning storm of static electricity, vented fumes from the solution covering the platform floor, pain sweat from Tawny’s tortured flesh rising out the top of the containment and estrogen from a roomful of excited girls.

Ernest, for whom olfactory stimulation was a powerful aphrodisiac, reached down to squeeze Jutta’s cleavage tightly around him, giving her clamps a little tweak. She sniffled and moaned and rubbed her face into his broad chest.

“Jutta loves machine sex so much she can’t help wishing to take ma’am’s place, Sir.”

Sheila shook her head slowly.



“They tried many of the sub-systems on me first,” she explained. “I liked most of them, but all of them together at full power? I don’t think I’d be as brave. Even though I know it wouldn’t do any good I’d be pleading for mercy by now.”

Kassandra, bending down to drizzle an additional rivulet of liquid silicone down Jutta’s cleavage, snorted at that notion.

“No one has ever heard you plead for mercy, only for more,” she said in an ironic tone. She told Ernest that Sheila’s idea of fun was giving a foot-job after having her arches caned.

“I’m not sure I’ve ever been in a room so crowded with masochists,” Ernest observed. “It’s quite intoxicating, especially with all the sounds and smells to remind us of the fact.”

He was just beginning to consider the next act of his delightful sideshow when something he hadn’t expected at all happened inside the silo, something that even in his aroused state, produced a wave of alarm.

No, he wasn’t prepared for this part

The sexy feminine synthesized voice, which had been largely silent except to announce the time in quarter hours, echoed through the studio.

“Attention please. Temporary sensory overload detected. All systems deactivated.”

Ernest, who had seen more than his share of unconscious women over the years, had not the slightest doubt that Tawny was out cold. Though the silo lights had dimmed and the wall displays, except those for Tawny's vitals, had gone dark, the utter stillness of Tawny's previously writhing and twisting anatomy, her glazed eyes and her wide-open mouth leaking saliva from the corners definitively confirmed his diagnosis.

Ernest put a hand on Jutta's shoulder to signal a halt in the tit-job she was giving him and though he still had Sheila hooked with his fingers he was no longer moving them. He shot a quick, concerned glance over at Robert, who was too intent on the instruments at the monitor table to meet his gaze.

"This is a somewhat disturbing development," Ernest said gravely. "Perhaps we should open the containment and have a closer look."

Sheila and Jutta both stared at him with puzzled expressions.

"That would defeat the purpose of everything, sir," Jutta said with alarm. "Machine sex is meant to explore the design limits of both human and automated engineering."

"It would appear that goal has been achieved."

Ernest's tone had gone from grave to grim. It briefly occurred to him that he might be in the presence of mad people and witness to their madness pushed to a dangerous extreme. This was not the story he intended to take away from today's visit.

Seeing his worried expression, Sheila asked permission to explain. It was granted eagerly.

"Sir, this is how the apparatus is meant to work. It constantly monitors her condition and reacts in a feedback loop. For as long as ma'am's essential functions remain stable, it will continuously intensify her stimulation until a limit is reached. When she ceases to respond it will stop immediately and go into refractory mode. Right now, the oxygen feed to her mask is being enriched and the ambient temperature is warming. The head-down position will assist her intracranial circulation."

Ernest looked down at Jutta somewhat skeptically. He pointed at Sheila.

"Does she always talk like that or is she quoting from the instruction manual?"

"She wrote the instruction manual, sir."

That settled that.

Sheila smiled at him.

"I'm not just another pretty face, sir."

He called this a profound understatement.

She nodded toward the silo.

"Watch now, sir."

Sure enough, Tawny's breathing, audible from the studio speakers, was still heavy but had slowed noticeably. Her eyes were fully open and roving around the room. Ernest was sure he detected a hint of a smile under Tawny's mask. Her hips began to sway, agitating the now stationary intruders lodged in her passages.

This was evidently the signal.

"Reset complete," said the computer voice. "Subject has regained full sensory awareness. All system operations will reengage."

The lighting in the silo came back up and the wall displays reappeared. The hissing, humming and whirring of hydraulic and mechanical components grew louder as each element of automation came back online, ramping up rather faster than Ernest would have expected. It wasn't long before Tawny began undulating and moaning again, headed back up the trail toward the next peak. To judge by the noises and half-formed words gasped into Tawny's mask, the climb would be steep despite the terrain already crossed.

The moment of alarm having passed and the greater agenda now moving forward again, Ernest could see no reason not to resume the pursuit of his own.

He pointed to the floor.

"Very well then, break time is over. Back to work you lazy sluts."

Jutta and Sheila shared a giggle as they sank to their knees in front of Ernest's chair. A tense air of crisis has given way to an abandoned air of pure voluptuous sensualism, as it so often did in Ernest's unpredictable pursuit of the unexpected.

Six sockets, four of them open and one connector. That was the rude math confronting Ernest at his return to the chair. Jutta and Sheila, on their knees once more, bought him some time to weigh it while making sure the slightly unsettling events of the past few moments hadn't dampened his enthusiasm any.

He shared their surprise at finding him harder than ever as Sheila passed his shaft back and forth between their hot, wet mouths. She cradled his balls while feeding it to Jutta, who licked them delicately when it was Sheila's turn.

While a bit surprised at his own stamina and self-control to this point, Ernest knew a moment of decision approached inexorably. Not surprisingly Sheila put the question into murmured words first.

"How would sir have us for his completion?"

She'd already offered him her ass, which was tempting but would require the removal of her plug, which he was disinclined to do while it still had other uses. Excellent results would surely ensue if the girls continued as they were but that would likely be a messy business. The arithmetic led to a clear solution.

"First, I would like you to demonstrate your lap-dancing skills while Jutta sucks your clit. Then I would have Jutta take your place facing me so I can savor giving a bound girl's insides a good flooding."

No need for flowery language at a time like this. What is needed and expected from a dominant are firm intentions and clear instructions. Having received the latter, the girls smiled at each other and bent down gracefully, touching their foreheads to the floor to indicate their understanding of the former.



Rising gracefully in her tall boots, Sheila turned her back to Ernest, giving her smoothly upholstered rump a playful wriggle, and impaled herself slowly on a very rigid stake. Though the inflated plug slightly narrowed the channel, passage would have been unhurried regardless. Stopping every inch or so, she treated him to her impressive capability for isolating her internal muscle groups.

“My but you’re good at that,” he complimented.

Settling in for a favorite treat, Jutta explained.

“In training our Obedience Belts put us through exercise periods twice daily for half an hour. When we tighten our pelvic floor, it gives us a pleasant throbbing vibration. If we relax for more than ninety seconds, it delivers a mean little shock.”

“I helped develop the routine,” Sheila added proudly.

“And was first to try it as always,” Ernest said with a smile as she settled all the way down on him, nimbly tossing her long legs over the arms of the chair.

“Do you think it was effective, sir?” she asked coyly.

Winding up a fistful of Sheila’s long hair, he pulled her back against his chest for a lingering kiss as she began to swirl her hips.

“Devastatingly,” Ernest concluded as she executed another round of contractions.

Jutta, meanwhile, had found her way to Sheila’s hot-button, which she admired a moment before taking it between her practiced lips.

“My, Sheila, it’s so erect.”

“Clearly needs attention,” Ernest suggested, just before it disappeared under Jutta’s tender ministrations. Sheila exhaled a loud moan, grinding her pelvis down harder on Ernest’s cock.

“Don’t stop,” he cautioned, reaching around her torso to give her clamps a light tug. Sheila took in a short, sharp breath without losing her rhythm.

“These aren’t going numb, are they?”

“No sir, they still hurt. Could you please do that again?”

Taking her breasts in his hands, he gave them a serious squeeze.

“Please, sir, don’t let go! I’m getting close again.”

Hearing this, Jutta’s head movements speeded up and Ernest heard her slurping get louder.

Sheila’s bouncing and squirming grew increasingly frantic, much to Ernest’s delight.

“Oh, Sir,” she whimpered into his ear. “This pitiful bitch in heat begs for permission to have just one more.”

Permission granted, Sheila sat up straight, hammering down onto him in a mad frenzy, a torrent of squeals and cries pouring from the depths of her lungs. Her face flushed bright red. she fell back against Ernest's broad rib cage and gasped out her expressions of gratitude.

Ernest's hands swept lightly down Sheila's sweaty torso, carefully avoiding the metalwork still biting her breasts. He whispered in praise in her ear for the fine rider she'd turned out to be as his hands found their way to Jutta's face.

"I think it best that we give our sweet Jutta her reward. Don't you agree?"

"Of course, Sir," she replied, bending down to taste herself on Jutta's kiss.

"Thank you for the attention. You were very nice to me."

Jutta grinned up at her.

"Next time you'll remember this and be extra nice to Jutta."

Promising she would, Sheila carefully brought her legs together, lifting herself slowly off Ernest's gleaming knob, she turned to give it one final lick before standing up with just a hint of unsteadiness.

"Where would you like me now, sir?" she asked.

"What would you suggest?" he replied.

"I make an excellent pillow, sir."

Knowing a good idea when he heard it, Ernest slid forward in the chair so Sheila could climb in behind him. Resting his head on her soft bosom, he confirmed that she was most comfortable to lie on.

Knowing what was expected, Jutta stood and came forward, straddling Ernest from the front. Without the use of her hands to steady herself she still executed the maneuver smoothly, relying on the strength of her toned legs and a bit of assistance from Ernest taking hold of her backside to ease her down. He wasn't entirely gentlemanly about it, taking the opportunity to push in on the base of Jutta's inflated plug.

"Once you're inside, sir, Jutta would be glad to take one more pump."

How could he refuse her? Holding her lower lips apart for easy entry, Ernest felt the same astonishing localized constrictions he'd experienced with Sheila. This was clearly a house specialty. Her knees didn't so much as tremble while she lowered herself onto him. Fucking him while standing with legs spread wide around the chair would be a challenge, but good exercise, as Jutta herself observed once in position.

To prove the point, she began raising and lowering herself, slowly at first, which was more difficult for her broad stance. She was grateful for all the squats she did in her daily workout.

"My, what a wet girl you are," Ernest remarked.

"Never felt her when she wasn't," Sheila chuckled from behind.

“It’s true, sir,” Jutta agreed, hanging her head in playful embarrassment. “She leaks from the bottom like a milk carton.”

“I’m sure you wouldn’t have it any other way,” Ernest said, wrapping his hands around her ribcage to help set the pace for her gliding up and down on him.

Sheila kissed the top of Ernest’s bald dome and whispered in his ear.

“Just look at her, Sir. Isn’t she an adorable little fuck-doll? Did you ever see such a perfect physique? And those eyes, so wide and innocent even when she’s wide open and penetrated to the bottom. Isn’t it just divine how she milks you with her sweet, tight little pussy? You know she’s really feeling that plug now but she never complains. And she’s so soft inside, like liquid velvet. Don’t you want to fill her up with your hot seed? I just know she’ll cum when she feels sir explode inside her.”

That did it. All through Sheila’s soliloquy he’d felt his pulse rising. There was no denying the insistent throbbing of his cock buried in Jutta’s constricting depths. Rare and illusive is the simultaneous orgasm, more often sought than found. And yet it was clearly about to happen. All three of them knew it. Jutta’s eyes widened even further as her chest rose and fell ever more rapidly, the unmistakable pre-climactic redness spreading over it while she pumped away faster and faster, Ernest rising to meet her time after time.

As predicted, the storm broke over them in perfect synchronicity, Jutta freezing in position when she felt the first burst hit her cervix.

“Thank you, Sir!” she trilled. “Thank you for fucking Jutta so well. Thank you for using her so sweetly.”

Ernest threw back his head and let out a vulpine howl so loud and feral everyone in the studio stopped what they were doing to look. Robert, who had been anticipating this for some time, had a camera in position to capture this moment for all time. Whatever service the footage might ultimately serve, it was most certainly history making.

When the storm finally passed, Jutta carefully slipped free of Ernest’s grasp and sank to the floor to suck him clean and dry. Stroking her hair with one hand, he pulled Sheila’s collar ring closer so he could turn his head and kiss her. For a moment, right in the midst of the larger drama in progress around them, the three of them occupied their own little bubble of intimacy, smiling, exhausted and entirely satisfied.

Standing very close to Ernest Sheila did up his fly. Down below Jutta deftly laced his boots. Both were still naked and clamped but an odd normality had returned to the trio.

“So, Friday night works for both of you?” Sheila confirmed.

“I’d be delighted,” Ernest replied.

“Jutta texted Peter from the Robert’s phone. He sends greetings and welcomes you both,” Jutta added without looking up from her task.

The sexy-voiced computer spoke over their conversation.

“Attention, please. All systems to maximum in three minutes.”

Jutta and Sheila exchanged an urgent look Ernest fully understood.



“Side by side please,” he said, making a rising gesture with his hands as they stood up, arms touching, and offered their tortured tits for removal of the clamps they’d been able to endure so long only because of Ernest’s periodic relocations. This time he opened them slowly, slipping off one from each girl twice and handing them to Cassandra. The girls made “ouchy” faces before rubbing their aching nips together and giggling. Both gave Ernest a kiss on the cheek before sprinting away to their stations for the finale.

“They do bounce nicely,” Robert said, startling Ernest from his erotic reveries. He’d appeared at Ernest’s elbow without making a sound.

Ernest remarked that they did everything nicely.

“That was quite the impressive opening act,” Robert concluded, doing a slow clap. “Most ably directed. Makes me wonder why you gave up making erotic films for such an esoteric occupation.”

Every word was freighted with a meaning only the two of them could fully comprehend, as was Ernest’s cryptic response.

“Seen Marvin anywhere about?”

“Recently, somewhat to my surprise.”

The voice from above called off the next minute.

“How was he?”

“Pessimistic.”

Ernest grinned at the thought of their mechanical friend’s gloomy prognostications.

“At least something in the universe remains constant.”

“More pessimistic than usual.”

Ernest’s grin faded quickly.

“That can’t be good.”

Robert checked his watch. He invited Ernest to join him at the monitor station to watch the attendant girls form a circle around the silo just behind the camera line. The booms and jibs made another over their heads, providing Robert with a 360-degree feed as he toggled the monitors among them.

The long-awaited moment was clearly at hand.

Ernest tried to imagine what Tawny must be feeling by now. Her expression was an inscrutable mask of conflicting reactions. All around her, the wall displays were clearly upcycling, the overhead lights returning to their maximum brightness.

The computer counted down the last minute aloud while the frame tilted up once more to invert its captive almost completely. The suspense was palpable in the humid air of the studio. Not a sound came from anyone but Tawny, her ragged respiration echoing through the vast vaulted chamber. Her face may have been unreadable, but her body eloquently reflected the ascendancy toward the last and highest summit.

Every inch of her surface area glistened with perspiration, shining droplets running down from the hollows where it pooled. Her concave belly heaved in the confines of the steel belt in short, sharp repetitions. Her feet pointed straight out and her balled fists strained against the implacable steel cuffs. The constant suction and intermittent shocks had left her nipples medium-rare red.

To the extent her fetters would allow, she rocked back and forth in time to the increasingly rapid thrusts of the plunging dildo in her pussy. Her butt-cheeks clenched repeatedly at each new escalation of involuntary internal contractions triggered by the ass-hook.

Ernest wondered how many orgasms a woman, even an exceptionally strong woman with a nuclear-powered libido, could have in a continuous cascade.

“It’s proved a rather daunting metric to establish, Robert said, reading Ernest’s mind as if it were the front page of *The Gazette*, another skill he practiced sparingly as needed. “At some point they merge into a single response pattern that may vary a bit, but those variations are difficult to classify, given the constant processing of mixed sensations.”

Suitably opaque as usual. Based on that assessment, Tawny might be kept in orgasmic stasis indefinitely. Somehow, Ernest didn’t think that would constitute the kind of dramatic finish Tawny had gone through so much to achieve. There must be definitive conclusion all these devices were keyed to produce.

He didn’t have to wait long for it. The system had already demonstrated one capability that seemed to potentiate all the others.

Just as Tawny hung on the edge, sounding increasingly desperate through the audio monitors, a single explosion of blue sparks, this time targeted exclusively to the areas between her open thighs, erupted from the wand, dildo and ass-hook simultaneously.

Tawny went completely stiff, eyelids twitching, a single keening wail from somewhere deep inside her ripping through the heavy silence of the astonished observers. It went on and on, growing louder with each new burst of static charges.

Ernest wondered if this new attack on Tawny's senses might produce another swoon, but no. Instead, she managed to form a single, perfectly understandable word.

“YESSSS ...!”

The air of anticipation was thick as the musk of recent sex among the half-dozen closest observers gathered in a semi-circle around the silo. Sheila and Jutta, already stripped for action, hadn't bothered to dress at all and Ernest just minimally so. Cassandra stood on tiptoe, literally ready to spring. Their fascinated curiosity was clearly visible in their reflections from the silo's curved walls. Only Robert seemed altogether composed, as usual.

“No rush, my friends,” he reassured them. “The system must purge the silo of volatile aerosols and vacuum-drain the solution from the platform floor. It's going to be a minute before we can get close to her.

In the meantime, they could look, wondering in what haze of sensory overload they would find Tawny floating after the machinery finished shutting down. Already the wall displays had begun to dim along with the overhead lighting.

Ernest was equally curious about that and not entirely sure of what he was already seeing. The sensation was not unfamiliar, given his line of work, but the visual evidence here was unusually persuasive. Though still shiny in spots Tawny's sweat had already begun to dry. The vermilion flush had gradually receded, her sleek surfaces regaining their normal uniform rosy hue. Most remarkably. Tawny's breathing, so furious just moments ago, seemed to be settling into slow, deliberate inhalations.

Despite the relentless and prolonged sensory bombardment the machine had used to strip her of her physical autonomy in the most invasive manner, Tawny appeared to be regaining her own control of her body just as the algo rhythms of the system surrendered theirs. The last phase of the system's operations would be purely as hardware, signaled by the whine of servos when the frame began slowly leveling Tawny out of her nearly inverted position.

She twitched a bit here and there during the process but a quick glance at the vital sign displays confirmed that Tawny's pulse was slowing and her blood pressure was normal. Brainwave activity, registered by colorful bouncing bars that had danced frantically when the apparatus was operating, was evening out as well.



For one unforgettable moment the lifters brought Tawny face to face with the mesmerized onlookers just outside the containment. She was a spectacular sight, rigidly frozen at the height of her most seismic climax. With her back still brutally arched by the action of the ass-hook, her front was presented at maximum lewdness. Her red-capped breasts were thrust up and forward and her working parts, which did appear to have been working pretty hard, were fully on display between her long, widely spread legs.

Due to the unyielding platform collar her head was still held up and back so it wasn't yet possible to look into her eyes, something Ernest was eager to do. Thus, for the moment she was essentially a living sculpture, until to their collective astonishment, she smiled at them affectionately. Her slightly cum-drunk voice from the mask mic was a bit raspy from all the screaming but quite clear.

"Hope you all enjoyed the show, my darlings. I know I did."

This brought an instant round of applause.

The computer indicated the moment would not last long.

“Purge cycle completed. Containment breach in ten seconds,” it said.

Robert turned to Ernest.

“I presume you’ll be joining us on the platform.”

“If I’m welcome.”

Robert cocked an eyebrow.

“I’d think that was broadly clear at this point.”

Sheila and Jutta had a giggle at that.

With a puff of outrushing air, the plexiglass shield began to rise as the mechanism lowered Tawny supine. Cassandra, Sheila and Jutta ducked under and rushed in, eager to get Tawny loose as quickly as possible.

“I’ll take on retracting that ass-hook,” Sheila said.

“Jutta knows the rack-vack array best,” Jutta added.

“That leaves the vibrator and dildo for me as soon as we get it all decoupled from the system controls.”

Robert and Ernest hung back a moment while they deployed at the control panels, seeing to the withdrawal of the components still lodged internally.

“How many orgasms do you think she had?” Ernest asked.

“The counter from her pelvic sensors only counted the first twenty discretely. After that they were apparently continuous, though of varying strength.”

“I don’t think she set out to break any records, but she just might have,” Ernest mused. He started to step onto the platform, stopping when he felt Robert’s hand on his shoulder.

“A moment, please, before you get in there and start asking questions.”

Ernest turned to confront Robert’s level gaze.

“You’ve put it together, haven’t you?” he asked.

“More or less,” Ernest admitted. “There are still pieces missing from the puzzle, but the pattern seems clear. Ironically, it was Tawny’s performance that convinced me. She really is miraculously capable. Somebody needs her for that regarding a very important matter. I don’t think she’ll let them down.”

“What do you intend to do with what you’ve found out today?”

Robert had actually managed to sound a bit concerned.

“I’m going to make it go away, Ernest said. “Have you ever heard the phrase ‘catch and kill?’”

“Isn’t that what you call it when you scoop a story and then bury it for whatever reason?”

"I know you have a lot of editing to do for the production, but I'd be very grateful if you could send me a download of the footage I'm in as soon as possible."

"I'll have it to you by noon, though I'm still a little surprised you would want to create a visual record of your romp with the girls. We have releases on file for them of course, but I didn't expect you to ask for one. Thinking of going back to your old line of work?"

Ernest sighed.

"I did feel a moment of nostalgia for it but I'm afraid this is a one-time performance. Speaking of performances, let's go congratulate our star."

Robert and Ernest climbed up and went to join the others on the platform, where the process of separating Tawny from her boldest creation was just getting started.

Per Robert's instructions to start at the top, the mask came off first, straps falling away from Tawny's face as Cassandra deftly released the buckles. With each sub-system needing to be taken off-line before Tawny could be liberated from the apparatus the platform was a whirlwind of activity. At its center, Ernest found himself briefly alone with Tawny, looking directly down into her eyes, which were neither glazed nor remote as he'd expected to find them. She seemed remarkably alert and surprisingly at ease.

Ernest regretted not having his pen and pad in hand to transcribe Tawny's first words after being unmasked, even though he knew that redundant recording devices were preserving everything in various media. To Ernest, nothing was ever quite real until the ink dried.

He did have his own onboard memory in which every detail of this somewhat surreal moment would be indelibly inscribed. Tawny blinked up at him a couple of times, sighed deeply and smiled.

"Wow," she said breathily, "that was awesome. I definitely have to do it again."

Ernest burst out laughing. He gestured toward the work gang pushing buttons and snapping switches at the control boards.

"Shall I go tell them to turn it all back on?"

Hard to believe a person in Tawny's position could giggle, but she did, her stomach muscles rippling lightly.

"Maybe we should let the machinery cool down first. Wouldn't want to break it."

This time they both laughed.

"I would like to enjoy this position a little longer," Tawny said.

Ernest's eyebrows shot up.

"Are you sure? I'm a bit concerned about your back."

"It will be fine. I'll get a nice massage from Cassandra later. Right now, I'd prefer to bask in my delirium for as long as possible."



Ernest bowed his head in respect.

“Of course.”

Turning around at the sound of approaching footsteps, he saw Robert and his platoon of helpers heading Tawny’s way. They stopped in their tracks when he held up his hand.

“Ms. Tomsen requests to be left as she is a bit longer while you review the data.”

Robert rolled his eyes.

“I suppose I shouldn’t be surprised by now. As madame wishes.”

He gathered the others in a quick huddle to issue new instructions. Ernest turned back toward Tawny.

“How much longer?”

Tawny jiggled the tiny bit the restraints allowed.

“I think I’m good for another half hour.”

Ernest pulled his watch from the waist pocket of his trousers, tapping one of its numerous pushers to start the timing function. He showed it to Tawny.

“Another thirty minutes it is. I doubt Robert will let me buy you anymore.”

Tawny thanked him.

“The least I could do after all you’ve shared with me. Shall I give you some privacy to savor the highlights?”

“In my current situation the concept of privacy seems sort of ... relative. But thank you for being such a gentleman about it.”

Ernest chuckled at that notion.

“Under the circumstances the concept of being a gentleman is also rather elastic. Back in thirty.”

Ernest bent down to kiss Tawny on the forehead before setting off in search of Robert. He wasn’t hard to find. The medical displays were back up and he was watching them intently.

“How long does she want?” he asked without turning around as Ernest joined him.

“I said you’d only give her half an hour.”

“We’ll see. If her stats remain strong there’s no reason to interfere. A lot went into creating all this. Might as well take full advantage.”

Ernest pondered that.

“To ask a tediously reporter-like question, how much did all this cost.”

“As a privately held corporation T&T enterprises does not release project budgets, but obviously a production of this magnitude is not inexpensive. It’s not the extravagant indulgence it may appear either.”

“How is that?”

“There will be immediate revenues from the broadcast itself. I expect with the planned promotional blitz that includes your newspaper piece we’ll have quite a viewership. Then there are the derivative consumer products Sheila and her team will develop from these prototypes. Demand should be substantial.”

Robert stroked his chin while crunching numbers in his head.

“I would estimate an R.O.I. of at least two hundred percent. I believe she has plans to invest it in an even more ambitious venture.”

Ernest understood the implication. Impressive as today’s performance had been, it was only a part of a much larger plan.

They looked over at Tawny, still relaxed in her absolute immobility.

“Per aspera ad astra,” Ernest pronounced.

“Exactly,” Robert confirmed. “But I think we’ve had enough aspera for now.”

Both men consulted their pocket watches together, noticed each other doing so and smiled.”

“I rarely have occasion to say this, but I believe we have some things in common,” Ernest said.

“A distinct possibility,” Robert agreed.

He turned to the rest of the group.

“Time is called. Let’s get moving.”

Pausing to give Ernest a quick smooch on each cheek, Sheila and Jutta trotted off after Cassandra and Robert to release Tawny at last.

Ernest knew that he would soon go from asking questions to answering them.



Tawny stretched out in the steaming scented waters of the big marble tub in the luxurious bathroom adjoining her office. For a long moment she was completely submerged, her blonde hair swirling over her face like a golden cloud. She surfaced shaking out big droplets and rubbing her eyes.

“Togan’s going to have his work cut out for him to make me presentable for my lead-in with Aletessa.”

Ernest was surprised Tawny hadn’t shot that first.

“How could I talk about the experience before I’d had it?”

It was a good point. Tawny’s body, which she’d doubtless selectively expose during the intro, bore some visible evidence of what she’d put herself through. There were dark, pink bands where the restraints had pressed into her flesh. The outlines of the mask showed on her face. Her nipples were still red and puffy.

Even with her long legs closed her pussy was visibly chafed and swollen. Still, considering everything, she was remarkably undamaged.

“So, what was your conclusion, Mr. Greene?” she asked, pushing a bondage harnessed rubber duck around the tub with her toes.

“That I’d never witnessed a more astonishing display of sexual stamina.”

“Quite a compliment considering the source. Would you mind washing my back? I’ve been marinated in sweat and lube.”

She didn’t wait for an answer, tossing Ernest a big sea sponge which he plucked from mid-air without even looking up.

“I’m surprised you don’t have the girls in here doing this,” he said.

Tawny yawned.

“I’m not ready to be fussed over yet. Besides, I wanted a moment alone with you before the Beauty Brigade moves in.”

“How do you feel?” he asked unbuttoning and rolling up the right sleeve of his coat before dipping the sponge.

“Tired and hungry. Sore in a few places. I’ll sleep well tonight. Though thinking back on certain moments, I do find myself a trifle horny.”

Ernest laughed.

“You’re truly insatiable.”

“Not really,” Tawny replied. “Tomorrow when I’m rested, I know Berseh will do her best to remind me that what I get from her no machine could provide. Then I’ll be satisfied.”

Ernest worked the sponge up and down her spine in slow circles. Tawny sighed.

“Divine. I can’t decide whether the ass-hook was harder on my spine or inside me. That thing is wicked. I’ll have to give it another try in private after a few adjustments. I really couldn’t see what was going on over there, but I take it you had a good time too.”

“Splendid,” Ernest pronounced. “The company was perfectly adorable.”

Tawny raised an eyebrow.

“On the way up here, Sheila told me the two of you are having dinner at Jutta and Peter’s next week. I think she rather fancies you.”

“The feeling is mutual.”

“Why not? You’re both a bit mad, aren’t you?”

"You'd be the one to know, wouldn't you?"

Tawny shrugged.

"Never bothered to deny it. I'm sure you'll all have a wonderful time. Peter's a great cook and dessert will definitely be ... very sweet."

Tawny took the sponge from Ernest to wash under her breasts.

"Robert says you were quite insistent on signing all the legal releases. According to him you specifically requested a copy of the footage showing you being a naughty man. I wouldn't imagine you intend to distribute it commercially."

"No, it's for a very small, select audience."

"Consisting of one person who wears oak leaves on her shoulders."

"Which she'd like to turn into eagles, perhaps even stars."

Tawny moved the sponge slowly down her taut abs, cringing slightly when it arrived between her thighs.

"You told me something in confidence that I consider off the record," Ernest said.

"And you'll use the video to make sure it stays that way," Tawny concluded. She tapped Ernest's forehead with her index finger.

"Busy in there, isn't it?"

Ernest pondered his answer for a moment.

"In my work there are always contradictory considerations. The value of a good story must be balanced against the cost of circulating it. I have no more idea what you're really doing with that spacecraft now than I had when I got here. Nevertheless, I'm certain it's more important than any use the knowledge of it might be to Major Carlson. I'm sure in due course there will be full disclosure. Until then, I intend to bury what I might know in prurient sensationalism. The video will disappear, but I will write a candid account of your shoot for The Gazette, which was the stated event I was invited to cover. Everything in the story will be truthful but not everything truthful will be in the story."

"You know a stunt like this would get you fired from any normal newspaper."

"Fortunately, The Gazette is no more normal than anything else around here. Besides, I have a friend on the board of directors to protect me from the consequences of my situational ethics."

Tawny extended her hand and Ernest took it.

"Elrola told me you could be trusted," she said. "Now I see why. Thank you for your discretion, Mr. Greene."

He flashed her one of those rare, enigmatic smiles.

"Thank you for your hospitality, Ms. Tomsen. It's been a most enlightening day."



The buff young NCO who admitted Ernest to Major Clarkson's office didn't linger in the doorway. Staring at the polished reel Robert had cut from the raw footage of Ernest's dalliance in Tawny's studio the expression of shock and fury on the major's face briefly caused Ernest to wonder if she might spontaneously combust. He had to remind himself that this was physically impossible.

Whirling on Ernest, who had quietly slipped in to watch over her shoulder, she glared up at him and pointed an accusatory finger at the small screen.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded in her best parade-ground bark.

Ernest shrugged.

"It seems somewhat self-explanatory."

Ernest hadn't bothered to pack his best manners, doubting they'd be needed.

The major slapped the laptop shut with a loud clack.

"I'll tell you what you're doing. You're making yourself completely radioactive as an intel source and making me look like a complete fool!"

Ernest's tone was calm and even by contrast.

"You shouldn't be so hard on yourself, major. I'm sure you did a thorough background check on me. Nonetheless you recruited me to spy on my employer, who happens to be this town's most celebrated citizen, infiltrate my own company and provide you with confidential information regarding civilians. It was a black-bag job you could disavow if necessary. Now you can because it is."

She stood up straight, kicked her wheeled chair out of the way and got right in his face.

"If the assignment so offended your moral sensibilities why did you take it?"

"For the same reason I do most things. I was curious to see where it might lead. I wanted to know what Tawny was up to and what business it was of yours. Unfortunately, I haven't come up with much on either subject."

"But you did manage to get yourself laid and make a visual record of it."

She turned from him in disgust and began to pace, her voice hard and cold.

"Whatever little you might have to tell me now, I'd regard with more than the usual skepticism. To say this compromat calls your objectivity into question rather understates it."

Ernest sat on the edge of her desk, took out a red and black silk handkerchief and wiped his glasses.

"Granted the optics limit my usefulness. I'm really not a man who would cover up a serious security issue in return for some fun with a pair of lovely swallows, but I can see how you might think otherwise. Do you care to hear what little I was able to find out or should I just fuck off?"

She pondered his offer.

"It's tempting. Go ahead and make your report. A word of truth might slip out by accident."

Ernest shook his head.

"There was no there there. I was obviously expected, which should probably concern you but that's your problem. They kept me very busy all day and as far away from anything concerning transorbital vehicles as possible. During my few moments of privacy with Tawny I did manage to confront her about the ground-camera footage. After some playful misdirection, she owned having flown an experimental craft loaned to her by friends. It seems Ms. Tomsen's enthusiasm for things that go fast is well-known.

Major Clarkson stopped pacing and started listening. It seemed a word of truth had already slipped out, maybe more than one.

"Friends? What kind of friends have spaceships to loan out?"

"Unfortunately, the conversation never got more specific, but she did assure me that the technology involved was single-use and had no military application. I found that plausible. To answer your question, I doubt Tawny has friends who would let her take a weapons platform for a joyride. Once I'd determined that I elected to remove myself from the equation."

The major's temper had finally begun to cool as she faced the facts, or rather the lack of them.

“You certainly did a fine job of that. Is there anything else I have a prayer of knowing?”

Ernest’s demeanor turned even more serious than usual.

“Yes, there is. In much of the world journalists are routinely suspected of spying and to the extent that this is sometimes true it puts all of us in danger. The really incriminating evidence against me is on the surveillance feed that shows me walking into this office. My only legitimate purpose here would be to interview you, which I somehow regard as unlikely at this point. I would strongly suggest that if you want to know more about Tawny Tomsen’s activities you consider asking her directly. I think you’d find her candor refreshing. I know I did.”

For a long beat, Major Abigail Clarkson just looked at him.

“You’re not at all what I expected, Mr. Greene,” she said at last.

“I get that a lot,” he replied.

Unexpectedly like the sun breaking through the clouds, she smiled at him.

“I suppose you’d like your flash drive back,” she said, turning toward her closed laptop. Ernest put his hand over it.

“Keep the drive as a souvenir. I have a backup copy.”

“Will I regret asking what you intend to do with that?”

“I plan to show it to some new acquaintances at a dinner party later in the week. Then I’m going to put it in a safe and forget about it.”

The major put out her hand and Ernest took it. Both were smiling now.

“I’ve enjoyed chatting with you, Major,” he said cheerfully.

“It’s certainly been interesting.”

Yes. Interesting.

After Ernest left and she was quite sure no one else was nearby, she locked the door of her office and returned to her desk. When she opened it, her computer still displayed the image on which she’d paused it. Bringing up the control dock, she restarted the program from the beginning. Then she settled into her chair and unzipped her camel-toe tight shorts, slipping a hand underneath the fabric.

The first frame was a medium shot of Tawny in the silo just as she reached yet another orgasmic peak. Ernest’s sideshow was visible in the background, but it was Tawny who caught the major’s attention. She hit pause again so she could linger over the vision of the mystery woman who had stirred up such a commotion at the base that bore her name.

Pausing to close the shades over the big windows overlooking the flightline by remote control, she shed her bottoms completely, dropped back in the chair, put her feet up on the desk and got busy.



Major Abigail Clarkson couldn't imagine what anyone entering her inner office might make of what they saw. She'd locked the door and ordered her aid via intercom to hold all her calls to be sure no one would intrude on the spectacle she'd made of herself, an unlikely prospect that nevertheless added to the heat of the moment. She'd never have considered herself an exhibitionist but her current mode of dress certainly raised the prospect.

All that remained of her uniform was her completely undone shirt, exposing Abigail's anatomy entirely from the neck down. Her auburn hair, usually so meticulously coiffed, fell about her flushed face and bare breasts in an unruly tangle from the repeated tossing of her head. Her nipples stood at rigid attention. Her fingers worked furiously away between thighs flung wide over the arms of her chair. Her huge eyes were round and feverish, her mouth agape as she struggled to hold back her screams. Her heavy breathing and the wet noises from her pussy were the only sounds acin the room as she watched the footage from the studio for the third time.

Like most people, Abigail had a secret. There was a reason why she'd passed Number One in her class on the Escape and Evasion exercise. She'd endured the deliberately sexual aspects of pretending to be a P.O.W. for a few days because she enjoyed them. In fact, she'd managed to get off fairly quietly while being waterboarded naked.

But what she saw on the screen, Ernest's amusements aside, was as far removed from Major Clarkson's raw, rough pleasures in the jungle as the mysterious spacecraft that had started all this was from a hot-air balloon. Watching the complex machinery of the studio work its magic on this fabulous blonde goddess stirred fantasies Abigail never formally acknowledged having. Tawny's absolute immobility, the barrage of powerful sensations washing over her sleek, entirely naked body and her amplified reactions to them lit up Abigail's own circuits in more ways than one.

Part of a small group of female officers in her term at the academy, she was casually bisexual with her friends, but had never openly admitted to them or herself that she had a powerful inclination toward masochism as well. Though she'd opened and shut the laptop several times on first viewing and had hoped that perhaps Ernest would take the flash drive with him, she could no longer keep herself away from it, or from the way she envied Tawny through every one of the effects it produced. If offered to trade places with her she might have forced herself to say no, but one particular part of her would have been screaming "Yes!" in a desperate attempt to overpower her more conventional side.

That side was nowhere in evidence in the privacy of Major Clarkson's office as she worked herself toward yet another shattering climax. It began to dawn on her that she was having them almost synchronously with Tawny's. Could they really have so much in common? The spasms rocking her own trim, athletic body weren't so very different.

It didn't help that Tawny was so obviously enjoying the agony and ecstasy of her erotic passion play, or the general atmosphere of liberated sensuality in the studio overall was so powerfully present with her in the room. What if she'd been there, one of the girls who entertained Ernest or attended Tawny during the performance? Would she have resisted any longer than Ernest before succumbing to the temptations of such an environment?

Throwing back her head once more, letting a scream die silently in her throat, Abigail Clarkson knew the answer. To someone who only half-believed such experiences were even possible in the world the discovery that they were very real and very relevant to her own desires hit her like a tsunami. Feeling the sweat bead on her body, smelling the scent of her own arousal, shaking in every limb, Abigail was too fundamentally honest to reach any other conclusion. She was meeting a new self for the first time.

The same determination that had powered her military career and brought her to the command of Fort Tomsen at an unusually early age now commanded that she deal directly with what she already realized would be a significant change in her life.

Reaching up with one hand she cruelly tweaked and twisted her tits while frantically massaging her favorite internal and external intimate anatomy. Just as the sparks crackled around Tawny on the screen, Abigail went over the edge again. She'd stopped counting now how often that had happened.

Finally, trembling all over and completely spent, she collapsed back into her chair. Staring at the ceiling, she withdrew her fingers from her pussy and sucked on them, tasting her own heat. The major was a lusty lass, but she'd never found her own digits so thoroughly coated in bodily fluids.

Slowly settling back into her more rational self, Abigail wondered how to process these new revelations, and what to do about them. They weren't going away. The bell could not be un-rung. Major Abigail Clarkson, kinky bitch. As her breathing calmed so did her thinking. This was not a development for which she was prepared, nor could she take it on entirely by herself. Now that she admitted to these desires, with whom could she share them? Certainly not anyone at the base. Even her naughty friends might not be ready to know this about her.

Slowly reassembling her uniform with shaking hands, Abigail knew what she needed to do.

There was at least one person in the world who might understand the transformation through which she felt herself going. She knew exactly who that person was and where to find her. The major had many questions. Glancing down at Tawny's image one last time before slapping the computer shut, she was quite certain who could answer them.



From the moment she'd heard Abigail's voice on the phone requesting a meeting Tawny had anticipated the likely outcome. She was quite sure the real substance of the conversation would in no way concern spacecraft or journalists. The major's tone was deferential and a bit hesitant. She needed to see Tawny as soon as possible regarding what Abigail described as a personal matter.

Tawny had met the major before through various charitable activities at the Fort named for Tawny's family, always finding her pleasant, correct and a slightly reticent, as if holding in a secret she feared Tawny might sense. She was not wrong in that conjecture. Tawny was acutely attuned to that little bit of nervousness she knew she inspired in women with whom she shared certain desires that hadn't yet been given the opportunity to emerge.

Knowing that Abigail had seen the video from Tawny's demonstration she knew what sort of visit this would be. Canceling all business for the rest of the day, Tawny went to the closet to pick out something appropriate to meet her visitor. A latex upper body harness that covered little and tall boots to match seemed reliable. She briefly considered something to cover the working parts and then thought better of it. Let Major Clarkson get a good look at the promised land to which Tawny had every intention of inviting her. After all, it wasn't as if Abigail hadn't seen all of Tawny already.

Evidently, she'd liked what she saw.

Tawny settled in behind her desk to wait. She didn't have to wait long.

Major Clarkson, as it turned out, had some game of her own. She didn't show up in her uniform, or in something so obvious as to make plausible deniability impossible if her intentions weren't warmly received.

The blouse was tight, white and sufficiently translucent to reveal the lack of underwear beneath. The skirt was snug and black, stopping just above the knee. Tawny was certain there was nothing under that either. Very tall, closed pumps with a military shine completed the ensemble. It was a classic fetish look that showed off the young officer's many hours at the base gym.

If she was shocked by Tawny's near nudity, she didn't show it, coming directly over for a firm handshake.

"Thank you for seeing me, Ms. Tomsen," she said crisply.

"Since you said it was a personal matter, I thought you might as well see me in a more personal manner. I hope this isn't too forward. I will cover up a bit if it makes you uncomfortable."

The major thought about it a split second.

"Yes, it makes me uncomfortable. Please don't change it on my account."

"In that case," Tawny said, taking a seat on the edge of the desk with her legs open, "perhaps you'd feel more comfortable wearing a bit less also."

"How much less?" Abigail asked with an unexpected smile. This was going well already.

Tawny stroked her chin and pondered a moment, as if giving the question serious thought.

"How about nothing?"

"As you wish."

"I like the sound of that," Tawny said as Abigail unbuttoned her blouse. "So was the entire investigation contrived from that little clip of Berseh and me having our evening flight because you saw something that intrigued you?"

"No, that part was legitimate, at least in its purpose if not in its methods."

Abigail folded her blouse neatly, military style, putting it down on the desk next to Tawny. The skirt followed, what there was to it.

"My suspicions about you, I now realize, may have originated from more conflicted motives."

Tawny couldn't resist pursuing that at least a little further.

"Such as?"

"Let's say when I saw you on the surveillance footage, I felt a certain magnetism that made me uneasy."

Perhaps I was curious about you ... in a less than appropriate way.”

“So you recruited our friend Mr. Greene rather than go through your own channels.”

Standing her heels precisely next to the rest of her outfit, she looked down at the floor, embarrassed but not by her lack of clothing. She assumed a most exposing parade rest.

“I suppose I got what I deserved for that.”

Tawny laughed.

“Let’s see now. Retaining one of my employees to spy on me, infiltrating my corporation, surveilling my perfectly legitimate leisure time activities. Are you sure you’ve gotten all you deserve?”

Regaining some of her composure she addressed Tawny directly.

“I’m not sure what I deserve at this point. But after watching Ernest’s recording, I’m quite sure what I want.”

“Could you be more specific?” Tawny asked. Certain basic things could not be left ambiguous.

“Ms.Tomsen, I want you to use me as you like. I doubt I could take what you did on Ernest’s tape, but I’ve thought it over and I’m game to try my limits. I want to have that experience with you.”

“And that,” said Tawny, “Is precisely what I needed to hear. Shall we seal your consent properly?”

With that,Tawny swung around off the desk and took Abigail in her arms for a long, deep kiss that ended with their bodies plastered together and their hands exploring everywhere.Finally coming up for air, Tawny suggested a trip downstairs in her private elevator might be in order. Moments later Abigail found herself in Tawny’s small, stone-walled play space, a much more compact but nonetheless practical version of the far more capacious dungeon at Tomsen Manor.

“So much time and trouble to get here,” Tawny purred down at Abigail, “when all it took was a simple phone call.” The comely major, naked as she would ever be, moaned softly, her face burrowing into Tawny’s exposed pussy. Wrists cuffed by short chains to the stone floor held Abigail’s arms rigidly behind her. Matching restraints kept her ankles wide apart as she squatted down over the mechanized saddle.

The position didn’t allow her body much movement, but she could and did grind her hips in slow circles, swirling her clit over the ridged, vibrating pad beneath her and impaling herself onto the twin dildoes penetrating both her lower openings. The rather thick prods vibrated also, as well as pumping rhythmically in and out of her. Tawny had carefully adjusted the settings to keep Abigail right on the edge without quite pushing her over.

It was a demanding test of concentration, further intensified by the bite of the clover clamps decorating Abigail’s stretched and swollen nipples. Tawny surmised this one liked a challenge. She certainly rose to it, her soft, pink tongue expertly lapping Tawny’s intimate geography in sync with the cycling of Abigail’s automated perch.

“I believe you’ve done this before,” Tawny observed, draping a booted leg casually around Abigail’s shoulders. Abigail backed her face away just long enough to confirm Tawny’s speculation before returning to her focused efforts.

She certainly wasn't shy about her thirst, sucking and slurping Tawny's juices enthusiastically. A barracks full of robust young female cadets was as good a training ground after lights-out as the drill field was during the day.

Reaching down, Tawny gave the clamp chains a little tug.

"Do these hurt?" she asked.

Abigail paused for a beat to look up into Tawny's blue eyes. Hers were wide and feverish.

"You could make the clamps tighter if you wish, mistress," Abigail said. Tawny settled for a short, sharp tug on the chain between them, inducing a brief gasp.

"Pain adds something, doesn't it?" Tawny asked, stroking Abigail's cheek with a latex-gloved hand.

"I've always craved it," Abigail answered in a hoarse whisper, "but been ashamed to ask."

Tawny dropped down for a moment to meet her gaze.

"Never be ashamed of who you are. This is our nature. You're very beautiful this way."

A single tear dripped from the corner of Abigail's right eye.

"Thank you, mistress," she said tremulously.

Tawny lifted the tear from Abigail's cheek with a rubber-gloved index finger and tasted it.

"Delicious," she said, rising to stand in front of Abigail once again. "Now then, when you finish getting me off, I'll give you your turn."

At that thought a shiver rippled down Abigail's spine. She leaned in deeper, continuing her attention to Tawny's enjoyment. The stone walls soon echoed with the rising volume of Tawny's pre-orgasmic cries and Abigail's tortured moans as she struggled to contain herself until Tawny had finished a long series of chain orgasms. It culminated in a single explosion so powerful Tawny had to grab onto Abigail's shoulders to stay upright.

By now, Abigail was crying softly.

"Please, mistress," she begged. "I can't hold back any longer. I've waited so long for this ... please may I come?"

Tawny lowered herself somewhat unsteadily and wrapped her arms around Abigail, bringing their faces together.

"Yes, Abigail. You can come as many times as you want and when you need this again you will always be welcome here."

Abigail let it all out with a scream loud enough to actually startle Tawny a bit. Clearly, the major had suffered in need for a long time.

Tawny would make sure she would not in the future.



Knowing the way to Tomsen Manor since she and Tawny had sunbathed by the pool there when in school together, Jutta was sent to pick up Ernest after he'd accepted Tawny's somewhat mysterious invitation to visit. She had a surprise for him about which, knowing full well who was on the other end of the call, she had revealed no details. Ernest wasn't exactly the easiest man in the world to surprise. Tawny correctly surmised he wouldn't object to making the unexplained evening drive with Jutta – who had dressed in a short, tight, half-zipped leather jacket and matching skirt for the trip – at the wheel of the lovingly restored red vintage Mustang Tawny had given her for her previous birthday. He hadn't minded a bit when, once the car was in motion, Jutta casually unzipped her jacket the rest of the way and dropped one playful hand in his lap while steering with the other.

Tomson Manor stood at the end of a long, winding drive from a pair of tall stone gates. It was certainly large and impressive but quite welcoming with all the lights on behind the big windows ranged along both floors.

The nights were still warm and Berseh greeted them in a light, low-cut summer dress and high-heeled sandals. She gave Ernest a kiss and a hug before reaching under Jutta's jacket to give the perky brunette's nipples a friendly tweak.

“Were you two being naughty in the car?” Berseh asked in a tone of completely unconvincing disapproval.

“Actually, she was being naughty,” Ernest explained. “I was merely accommodating.”

Jutta tried her best to look guilty.

“Perhaps Jutta needs a spanking,” she suggested.

Berseh rolled her eyes.

“Can’t leave you two alone for a minute. Come and make yourselves at home. Mistress is seeing to some last-minute arrangements. She’ll be right down.”

Last minute arrangements before what? The question passed briefly through Ernest’s mind, but he didn’t bother to ask it.

Instead, his restless curiosity took in the surroundings. The manor was certainly spacious and comfortable but in no way ostentatious, unlike most of the over-decorated palazzos where he’d spent many hours prying secrets out of the entitled classes.

Unlike those monuments to wealth and egotism, it struck him as cheerful – walls and floors done in light colors, furnishings elegant but practical. Though souvenirs of Tawny’s adventures were placed here and there, the oppressive clutter of conspicuous consumption was refreshingly absent.

It was the home of an optimist.

Ernest and Jutta settled into a roomy couch, Jutta snuggling in under Ernest’s arm. Berseh apologized for not offering them drinks.

“Alcohol might not be a good idea for what mistress has planned but I do have some fresh carrot juice in the fridge.”

As Berseh turned toward the kitchen she ran right into Tawny, who breezed in looking casual in snug jeans, tall boots and a tied-off blouse, all black. Without hesitation she took Berseh by the arms and kissed her, long, hard and deep. Then she whispered something in Berseh’s ear that produced a giggle before turning to her guests. There were friendly hugs and kisses for them too. She thanked Ernest for coming on short notice.

“It was an invitation I was unlikely to decline,” he said, glancing over at Jutta.

They all laughed.

Tawny told Berseh the carrot juice would have to wait.

“According to Robert we have a fairly narrow take-off window tonight,” she explained.



That was more than enough information for Ernest to deduce what he was doing there. Because he'd proved his trustworthiness when it counted, Tawny felt safe to give him what he most wanted.

The first of the evening's revelations lay behind a perfectly ordinary door off the tidy basement that served as a wine cellar and home laboratory for Mistress' midnight inspirations. Berseh tried to cover a smile when tawny opened a handsomely carved by otherwise innocuous door.

What lay behind it was an open-cage elevator, just big enough to accommodate four people who liked each other. Leading Ernest in by one hand, Jutta asked Tawny where the elevator went.

"Down," Tawny said.

"Way down," Berseh added.

"Two thousand feet down to be exact," Tawny clarified, punching the red button initiating the descent.

Tawny went on to explain that an entire network of caves and tunnels built long ago for purposes now uncertain underlay the entire manor. The limestone walls kept everything cool and dry for indefinite storage. But those they were about to meet had chosen the property and its owner together for motivations of their own.

Not many residences could or would discretely garage a small space shuttle. The low-orbit vehicle that had been the object of so much curiosity and speculation rested on its landing struts under gleaming spotlights in the middle of a vast cavern the, it's ramps open welcomingly.

"Mr. Greene," Tawny said casually, "meet Demeter. Demeter, this our friend from the press."

"Welcome and recognized, Mr. Greene," replied a feminine voice from within the brightly illuminated passenger cabin.

"This chamber's large doors open directly onto the ocean side of the cliff under the manor. Demeter will take us on a short ride I think you'll find memorable," Tawny told Ernest.

Ernest nodded his head. Once in a lifetime, if that.

"Do you think this wise at the moment?" he asked. "There's still an open investigation in progress."

Tawny laughed, elbowing Ernest lightly in the ribs.

"Between the two of us, I think we've neutralized the threat of Major Clarkson. She's suspended the investigation for lack of evidence."

"Other than Demeter here," Berseh laughed, waving at the ship.

They all laughed at that.

"Time for the exosuits," Tawny declared, glancing down at her watch.

They were, of course, right on time as their delivery was supervised by Robert. Hanging on a long, wheeled rack, they were navigated by two barely dressed and perfectly appealing young women, introduced by Tawny as Mona and Lisa. Bidding a quick hello to Robert, Ernest went straight to them, staring in uncharacteristic shock.

"Totally remarkable," he declared. "They're synthetic, aren't they?"

"I call them Tawndroids," Tawny said, patting the one called Mona on the rump.

Were they also gifts from Demeter's creators?

"They gave us the schematics and some of the elements not found ... locally, but I designed them to my own specifications. Let's get suited up."

Robert instructed the Tawndroids to assist in removing everyone's street clothes and hanging them on the racks to replace the shiny, red-and-black exosuits needed for shuttle trips.

"Watch out," Berseh warned. "They're sex maniacs." Lisa turned with a hurt look on her pretty face.

"We are not sex maniacs. We just use a lot of energy."

"And the source is one hundred percent renewable," Mona added, taking her time helping Jutta out of her clothing.

Tawny shrugged.

"I installed the charging ports in their pussys so they need to rub one out to top off their batteries. I thought it would be more fun for them."

Ernest suggested that this must make for some interesting first dates.

"It's only logical if you're going to be plugged in anyway," Lisa observed. "If you'd like you can help with the procedure once we go transat. You just keep rubbing the connection dock until I orgasm."

Ernest and Jutta exchanged a look. Jutta's hand shot up in the air.

"Jutta volunteers!"

"And we have a few human sex maniacs onboard this time as well," Berseh chuckled as she and Tawny took personal charge of helping each other seal their seams.

While Lisa lingered over Ernest's zippers, slipping in a hand here and there, Ernest turned to Robert.

"Should I expect to encounter any old friends along the way?"

Robert gave Ernest a sympathetic look.

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Greene. He has some new statistics he'd like to go over with you."

Ernest groaned.

Demeter's voice summoned the passengers to their seats.

Ernest thanked Robert for the warning, took Jutta's arm under his and turned toward the ship's entry ramp, waiting for Tawny and Berseh to step in front of them.

"Welcome aboard," Berseh said, "and get ready for the ride of your lives."



Tawny had promised her passengers the ride of a lifetime and she didn't disappoint, beginning with the lift-off command to Demeter, who held the ship in perfect equipoise after the landing struts retracted.

"Magnetic dampening?" Ernest suggested.

"Only to the landing bay," Berseh, who had taken this ride before, told him.

Demeter's acceleration through the staging tunnel was smooth, silent and steady, the limestone walls whizzing by faster and faster as the bay doors swung open ahead. Tawny looked back over her shoulder with a smile.

"Anybody here like to go fast?"

Laughter rippled through the cabin. Tawny shrugged.

"Just thought I'd ask," she said. "Manual control, please, Demeter."

The steering yoke rose to meet Tawny's gloves as the huge, round doors of the exit port hinged open ahead. A rumbling vibration rose from under the cabin floor, building to a roar not unlike that of Tawny's motorcycle (from which the engine emulation program was derived).

The G-force pinned everyone deep in their seats when the shuttle blasted out into the night sky. Just clear of the cliff, Tawny threw Demeter into a steep Immelmann to the shouts and whistles of all onboard, except for Lisa who was still a bit unclear about this custom. Humans did some odd things, but most of these felt good, including near-vertical acceleration of shuttlecraft as the shining ocean, and then the earth itself, fell away outside the windows.

Ernest looked over to meet Jutta's delighted eyes.

"Jutta could get used to this!" she exclaimed.

Ernest laughed.

"I don't see Peter giving up his parking space for it."

Once through the cloud cover, Tawny settled the trajectory into a steady climb and handed off the con to

Demeter's ascent program. Again, there was silence, everyone peering out the big acrylic panes into a velvet blackness studded with glittering dots of starshine normally invisible through earth's light-scatter. Fifteen-hundred-plus objects ranging from space junk to whole planetary systems lit the sky like a vast Christmas display.

Jutta reached over to take Ernest's hand.

"It's so beautiful, sir," she said in awe.

Berseh's eyes met Tawny's.

"It's new every time," Berseh sighed. "Only my lioness could bring me here."

"In so many ways," said Demeter said in a slightly ironic tone. She was programmed for humor among other human traits.

Jutta noticed a melancholy expression on Ernest's face as he gazed out the port with the best view of the globe shrinking below. She remarked that sir looked troubled.

Ernest nodded toward the clear panel.

"Look down at the surface," he said gravely. "You see that orange glow in the Southern Hemisphere?" he asked.

Berseh cast her eyes down.

"I wish I didn't," she replied.

"That," Ernest said, "is the Amazon rain forest burning. It's visible from a hundred miles out."

Jutta teared up.

"This makes Jutta very sad," she said softly.

Berseh's tone was resolute. She was at the side of her lioness after all.

"We have a lot of work to do."

Tawny acknowledged that this was true.

"But we have help now."

"I'm still very curious about that," Ernest said. "What kind of help are we talking about here?"

Literally out of nowhere an immense, complex metal structure assembled in concentric rings appeared off the shuttle's starboard side. It was bigger and more elaborate than anything ever launched from earth and until less than a minute ago entirely invisible. Ernest had no problem understanding why it was best that Major Clarkson didn't know about it. Tawny read his mind.

"You've heard that old saying about how if the only tool you have is a hammer every problem is a nail?"

Ernest had.

“A deep-space object of that scale with advanced cloaking technology could certainly pose a threat in the mind of a military commander.”

“Fortunately, I think Abigail’s mind is focused on more personal discoveries at the moment,” Tawny observed drily. “And as you’ll soon see for yourself, those who brought this here are anything but a threat. Demeter, commence landing protocols please.”

As they approached a vast landing deck the shuttle, which had seemed so large in the cave, was little more than a firefly. Struts extended, Demeter brought them in for a soft, easy landing while Lisa distributed the exosuit helmets, explaining that the landing platform had gravity but no atmosphere. Jutta thanked her, promising Lisa a recharge on the way home.

“Time to introduce you to our new friends,” Tawny said.



Ernest had already surmised from the designs of the shuttle craft and the space station that the “helpful friends” must be essentially humanoid. He wasn’t wrong. Which isn’t to say that Ynwat, Hesreb and Alopoc, the official welcoming committee meeting the new arrivals just inside the roomy airlock from the landing platform, weren’t decidedly alien. Considerably taller than humans, they had handsomely chiseled features and muscular physiques that exaggerated their decidedly mammalian gender characteristics, though exactly what gender that might be was somewhat ambiguous. Their impressive breasts were further exaggerated by their narrow, elongated waists. Alopoc’s broad shoulders and athletic legs were positively Olympian. Clearly, the space station had been engineered to accommodate larger than human proportions.

Their manner was in no way intimidating. Their voices were soft and dulcet, almost musical. They greeted their guests with light touches from forehead to forehead. A smile is pretty much a smile regardless of species.

Tawny did the introductions.

“Ynwat, Alopoc, Hesreb, meet my friends Jutta and Ernest.

"Welcome, friends of Tawny," Allopoc said.

"And you remember Berseh from our last visit," Tawny said as Berseh stood up on tiptoe for the head touch.

"It is always our pleasure to welcome the beautiful companion of Tawny," Hesreb added. "We feel the happiness of you both in each other's presence. While you are here we hope you will again enjoy our special hospitality for lovers."

Ernest glanced over at Tawny, a bit taken aback by Hesreb's candor. Tawny shrugged.

"They tend to be rather direct about such things," she explained.

"We believe love is a gift to be celebrated," Ynwat pronounced decisively. "We share it freely among our own as well."

That certainly settled that.

Allopoc took Jutta's hands lightly between his own, inside of which they disappeared.

"You are a very beautiful human, Jutta."

She smiled and blushed.

"And you are a very tall ... um ..."

"We call ourselves Sneila," Allopoc said. "It is just another word for 'people.'"

Ynwat turned to Ernest.

"We are familiar with the work of Mr. Greene thanks to Marvin's reports," Hesreb said, pointing at a round-headed robot parked nearby. Ernest grinned at the sight of Marvin uncloaked, as he rarely went among terrestrials.

"Hello, Marvin. It's been a long time."

"Three years, five months, eleven weeks, thirteen days, fifty-four minutes, eleven seconds ..."

"Haven't changed a bit, I see," Ernest laughed.

"My olfactory sensor array was recently updated," Marvin corrected him, "to better detect changes in atmospheric hydrocarbon concentrations. Their density increases daily."

"Thank you, Marvin," Ynwat said, gently forestalling a predictable dose of pessimism from the melancholy 'bot. Ynwat proposed the guests get changed before they talked.

"Follow me, please," Marvin said, leading the landing party toward the ship's central hub.

All through the station's main corridor there were marvels – whizzing drones, hustling androids, giant screens displaying vast quantities of scrolling data in unfamiliar symbols, groups of Sneila busy with tasks at long banks of touch controls. In the middle a floating orb of light revolved constantly, receiving beamed information from the surrounding heavens. It was impossible to decide where to look first.

"I will definitely need a charge," Lisa said, "If I'm going to keep up with the energy levels in this place."

Berseh thought that was as good an excuse as any.

"If I were human, I might find that sarcastic," Lisa said.

Berseh laughed.

"Good thing Mistress equipped you with a sense of humor," Berseh said, "or you'd be like this round-headed fellow."

Marvin, of course, was somewhat offended – his natural state.

"I merely respond to the data I process," he insisted.

Tawny pointed at a round door ahead of them.

"We should find what we need in there," she said. Berseh and Ernest exchanged a look. Both were surprised by Tawny's familiarity with the vast structure. She'd obviously been here more than once.

Inside the changing locker Tawny suggested they all remove their exosuits in favor of something "more relaxed." Jutta's eyes lit up at the girls' ward suits as the automated lockers flipped open.

"Jutta thinks we'll look really hot in these."

"I figured you'd like them," Tawny said. "I designed them myself."

"Is anyone surprised?" asked Berseh with a smile. She'd worn this costume before and liked the effect it had on her mistress. Jutta held up her tiny swatches of fabric and admired herself in a big, floating mirror.

"Perhaps if she's a good girl ma'am will have one made up for Jutta."

Ernest gave the idea his blessing.

"No problem," "I'll tell Robert to have you fitted for one when we get back," Tawny promised.

For as little as there was of them, it took rather a long time to get the suits fastened, what with all the making out going on in the process. There was no equivalent outfit for Ernest, who got a simple, comfortable flight suit. Jutta rubbed her nearly naked body against Ernest's before zipping him up, pledging to reverse the process later.

This time they were the ones who drew attention on the trip back through the station to the meeting room. Had they worn nothing at all they'd have passed unnoticed but to dress in a deliberately seductive manner was yet another unfamiliar human custom.

A few minutes later all were settled around the station's hexagonal conference table. Berseh did her best to fight off the formidable distraction of her mistress so alluringly attired as Marvin concluded his predictably gloomy report.

"This planet is at the tipping point. If its surface mean temperature rises by another two degrees Celsius the process will be irreversible and sea levels will rise an average of three meters, submerging every major coastal region. Violent weather events will result in mass destruction and millions of casualties. Ecosystems will collapse and toxic wastes spilled from storage facilities will release deadly chemicals and ionizing radiation into the atmosphere, dooming all life on earth."

"I think we understand the nature of the problem," Tawny said. "But the Sneila's solution is our real interest here."

Ernest shook his head.

"I don't mean to sound like Marvin ..." Ernest glanced over at his mechanical friend ... "but moving four billion people to other habitable planets to reduce the environmental stress on this one would be an immense task even if they all cooperated. I'm sure you've noticed this is not their natural tendency."

Ynwat was unshaken.

"That which we believe can be done could be if the will exists. We have the technology to open jump ports along the space-time continuum capable of moving vast numbers of humans and other species over inter-stellar distances with relative ease. It's simply a matter of getting the necessary percentage of the population to trust them."

Berseh was also skeptical.

"That sounds like a pretty hard sell to me," she said. "And even if you convince people to go, what's to keep them from bringing their bad habits along?"

"This where you all come in," Ynwat said. "We want and need humans to join the effort voluntarily. It would only perpetuate the errors made here to try and force it on them."

Aloppoc explained the Sneila were "carefully recruiting those who possess the means and the will to mount the most ambitious campaign of public education in history."

Ernest shook his head.

"There will be skepticism from many, open resistance from some."

"We can provide the technology, but you must help your own make the right decisions," Ynwat said. "Tawny was our first choice for coordinating the process."

"You certainly got the right woman for the job," Berseh laughed. "She persuades me all the time and I'm not that easily persuaded."

The all laughed. It was a rather strange mixture of sounds. Like Marvin, Ernest thought, the Sneila would need to work on that humor thing.

Ynwat grew serious again.

“We chose her because of Tomsen Town. Without appearing to, she gently guides its evolution and resolves its problems. Her decisions are made with both head and heart.”

“We have been watching a long time,” Hesreb said, “as she has grown into the leadership of this community with no thought to personal power. We judge by the results.”

Jutta nodded.

“Jutta has traveled a lot and there is nowhere she would rather live.”

“No place is perfect,” Ernest observed, “but when you see how it is here you understand why people like me, who could be at home anywhere end up staying. The standard of living is excellent without extravagance. Common needs are provided for. The arts flourish. Personal freedom is encouraged. Conflict is rare where people are happy. I’ve long thought it would be a good template for building a livable community.”

Ynwat managed an even better smile.

“That is what we promise to those join with us. We will help make Tomsen Towns here and where we resettle those who choose to go with us.”

The implications of this statement were immense.

“Then you intend to announce your presence to this world.”

“There is no other choice. This can hardly be done in secret,” Hesreb said. “We understand we can’t do it right away or too suddenly. Your world would ... what is the expression?”

“Freak out?” Jutta suggested.

Ynwat sighed.

“We know you have a history of fearing invaders from space. Only other humans can address this fear. We have much to offer them in commerce and culture but it will be those already doing well at these things who must set examples and serve as educators.”

Berseh threw back her head.

“And there goes our privacy.”

Tawny laughed.

“Said the famous actress. Berseh, we have no privacy now.”

Ernest had been quiet, thoughtful, listening carefully.

“I’m entirely convinced that what you propose is necessary but that doesn’t automatically make it happen. We have a lot of Major Clarksons to win over.”

Tawny raised an eyebrow.

“If they’re all as easy as she was we should have it done by next week.”

Again there was that weird chorus of laughter.

Tawny looked over at Ernest.

“I guess they know about the major’s visit,” Tawny said drily.

“Those we have selected first we are already studying carefully. We are optimistic about your species. Look at how easily love and pleasure opened the military officer’s mind. Someday she could be a great leader among the colonists now that she is ready to consider the unconventional path.”

“Everyone,” Hesreb said, “will have important work to do.”

Allopoc addressed Jutta.

“Your mate is a nutritional scientist, yes?”

“It’s his greatest passion, after Jutta anyway.”

“Just so,” Ynwat said. “Imagine the satisfaction of terraforming whole planets, hybridizing crops to need less water and produce less waste while making hunger a thing of the past. With you by his side he would always have the confidence for this work.”

“Tawny understands,” Ynwat concluded, “That love brings out our best selves and right now we need to be those best selves. Just as Marvin reminds us of the difficulty of our project, Tawny reminds us of what we can do with the addition of love as the force of binding energy.”

Ernest nodded.

“Good enough,” he said resolutely. “I hope you all have some very specific plans because even with love as a motivation Tawny would agree I’m sure that we also need direction.

“We have many possible scenarios to address the challenges we’ll face,” Hesreb said.

“We can share our ideas and offer our inspirations, but first this seems the moment to pause and celebrate as is our custom. It is time to introduce our visitors to The Chamber of Joy.”

Ynwat stood, the others rising along. Ernest glanced over at Jutta.

“Chamber of Joy. I like the sound of that,” he said, taking her hand.

“You’ll like the feel of it even better,” Berseh promised, putting her arms around Tawny as they headed toward the exit.



“As visits with alien superbeings go,” Ernest said, his arm wrapped around Jutta’s bare midriff, “that one went well enough.” They followed Tawny and Berseh down one of the many tributary causeways spoking off the central corridor. Already knowing their destination, Tawny and Berseh held hands, smiling conspiratorially at one another.

“We’re just getting to the best part,” Berseh said.

With an upraised hand Tawny halted the party in front of a large sliding door.

“Which is right in there,” Tawny said, pointing at it.

Ernest glanced over at Jutta.

“Chamber of Joy perhaps?”

“Seems likely, Sir,” she answered.

“So why are we standing here talking when we should be getting naked?” Berseh wanted to know.

“Good question,” Tawny replied, already unfastening Berseh’s tiny scrap of a bra.

Jutta turned to Ernest flashing him a playful grin.

“May Jutta be of assistance, Sir?”

Of course Jutta could be of assistance. Folding her arms behind her back she demonstrated once again her ability to undo clothing with her teeth. Resting a hand on her head, Ernest remarked on how good she was at this. Berseh laughed.

“Submissive girls learn to do all kinds of things without using our hands.”

The process didn’t take long. Tawny opened a cabinet in the wall and deposited their discarded suits. The wave of her hand over a lighted sensor activated the door, which slid open to reveal a large room with a big window onto the void of space at one end. There was plenty of room for all of them and probably several more.

“Remember to move carefully,” Tawny cautioned. “Small motions are amplified in zero-G.”

Waving her hand over another sensor Tawny slid the door shut. The effect was instantaneous. All four of them rose effortlessly from the floor, floating a few inches off the smooth surface.

Ernest had previously experienced weightlessness briefly in a bumpy military plane and hadn’t found it all that pleasant, but this was entirely different. The stillness and the absence of gravity’s ordinary drag were instantly relaxing.

Leaning forward to take Berseh in her arms, Tawny effortlessly bounced them up for a lingering kiss, turning slowly in mid-air like dancers on a musicbox. Ernest took Jutta gently by the breasts and pulled her close, rubbing her nipples against his chest. She wrapped her toned legs around his waist, getting a hand within reach of his cock, which had stood to attention at first contact. Their lips met passionately.

Kissing her way down Tawny’s body, Berseh noticed new additions to the room since last time –

strategically placed ringbolts ranged along the floor and ceiling and cleats on one wall with long hanks of rope belayed around them. She looked up, rubbing her face against the inside of Tawny's thigh as she held onto her leg.

"I wonder who suggested the new decorations," she mused.

Tawny explained that the Sneila had expressed curiosity about certain popular sex practices among humans so, of course, she'd offered to demonstrate them. Ernest wondered aloud how her educational efforts were going.

"Let's just say they're a work in progress. There are some anatomical differences that make it ... interesting.

"I believe someone here would particularly appreciate these modifications," Ernest suggested.

Three sets of eyes turned to look at Jutta, who couldn't contain an excited giggle.

"Oh dear," she said, "it seems Jutta is destined to be a bondagenaut."

With a little push off the floor, Jutta spreadeagled herself, floating vertically in the middle of the room, her limbs positioned for easy attachment. Berseh fetched four lengths of rope. Shortly all hands were on Jutta, wrapping her wrists and ankles snugly but comfortably. Jutta remarked on the softness of the coils.

"It's a synthetic silk the Sneila manufacture," Tawny explained, "more cushioning with less friction than the natural kind."

Working together, it didn't take the others long to secure Jutta to the ringbolts. Jutta wriggled and tugged, testing the sensation.

"This is wonderful!" she exclaimed. "It's like being suspended with no tension on the joints. Jutta could stay this way a long time."

As usual, the pretty naked girl in bondage became the center of attention – kissed and caressed with particular attention to her most sensitive regions. Sighs and moans soon filled the air. Sliding in beneath her, Tawny remarked on how wet Jutta was, proceeding to make her even wetter with the skilled application of tongue and fingers.

Exploring the new range of positions made possible by weightlessness, Ernest hovered over Jutta's head and lowered his hard meat into her soft, wet mouth. She went to work on it eagerly, encouraged by Tawny's expert stimulation from beneath.

Berseh drifted over and athletically flipped herself upside down to bury her face in her Queen's pink petals, lapping and slurping eagerly in all the places where she knew from long practice her mistress most preferred. In the process, she positioned her pussy directly in front of Ernest's eyes where it could hardly be missed.

This certainly seemed like an invitation, but Ernest hesitated, never having touched Berseh in a sexual manner before and not wishing to presume. She made her intentions clear by lowering her hips to make herself fully available in anticipation of an experienced man's oral skills. She was not disappointed.

Ernest certainly knew his way around a woman's body and Berseh's sleek curves and rosy parts were

highly inspirational. The pleasure of Berseh's close company translated itself straight to the back of Jutta's throat, unimpeded by the gag reflex she'd determinedly trained away. She easily swallowed him whole, leaning into the pleasant task with which he'd presented her.

Simultaneously excited above and below and restrained with a relaxed ease she'd never experienced, Jutta was first to the summit of Mount Orgasm, with Tawny right behind her. The sound of Tawny's ecstasy triggered Berseh's instantly, especially while herself receiving Ernest's enthusiastic attentions. She liked the firm grip of his strong hand on her backside.

Changes of position were no problem in the Chamber of Joy. Sliding out from under Jutta to find her way back to Berseh Tawny made Jutta easily accessible for Ernest to swing down and penetrate her from behind, eliciting a delighted gasp and as much hard backward pounding as the ropes would allow. The next round of climaxes wasn't long in erupting. Jutta's breathless pleas for Ernest to come deep inside her added his release to this round.

Freeing Jutta at last, all four explored their way to one another from different angles, enjoying each other's bodies unhindered by the pull of earthly weight. They went on like that for a long time, filling the room with cries of delight and the smells of sex and sweat. Not until they were all thoroughly spent did they finally relax into one another's arms to get their breath and savor the sweetness of the delights they had shared. Snuggled together in a blissful haze, they gazed out the window at the far end of the chamber toward the planet that was, for now at least, their home.

For a long time, no one spoke. After all they'd seen and heard and felt there was much upon which to reflect. Berseh rested her face between Tawny's breasts while Ernest held Jutta's curled body in a tender embrace.

Finally, Ernest found words.

"That place down there, do you think it can be saved?"

Tawny pondered for a moment.

"I know it won't be if we don't try," she said.

"Then we must try," Berseh pronounced resolutely. "Beaches and carrot juice and my Queen's touch – I'm not giving these things up without a fight."

"Jutta wants to be a mother someday," the petite brunette added. "She wants this world for her children, and maybe other worlds too. When Jutta feels discouraged or afraid, Peter reminds her that the Chinese character for crisis contains the symbols of both danger and opportunity. We have made our home a dangerous place, but these visitors have come so very far to give us opportunity Jutta feels in her heart we owe it to them to hope."

Ernest and Tawny looked at each other and nodded.

"She's right," Tawny said. "We've been given another chance and we must take it.

"It's going to be a hell of a lot of work," Ernest warned.

Berseh yawned and stretched.

"Well then, when do we start, my beloved Mistress?"

Tawny smiled down at her.

"We already have, my darling."

THE END ... ?

Afterword by Tawny: Dear friends, I hope you enjoyed our adventure. I would like to thank Ernest for the great collaboration and it was really a great experience to develop this story together with him. While this story is meant to be fun, I don't want to neglect to point out the seriousness of the backstory and highlight the last words in the story slightly rephrased: "When do we start working on fixing the problems of our home planet?"

My answer to that: "YESTERDAY"

On that note, thank you for following our story so closely.