

# Lena White Badger Therese

Bondage  
Dec

**Cruise du Kinque**  
The Maiden Voyage - Part 3

# The Maiden Voyage - Part 3

## (Cruise du Kinque)

Lena White and Badger  
Therese



This book is copyright © 2024 Lena White and Badger Therese. All rights reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Cover characters are models. Images are licensed from depositphotos.com

~~~~~

|    |                        |           |                                        |
|----|------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------------|
| 16 | Lab                    | by Badger | <i>The Debt Proxy</i>                  |
| 15 | Confederacy            | by Lena   | <i>New Confederacy series</i>          |
| 14 | Medieval               | by Badger | <i>Guide to Slave Girl Husbandry</i>   |
| 13 | Discipline             | by Lena   | <i>Black Bulls and Hotwives series</i> |
| 12 | Prison                 | by Badger | <i>2024</i>                            |
| 11 | Gangbang               | by Lena   | <i>Black Bulls Club series</i>         |
| 10 | Adult Products Testing | by Badger | <i>Confessions, Adult Products</i>     |
| 9  | Penthouse Room         | by Lena   | <i>The Whore Hotel series</i>          |
| 8  | Domestic Sex Slave     | by Badger | <i>Female, Recreational</i>            |
| 7  | Buckhorn Club          | by Lena   | <i>Reluctant Cuckold series</i>        |
| 6  | Breeding               | by Badger | <i>The Debt Proxy 2: Mirabilis</i>     |
| 5  | Visual Arts            | by Lena   | <i>First Time Hotwife series</i>       |
| 4  | Milking                | by Badger | <i>The Production Contract</i>         |
| 3  | Bondage                | by Lena   | <i>Club-Sub series</i>                 |
| 2  | Operations             |           |                                        |
| 1  | Safeword               |           |                                        |

*The Decks of Cruise du Kinque on the SS Loviatar  
As Inspired by the Books of Lena White & Badger Therese*

**The Maiden Voyage of the Cruise du Kinque is finally underway!**

Thousands of passengers and crew members are working together to bring you the kinkiest experiences you never imagined possible.

Visit the Confederacy Deck, where the South won the Civil War and slavery is not only legal but distorted into a kinky new reality for naked passengers to play at being sex slaves for a week.

Visit the Milking Deck, where a lactating holy-roller is intent on bringing the whole enterprise to its knees but finds herself on her knees instead.

Visit the Penthouse Room Deck, where prostitution is the name of the game and everybody wants to play, including the cooks and the cocktail waitresses.

Visit the Prison Deck, where torture is used to shorten, and enliven, sentences to save money.

Visit the Buckhorn Deck, where white wives meet black men for the sole purpose of cuckolding their white husbands. Well, not the sole purpose...

Visit the Medieval Slavery Deck, where the latest in virtual reality unites with the most ancient of human atrocities. To everyone's delight.

| <b>Deck</b> | <b>Lena Decks:</b>                     | <b>Series</b>                                          |
|-------------|----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| 3           | Bondage (restraints, chastity belts)   | <a href="#"><i>Club-sub series</i></a>                 |
| 5           | Visual Arts (Pornography)              | <a href="#"><i>First Time Hotwife series</i></a>       |
| 7           | Buckhorn Club (Interracial Cuckolding) | <a href="#"><i>Reluctant Cuckold series</i></a>        |
| 9           | Penthouse Room (Prostitution)          | <a href="#"><i>The Whore Hotel series</i></a>          |
| 11          | Gangbang                               | <a href="#"><i>Black Bulls Club series</i></a>         |
| 13          | Discipline (whips, paddles, shocks)    | <a href="#"><i>Black Bulls and Hotwives series</i></a> |
| 15          | Confederacy (Slavery)                  | <a href="#"><i>New Confederacy series</i></a>          |
|             |                                        |                                                        |
| <b>Deck</b> | <b>Badger Decks:</b>                   | <b>Novel or Series</b>                                 |
| 4           | Milking                                | <a href="#"><i>The Production Contract</i></a>         |
| 6           | Breeding                               | <a href="#"><i>The Debt Proxy - Mirabilis</i></a>      |
| 8           | Domestic slave (sex, chores)           | <a href="#"><i>Female, Recreational series</i></a>     |
| 10          | Adult Products Testing                 | <a href="#"><i>Adult Product Testing</i></a>           |
| 12          | Prison (from 2024)                     | <a href="#"><i>2024</i></a>                            |
| 14          | Medieval Slavery                       | <a href="#"><i>Slave Girl Husbandry</i></a>            |
| 16          | Female Sexuality Lab                   | <a href="#"><i>The Debt Proxy Series</i></a>           |

# Table of Contents

- [1 - Sinflix Tonight \(Production Meeting\)](#)
- [2 - A Freedom Mom Goes to Be Milked](#)
- [3 - Nadine And Sid Watch CCTV](#)
- [4 - A Little Discipline](#)
- [5 - Shawna Gets an Offer](#)
- [6 - Torture, Medieval Style](#)
- [7 - Zoe and Beachy, Auctioned](#)
- [8 - The Milking of a Freedom Mom](#)
- [9 - Sid Goes Exploring](#)
- [10 - A Salon for the Slaves](#)
- [11 - Shawna Walks the Walk](#)
- [12 - A Freedom Mom Returns to Her Stall](#)
- [13 - Zoe and Beachy, Stabled](#)
- [14 - June Wayman, Cart Pusher](#)
- [15 - Nadine and Sid Make a Deal](#)
- [16 - Hannah's Bad Day](#)
- [Acknowledgements](#)

# 1 - Sinflix Tonight (Production Meeting)



“Shouldn’t Zoe be here?” Amanda Matthews asked. As the Executive Producer for ‘Sinflix Tonight’, she felt duty bound to stand up for her budding new star correspondent and host, Zoe Grayson, even though she knew she’d be overruled, as usual.

“Yeah, right,” Brad Johnson, Sinflix Productions head of programming, almost snorted. “She’s getting outrageous numbers right where she is, and it’s only been one day.” He turned to look at Lewis Taylor, the Black man sitting at the head of the small conference table on the staging deck of the SS Sinflix Loviatar. Taylor was in charge of the meeting and everything else on the ship, including the captain, really. “Right, Lewis?”

The polished executive nodded. “The numbers are compelling,” he said in his usual understated but authoritative tone. Amanda didn’t know what to make of the man she’d just met before the ship set off on its weeklong maiden voyage. All she really knew about Taylor was that Rodney Morrow, the billionaire who owned the streaming service that paid her salary, trusted him enough to make him Morrow’s representative on the ship, which he also owned. “Rodney is very pleased with her, and with all of you.” He flashed a warm smile around the table but Amanda was undeterred.

“It doesn’t seem right,” she persisted. “We can’t leave her there for the entire week, can we?”

“Why the hell not?” Brad almost shouted while forcing a laugh. “She’s minting new subscriptions up there.” The early morning meeting was taking place on Deck 2 of the ship, where video production and all manner of support functions for the massive undertaking were being directed. Zoe was, at

this moment and for the past twenty hours, naked and caged on Deck 15, the Confederacy Deck, where she and approximately 500 other women, also naked and caged, were being subjected to the simulated slave experience they each had paid handsomely for—all except Zoe. The women booked space on the Confederacy Deck to simulate the experience that was lovingly portrayed in the recently released *Slave of the New Confederacy* movie, which was all the rage on Sinflix's burgeoning new streaming service.

“What about bringing her down here for a break, just a little relief?” Amanda asked, knowing she would be shot down again. “To get her bearings and maybe do an interview.”

“We'll have plenty of time to do interviews when we get back to port,” Brad almost sneered without smiling. “We pull her off the floor and it'll ruin the illusion.”

Amanda stared at her boss. “Does anyone think that she's actually a slave?” she pleaded. “Are they that deluded?”

“Do you want to risk finding out?” Taylor asked Amanda directly. She looked away under his suddenly withering gaze. “Besides,” he went on to the rest of the group at the conference table. “We've got Beachy Sands up there with her and they're getting along like Butch and Sundance.” He laughed gently. “I don't want to risk ruining their chemistry by splitting them up. Not this soon, at least.” Sands was the star of the movie, which Rodney Morrow had, coincidentally, financed.

Brad nodded vigorously. “We should at least leave them there until they get sold at auction.”

“When does that happen?” Taylor asked. Brad looked at Amanda with a raised eyebrow, indicating to her that he had no clue and she should answer their de facto boss for him.

She looked at Taylor. “Today, seeing as they got through both the Discipline Room and the Playroom yesterday.” She turned back to Brad again. “Those cages are brutal, you know. Steel floors, no pillows or blankets.”

“By design,” Taylor said pointedly, effectively cutting the legs out from under Amanda’s argument. “It’s amazing, but the numbers didn’t go down all that much when the lights went down last night. People were more than happy to watch them toss and turn on those bare steel floors inside those cages.”

“We left the cameras on all night?” Bill Brooks asked. Bill was Amanda’s production manager and had come up with the idea of placing small cameras in Zoe and Beachy’s cages while also wiring their collars with hidden microphones. Amanda suddenly felt terrible that she hadn’t told Zoe about the mics, at Brad’s direction, so they could capture her most intimate comments during the experience. She had watched in horror yesterday as Zoe was tortured in the Discipline Room and used sexually in the Playroom for the benefit of their subscribers’ entertainment, all without her full awareness.

*Oh, who am I kidding,* Amanda said to herself bitterly. *Zoe didn’t have a fucking clue.*

“We never turn a camera off,” Brad said with almost sadistic glee. “Anywhere on the boat.”

“Why would we?” Taylor asked. “We’re losing money on the cruise itself but we’re generating mountains of content that is driving Metcalfe’s Law in a big way.”

“What’s Metcalfe’s Law?” Bill asked.

“The more people join a network, the more valuable the network becomes,” Taylor said.

Amanda looked at him with her eyes wide but said nothing. She’d studied the ‘network effect’ in college and this ship had nothing to do with the economic principle that held that a network becomes more valuable *to the people using it through its improved utility*, not that the network becomes more profitable to its owners. Still, she wouldn’t offer any scholarly corrections in this or any other meeting at Sinflix. She would also be contacting the headhunter who kept trying to recruit her as soon as they returned to port.

But something else Taylor had said caught her attention.  
“Wait, the cruise is losing money?”

He nodded. “We’re overstaffed to ensure a great experience for our guests, and we’re subsidizing several of the decks for similar reasons. We’ll make adjustments with future cruises but for now we’re in it to drive subscriptions at Sinflix.”

“Which nobody is doing like Zoe and Beachy,” Brad said emphatically. “So they stay where they are.”

*Unless I break them out,* Amanda said to herself.

## 2 - A Freedom Mom Goes to Be Milked



Was it faith or folly that had brought Meghan Attweiler this far?

Against all odds, she'd made it past the reservation desk, onto the SS Sinflix Loviatar, and then through a processing room that was equal parts invasive, humiliating, and diabolically stimulating. She'd had a leash put up her rear. She'd had her right earlobe and left vaginal lip tagged. A woman had sucked the milk out of her, with her mouth, while Meghan hung, stretched out and helpless.

And now she'd made it to what they called her stall, a sort of cage or prison cell she'd be sharing with a girl who insisted on calling herself Gabby, short for Gabrielle, neither of which was her real name. Gabby was naked. Meghan was naked. Andie and Tommie, the two girls in the neighboring stall, were naked. Like Adam and Eve before the fall.

Meghan was here, in the name of Jesus, to experience, discover, expose, and destroy. A little piece on the morning news last month had alerted her to the new evil of this ship, a floating shrine to sexual perversion, immoral excess, adultery, sadism, and on and on. It was Satan's latest venture into the weak fiber of America's wavering soul, another proof that the end times were drawing nigh, evil redoubling its efforts to draw people away from God so they could be harvested in the final battle.

Among those perversions, strangely, was something having to do with the production of milk by human females. The whole deck—the Milking Deck, it was called—was dedicated to this natural, godly ability, an ability that had been rendered strange, foreign, and rankly sexual.

Meghan was here on a whim. She'd brought this cruise to the attention of the social activism committee at First Pentecostal Church of Anaheim, and her cohorts had shared her horror and quickly assembled the relatively modest \$800 registration fee.

And now she was stuck on a ship for seven days, separated from her church, her 4-year-old, Candy, and her husband Keith. Was it faith? Was it folly? Courage often looks like folly, Meghan kept telling herself. Until it prevails.

Earlier today, Meghan had heard another woman orgasm, standing in a tiny cage with a leash up her rear and pulled up against her vulva. Meghan hadn't seen her, only heard her, but that was enough, the grunts and the rap of chain and the final cries of pleasure making clear what was happening.

Meghan had been stripped, plugged, chained, tied, stretched, pierced and caged, and soon she'd be giving milk through processes she could only guess at. It was all based on a book Meghan had never heard of, by an author she would never read. What the book said didn't matter. It was fiction. What happened on the Cruise du Kinque—yes, they actually called it that—would be real, and Meghan would observe, remember and return to the Port of Los Angeles in seven days to reveal the horrors she had witnessed and, with God's help, make the maiden voyage of this new enterprise its last voyage.

It was more than perversion and unbridled sexuality Meghan was here to stamp out. As she'd contemplated this mission, she'd had a vision, a horrific revelation, surely put there by God. The cruise materials had listed the ways she would be yielding her milk, and along with mechanical extraction and manipulation by hand was a reference to drawing by mouth. Who would need to draw her milk that way, other than babies? And what purpose could such innocents possibly serve here, on this demon-infused ship? Only one purpose. Sacrifice.

But Meghan had sworn to herself that no child that suckled from her on this boat would be given to Satan. She wouldn't have it. *God* wouldn't have it. Here, on the devil's vessel, she was God's vessel.

She came girded with conviction, and armed with knowledge. The carnal distractions she'd already been subjected to and would likely continue to suffer were meant to break her down, she had quickly come to realize, to weaken her and, at the right moment, turn her away from Jesus.

But they could not ambush her soul if she knew that's what they were trying to do.

Not only would she observe, she would partake. She'd held a leash up her anus, she'd allowed them to pull it up hard against her front places, and its clever design had imparted maddening pleasure to her loins. She would wait until tonight to get her relief, in private, under her sheets, and she would pray to God throughout, and when she was done her armor would be renewed.

She had seen no babies yet, nor heard them. That would come later, she believed. Right now, she was sharing a stall with a girl named Gabby, two more young ladies on the other side of the bars. None were babies, but they were hardly adults. Too young to have had children, and unable to produce milk any of them, they were play-acting, living out the strange book for their own purposes.

They seemed innocent to Meghan, no malevolence, no overt Satanism, nor covert Satanism for that matter. They were just fans of some book. How different was that, really, from the people at church who were enamored of some portion of the Bible? There was a long-haired kid named Ricky, now in college, who had been playing a shepherd for years during the annual Christmas Nativity scene. There was a troupe of high-school boys who delighted in reenacting the stories of Samson, of David and Goliath, including all the violence and some of the gore, during services when the sermon would touch on one or the other.

Meghan was the last of the females to be brought to the pair of stalls where she'd be kept this week, and as soon as she'd arrived, her stallmate had insisted they sit down with their neighbors, knees touching through the bars that separated them. They'd spoken briefly about their histories before Tommie revealed that there'd be male passengers (they'd

called them “boys”) on the milking deck. This was new and important information, apparently. Gabby—presenting herself as a version of Gabrielle, the hero of the *Production Contract*—got nearly hysterical, for reasons that weren’t clear to Meghan, who was the only one of the four girls in this pair of stalls who hadn’t read the book. In that respect, she was lost.

But she was making milk, and that seemed to count for something. In fact, while Gabby was still reacting to news of the boys, a woman had shown up at the bars and called for Meghan.

“Come leash up,” the woman had said. “You’re going to the milking room.”

Meghan stood, and Gabby rose beside her, bouncing with excitement.

“You have to remember everything that happens,” she begged. “We’ll want a full report. Everything.”

Yes, Meghan was here to observe and report. She’d be glad to do it for her stallmates before she did it for the world.

The woman, someone Meghan didn’t remember seeing in the processing room earlier, was holding the same kind of anal restraint that had already been put inside Meghan once before on the ship, so she turned and bent, wincing as it was pushed into her anus.

In the book, or so Meghan understood, the leash plugs were anchored in place with pegs or hooks. But because of the physical damage that design could do, the cruise company was going with electric plugs instead. Once they were inserted and activated, any attempt at removal would generate an electric shock in a very sensitive part of the body. Meghan believed, with no reason to test it out. The woman unlocked the stall door and Meghan stepped out, casting one last glance and a weak smile at Gabby, at Andie and Tommie, all of whom were watching her hopefully.

Meghan felt the closest kinship so far with Tommie. The girl was in college at San Diego State, studying accounting. She’d read the book years ago, heard about the cruise, decided

to spend her spring break experiencing the novel firsthand, and she seemed the most sympathetic to Meghan's plight as an utter novice. She was low-key, just here for something to do, Meghan believed. Andie seemed a little more focused on herself, while Gabby was a little ... strange. Just too intense. Taking the book too seriously.

"Having fun so far?" the woman asked as they left the stallroom and returned to the sterile hall.

Meghan decided on the spot that she was going to be honest, completely so, no matter what was asked, for the next seven days. She had nothing to hide, either from God or from any mortal on this ship. "I'm nervous," she replied. "I never read the book, so I'm not sure what to expect."

"Why did you sign up?" the woman asked.

Meghan looked at her, trying to decide if the question was meant disapprovingly or was just coming from a place of curiosity. The woman was in her late 30s, athletic, her muscles defined, her hair professionally highlighted, and her jeans expensive, holes across both thighs.

Why did *you* sign up? Meghan could have just as appropriately asked. Don't you have your pick of men? Shouldn't you be at home with him this week, raising a family?

"The fee was low," Meghan confessed, "and I wanted to know more about the cruise."

They were back in the plain white hall, lined with doors with labels stenciled on them, and Meghan studied them as the woman escorted her:

C Stalls 1-8

C Stalls 9-16

C Stalls 17-24 (MALES)

C Stalls 25-32

C Stalls 33-40

Punishment C

Milking C

Common Room C-D

I'm in C-14, she told herself. Behind the second door. And the boys were in the stalls right next door. Why were they here? Were they, biologically, girls who just wanted to be boys?

And then, Punishment. Common Room. Meghan was left to ponder the meaning of those doors as the woman pushed through the Milking door, and Meghan followed her and sucked in her breath and raised her hands to her mouth, because this was not what she'd expected. This was far more evil than anything she'd imagined.

### 3 - Nadine And Sid Watch CCTV



“I think I need a break this morning,” Nadine Greene told her husband as they were lying in bed in their deluxe cabin on the Buckhold Club Deck. “You’re okay with me staying in the room, aren’t you?”

“Of course,” Sid said without missing a beat. Nadine had entertained three different men their first day on the ship and she was sore—she didn’t realize how sore she was until she woke up this morning. But she was smiling at the memory of what had taken place in this very room.

“Do you want to go for a swim at some point?” Sid asked, the hope in his voice betrayed his unspoken preference.

Nadine sighed. She needed to be understanding with Sid, she’d told herself. He was doing the best he could, and she really had no cause for complaints, she admitted, but not out loud. She just had to make him understand how much yesterday had taken out of her.

“Or we can stay in the room all day, if that’s what you want to do,” he whispered, his head turned to look at her. She turned to him and smiled.

“Give me some time to think about it, okay?” she said in a gentle tone and he smiled and nodded. “Tell me about your day,” she added on a whim. She had done most of the talking yesterday when she allowed Sid back into their stateroom and she slept a lot as well.

“What do you mean?” he asked in a way that Nadine noticed.

She looked at him. “It’s okay, I’m not upset. It just occurred to me that you must have had a lot of down time when I was, you know...” She smiled at him and he smiled back looking relieved.

“Indisposed?” he joked and she laughed a little, just to be nice.

“Right. But tell me what you did to keep busy. Did you meet some of the other husbands?” It was an innocent question but she could tell that it landed a little off by the sudden look he gave her.

“You mean the other cuckolds?” he asked in a low voice. “No need to sugarcoat it, Dee.”

She nodded and touched his arm. “That’s fair.” He softened and she leaned over to kiss his cheek. She even gave his hand a squeeze. “So, did you do anything with some of the other cuckolds?”

“As a matter of fact, I did,” he said, suddenly warming to the conversation in a way that surprised Nadine. Sid was a good husband, an excellent provider, and an all around nice guy, but social, he was not. She’d long since stopped dragging him to parties back home in Nashville unless he knew everyone and the guest list was small. That he would make friends with strangers on a deck built for cuckolds was almost shocking to her.

“Really?” she asked in spite of her best intentions not to be condescending. He was so focused on recounting his unlikely escapades that he didn’t seem to notice.

“That’s right,” he said in a tone that made her reconsider - maybe he had noticed. “When you left with the first one—what was his name?”

“Kayshon.” Nadine willed herself not to smile.

“Right, Kayshon. Well, when you left I went back to the bar and another guy in pretty much the same circumstances as I was in sat down next to me. We didn’t need to explain, we just exchanged looks and smiled. It was really something. Anyway, he said his wife was going to one of the public rooms across the hall from the staterooms and...”

Nadine interrupted with a wave. “Wait, what? There are public rooms?”

“Well, that’s what they call them. Most of the other decks on the ship are almost totally public, with cameras everywhere. I imagine the decks with all the naked women in chains are really popular.”

Nadine just stared at her husband. “What in the world are you talking about, Sid?”

He stared back at her for a few seconds before he rolled away from his wife and grabbed the remote. Nadine was about to chastise her husband when he raised his hand to her in a similar fashion.

“It’ll be easier to just show you.” He aimed the remote at the big screen TV mounted on the wall across from their bed and waited a few seconds for the picture to appear with the menu Nadine had seen yesterday, when their first liaison, Maurice, had shown it to them shortly after escorting them to their stateroom.

“So, you and your new friend watched TV?”

“Not really,” Sid said without looking away from the screen as he worked the remote. “It’s CCTV—there are no outside channels available. Not even movies. Just the feed from all the decks, including this one. From the Buckhorn Clubs, all four of them, and all the public rooms as well. All fifty of them.”

“I’m still not following.”

“Well, you brought each of your liaisons back here, to our room, to insure your privacy, right?” Sid asked tentatively.

“I didn’t know I had a choice.”

“Remember when Maurice mentioned the Buckhorn Club rooms, if you wanted to go to a neutral site instead of bringing a liaison back to your room with you?”

Nadine nodded although she had only a vague recollection of the conversation. She did make a mental note to search out Maurice before the cruise ended.

“I guess,” she finally admitted when she realized Sid was waiting for her to answer him.

“Well, those Buckhorn Club rooms on the interior side of the hallway, they all have cameras and mics.” He looked at the TV again and manipulated the remote as Nadine tried to process. “Here, see that one in the upper left?” She looked at the TV and was confronted by an array of images, most of them just empty rooms but one was most definitely not empty. A woman, white and almost naked, was kissing a black man who was completely naked, her arms wrapped around his neck while his hands ranged up and down her pale body.

“They’re passengers? I mean, she’s a passenger?” Nadine asked, unable to look away from the screen. The couple seemed oblivious to the fact that they were being filmed and watched, as if they didn’t notice the camera, it was hidden, or they just didn’t care. “Why in the world would anyone...?” She wasn’t exactly sure how to finish the question without sounding judgmental.

“Nick said it was something his wife wanted to try from the day they booked their cruise. She’s always been a bit of an exhibitionist and this was the perfect way to explore her interest without, well, you know...”

“No, I don’t know,” she said with a look of annoyance at her suddenly obtuse husband.

Sid sighed. “You remember how you said that experimenting like this at home would be too risky? That one of the attractions of the cruise is the anonymity of it all? Well, Charlie said it was the same for Tonya. That she wanted to try something different but not where anyone they knew would find out about it. Hence, the cruise.”

“Charlie and Tonya?” Nadine asked, struggling to keep her focus on what Sid was saying while she watched the man on the TV run his black hands up and down the white woman’s body. The contrast reminded her of Kayshon and the way his black cock contrasted with her white skin as he fucked her the previous day, a sight that had stunned her almost as much as the feel of his girth and length in her sheath.

“The guy I met yesterday at the bar,” Sid explained with more than a hint of frustration in his tone. “And his wife.”

“Oh, right,” Nadine said distractedly. “So, she wanted to be an exhibitionist, just not for anyone she knows?”

“Yes, exactly. I think it’s a pretty common kink, to be honest. Charlie said that Tonya liked the idea of strangers watching. Just strangers.”

“But what if the people back home see this?” Nadine said without taking her eyes off the screen.

“It’s possible, I guess, but what are the odds? I looked around yesterday and there are literally hundreds of channels to choose from.”

Nadine finally tore her eyes from the screen and looked at her husband. “Hundreds?”

“If not thousands. I talked to one of the bartenders at the club about it.” He smiled and tilted his head. “You know, the font of all wisdom?” Nadine smiled patronizingly. “Anyway, he told me the whole ship is wired for video and audio. Every camera has its own separate channel on the system. Big as this ship is, I imagine they’ve got thousands of cameras pumping out scenes like that twenty-four, seven.” He nodded at the screen.

“Didn’t our first liaison say the same thing?” Nadine interrupted.

“Yeah, I think he did.”

“But not in here, right?” she asked in a quick panic.

Sid smiled. “No, not in here.”

“Good.” She looked at the screen again. “I don’t know about that.” She nodded at the couple, now lying on the bed, the woman stroking the man’s member while he sucked on her nipple while fingering her pussy. In an instant, Nadine was sucked right back into the scene.

“It’s wild, isn’t it?” Sid whispered.

“It’s almost hypnotic.”

Sid added, “It’s so different from porn, knowing that it’s happening in real time, somewhere on this floor, just a few

doors down from where we are right now, probably.”

“Deck,” Nadine said distractedly. The man finally climbed onto the woman’s body and she guided him home, gasping audibly as he entered her. “Turn it up,” Nadine said.

Sid looked at the remote and increased the volume until the woman’s moans filled their stateroom as one naked couple watched another naked couple make love. Nadine was thoroughly engrossed but she could tell that Sid was not. He put his hand on her hip—she noticed but didn’t brush it away, so he slid it up to her breast and began playing with her nipple. She closed her eyes for a few seconds, caught between enjoying the stimulation but annoyed at the intrusion and not wanting him to get the idea she was interested in more. She finally opened her eyes and turned to him. “You do remember I said I was sore, right?”

He nodded and just laid his palm on her breast without squeezing. She turned her attention back to the TV where the man was now fucking the woman from behind, gripping her hair with one hand while holding onto her hip with the other. Nadine watched the couple on the TV as they used each other. Nadine’s belly clenched while she pressed her knees together. She was acutely aware of Sid’s presence and of the fact that she had not allowed him to reclaim her, a term she had no direct experience with but knew from the books they’d read. A cuckold usually desired to have sex with his hotwife once the bull had had his fill, usually as soon after as possible. Nadine didn’t pretend to understand the underlying motivation for such desires, although the books were pretty good at explaining what was going on in the cuckolds’ minds as they watched their wives get railed by the Black bulls. She admitted, if only to herself, that she felt bad about shutting her husband out but she was doing the best she knew how, she told herself. This whole trip was no easy matter for her to deal with, in all its myriad aspects.

As the couple on screen appeared to have finished their copulation, Nadine decided to change the subject, if only in her own mind. “What else did you see on the ship? Did you explore the other decks?”

Sid propped himself up on his elbow. “You mean in person?”

“No, I meant on the TV.” Nadine resisted the urge to shake her head.

“Well, I looked at the Penthouse Deck a bit,” Sid admitted, seemingly embarrassed.

“What’s that?”

“As far as I could tell, it’s amateur prostitution,” he said a little more enthusiastically.

She stared at him. “Isn’t that an oxymoron?”

“Well, I meant that it’s women who aren’t prostitutes in real life who booked that deck so they could try it out.”

“And they get paid?”

“So I’m told. Again, I’m only going by what the bartender told me.”

“The font of all wisdom,” Nadine said with a crooked smile.

“Exactly.”

“What else?”

“Well,” he said, hesitating dramatically, almost by design. Nadine was intrigued. He almost ruined it by waiting too long to continue but he realized it a beat too late. “You remember how the series ended, in the basement and all?”

Nadine gasped. “No!” was all she could manage. She’d masturbated more than a few times to that scene. “Really?”

“Yeah, at least I think so,” he said with an apologetic look.

She almost lost it. “What’s that supposed to mean?” she snapped, suddenly angry.

Sid raised his hands in a futile attempt to placate her. “I saw the room, but it was empty. So, I don’t know if it’s operational or what.”

“Is it here, on the ship?”

“I assumed so,” he said, seemingly confused by her question. “I don’t think we’re getting images from anywhere else.” He nodded at the TV.

“No, probably not.” She looked at the screen and the couple talking softly in a post-coital embrace. Her pussy clenched again. She wasn’t sure she really wanted to ask but something compelled her to look at her husband.

“What?” he asked.

“Show me what you found.”

## 4 - A Little Discipline



With what was in hindsight surprising speed and efficiency, all 73 passengers assigned to Athena's area had been caged, their tiny kennels comprising two parallel walls—"stacks" they were called—five cages high and eight cages long, for a total capacity of 80 passengers.

The mix of male and female was roughly equal, and no effort was made to segregate the sexes, any more than they were separated in *Female, Recreational*, the first of Badger Therese's five-book series. The cages were made of chain link, impassable but completely see-through, everything done in them visible to the passenger next door and those caged before and after.

Athena, with the first major challenge of the day complete, allowed herself to look up and marvel at the strangeness of it all, 73 men and women who had paid good money for the privilege of spending a week as domestic slaves, 73 men and women confined in 73 cages, six feet long, three feet deep, three feet high. For the first half of the cruise, they would sleep in them, eat and drink in them, pass wastes in the little, lidded buckets provided for the purpose.

Until sometime Wednesday, they would be stored like this, confined to these tiny cages when they weren't suffering through the other humiliations of a slave on the open market. Everything had been planned out, mapped out, but that didn't mean it would work.

One week. Seven days. And then it would be over. Athena allowed herself to imagine the moment she stepped off the cruise, returned to her existence as Sandra Morales, previously a city water department billing clerk, a completely ordinary, Southern California girl whose only talent was that she looked like someone described in a pornographic novel.

Things needed to start happening, and it was up to Athena to get it all going. As manager of one of four identical sections of the domestic slavery deck, Athena would get most of the credit if things worked, all of the blame if they didn't. And she'd just learned, to her horror, that there was no formal process for tracking the slaves once they'd been caged. Everyone's eye had been scanned, but you had to get right up next to them to know who they were.

She'd already selected three of the passengers for a visit to the punishment room, two females and a male. One of the girls had asked a stupid question about her cell phone—no, of course you don't get to keep your cell phone, bitch. Another had forgotten to take out her nose ring when she was ordered to strip completely. And then, the male had propositioned her—propositioned her! He'd recognized her immediately as the character she was portraying, and he seemed to have developed a fixation for her. For Athena Petrosyan, that is, the insecure, rich girl slacker whose family bought Hannah, the heroine of the *Female, Recreational* series.

Now he was sitting cross-legged in his cage, set at the bottom row of the stack, and looking up forlornly at her. He was probably still erect, but Athena wasn't going to look there.

*Dude, you are so not ever going to stick that thing up me, up me or in me or in any part of my body where it would fit. Ever. Even if you are gorgeous. And even if you're long and—*

"Athena?" Noah said, ending the reverie.

"Yeah?"

"What now?" he asked.

"Okay," Athena said, drawing in her breath. "You know the three people you did the eye scan on, for punishment?"

"Yeah."

"Find them," Athena said, gesturing vaguely toward the stacks first, and then to the male who'd offended her. "He's one. Oh, and there are the other two, the girls there and there. Take them all now."

The rest of the team was gathering around as well, looking for guidance.

“Geoff,” Athena said, waving the team in close and lowering her voice. “How ‘bout you start taking people to the salon? Keep the chairs there full. Ma– Delilah is waiting. We get her first, so let’s have her do as many people as we can before they send her to another salon. And then, Pam, you take them from there to the showroom. Just like the manual says. And start . . . start with the first cage on the floor, to the far left, work your way left to right, then go up to the next level. And put them back where you got them. I just found out there’s no way to track people in their cages, so I’m going to figure out something, based on cage location. And everyone else fill in. Help Geoff or help Pam. Let’s see how it goes. Talk to me if something’s not working. Oh, and look for reasons to punish. Just remember who it is and Geoff will scan them as soon as he can. Geoff’s doing punishment. He’s got three who need to go right off, but we need to keep that room full too, so let him know when someone needs a scan, and make up a number, two to five, anywhere in there.”

“Shouldn’t we take off their chains?” Zena asked.

Athena looked up at the cages, each slave cuffed by the wrists and ankles, almost all of them staring at the group of workers, the people in whose hands their fates now lay.

“No time,” Athena said, making a snap executive decision. “Take ‘em off once they get to the salon, once they’re tethered in the showroom, use your judgment, and remember that these people are slaves, and whatever we do is right, by definition. But no one sleeps in chains, that’s all. Okay, go.”

For three long seconds, no one moved. And then everyone did. Noah quickly found the first three passengers slated for punishment, pointing out each to himself; Pam retrieved the first of the little wheeled platforms that cages would be pushed around on, and moments later the first few cages had been slid onto platforms and rolled out through the room to their destinations.

The organizers of the Cruise du Kinque had set aside a full complement of office supplies in a small cabinet of the clinic room, and Athena found paper, pens and tape, and she quickly scratched out a pair of grids on the sheet, each five rectangles high, eight long, with “M” or “F” for gender where she could remember it, and a big “P” for the first three slaves to go to punishment. She taped it to the wall, taped two pens next to it.

Today through Tuesday, everyone was supposedly going to training and assessment rooms, where their talents in the arts of physical service were going to be scored, but how the fuck—literally—that was going to be accomplished was anyone’s guess. Today, Athena needed to observe and manage and maybe find a few ways to improve the first part of the slave experience, and she was going to be busy.

First stop was punishment. She wanted to see how it was done, if they were going to fake it or if they were really going to hurt these people. And if it was real, she wanted to hear that man scream. No one who tells Athena Petrosyan he wants to fuck her gets away unscathed, least of all a slave.

“If anyone needs me, I’m going to punishment,” Athena whispered to Pam, who was pushing a caged girl toward the exit. “And then probably the salon.”

Athena squeezed between two rolling cages to get into the hallway, searching the doors and knowing she needed to know the deck’s layout like the back of her hand, which she didn’t yet.

“Punishment,” said the door to the left, so she pushed through it to find a room with nine stations for suffering, a space against the far wall for cages, desks for the crew.

These were people Athena hadn’t met yet, two females and a male, none of whom were ever going to be cast at any normal theme park, but who were perfect here. The blonde looked like she was just waiting for someone to add her portrait to a Nazi propaganda poster, her hair and her face equally composed of sharp angles, her mouth the bright red of freshly-applied lipstick, her eyes light and hard, her body starvingly thin. The other girl was dark black, but with golden

hair draped around her shoulders, her nose and her chin both protruding aggressively. But the male was the most frightening of all. He looked like a frat boy, a little heavysset, cleancut and smiling crookedly, like he was already experiencing his idea of fun just being here. The three of them sat at the three small desks, a stack of forms before them, various pens, a short prod on the white girl's desk. They were whispering to each other. None of them looked at Athena.

The creators of this room had been as true to the book as they could manage. Slaves would be embraced in cushioned arms, around the hips, around the upper arms, leaving most of their bodies exposed for whatever torment had been arranged. If they squirmed, fought, writhed, the cushioned arms would hold. If they fainted, the same. If they lost control of their bladders, that would be addressed as well, by the metal grate beneath each station.

There were already two slaves here, the girl who asked the dumb phone question, and the male who had disrespected Athena. Ignoring everyone, Athena took a place in the corner of the room and looked down. But out of the corner of her eye, she confirmed that the male was still staring at her, and still erect.

*My god, man, how do you live with that thing?*

The door opened and the third slave arrived, nose ring girl, her cage pushed by Noah.

She was still in handcuffs and shackles and exited her pen awkwardly, clambering over the side of the cage once it had been unlocked and dropped. She was standing dizzily when the Black girl walked over with an iris scanner, held it up, looked at it.

“You’ve been put down for two,” the girl said. “What did you do?”

“I ...” the other girl stammered. “Right. I had this nose ring in. I was supposed to take everything off, but I forgot it. It was a mistake.”

Athena marveled at how truly contrite Nose Ring Girl seemed, and how distressed. Maybe she didn't want to break a rule. Maybe she didn't want to be punished. Or maybe she was already so embedded in the role of a domestic slave that for her it was real. Don't break character, Athena reminded herself. Play your role as hard as these people seem to be playing theirs. On normal cruises, losing someone's luggage or spilling a margarita on their lap is the worst thing that could happen. Here, being Sandra Morales is the worst thing she could do. Serve them with unwavering cruelty. You are Athena Petrosyan, and you've got a mean streak.

The slave girl allowed the punishment room worker to guide her to the set of pads that would embrace her while she suffered the consequences.

The worker grabbed a pen off the desk, stepped up behind Nose Ring Girl and drew out two neat squares on the back of her shoulder, and she sat down, and the white girl took over, standing with a prod in one hand and a pen in the other, heading for Phone Girl.

Will the pain be real? Athena wondered, and she felt her heart catch in her chest. If it was, it was going to be—

“Oww oww aieeeee!” screamed the redhead as the blonde girl pressed the end of the prod against the side of her breast. One second, two, five seven ... Hasn't it been long enough?

Phone Girl picked up her legs, her heels flailing behind her, her shoulders lifting against the pads, and she screamed again before it was over, the prod removed, revealing a bright red mark on the side of her breast.

Phone Girl went limp, bowing her head, straightening her legs, her feet landing with a soft thud to either side of the drain.

*Yeah, this is real.*

Athena braced for the second application of the prod to Phone Girl's body, the second round of desperate squeals, but that's not how this was done here. Instead, Nazi Torture Girl stepped behind the slave and carefully made a black

checkmark within the first of the three squares that had been drawn out on her back, after which she went to the Black slave, who looked back at her with wide-eyed terror, all her focus on the end of the prod as it approached her breast.

With no more warning or ceremony than the redhead received, the worker pressed the end of the prod to Nose Ring Girl's breast, and the victim reacted the way one would expect, with a series of urgent cries, the lifting of legs, her shoulders shaking in a futile bid to escape. The work of the prod complete, she also went limp, and the blonde torturer marked her back accordingly.

“You want to do one of your own kind?” the blonde asked the frat boy, and he answered by rising. Instead of stepping to the girl to take the prod, however, he raised his arms, stretching. He bent, grunting as he tried unsuccessfully to touch his toes. He laced his fingers together, palms out, twisting left, twisting right.

*Holy fuck, this bastard is treating this like an athletic event. He's acting like he's next up to bat. What's wrong with these people?*

Done stretching and warming up, Frat Boy reached out his hand, and the girl gave him the prod and sat down, and he stepped up to the male and Athena realized she was shaking, her belly and her legs and her hands quivering. Her spasming nerves had nothing to do with the male waiting for the prod, though, because he remained a study of indifference as he waited in his pads. His eyes were on the wall and half closed, his body relaxed. Most of his body, at least. His penis was still firm.

“Huzzah!” said Frat Boy, pressing the prod against the male's substantial chest.

No screams, no writhing, nothing but a clenched jaw and very focused eyes.

Frat Boy held the prod in place for far longer than it had been applied to the two slave girls' breasts, but Athena—eyes fixed on the male slave and the object of his correction—noticed for the first time that the prod's tip was glowing red as

it was brought to the male's flesh, the light fading after what she guessed was no more than 10 seconds.

The dimming of the tool's end corresponded with the man's calming. His head didn't drop, but his jaw unclenched and he opened his eyes wide and blinked, as though conducting an internal dialogue consisting of some variation of surprise.

His penis: still erect.

Frat Boy marked the first of the man's three squares and looked imploringly at his blonde colleague. "Let me do the girls too," he begged, and she nodded, and he approached Phone Girl.

Everyone was still ignoring Athena. Which was fine with her.

"Spread," he said.

"Spread what?" said Phone Girl, her voice breaking with terror.

"Your legs," he said with a tone that suggested he was thinking of adding "duh," but he didn't say it.

"No, not there," she said, her voice an octave higher.

"Open up," he said, swatting her left thigh with the back of his hand, and she grunted and spread her legs reflexively and up went the prod, a little to the left of her opening, and Athena almost felt the burn herself as the girl screamed, "Ow! No! Not there! Stop! STOPPPPPP!" and she bucked and drew up her shackled legs and suddenly went limp, and earned an X in the second of the three squares on her back.

"Spread," said Frat Boy to Nose Ring Girl, and she obeyed with a palpable terror, indeed with a physical terror, urine streaming from her loins and arcing noisily against the metal floor before it ran into the drain beneath her.

Frat Boy treated the interruption with mild interest, content to watch and wait until she stopped dripping and he could raise the prod to her vulva, and she lifted her face to the ceiling and screamed and closed her legs involuntarily, but it was too late. All she accomplished by squeezing her thighs together was

holding Frat Boy's hand and the punishment tool firmly in place until the red tip stopped glowing.

Done, he marked the girl's back, and Athena realized with a sense of relief that she was done. Athena had given her just two marks and she'd completed her sentence. Lust Boy—that was her name for him, given she didn't know his real name—was due for two more. And Phone Girl had one more to get through.

“Shack Attack, you want a turn?” Frat Boy said, holding out the prod to the Black girl.

“It's Shakita,” she said, standing up and taking the tool and the pen from him. “Asshole.”

Shakita chose bellies, zapping the screaming Phone Girl first and the stoic Lust Boy second, marking off their backs. Now Phone Girl was done too, but Lust Boy had one more.

The door opened and another cage rolled in, its contents male and middle-aged, propelled by Zena, who took in the room with obvious amazement, eyes at last stopping on her colleague.

“Hey, Athena,” she said.

“Hey, Zena, what did he do?”

“I felt like he was trying to be a ringleader,” Zena said.

“A ringleader?” Athena said. “Like, of a slave uprising?”

“Totally.”

“Wow,” Athena said “What was he doing?”

“Talking like a lawyer.”

“Damn,” Athena said. “He probably is one. Or used to be one. Good job.”

“I just gave him two,” Zena said apologetically.

“Okay,” Athena said. “But if he does it again, he gets four.”

“You want me to—”

The rest of Zena's words were lost amidst Lust Boy's howl. It took the application of the prod to his scrotum to get him to

react.

Only fair, Athena thought. The girls got the equivalent. And ... yeah, the punishment was definitely fitting the crime.

And yet, Lust Boy was still lusty, his stiff, prodigious penis bouncing as his lower half shook under 10 seconds of torture.

*Wait, is he peeing? Like Nose Ring Girl did? Are these people really just ... Oh fuck, that's not pee. That's ... cum. How do you even do that? What the hell? What the actual hell?*

Ultimately, this was all Athena's doing. She'd sent the first three slaves here, assigned their sentences, and everything from the noises they made to the stuff coming out of their bodies was because of her.

So, like any good manager, she slipped out before anyone could ask her to deal with the consequences of her decisions. She did not want to clean up Lust Boy's semen. Or see what would be done to him next. He still had his third one coming.

She was still shaking as she left punishment, so she put her hand against the bare white wall, steadying herself, breathing in slowly. The door closed behind her and the screams ended.

## 5 - Shawna Gets an Offer



Shawna Ross could think about nothing but flopping down on her bunk as she clocked out. Her second eight hour shift in as many days had just ended and she was wiped. She made her way down the corridor on the Penthouse Deck of the ship, intent on getting to her room as quickly as possible to shower and sleep. She would think about food at some point but not now, maybe not until morning. She might even skip the shower.

Penthouse Room A, where she had been assigned today, was even bigger and more chaotic than Penthouse Room C, where she'd spent her first shift, something she wouldn't have thought possible but clearly was. She had the sore feet and the aching back to prove it after serving almost two-hundred tables—she counted—without a break, except for two quick trips to the employee's head, a tiny room that passed for a bathroom aboard a luxury cruise ship. Due to the unique layout of an ocean-going vessel, she imagined, Penthouse Room A was larger but narrower than Penthouse Room C had been, meaning she had almost twice as much ground to cover to serve her station at the far end of the room from the bar. As a result, she must have walked twice as many miles in her mandatory three-inch pumps to serve the passengers who had paid thousands of dollars to book passage to nowhere in this strange environment.

Shawna made her way down the long, crowded hallway to the far end of the ship, as the crew's quarters were tucked in the stern and Penthouse Room A was practically in the bow of the thousand-yard-long vessel. She was too tired to even look for her new friend Gina, whose shift had ended the same time as hers but who had been serving one of the three other Penthouse rooms on the deck today.

“Shawna,” she heard a voice call out in the crowded hallway. “Over here.” She craned her neck and saw Emily, the

Penthouse Deck Manager who had hired her and who she'd talked to yesterday in her office. The attractive, no-nonsense administrator waved at Shawna, so she put a smile on her face and approached her boss's boss with grudgingly ginned-up enthusiasm.

"I was hoping I'd run into you," Emily said as she turned to walk with Shawna. "I've got so many meetings I don't know when I'll be able to get back to my office to take care of Elaine today."

"Elaine?" Shawna asked, not recognizing the name.

"My girl," she said with a smile that immediately reminded Shawna of the strange encounter they'd had the prior afternoon. "She's been cooped up all day and I was wondering," Emily said as she stopped walking and ducked into a small alcove to facilitate a more private conversation. "Are you still interested in what we discussed yesterday?"

Shawna had gone to Emily's office to ask if she could moonlight after her shift in one of the Penthouse Rooms as if she were a passenger. Emily had turned her down, but apparently she was desperate enough to reconsider, if the look on the pretty executive's face was any indication. Shawna was interested but wary and the look on her own face must have given her away.

"It's nothing untoward," Emily explained with a gentle smile. "I just need you to go to my office and give Elaine some attention, just for a half-hour or so. I'll be able to stop by at some point but not anytime soon and I know she's anxious, this being an unfamiliar environment for her and all."

"What do you want me to do with her?" Shawna asked, perplexed but also intrigued on two counts. The money she was making as a cocktail waitress, even in the high-volume environment in the Penthouse Rooms, paled in comparison with what she could earn posing as a passenger. Then there was the mystery of Emily's 'girl'.

"My private cabin is attached to my office. Just let her out of her enclosure and take her in there. Do whatever you like with her, and I mean that. Now, I've got to run." She hustled

away before Shawna could agree, protest, or ask any further questions. She watched Emily disappear around the corner and into the crowded hallway as vague but enticing scenarios ran through her mind.

Newly energized by the prospect of earning substantially more money, and the sudden possibilities posed by her immediate assignment, Shawna strode down the hallway as she looked for Emily's office. The hallway stretched the entire length of the ship but she remembered running into her destination just past the midship passenger elevator bank she had just passed. She smiled as she found what she was looking for and slipped inside the unlocked office door.

She flipped on the lights and looked toward the back of the room where she'd been surprised the first time she visited. She was less surprised but still shocked to see Elaine, Emily's girl, lying naked in a cage made of steel and thick wire that she imagined would typically house a large dog. The girl raised her head but didn't make any noise, not even a whimper, which didn't surprise Shawna, as she'd seen the shock collar on Elaine's neck the day before. She assumed it was to enforce silence as no other purpose for it was conceivable. When Shawna approached the cage, the girl sat up and reached for her.

Shawna was shocked again—although she had no reason to be as she'd seen them yesterday—to see her hands encased by locked leather pouches. She looked for the tail she'd seen as well and saw it lying on the floor of the cage behind her. Her feet were also ensconced in leather, a crude simulation of paws, Shawna decided without wondering why anyone would submit to such a regimen. But she then saw something that did surprise her and shocked her to her core when the girl turned slightly and Shawna could see that she'd been branded on her flank with the initials "ER", wounds that had obviously healed long ago, as much as they ever would, telling her that they were permanent and not insignificant.

"Hi, Elaine," Shawna said in a soothing voice. "I'm Shawna. Emily asked me to let you out for a little while if you like."

“Please,” the naked girl croaked, shocking Shawna to her core.

“You can talk?”

“The batteries died years ago,” Elaine explained in a voice that was clearly unused to being used. “Emily knows they’re dead but she assumes I won’t risk speaking because when she’s around, I never do.”

Shawna fumbled with the latch on the cage while she listened to the woman and her bizarre tale. She stood up to open the cage door and Elaine crawled out, her tail brushing against her legs as she did so. When she was completely free of the enclosure, Elaine lifted her encased hand to indicate she would need Shawna’s help to stand up, something she’d done yesterday with Emily as well. Shawna assumed that although the cosplay went to incredible extremes in many respects, insistence that the girl remain on all fours was not one of them.

“Is this the door to Emily’s room?” Shawna asked as she reached for the only door in that part of the small office.

“It is,” Elaine said as she let go of Shawna’s hand, sturdy enough on her feet to walk without assistance. “I really need to pee,” she added.

“Okay, where’s the bathroom?” Shawna asked as she led the almost-naked woman into the dark bedroom. Night had fallen an hour ago but the moonlight did offer a glimpse of the sumptuous cabin that the cruise’s management provided for one of its senior officers.

“There,” Elaine pointed with her useless appendage, unable to turn the knob to allow her access to the private bathroom. Shawna opened the door and switched on the light, then wondered how much help the poor woman would need. “I’ll be fine,” Elaine said, seeming to understand Shawna’s dilemma without having to hear it.

Shawna stepped back into the cabin and looked around with burgeoning envy. The cabin was not large by any standards other than the ship’s but by that measure it was nothing short of sumptuous. A queen sized bed made Shawna

wince at the thought of her own narrow, stacked bunk in the room she shared with three other women. A big screen TV, a small loveseat, and a tiny makeup vanity made Shawna shake her head in awe, not to mention the presence of the ‘girl’ in the bathroom. What incredible managerial abilities did Emily bring to the job that warranted this level of privilege, she wondered. The deck wasn’t all that well-managed in her considered opinion, after just two shifts as a low-level employee.

The toilet in the bathroom flushed noisily and Shawna turned toward her as Elaine emerged a few seconds later. “Are you hungry?” she asked before wondering what she might do about it if the girl answered in the affirmative.

“No, I’m used to eating just once a day,” Elaine said without emotion. Shawna’s eyes went wide just the same and the girl in the minimalist dog costume smiled. “She likes me thin.”

Shawna’s eyes dipped involuntarily to the girl’s body, which was indeed rail thin but not in a way that looked unhealthy. If anything, Shawna, who always struggled with her weight, had to suppress a wave of envy.

“Why are you...?” she began before she realized she wasn’t sure how to finish her question. “Like this?” She added a beat too late.

“Can we lie on the bed for a bit?” Elaine asked suddenly. “I really hate that crate.”

“Of course,” Shawna said as she stepped aside so as not to block the girl’s path. She walked to the bed and climbed on as Shawna watched, wondering briefly if she meant it when she said ‘we’. A motion with one ‘paw’ a few seconds later told Shawna that she had.

“And could you...?” Elaine began before hesitating, much as Shawna had. “Could you take off your clothes? I’d love it if you could hold me.”

Shawna blinked and nodded, then reached for the top button on her blouse almost reflexively. She kicked off her

shoes with relief. “Mind if I ask some questions?”

“No, not at all.” Elaine rested her head on the pillows stacked at the headboard, large, luxurious pillows that put the tiny, hard sack of rice husks on her bunk to shame, Shawna thought with a sudden surge of bitterness.

She shook off the distraction and refocused on the situation at hand. “How long have you been with Emily?” she asked, pleased with herself and her finely-crafted question. No need to make the girl uncomfortable.

“What year is it?” Elaine asked with a straight face.

“2024,” Shawna answered without reacting somehow.

“Six years, then,” Elaine answered. Shawna continued to disrobe as she waited for Elaine to elaborate before she realized that the girl who rarely talked would not be volunteering any unsolicited details.

“How did you meet?”

“In Atlanta, at the original Penthouse Hotel. We’d both come there for training and we hit it off.”

“Is that when this started?” Shawna asked with a motion at Elaine’s body. She assumed she wouldn’t have to explain and she was right.

“Yes, this was part of the training,” Elaine said in the most matter-of-fact tone Shawna could imagine under the circumstances. “We all went through it.”

“Emily, too?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“You’d have to ask Rodney,” Elaine said as she looked at Shawna’s naked body. She opened her arms to welcome the woman into her embrace as if that too was the most natural thing in the world for someone you just met and barely knew. As Shawna climbed onto the bed she was struck by how truly beautiful Elaine was, especially when she smiled as she was doing now. Shawna wondered if a kiss would be too much to

expect but she quickly had her answer—Elaine pulled her in for a passionate, open-mouthed kiss that left no doubt in Shawna’s mind what this girl was all about, not that she had any real doubts to begin with. Not on this ship.

Shawna had kissed a few girls over the years and found the experience pleasurable if not all that exciting. Men still held her overriding interest for all manner of sexual contact, from kissing to intercourse, but she found herself thoroughly enamored with Elaine, who was extraordinarily talented in that regard. She found Elaine’s breasts particularly enticing, both in the way they pressed against her own as they kissed and just the size and shape of them. They were smaller than her own, as was almost everything about Elaine’s body. Her hips were more narrow, her shoulders as well, and her thighs were almost but not quite skinny. But her small, pert breasts with their dark areolas and taut nipples fascinated Shawna. She broke from their kiss and leaned away from the girl while looking down at them.

“Do you mind if I touch them?” she asked and felt awkward asking.

“Of course,” Elaine said as she watched Shawna reach for her. Shawna squeezed one small mound and then the other, then she played with one nipple, rolling it between her thumb and middle finger until it hardened to the full extent possible. Elaine closed her eyes but didn’t moan, which frustrated Shawna until she reminded herself that the girl spent most of her time with Emily, who thought she never made a sound, even during sex.

“Why does she make you wear that collar?” Shawna asked suddenly.

“It was part of the training, in Atlanta,” Elaine said without opening her eyes. “I assumed its original intent was to foster the illusion. I have no idea why she persists in keeping it locked.”

“Doesn’t that bother you?”

“Why should it? She owns me so she can do what she likes with me.”

Shawna stared at the girl. “She owns you?”

“Functionally, yes. Contractually, or legally, no, of course not. But I gave myself to her in Atlanta and I have no interest in changing that.”

“But, she branded you, didn’t she? Did you agree to that?”

“I agree to everything she does to me. I’ve given myself to her.”

“Why?”

“Because I love her.”

“And yet here you are with me,” Shawna said wistfully, then a dark thought stabbed at her. “Will this be a problem, if she comes in right now?”

“No, of course not. She doesn’t mind sharing me.”

“Does this happen often?”

“No, not really. I’ve been with a few of her friends over the years but it’s not a common occurrence.”

Shawna caressed Elaine’s breasts as they talked, almost without thinking but enjoying the casual intimacy more than she realized. Elaine seemed to pick up on it as she raised an eyebrow and rolled Shawna onto her back. “Let me lick you,” she said, not asking.

Shawna had been intimate with a couple of girls this way and remembered enjoying the way a woman knew how to please other women, especially the women who only pleased other women. She didn’t hesitate to shift her body around and offer herself to Elaine, who slid into position and kissed Shawna’s mound and thighs before she buried her face in her sex. The quick motion surprised Shawna but not enough to put her off, and she quickly abandoned herself to the girl’s expert ministrations, quickly achieving a most satisfying orgasm with little effort on either of the women’s part.

“Do you want me to do you?” Shawna asked without enthusiasm.

“No,” Elaine said simply. “I doubt that you really want to and it’s not anything I have any right to expect. Emily never goes down on me. She’s actually not really into women, from what I know of her sex life.”

“Really? I’m surprised.”

“I’m less a woman to her and more a pet than anything.” Shawna didn’t try to hide her surprise as Elaine went on. “She owns a pair of fillies, too.”

“Fillies? As in horses?”

“No, not actual horses. Ponygirls. We went through ponygirl training in Atlanta as well.”

“What’s a ponygirl?” Shanwa asked, feeling as if she could guess but too overwhelmed to think she was in a position to assume anything.

Elaine held up her hand/paw. “Instead of these, they wear hooves made of steel and hard leather. With horseshoes and everything. They are much more restrictive, as you might imagine. Bigger tails, too.”

“Is that your own hair?” Shawna had been curious since she saw Elaine’s tail yesterday.

“It is. Do you like it?” She reached back and picked it up with her paw. “I can’t imagine life without it now.”

“So you’ve been wearing it for six years?”

“Except for when the groom removes it so I can defecate every other day.”

“The groom?”

“Emily has a groom who lives with us.”

“And does he, uh...?” Shawna hesitated, reeling with the onslaught of strange information.

“Service us?” Elaine smiled. “Of course.”

“Emily, too?”

“Emily, too.”

Shawna motioned for Elaine to slide up to her arms again and the girl complied immediately. She kissed her lips lightly, not willing to indulge in the taste of her own juices, which were still wet on the girl's mouth. Elaine didn't ask for permission but ducked her head down to lick Shawna's nipple which hardened immediately under the girl's expert attention. Shawna allowed her to lick and suck until her other nipple cried out for a similar treatment, which Elaine bestowed without being asked.

Shawna reached down to finger herself almost without thinking, the girl was so good at exciting her just by sucking her nipples. She was too sensitive to orgasm again but she played with herself for a few minutes as Elaine alternated between her breasts until she couldn't take it anymore and moved away from the girl. She smiled and eased Elaine onto her back so she could return the favor. It had been a while since she'd licked another woman's breasts but it only seemed fair. Then she reached down and stroked the girl's pubic hair. Elaine spread her legs and moaned when Shawna fingered her.

"I can't go down on you," Shawna explained in a raspy voice. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Elaine whispered. "This is more than Emily ever does for me."

"Really?" Shawna asked between licks. "Why is that?"

"She loves to edge me but she hasn't made me cum in years."

"Would you like to cum now?"

"I'd love that." Shawna looked up and saw the girl close her eyes as she manipulated her clit with two fingers. "You never get to do this yourself because of those..." She couldn't bring herself to say the word.

"My paws," Elaine said as she moaned and gasped. "No, I don't." She twisted and Shawna leaned down to latch onto her nipple again as the girl reached for the back of her head with her pouch. She shuddered and spasmed in a way that gave Shawna a sudden surge of satisfaction, both pleased with

herself for taking care of the girl who spent her days left alone in a cage in a dark cabin, but also a little relieved that she needn't feel guilty about her inability to perform orally on another woman—she'd tried and failed enough to know better.

When the girl settled down after her climax and Shawna cuddled her protectively, she kissed her again. The residue from her own orgasm had faded from her mouth and she enjoyed the softness of another woman again. To her surprise, she wondered why she didn't indulge this unique pleasure more often and vowed to change that.

“Should I leave before Emily gets back?” Shawna asked after a long, silent interlude.

“There's no need. She won't mind.” Elaine seemed to be in no rush to shoo Shawna out of the bed and the cabin.

“Still, I'm starving and I need to get some rest.” She extricated herself gently from the girl's embrace and stood next to the bed. “One last question, though, before I go?”

“Anything,” Elaine said as she propped herself up on her elbow to watch Shawna get dressed.

“Why do you both maintain the fiction that you can't talk if your collar is non-functional?”

Elaine looked away before her eyes came back to Shawna's. “I think it has to do with my role in her life. She doesn't want a wife or even a girlfriend. She's not a lesbian in any sense of the word, so she doesn't want that kind of relationship with me. She lets me lick her and we sleep together whenever we can, which is quite often, but she never thinks of me as anything but her pet. And pets don't talk, of course.”

“And that's okay with you?”

“It's so deliciously freeing, you have no idea.”

Shawna was dressed and ready to go and feeling suddenly overwhelmed by the day and the weight of the realization that she felt a little envious of Elaine. A little.

“Okay if I come back tomorrow?” she asked as she walked to the bedroom door.

“Wait,” Elaine said as she moved to scramble off the bed. “You need to put me up.”

“Pardon?”

“I have to go back into the cage,” Elaine said with a tone that made Shawna feel somewhat guilty for leaving her. “It’s okay,” the girl said, reading her. “I’d love to see you again.”

Shawna held the cage door up so that Elaine could climb inside, then she latched it and kissed her fingers to press against the cage. The girl moved her mouth to Shawna’s fingers and licked them between the thin wire bars. Shawna smiled, as did Elaine.

“Should I turn the light off?” she asked just before she exited the cabin.

“Please.”

## 6 - Torture, Medieval Style



Even as she was brought to what she expected would be some sort of unpleasantness, possibly involving a whip, June Wayman continued to marvel at the world around her, a three-dimensional creation of vivid purple mountains and green trees, a blue sky and deep valley, a medieval village and its people, all of it existing only in the goggles that had been put over her eyes by a woman named Bitsy.

June, until last month a local TV news reporter at KLAF, was on special assignment to Sinflix, experiencing the decks of the Cruise du Kinque with the goal of creating a variety of content. Some of it would be provided to the subscribers of the Sinflix streaming service. Some of it would be used to promote the cruise. Some of it might be used for some other entertainment purpose. June would get her share of the proceeds, although she was doubtful the money would be enough to justify what she was enduring.

The ship hadn't even left port yet when June reported to her first assignment, a fictional prison where the female inmates were guaranteed to suffer 30 minutes of torture four times during the seven-day cruise. The first female to pass through the room, she'd been chained naked to a spit and turned over a remarkably hot orange-glowing grill while both her cries of protest and her sweat were recorded for posterity.

Exhausted, she'd asked her producer for the rest of the day off. Her producer, Autumn Spangler, had said no, but had compromised, sending June to what was an allegedly easy deck, despite its name: Medieval Slavery.

Given the complexities of simulating a medieval world, this was by necessity a virtual reality deck, the only one on the SS Sinflix Loviatar. As soon as they arrived, passengers were told to strip—an unnecessary step for June, already nude given clothes were nothing but an impediment on this assignment—

and they they were issued goggles and earphones and what was called, quaintly, a “carnal immerser,” a device that locked around the waist and delivered very intimate sensations to the genitals. June could only imagine how the male version of the contraption worked, but the female version seemed to be quite capable of delivering an accurate representation of sexual servitude. In fact, within minutes of her arrival to this place, a flaxen-haired yeoman had welcomed her as a slave and promptly sampled her wares, first spreading her vulva with his fingers before he ordered her to her hands and knees and took her from behind. His thrusts were realistic, and when she pushed back, that was realistic too. And when he climaxed, she could feel his warm semen—or whatever they were using for warm semen here—squirting into her vagina.

She hadn't climaxed, That didn't seem to be important here. But as she was led to the village by the peasant who had just taken her, all her senses were on fire, her arousal maximized, sexual and otherwise.

June wasn't sure where she was anymore, in an actual physical sense. She'd met Bitsy in a space full of cubicles, where workers did the back office work necessary for keeping the deck humming. The delivery of the cruise experience, however, happened in a darkened smoke-and-spice-scented room where passengers were put in whatever chains matched their experience at the moment. Wrists bound to push a cart, for example; an ankle tethered while they provided physical relief to their owners; or wrists tied high on a post for punishment or interrogation.

It was the last position that June was brought to first, the peasant ordering her to raise her hands while she gazed at a rough-hewn whipping post.

Real rope was passed around her wrists and they were bound to the post, the rope drawn so tightly her cleavage was forced against a physical object whose coarseness matched the virtual texture she could see in the lenses of her goggles.

She'd studied information technology as a minor in college, got to experience some early 3D prototypes, found them disappointingly disorienting. The brain has an exact

expectation of spatial orientation, and even tiny violations of the rules are noticed, interpreted as a sign of dizziness or inebriation, and generate emergency signals to the brain. The brain, correspondingly, in its reptilian-evolved wisdom, concludes that something bad must have been eaten or drunk, and it dispels it.

So June braced herself as she looked up, expecting to see some oddly-positioned facsimile of her arms and her bound hands. But no, they were right where they should have been. She wiggled her fingers, and her virtual fingers moved accordingly. Absolutely amazing. If this was the state of virtual reality now, she needed a career—

“Where did you walk from?” shouted a voice in her left ear. June started, turned to find an older man—not the one who had ravished her earlier—staring into her eyes.

“Uh ...” June stammered. “Los Angeles.”

“Lostlanges village or province?”

“It’s a city,” June said. “It’s right—”

“Liar!” shouted the man. “There is neither village or province by that name!”

June felt a sudden, unexpected pressure against her back, followed a millisecond later by a deep burn from one shoulder blade to the other.

“Ow, God, stop!” June cried, looking behind her, where a third man held a whip.

“Tell us where you’re from!” the man demanded again.

“Okay, okay, uh, Pasadena?” June said. “Fullerton? San Gabriel?”

“Nonsense!” shouted the man, and a second blow landed against her back, mid-spine this time.

“Damn!” June shouted. “Damn it. Okay, okay, uh, San Francisco. Uh, Atlantis. Ow fuck!”

“Tell us where you’re from!” the man shouted again.

“Okay, wait, wait,” June begged, pulling at her real bonds, which held, and looking up at her virtual bonds, which also held. “Okay, London. London. Like really old London. Or, old, like, old village, uh, old—ow fuck! Stop it! What do you want me to say? Okay, Nottingham, yeah. Nottingham? Dammit, ow, fuck, stop! Sherwood, Sherwood, uh, woods, I mean Forest. AHHHH! That fucking hurts! King Arthur. King, I mean, where he lived. Camel, camel ... toe. OWWW! CAMELOT!”

None of June’s answers satisfied the village, and so she suffered the full ten lashes—between her shoulders, down her back, across her bottom—which the village traditionally meted out before it tired of this means of gathering information.

Someone real was back there, June knew, wielding a real whip, a cruise employee whose job was to torture passengers. She’d seen it herself, escorted through a dark room where naked passengers labored and suffered. She wasn’t supposed to see it. She’d arrived at the Medieval Slavery deck from the wrong elevators, meaning a trip through places regular passengers didn’t see.

Her suffering done, her wrists were freed. A hand wrapped itself around her upper arm, and she was half-dragged to one of the humblest of the village’s hovels, a squat, thatched affair with a single misshapen, doorless entrance. She was pulled through, pushed toward a tiny cage, and she crawled in and turned and sat, feeling around herself, touching cold walls that matched the vision in her goggles, hard stone on the sides, timbers above, a barred door locked in front.

The floor of her cell was cushioned with straw and rags, and she leaned back, tried to get comfortable, and fought the sudden urge to cry, to wail, to protest that she was done here, that she’d had enough.

But then, there was Malcolm, the smug manager of this deck, whom she’d almost had to beg for the privilege of fulfilling her assignment here. He didn’t want her here, even though Sinflix corporate—his boss as well as hers—had sent her. He was worried she couldn’t handle it. He’d more or less told her that experiencing medieval slavery through virtual reality

was something very few people were ready for, and she wasn't one of them. And she was about to prove him right.

*Damn you, Malcolm-whatever-your-last-name-is. Damn you. I know you're watching me. I know you're waiting for me to give up. I know you're sitting in that nice little office right now, listening to me. Watching me.*

*Recording me.*

June sat up, straightened her back, winced as her burning behind pressed against the rough place where, apparently, she was expected to rest, maybe even to sleep.

"If you're just joining us," she began, forcing her voice to its highest grade of local newsgirl brightness despite her discomfort, "I'm June Wayman with Sinflix Entertainment, coming to you from the Cruise du Kinque, on the SS Sinflix Loviatar. I'm a slave in a medieval village, a virtual reality medieval village, so I assume you're seeing me in virtual reality, and I'm not exactly sure what I look like yet. But it's not all virtual reality. I've just been sexually violated, by equipment they've got locked around my hips, and I—"

"Alright, Missus, you can't say that," Malcolm barked.

"Huh?" June said.

"We're not saying anything about the equipment," he said, his voice strange, coming presumably from his ship-based office while June lingered in a rock-lined slave cell barely big enough to sit up in. "Trade secrets and all that."

June sucked in her breath, sighed out. This was already difficult enough without Malcolm interrupting. She wasn't surprised by it, though. She'd been hoping to provoke him.

"What can I say then?" she asked, voice rising with annoyance. "I need to tell my audience I had ... you know ... it was physical, it was an actual ... thing."

"Nothing about the equipment," Malcolm said flatly.

"Malcolm," June said. "Okay, wait. First, can I see you? This is weird. I'm in some kind of old school slave pen thing

and you're in your office or something. Can you turn your camera on?"

Malcolm's stern face appeared. He was no longer in his office. A big screen monitor appeared behind him on the wall, turned off for now, shiny and black. And while his face filled the screen, smaller images lined the left side of the image June was looking at, nicknames and code names, each with a picture, some of humans, some of animals. So there were other people in on this meeting, mostly of them anonymous. June noticed an owl, a lizard. Everyone else but Malcolm was on mute, cameras off.

"Thank you," June said, trying to focus on Malcolm and the conversation they were having. "Okay. So, look. I'm supposed to talk about the cruise, and experience it. Part of it is for marketing. So I can't just make up shit about what's going on here. If I create a false impression and people sign up for this deck on that basis and decide they were lied to, I'll be in trouble. The cruise will be in trouble. *You'll* be in trouble."

"What is it exactly you were wanting to say, Sweetheart?" Malcolm inquired.

*My God, this bozo is a walking lawsuit. Has #MeToo not made it to Australia yet?*

"The truth," June retorted. "Females need to know they're going to be, uh, like ... penetrated."

"You think we didn't tell them that up front?" Malcolm said.

"I'm not sure what you told them," June said. "I haven't had time to read the—"

"Now there's your problem," Malcolm said, voice dripping with his trademark smugness. "They all read the fine print, they all know what they're in for. I'm sorry if it's a bit much for you, but that's no problem, we can pull you out and you can do some little story in one of the nightclubs, I hear they're—"

"Malcolm," June blurted sharply, silencing the man. "Can we please cut all this oh-you-poor-novice-girl bullshit? I've

just been fingered, raped and tortured in the most beautiful world I've ever seen, and I'm trying to talk about it honestly and maybe get you a few more passengers for the next couple of cruises. So just fucking tell me what I can say and can't say."

Malcolm, who seemed to oscillate from stern businessman to howling tech boy, was howling now, laughing so hard he had to turn away from the camera on his laptop to keep from spitting on it. In between his cackles, June heard other voices, male and female, also laughing. Malcolm wasn't physically alone any more than he was virtually alone. He was in a conference room, apparently, with other people, while maybe a dozen or two more attended virtually. The words "HA-HA!" appeared over the picture of the owl, floating up until they disappeared. Someone named "NiteHaquePussy" sent up a yellow smiley face. There were hearts, hands clapping, the eternal dancing baby.

As quickly as his humor appeared, it vanished, and Malcolm scowled into the screen.

"Why can't you just say you got satisfactorily worked over, Buttercup?" he asked.

June winced and tried not to think about all the people participating in this meeting.

"I need to say it was by machine," she explained. "Some of the decks have, uh, I guess you'd call them gigolos. Or, you know, male prostitutes. Human guys. And here, if it's by machine only, that needs to be—"

"Just say you got fucked by a machine then," Malcolm said, "nothing wrong with that."

"That's what I said," June countered. "More or less."

"You mentioned the carnal immerser."

"I did not," June said. "I just ... I just said there's this thing locked around my waist, and it—"

"That's the carnal immerser."

“Well yeah,” June said uncertainly, “but I wasn’t planning to refer to it by that name.”

“Don’t refer to it at all,” Malcolm said.

June could feel the sweat breaking out on her forehead, running down her bare back. Rage sweat.

*Fuck you, Malcolm. Fuck you and all the other arrogant technology pricks on this deck. Let me out of this slave cage and you’ll never see me again, and you can kiss your free publicity goodbye.*

Fortunately, June said none of that. She waited until her rage had coalesced around biting sarcasm.

“June Wayman, on the scene,” she said in her worst, over-the-top reporter girl voice. “I’m on the Medieval Slavery deck, and you won’t believe what just happened to me! I got fucked! Literally fucked! But it wasn’t—wait, are we live? Are we live? Good—But not by a guy. Not by a guy human with a big guy human dick. It was something else they shoved up my pussy. But what was it, you ask? I can’t tell you! It’s a secret! In fact, it’s so secret it doesn’t actually exist in a normal time-space continuum! Only Malcolm, uh, Malcolm somebody is smart enough to understand how I can talk about being fucked without talking about what fucked me! But don’t worry, just book your place on the Cruise du Kinque and you’ll know all. Just like me! So—”

“Uh, June?”

“June Wayman, your on the scene—”

“June?” the voice said again. It wasn’t Malcolm. It was someone else. “Can we talk for a second please?”

“Huh?” June said.

“Hi, June. Can’ we just ratchet it down a little?”

“Who’s this?” June demanded.

“I’m Huntington Bearmark,” the man said. “I’m a dir—”

The man went silent when June laughed.

“Bearmark,” she said. “I’m seeing an owl here, and a lizard, but I don’t see a bear.”

A worried, middle-aged man’s face filled the screen. He was live, and not muted, and the name in the lower left corner said, literally, “Huntington Bearmark.”

“June, I’m Huntington Bearmark,” he said. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“Wait,” June said, sounding both amused and slightly contrite. “So Bearmark is your actual last name?”

“It is,” he said, his voice bearing a hint of a Southern accent. “Huntington Bearmark. My surname is Native American.”

“Okay,” June said. “I ... well, given the context, I wasn’t sure.”

“Of course,” Huntington said. “So June, I feel we’ve gotten off on the wrong track. And with Malcolm’s encouragement, I wanted to intervene for just a second.”

“Sure,” June said.

“Thank you,” Huntington said. “I’m a director at SinflixVR, and general counsel there. Malcolm Andreeson is CEO.”

“Yup,” June said. “Andreeson. Good.”

“We’re an independent company, but a very close working partner with Sinflix corporate. We’re leasing branding rights, doing co-marketing, blah blah blah, I won’t bore you with all of it. But you’ve probably never heard of us. Almost no one has. But word is out where it matters that we’re doing a first full deployment of our technological vision, and last week our market cap tripled, to a little over 1.2 billion.

“Cool,” said June, trying not to sound particularly impressed.

“The right publicity could send us up over 2 billion by end of month,” he continued. “The wrong publicity could destroy us.”

“How could it destroy you?” June asked.

“We don’t have patents yet on everything we’re doing. Our developers have gotten way out ahead of the paperwork. So someone could steal our ideas, or file a cease and desist on suspicion we stole one of their ideas. And on and on. But the point I’m trying to make is you represent an opportunity, and also a threat, with a potential value span of approaching two billion dollars.”

“Okay,” June said, swallowing. This did sound a little bit impressive.

“And we don’t know which you are,” Huntington continued. “Meaning you should never have been allowed on this deck, and we’re not totally clear on why they sent you. But Malcolm took a chance on you. Malcolm’s been taking chances for the last 20 years, and now it’s paying off. Big time. You’re going to see his face everywhere before the year’s out, I guarantee it. This has the potential to be the biggest thing since the personal computer. Maybe bigger.”

“Can I say all that?” June asked.

“No.”

“Okay.”

“But the fact we’re even talking means you’re closer than anyone else from outside has ever gotten to the story. You’re here because Malcolm likes you. He trusted you from the moment he met you. But that doesn’t mean—”

“Malcolm started giving me shit the moment he met me,” June blurted, but she was laughing now, starting to get it.

“That’s Malcolm being Malcolm,” Huntington said, laughing as well, sounding a little relieved that June wasn’t at the moment deeply pissed. “There’s not a person on this call who hasn’t had the same interactions with him. And I might have let it go on, but I was getting the sense you ... well, I know you’ve been sort of dropped into this. And we were starting to get worried that things were, you know, spinning out of control.”

“Okay,” said June. “So when you say ‘we’ ... you mean the people on the call?”

“Yes,” Huntington said. “They’re almost all here.”

“Almost all here,” June said, struck by the odd phrasing. “Like your team or something?”

“The board of directors, the ethics and technology advisory committees, our three top investors, everyone from the C-suite, and most of the vices.”

“Vices,” June echoed. Another odd phrase, which given the context might mean—

“Vice presidents.”

“Oh, right,” June said, feeling stupid. “So I’m sorry for interrupting your meeting.”

“You *are* the meeting,” Huntington said. “As soon as Malcolm let you back, he told us all about it. Five alarm fire. It’s the middle of the night for about a third of the people on this call. But this is that important.”

“I thought everyone was on the ship,” June said, doing some quick calculations. “So you’ve got some people here from Europe? India?”

“Yes and yes,” Huntington said. “Three people from Schwesterhaus, a couple from Pink Army, we’ve got—”

“Schwesterhaus?” June echoed. “*The Schwesterhaus? The company that did *Moons of Aquarius*, *Futbol ‘29*, *Earthings?*”*

“So you’ve heard of them,” Huntington said.

“Of course. Everything they do is pioneering. I studied them in college for a class. And I played their games like crazy. Frisch Malberg is one of my heroes. I—”

“You are well-versed,” Huntington laughed. “Frisch is a director. And one of our top investors.”

It took June less than two seconds to realize what that probably meant.

“Is he here?” she asked, searching the screen for his name, finding nothing.

“He is,” Huntington confirmed.

“Uahh,” June said, unable to issue more than a horrified grunt.

Her hero, one of the greatest game developers, one of the greatest technologists in any field, had heard everything.

She played back in her memory what she’d said since she’d started arguing with Malcolm in the slave cell. There was no good way to put it. This was really, really awful.

“Are you as well-versed in Nobel Prize winners as you are in video game CEOs?” Huntington asked.

“What?” June asked, reaching out her left hand to feel the rocks that formed part of her confinement, a context that rendered the lawyer’s question meaningless.

“We’ve got three on the call,” Huntington said. “For physiology, we’ve got Xhin Pi—”

“Hunty,” boomed Malcolm’s voice in June’s headset. “A word?”

“Sure, Malcolm.”

“Can we let June get back to her project?” Malcolm said.

“Oh, sure,” Huntington said. “Of course ... so, June, we’re all good?”

“I guess,” June said, struggling to organize her scattered thoughts. “Okay, no. Wait. I still don’t know how to describe the, uh, that thing. The thing ... we were talking about.”

“May I propose some language?” Huntington said. “Maybe meet in the middle here?”

“Shoot,” Malcolm said.

“Intercourse simulation module,” Huntington proposed.

“I don’t want to say intercourse,” Malcolm objected. “I don’t want anyone knowing that anything goes up the pussy.”

June could hear Huntington suck in his breath, because now three Nobel Prize winners and the world's greatest game developer and who knows who else had heard the CEO say "pussy" on a corporate conference call. How many women were listening in? And would they care? Probably not. Did June care? She didn't know. It was irrelevant.

"Alright," Huntington agreed. "How about, uh, sexual simulation module? Just that?"

"Or that anything goes around the cock," Malcolm added.

"Right," Huntington said. "So that would work for both sexes. Uh, for both genders, I mean, for both ..."

Huntington was stammering, seemed to have caught himself too late in a faux pas of some kind.

"GENDER AND SEX ARE PATRIARCHAL CONSTRUCTS!" appeared in the chat field, submitted by someone with the screen name "OwnMyEggs?"

"Sexual simulation module," Huntington said, "for any orientation."

After a long silence, in which even June held her breath, Malcolm rendered his verdict.

"Yes," he said. "Sexual simulation module. June, you can run with that."

"What about saying I got fucked?" June said.

"No, let's not," Malcolm said. "Let's let our audience just assume it."

"Okay," June said, exhaling. "Thanks. That helps a lot."

"And we'll decide when you're going to file your reports," Malcolm said. "But nothing you say is going to leave this deck until all of us clear it. Nothing you say might ever see the light of day, and we still might shut this whole thing down. With extreme prejudice."

"I understand," June said.

"So be a good girl," Malcolm said, "and I promise the next time I have you fucked, you'll cum like a hooker."

“Malcolm,” Huntington interrupted, the anxiety in his voice almost palpable.

“But anytime you feel the itch,” Malcolm continued, ignoring his lawyer, “just reach down there.”

June, thinking Malcolm was ending the conversation with some final off-color advice, was about to bid farewell to everyone—billionaires, future billionaires and Nobel prize winners alike. But Malcolm wasn’t quite done.

“I’m serious, Peaches,” Malcolm said. “Reach down to the front of your kit. Where your cunt would be if you weren’t decked out in all that hardware.”

“Malcolm,” Huntington repeated, sounding terrified now.

June, with the sudden sense she was being guided to do something forbidden, reached tentatively down to the device, touched the front of the equipment, found a groove shaped into the hard plastic that might almost serve as a model of the vulva. June touched it lightly and almost jumped when she felt the machine stroke her labia.

“Press a little harder, my girl,” Malcolm cooed.

Silence this time from Huntington, who had either gotten off the call to protect his law license, or decided to stay on so at least he’d know firsthand what to expect when June’s sexual harassment lawsuit arrived.

June didn’t feel offended, however—female victims rarely do at first—and she gasped when she obeyed Malcolm and a pair of mechanical fingers stroked her lips, more firmly this time.

“Find your clit now, my ‘roo,” Malcolm urged, and June moved her fingers up to the little bump at the top of the groove while the machine between her legs rubbed her actual clitoris.

“Ah!” she said, mostly to herself.

“Anytime you need it,” Malcolm said. “Unless your hands are bound out of reach. Or you don’t want to make a spectacle of yourself. Or you’re told not to. The people where you are

take a dim view of girls who presume they're entitled to certain liberties."

"Okay, Malcolm," came the despairing voice of Huntington, who was indeed still on the call. "Maybe we should wrap this up so June can get back to work."

"Right you are," Malcolm said. "Have at it June. And don't say I didn't warn ya."

June was about to answer back when the screen went blank, followed quickly by the return of her immediate visuals, rock walls on either side, rough hewn beams for a ceiling, a barred door in front. And feet. Booted feet. And legs. A man's legs.

The man crouched. This was someone new, big and healthy and young and dark-haired. And beautiful.

"How are we, Missy?" he asked.

"I'm good," June replied hesitantly. Unsettled would have been a more honest answer. Anxious. Terrified.

"Well then, let's get your brand on and get you fixed to your cart."

The door opened and the man reached in and June felt a hand around her shoulder, drawing her forward.

## 7 - Zoe and Beachy, Auctioned



“Fuck,” Zoe said to herself as she opened her eyes. The lights in the main cage room had just switched on after a long night of tossing and turning with no sleep. “This is brutal,” she added with a look at Beachy’s cage.

“You’re telling me,” the blonde woman said as she stared at the top of the cage a few feet from her face. “Would it kill them to give us a pillow?”

“Apparently,” Zoe said as she propped herself on her elbow. “I know they were going for meticulous authenticity but this is ridiculous.”

“Agreed,” Beachy said as she groaned and sat up cross legged, her disheveled hair inches from the roof of her cage. “I did hear you snoring once or twice, though.” She reached for her water container and made a show of indicating to Zoe that it was empty.

“I doubt that,” Zoe replied as she eyed her bucket, not wanting to use it but needing to and not just to pee. “I didn’t sleep a wink.”

“You did, but I get what you’re saying. It’s inhuman, but I guess that’s the point.”

“I’d give you some water if I had any,” Zoe added as she motioned to her three containers secured to the top of her cage. “They aren’t exactly in an all-fired rush to make sure the guests aren’t dying of dehydration.”

“Also the point, but enough’s enough,” Beachy said as she turned toward her own bucket. She lifted the lid and peeked inside. “At least they do a decent job of keeping these clean.”

“Speak for yourself,” Laura, the woman in the next cage over, said without warning. “I’ve still got yesterday’s business

in mine. I think they went out of their way to take good care of the VIPs in our midst.” She made a sour face that prompted Zoe to smile, if only to herself. The woman’s moon-eyed gushing about being caged right next to the star of the *Slave of the New Confederacy* movie had apparently dissipated overnight.

“Same here,” Zoe said after she lifted her own lid and replaced it before the smell permeated the area. “But I really need to go,” she whined to her neighbors.

“Let’s all do it together,” Beachy offered and after a quick nod, the three women grimly evacuated their bladders, wiped, and covered their respective buckets. Zoe listened with amused dismay as the same sequence of events played out across the expanse of the myriad cages that almost covered the floor of the large room.

“Laura,” Beachy said to the one paying customer in their informal threesome. “What’s on tap for us today, do you think?”

“Lexington,” the woman said cryptically. When she seemed to notice the blank stares from her semi-celebrity cellmates, she added, “The auction house.”

“Lovely,” Beachy muttered.

“What’s bothering you about that?” Zoe asked, even as she wondered if she should be doing a more formal interview with the movie star but unable to muster the necessary energy to care. She’d been more or less bullied by her employer into her present predicament and after a long, almost-sleepless night, she was in no mood to worry about their needs. They clearly didn’t care about her needs, which were much more urgent and basic.

“I just had a bad reaction when we filmed the auction scene,” Beachy said with a sigh. “I can’t really tell you why. Just one of those things.”

“I can’t imagine why,” Zoe said, then hoped her intended sarcasm came across. “I don’t get the attraction of being treated like cattle.” She glanced at Beachy who nodded. When

their eyes locked, and Beachy's eyebrow rose up, they both turned to look at Laura.

"I'm not sure I can explain it," the woman said with a glance at each of them in turn. "It's just..." She shrugged. "You'll think I'm a fool."

Zoe glanced at Beachy and the two of them slid closer to the woman who looked as if she might start crying. "We won't judge," Zoe added and Beachy nodded her agreement. "We're just trying to understand." Then she added as she looked around, "All of this."

"It's hard to understand it myself, never mind explain it to strangers," Laura said in a shy voice. "Famous strangers who don't want to be here." She looked at Zoe and raised her eyebrows. "Am I right?"

"I have to admit, it wouldn't have been my first choice," Zoe said with a shrug of her own. "But all that aside, why are you here, Laura?"

"When I read the book, I just had this weird reaction to everything that happened to Grace, Beachy's character. She was reluctant to go at first, obviously, but she didn't really put up much of a fight. I got the feeling that something about the whole thing was appealing to her in a way she didn't quite understand or know how to deal with it. I could relate." She had been looking down as she spoke but then looked up. "I'm still not sure why."

"What's your personal life like, Laura?" Beachy asked in a gentle tone. "You married? Any kids?"

"No on both counts." She looked at the movie star. "I was married in my twenties for a few years but it didn't work out."

"How old are you?" Beachy asked. "If you don't mind me getting personal."

"While we lie here naked and chained in cages?" Laura said with a mirthless laugh. "No, it's fine. I'm thirty-three."

Zoe shifted to ease the growing numbness in her derriere which was still sore from yesterday's mistreatment. "Any

regrets on signing up for the cruise, now that you've had a solid day of it?"

"You won't make fun?" Laura asked with a shy smile.

"Far be it from us," Beachy said.

"I really don't have any regrets. If I hadn't signed up, I'd have kicked myself for not finding out what it was like. I've read all the books like three or four times. I know it sounds insane but I just had such a strong reaction to everything about it."

"Ladies," a voice from behind Zoe said in a very masculine tone. "Time to go."

Zoe's head spun around and she looked up at the Black guard who stood outside her cage, different from the one who had taken her and Beachy to the Discipline Room and the Playroom but dressed in the same black uniform that was an exact replica of the ones worn by the slave wranglers in the movie. The cattle-prod baton he was thumping in his hand gave her pause about complaining about the lack of food, water, and a clean bucket. She slid on her still-tender bottom toward the door he held open for her and stood up with a groan in the aisle between the cages to wait for Beachy to join her. As the blonde exited her enclosure, Zoe looked at Laura on the other side of her own now-vacant cage and waved as much as her chains would allow. The woman waved back but her grim expression made Zoe wonder if she'd been less than candid about her decision to put herself in the situation they were now apparently destined to endure separately.

"This way," the guard instructed her and Beachy as he led them down the same aisle to the same door they used yesterday ... which gave Zoe pause—there were only two options through that door and she had experienced all they had to offer and had no desire to repeat either ordeal. She considered asking the guard but the baton once again argued for her silence. She wasn't entirely convinced the batons that all the guards carried were fully functional, but she had no desire to test them herself.

When they reached the end of the row, however, the guard led the women down another aisle near the wall to another locked door. After he unlocked it using the keypad, he ushered Zoe and Beachy into another dimly lit vestibule that had only one other exit and a sign over it that confirmed her suspicions and Laura's prediction. The sign said 'Lexington Auction' and Zoe looked at Beachy, who looked back with a frown. The guard waited for others to join them in the vestibule until the small space was crowded with six women and five guards. Once the others had moved inside, the women all in chains, the guards all carrying nightsticks, Zoe's guard motioned for one of the other guards to seal the door while everyone waited. Once they were locked inside the vestibule, he turned to the door to the auction house and opened it. The group crowded together to allow the door to swing inward. Zoe looked into the new space with equal measures of dread and curiosity.

"Over there," her guard directed the women as he motioned to a large cage made of thick black bars, more like an old-fashioned jail cell than anything she'd seen thus far. He opened the door and it creaked ominously as he did so. He waited for the women to file into the smallish confines of what was obviously a temporary holding pen. The space didn't offer any of the amenities available in their cages, such as food, water, or a bucket. The lack of any provisions for their sustenance, if not comfort, prompted Zoe to risk the electrified baton as she confronted her guard.

"Will you feed us at some point?" she asked in a tone that surprised her. It surprised the guard as well, and he looked at her with one eyebrow cocked.

"I'll see what I can do," he said simply and she breathed a sigh of relief. But after the last woman entered the cell, he slammed the door shut and walked away with the other guards, leaving Zoe to wonder if he was serious about finding them some biscuits or even water.

"It appears we're the first ones to be auctioned today," Beachy said to Zoe without warning, causing her to turn and look at her friend.

"What makes you say that?" Zoe asked.

“In the movie, they went to great lengths to make it appear as if I was in an auction that took place in the middle of a long, busy day,” she said as she stared out of the cage. “This place is deserted so it’s safe to assume we’re to be the first ones up.”

Zoe turned to look at the rest of the room for the first time and was surprised at what she’d missed upon entering. The space was compact but well-designed, with a high vaulted ceiling and warm wood paneling along the walls. At one end of the room was a sunken stage, simply constructed of sturdy planks with a basic curtain backdrop.

Surrounding the stage on three sides were tiers of stadium-style seating. The seats were formed into semicircular rows, steeply raked upwards to provide an unobstructed view of the stage from every angle. The seating area could likely accommodate perhaps a hundred people at capacity. The seats themselves were simple plastic molded chairs bolted to the tiered concrete risers, built for functionality over luxury. Additional aisles ran along the sides and back, allowing easy access to the different seating sections.

The small stage featured several low, squared-off blocks of what looked like stone or concrete. The area was dimly lit, unlike their holding cell, although Zoe noticed several large spotlights, now dark, that were aimed at the stage.

“You never told me what bothered you about filming this scene,” Zoe said to Beachy as they looked out at the venue.

Beachy frowned. “It was just so degrading, being displayed like I was and then bid on like an animal.” She looked at Zoe with a sour look. “I know it was all make-believe but it hit me hard. I have no idea why. I was raped in a scene at the end of the film and that didn’t affect me nearly as much as this one did.” She shrugged. “Hopefully, it won’t be so bad this time around, although as someone said...” She gave Zoe a sidelong glance. “They do strive for authenticity around here.”

Zoe smiled as best she could. She was surprised that Beachy’s description of the scene she’d already watched in the movie made her wet with anticipation. Was she into the

degradation aspect of this experience after all? Where had that feeling been hiding until now?

Without warning, the door at the far end of the small stage opened and several men began filing into the well of the auditorium. White men, the first ones Zoe had seen on this deck, she realized with a start. The men were dressed in strange suits, a combination of modern and vintage, with ruffled shirts and unusually colored fabrics and ties. She watched as the men, clearly actors employed by the cruise, talked amongst themselves in a reasonably convincing performance that, she assumed, was meant to depict New Confederacy gentlemen gathering for a slave auction. Her slave auction. Her belly clenched unexpectedly.

“See what I mean?” Beachy whispered without looking away from the growing crowd who climbed the stairs and began taking seats across the auditorium. The men glanced at the women but didn’t stare, an admirable job of restraint as the women must have offered quite a sight—naked but for their collars and chains, bedraggled, caged, helpless. The men acted as if this was business as usual, and unless this was somehow not their first play-auction, they all deserved to be commended for their dedication to their craft.

One of the men, who sported even more idiosyncratic clothing than the rest, strode with obvious authority toward the cage. Zoe felt herself cowering, and not because she was playing along with the intent of their little production—she actually felt intimidated. The man had no compunction about staring at the women in the cell but without smiling, ominously, until he looked toward the door where the Black guards were congregating. He waved them over.

“Let’s get them set up for inspection,” he ordered the guards when they approached. One of them opened the cell door—which hadn’t been locked, just latched out of reach—and the others stepped inside to lead each of the women out, not roughly but with a firm grip on each of their arms.

Zoe’s eyes scanned the seats which now contained perhaps two or three dozen men, most of them sitting in twos and threes, talking quietly as they noticed the women being led

from the cell. As the group approached the low blocks—pedestals, really—Zoe was shocked to see short, heavy chains, each with one end embedded in the concrete and a thick shackle connected at the other end. The redhead in the front of the group was instructed to step onto the first block and the others followed with Zoe next to last and Beachy at the far end of the row.

Suddenly, it dawned on her.

Auction blocks.

Duh.

Zoe waited as the other women were shackled until the guards made their way down the row and attended to her. The guard released her ever-present five-point chain from her smaller ‘permanent’ shackles before he wrapped the heavy, almost oppressive temporary shackles above the others. He tapped her foot to indicate she should spread her feet apart as the thick chains were so restrictively short she was forced to stand with her legs widely separated, her feet close to the edges of the concrete. The surprising weight of the new shackles and chains further unnerved her.

When the guard finished securing Zoe, she glanced to her left at Beachy. Her guard had just finished shackling her when the auctioneer—how could he be otherwise, she thought bitterly—tapped his mic and cleared his voice to gain the attention of the still-growing collection of bidders that were rapidly filling the seats. The din of quiet conversations slowly dissipated until the room was almost silent but for the hum of the low background noises of the seagoing vessel Zoe had all but forgotten she inhabited on the windowless deck.

“Gentlemen,” the auctioneer blared in a too-loud voice that he quickly modulated. “Sorry about that. We have here the first lot of the best slaves on land or sea which we will be offering to begin the day. Feel free to come down and personally inspect the merchandise but be respectful of your fellow bidders as we have a full complement of prime stock for your consideration.”

The men in the seats all rose at once and moved to file across the rows of seats and then descended the stairs down to the stage. Small groups of bidders—who looked to Zoe like comically pathetic replicas of Southern gentlemen at best and perhaps roadies for a third-rate country-western band at worst—congregated around each of the women. At first, they self-consciously pretended to inspect the women by leaning close and stooping slightly to leer at their naked bodies until one of them screwed up his courage and fondled Zoe’s breast, almost respectfully if that was even possible under the circumstances. The others reacted with small gasps or muffled snickers, but once that mental barrier had been breached, so to speak, the floodgates were thrown open. Multiple men touched her fore and aft, with some bold enough to finger her pussy. She suddenly realized, bitterly, why her ankles were chained so far apart.

The ‘inspection’ continued until finally the auctioneer called a halt. “If y’all will take your seats, gentlemen,” the man drawled, now exhibiting an incongruous and inaccurate twang that seemed more Texas than Kentucky, and the men reluctantly left the stage and climbed back to their seats to gaze down at the chained and humiliated women from their suddenly preeminent vantages. The distant conversations struck Zoe as much more boisterous, and borderline obnoxious but she gathered that was to be expected, perhaps by design.

“We’ll be startin’ right here with this fine ginger...” the auctioneer began but Zoe quickly lost interest in the proceedings when she noticed Amanda Matthews, her executive producer on Sinflix Tonight, who was standing in the shadows of the stage wing and watching the proceedings with a grim expression on her face. As soon as Amanda noticed Zoe’s attention, she motioned that they would talk when the women left the auction, presumably through the small doorway the incongruously clothed woman disappeared through.

Zoe turned back to the auction to hear the subdued bidding for the redheaded slave at the far end of the row. Bids were made in something called feds, another convention she remembered from the movie but didn’t understand at the time.

Now that she would be auctioned using the unexplained metric, her curiosity was piqued if only for a moment, until she remembered this was all a sham, a ruse for rubes who were conned into paying an exorbitant fee to experience this vile degradation. All of the intrigue with the auction that she briefly experienced in the cell had been squashed by the reality of being manhandled by strangers while she was helpless, something that struck her as more dehumanizing than yesterday's torture and sexual assault.

“And here we have our first celebrity, gentlemen,” the auctioneer announced with a jovial tone and smarmy smile as he motioned at Zoe. “I know y’all recognize this intrepid Sinflix Tonight reporter, on assignment for her millions of fans to explore the New Confederacy as a newly-taken slave. Who will open for a hundred thousand feds?”

Zoe’s head swiveled toward the auctioneer and the look of astonishment on her face was completely genuine. The other women were ‘sold’ for much lower numbers and even though she knew intellectually that the entire production was a complete charade, the high initial bid shocked her. Bidding was brisk, more spirited than the others until a particularly strange-looking man in the middle of the center section shut down the competition with an offer of a quarter million feds, to the delight of the auctioneer, who banged the gavel down on his lectern decisively.

“Sold!” he shouted and the entire auditorium erupted into a spirited ovation. Zoe blushed hard and hated herself for doing so.

“And now, the moment you’ve all been waiting for,” the auctioneer blared and leered as he walked toward Beachy. “Our most prized possession, gentlemen. Fresh off her win at the Adult Video Network Awards ceremony in Las Vegas, where she won the trophy for Best New Starlet, Beachy Sands. Let’s start the bidding at two-hundred thousand feds.”

Zoe watched with dismay as the bidding for Beachy quickly eclipsed her own price, but the irony of her conflicted and unwelcomed emotions was not lost on her. She was competitive to a fault, her father had always told her, and here

was the most unimpeachable proof of his assertion. She blushed hard at her insane vanity and hung her head in disgust with herself.

Even when the same bidder who won Zoe topped the bidding for Beachy, an improbability bordering on absurdity and clearly a pre-ordained outcome, she felt doubly disgusted with herself for investing even an iota of pride in this abomination, this travesty of human dignity, this disgusting display of female degradation writ large. Even another louder ovation for Beachy's record-breaking sale price did nothing to ease her shame or contain her self-loathing. Finally, she understood what this place was all about, and the realization, and her complicity in promoting it, appalled her.

She needed to be done with all of this.

## 8 - The Milking of a Freedom Mom



As she surveyed with growing horror the Section C milking room, Freedom Mom Meghan Attweiler was anything but free.

She was naked, with her anus wrapped around a thick plug which, she had been warned, would deliver a painful jolt if she tried to remove it before it had been deactivated. And a chain ran from that plug to the hand of a woman Meghan didn't know, a woman whose job it was to restrain Meghan and bring her to be milked in accordance with a strange book of some kind about a farm where women—human women—were locked up in the name of exploiting their sacred gift of lactation.

This was a fetish of some kind, the nudity, the leashing, the tagging of the vaginal lip, and the confinement in what they called “stalls,” cage-like enclosures Meghan shared with three other naked females, the place they were kept when their sacred fluids weren't being extracted. Not that the other three would enjoy true extraction. Meghan was the only one among the four of them actually producing milk, the only mother among the four as well, and probably the only passenger on the milking deck—or anywhere else on board, quite likely—who had signed up not to enjoy but to expose and destroy this horrific cruise of carnal excess, this ship-borne shrine to perversion, this latter-day jaunt against Jesus.

Among Meghan's most important concerns was babies, for she was certain they were on this ship, and the women who could make milk would be assigned to sustaining them until it was time for their sacrifices.

It was just a hunch, based on contractual terms she'd read when she signed up for the Cruise du Kinque: She had to be willing to have her milk drawn by machine, by hand, and by mouth.

*Whose mouth? Who but an innocent child would want to drink from her?*

She had of course not seen evidence of the practice yet, not spotted a stroller or a bassinet, not smelled a dirty diaper, heard a child's cry. But she didn't expect to—yet. Evil worked its way into hearts and minds gradually, insidiously.

So far, all she'd found were older children—girls as young as their late teens and early 20s, she estimated—who were here as enthusiasts of that book. And that was it, the book was why they were here. Not a one of them seemed to possess any affinity with Satan. They were just acting out a story that meant something to them. They didn't know the part they were playing in the world's latest manifestation of evil. People usually didn't.

Meghan did, however, and now she found herself at the threshold of the next variation of depravity. For here was the room itself, where the passengers would have their milk extracted, or pretend to have it extracted.

It was a big room, by cruise ship standards, enough milking stations for 25 girls, five stations wide, five stations deep, each station equipped with a pair of cuffs set into the floor for her ankles, a second pair of cuffs set into the floor for wrists, a longer chain with a collar at the end for the neck, and two clear hoses that ended with collection cups. There were at present just seven females here, five on their hands and knees giving milk, two more still being restrained to their station by staff. All of this was normal enough, once one had adjusted one's sense of normalcy to the standards of the Cruise du Kinque. What wasn't normal, wasn't acceptable, wasn't spiritually tolerable in any sense of the word, was the presence of men here. Five men. Men who were naked, bearing penises

that were erect. The penises Meghan could see were erect, anyway. Two penises were not visible, because they had at the moment been driven into two females, one of them a girl who looked up at her partner with wide eyes while she held his member in her mouth, the other swaying forwards and backwards, eyes closed and jaw tight, while her partner plumbed her vagina.

Yes, that's what Meghan found. Meghan Attweiler, who had not witnessed an orgy ever, unless you counted a few high school sleepovers she barely remembered, had just been walked naked and leashed into an orgy.

They weren't even men, some of them. At least one of them, who hadn't yet stuck himself into anyone, couldn't have been more than 19. A boy. No wonder he wasn't inside anyone. Who would want that thing stretching out her slot? It looked unnaturally large, and it curved up, and it was bouncing as the boy walked toward an unoccupied female who was being milked not more than five feet from Meghan.

The boy wasn't alone. One of the staff members, a woman in jeans and a black smock, seemed to be escorting him.

No, she wasn't just escorting him. He was on a leash. She was holding it, the chain running from her hand to between the boy's legs. Meghan abandoned all decorum, simply staring at this stranger's genitals, his curved penis, his absence of pubic hair, and ... was that something around his testicles? Was the chain fastened ... there?

The boy crouched before the female. "Hey, want a boost?" he asked, squatting so his penis tip was aiming right at her face, mere inches away.

"I knew you were going to ask that," the woman said, laughing huskily, her back and her bottom shaking, her breasts swaying. "How could I say no?"

She was older, maybe Meghan's age, 35 or so. And the lines running from her nipples were white, little bubbles

moving downward to reveal the flow of milk.

“Which end?” the boy asked.

“Can we do both, start with my mouth?” the woman said.

The boy rose on his knees and the woman opened her mouth wide, watching as the tip entered, then the shaft, before she closed her eyes and clamped her mouth around the rod.

Meghan became inescapably curious, all her affront and wounded morality paused at the moment while she pondered the likelihood all of that penis would make it into the woman’s mouth, and if he would indeed be allowed by the worker holding his leash to move to the woman’s other end, and then what would happen there. Would all of it fit? And if it did, would the woman be pleased, or would she regret her invitation? What if the boy climaxed before he could make his way to the other end of things?

The boy was being careful, Meghan noticed, pausing with half his penis in the woman’s mouth, letting her make the next call in terms of depth, but when she indicated her preference by moving forward, pushing her lips almost to the base of the boy’s penis, the boy seemed pleased, grunting out a guttural “urghh” and rocking slowly.

After no more than a minute of service to the boy’s manhood, the woman released it and looked at him, and Meghan suspected the oral coupling was perfunctory, just another reenactment from a book she hadn’t read. The boy stood, took a step forward, and the worker holding his leash followed him as he took his place behind the woman being milked, dropping to his knees, penis bouncing, and the woman attempted to turn back to see him, straining against her collar and the chain that connected it to the floor, and she gave up and looked forward and smiled before her eyes went wide with surprise, because now the boy was pushing himself into her vagina, and he was going in, in, in, all the way in while she arched and swayed her back to accommodate the penetration.

The woman was groaning, gasping with what appeared to be discomfort, making fists with her bound hands, but she was also pushing back, not trying to escape the violation, and Meghan reminded herself the woman wanted this, had gotten a complete look at the penis before she'd asked to be invaded by it.

The worker holding the boy's leash tapped him on the shoulder, and he looked up at her, and then he looked at Meghan, eyes focused on her breasts and her black pubic hair, and then he looked up at the worker again.

"I'm going to tether you here, to the hook between her feet," the worker said, kneeling to fasten the end of the boy's leash to a loop of metal set into the floor. "Don't forget you're secured."

The male grunted his assent, looked behind him to see where he'd been bound, returned his gaze to his partner's rear, to the place where he was entering her body, and then he looked at Meghan again, just taking her in, viewing her, and Meghan was looking back at him, into his eyes. How could she not? As she stared, his eyes went hard, almost mean. He was still beautiful, lean and big-penised. But now he was mean too, an expression accompanied by the withdrawal of all but his tip from his partner's vagina, and then by a deep, fierce thrust, an insertion so fast it might almost be called violent, savage.

The woman, her knees lifted with the force of the impalement, shrieked once, the way people yell on the worst dip of a roller coaster. Having one's body tossed about on an amusement park ride, apparently, was not unlike having one's internal organs rearranged, having one's vagina stretched and extended, having one's cervix pressed toward one's navel while one's belly and bowels were pushed aside because there was nowhere else for them to go.

But why was he looking at Meghan, instead of at the back, the rear, the anus of the woman he was thrusting into? Why

did the meeting of Meghan's eyes with his seem to precipitate his most vicious thrust ... inside someone else?

Did he not see her ring? Meghan looked at her hand to make sure it was still on. It was the only thing they hadn't taken. So, didn't he see it? Or didn't it matter? Was he propositioning her with a gaze and a thrust? Was he trying to seduce her, Meghan Attweiler? Was she really that attractive? Was this evil, as in satanic evil, or was it just sinful, the sort of thing that happened between people all the time, no devilish intervention required? Sort of just something that happened and then you asked Jesus to forgive you and all was well?

What if he weren't chained by his testicles? Would he do more than look and thrust? Would he stand, walk, speak quietly, ask Meghan to welcome his oversized cock into her chamber? And what would she do? Would she lean back a little, widen her thighs, tilt her pelvis to angle her hole forward, thereby making it more accessible?

Well, maybe. If she had no choice. And the boy seemed very insistent. And it might be good to know if she could hold it. All of it, his flared head, and all of his thick shaft, all the way down to his collared balls. And it might serve as just something to learn about her body. That was important to know, wasn't it? Height, weight, blood pressure, vaginal capacity? Shouldn't every woman know the size of the biggest penis she could accept? Wouldn't God want every girl to know?

What would happen if he tried to escape his bond, if he stood and walked and kept walking until that chain running from his scrotum went taut but he didn't care and just took another step toward Meghan and just kept going? Maybe it would come off, but only after it had delivered the same kind of shock Meghan had been threatened with if she tried to pull her leash plug out. It would hurt, and he would grimace, but he would keep walking, and his penis would keep being big and curved, but the pain would linger until he found a distraction.

Poor boy. Anything would work. Ice for his scrotum, maybe, if there was ice about. A back massage, if there was a masseuse available. Or a vagina. Someone's vagina. Which was right there. In front of him. Between Meghan's legs. It's the least she could do to—

“Alright, Meagan? Meagan?” someone was saying.

The voice was coming from below. There was a woman there, down on one knee, fingering Meghan's labial tag, reading her misspelled name from it.

“Hi?” Meghan said.

“Let's get you hooked up,” the woman said. “And it looks like you'll need a production aid.”

“Okay,” Meghan said, turning around to look for the woman who had brought her, but she was gone and now her leash was in the hands of this new female, Asian and young. Meghan cast another glance at the woman in front of Meghan, giving milk with her breasts while she gave pleasure with her vagina. And got pleasure too, apparently. Her head was raised, her eyes fixed on some distant place, her mouth opened slightly so she could pant and, now and then when the thrust was especially hard or deep, groan.

The boy was no longer looking at Meghan. He was no longer looking at anything. His eyes were closed. Was he concentrating? Did it take that much concentration? Megan wished he would look at her just one more time.

The worker crouching in front of Meghan released her labial tag, stood, headed toward an unoccupied milking station, and Meghan followed, tearing her eyes reluctantly away from the couple, forcing her mind as well back to her mission: listen, learn, remember, expose.

Production aid. Something had been said about a production aid. A pill, maybe, or equipment that would be applied to her breasts. Or something.

“What's a production aid?” Meghan asked.

“I’ll show you once we get you set,” the woman said.  
“Right here.”

Meghan understood, dropped to her hands and knees, felt the cuffs going around her ankles, watched as her wrists were bound, held still while the collar was passed around her neck and clicked closed.

Next came the two collection cups at the end of the two clear lines. The woman picked the first one up and raised it to Meghan’s right nipple, held it in place for a moment, and ... it began: the familiar tug, the welcome release, the very physical pleasure of having a heavy breast slowly drained.

The other cup was attached, the other nipple began yielding its treasure, and Meghan looked down to see her milk descending, filling the lines, running through them across the floor to a humming machine in the corner that all the lines led to. Soon, her milk would unite with the milk of that other woman, the one with the boy, and with the milk of all the other females here who could produce for real. Meghan’s eyes wandered the room where other women were being milked, one of them with her mouth around a second male’s penis, others rocking their pelvises and sliding forward and backwards even though no one was behind them. Soon enough, her gaze returned to the first couple she had seen, still coupling, both of them moving to the same beat.

Someone was doing something to Meghan’s openings. Her leash had been unlocked and withdrawn. Her lips were being spread. She attempted to turn but her restraints made that all but impossible.

“Okay, move back, slowly,” the Asian girl said, resting her hand on Meghan’s rump to guide her.

Meghan complied, continued pushing back even as she felt herself being entered, something firm and thick entering her vagina, stretching her opening.

Immediately, she turned to look for the boy, but it wasn’t him behind her. He was still where he’d been, leashed behind the woman and continuing to enjoy her feminine embrace.

The object entering her was cool, unnaturally stiff. It was an object, not a person. Something had been set behind her, and now it was being driven into her ... by herself.

“Uhhh,” Meghan protested.

“Keep going,” the Asian girl said. “All the way down, c’mon.”

Megan obeyed. It wasn’t adultery, after all. She kept sliding down the rod, mouth going wide as she was filled with something bigger and longer than anything that had ever been put up her hole before.

“Okay, stop,” the Asian girl said, and Meghan obeyed and felt fingers against her lips, the shifting of the tool, and sensed it was being adjusted to conform to the unique angle of her chamber.

“Okay, slide up and down a few times, let’s make sure I’ve got it right,” the girl said, and Meghan obeyed, noticing for the first time that when she was all the way down, something was touching her clitoris, softly at first, almost feathery until she pushed harder, at which point the pressure was firm, unyielding.

“Production aid,” the Asian girl said. “It seemed like you needed one.”

“Uhhh,” Meghan agreed, sliding up and down the rod slowly, getting used to the sensation. She dropped her head to peer between her legs, realized that a post had been set into a hole in the floor between her knees, and whatever was inside her had been mounted to it.

“If you take it up your anus, don’t let it back up your vagina,” the girl said. “For hygiene.”

“Uhhh,” Meghan replied.

“Any questions?” the Asian girl asked.

“Uhhh ... oh ...” Meghan said, struggling to collect her thoughts. “It’s a ... what’s it for?”

“You were really leaking,” the girl said. “Your tag and your lips were soaked, so I was guessing you were aroused?”

“Ah,” Meghan said with another slide up and down the rod, and another gasp. “I guess ... uhh. Yeah. But ... production aid?”

“Sexual stimulation increases milk production,” the girl said. “In the book at least. We’re still getting our males set up, so we’re a little short on them right now. But ask for one next time if you want, maybe we can provide.”

“Oh, oh, oh,” Meghan replied, lost to the sensations between her legs and at her nipples

*Push down, almost all the way, let that little feather barely touch you.*

This isn’t Satan, Meghan thought. It was her body. Talking to itself. With some help from objects. Just ... objects.

*Okay, up again, feel it sliding out. Oh Jesus. Now back down again. It stings a little, where they put that tag in. Just a little.*

My milk is flowing, she said, looking down, seeing the bubbles making their way through the tubes. Naturally. Beautifully.

*All the way back down. Harder this time. Harder. Oh ... oh.*

I have no choice in this, Meghan told herself. Look at how they’ve chained me. And that thing in me ... I didn’t really understand. I didn’t ask for it.

*Grind ... grind ... griiiiiind ...*

“Ahh-ahhhhh-ahhhhh,” Meghan groaned. “Oh God, oh God, oh God ... ahhhhhhh, AHHHHH!”

## 9 - Sid Goes Exploring



Sid Greene was lying in the huge king-size bed in the deluxe cabin he and his wife, Nadine, had booked for a week on the Penthouse Deck on the maiden voyage of the Cruise du Kinque. He was still naked—he always slept naked—but he needed to get moving. Nadine had exited their cabin just a few minutes earlier but she'd left him with strict instructions to vacate the premises before she returned, which could be an hour from now, or it might also be a lot less, which would be disastrous. For the Buckhorn Club Deck on the SS Sinflux Loviatar might be more aptly described as the Cuckold Deck, or better still, the Hotwife Deck, since everything about this sliver of seaborne debauchery was geared toward the women. Women like Nadine.

Sid rolled over to glance at his phone for the time. It was already late morning, as they'd slept in after a day spent largely in the sun on the pool deck. Sid was surprised when Nadine suggested they spend their second day on the ship together, just the two of them, sunning themselves, swimming a bit, noshing and drinking at the poolside bar, and having dinner at one of the restaurants that was most definitely not a part of the Buckhorn Club Deck with its built-in distractions and lackluster cuisine. Sid had eaten in Buckhorn Club Room C their first day on the cruise while Nadine was off being 'entertained' by one of three 'liaisons' she'd selected from the wide assortment of Black men provided on a deck that catered to her needs while ignoring his. Was it too much to ask that the food served was something more than the basic TGI-Friday's type bar food he'd choked down?

It wasn't until Nadine declared that she needed a break, which had somehow stretched into a full day in only his company, did they look for other options regarding restaurants. When they found them, excellent options at that, Sid promised himself to explore the rest of the ship for other ways to distract

himself while Nadine was busy, for the look she had in her eyes when she waved but didn't kiss him goodbye just minutes ago certainly suggested he'd be spending today mostly on his own. He wouldn't look for any erotic diversions, necessarily, as Nadine had nixed that idea in no uncertain terms. But a good meal? That seemed the least he could expect.

Sid dressed quickly and exited the room by walking in the opposite direction of Nadine's preferred place for meeting new liaisons so as not to run into her should she already be returning to their cabin on someone's arm. He left the cabin without looking at the map they'd been provided of the other decks but he'd spent enough time looking at it to know there were thirteen other decks, each one providing its own kink to explore, which he decided in the moment that he could justify should the need arise as long as he was a spectator but not a participant in whatever was happening. He walked down the long corridor until he came to the guest elevators and studied the list of decks that had been posted on the wall but which offered no explanation other than the titles of the books that served as the inspiration for each deck. He quickly decided to take the elevator down to the Administrative Deck to ask for another map and perhaps a recommendation. They might even offer concierge service, he thought with a smile—at these prices, how could they not?

Since the Buckhorn Club Deck was more or less in the middle of the ship, the elevator ride to the Admin Deck was a short one. Only one other passenger entered the car on Deck 6, The Breeding Deck, whatever that was although he could venture a guess, and rode with Sid down to the last stop. The Admin Deck was much more subdued than the Buckhorn Club Deck and Sid was able to find the Concierge Desk quickly. He approached the woman who stood behind the desk and she looked up almost immediately to welcome him with a warm smile.

“How's your day going?” she asked, mimicking every employee of the ship they'd met so far.

“Good, but I was wondering if you could help me out,” Sid said with a slightly apologetic tone. “I seem to have lost my

map of the decks...” He gave her a cockeyed smile and tilted his head slightly, not trying to look helpless but feeling as though he was. She nodded and turned to grab one of the maps of the ship from the table behind the desk.

“On your own for the day?” she asked in an obvious invitation for him to ask for more help.

“I am, and I was wondering if you might make a recommendation or two.”

Her smile took on an unexpected edge. “What are you interested in?”

“Well, see, that’s the thing. We didn’t exactly look into all the options available before we booked a room on the Buckhorn Deck,” he said without thinking and wondering how much he’d just revealed to the woman. But he watched her closely and didn’t see any hint of disapproval in her expression. In this regard, which was far more important to him, the staff also seemed to be exceedingly well-trained.

“Oh, I understand,” she said convincingly. “How free are you today?”

“Pardon?”

“Well, are you looking to participate or just observe?” He raised his eyebrows in a sorry attempt to avoid asking what she was getting at.

“For our guests on the Buckhorn Deck, we want to respect any boundaries set by the wives, but if that’s not an issue for you...” She raised her eyebrows and Sid wondered briefly if she was mirroring or mocking him. He decided to assume she was not mocking him.

“Oh, okay. I guess I’m just interested in observing,” he said in a whisper for some reason he didn’t really understand.

“Understood,” she said with a quick smile. “My name is Bethany, by the way.”

“Sid Greene,” he responded. “My wife is Nadine Greene,” he added unnecessarily but Bethany took no notice.

“So, for a strictly observational situation, you can try the Lexington Auction House on the Confederacy Deck,” Bethany said as she pointed to its position on the map. “Have you read those books?”

“I haven’t,” Sid admitted, feeling somehow inadequate. “They were recommended after we read the Buckhorn books but they didn’t strike me as all that similar.”

“Oh, they’re totally different, you’re correct on that score,” Bethany said brightly. She turned away from him again and picked up a paperback. “This is a printed version of the first three books in the series, if you’d like to take a look.” She handed the book to Sid, but when he reached for his wallet, she quickly added, “Oh, there’s no charge. All of the books are available as a way to help you understand this place better.”

“It is a complicated place,” Sid said with a smile. “When we first boarded on Sunday, we saw a woman being milked? Do I have that right?”

“Oh, yes,” Bethany exclaimed. “*The Production Contract* is one of Badger Therese’s books. If you’d like, I can give you that one as well.”

“Sure, why not?” Sid accepted the second book and wondered when he’d have the time to read them. “But getting back to the auction house you mentioned. Is that open to guys like me, who are just kicking the tires, so to speak?”

“Yes, of course. Although we do ask that you not bid on any of the women if you’re not in a position to make full use of them.” She smiled in such a way that Sid was confused again, which he was getting used to.

“Make full use of them?”

“Well, they’re here to be sold as sex slaves, but if your wife doesn’t want you to, you know,” she smiled in such a way that made Sid color slightly—he’d only just been outed as an acknowledged cuckold and was not yet used to being labeled as such, even by the concierge on the *Cruise du Kinque*.

But the whole idea struck Sid as somewhat ludicrous. “Wait, so am I to understand that if I wanted to bid on a sex

slave, who's really just another passenger on this ship, I could?"

"That's my understanding, yes," Bethany said with less conviction than she'd exhibited a few seconds ago. "Of course, it would only be for the rest of the week, you understand."

"But the money, that would be, what? Returned to me at the end of the cruise?"

Suddenly, Bethany looked flustered. "You should probably talk to the bursar about that on the Confederacy Deck." She looked at the next person in line behind Sid and he turned to see a short line had formed to speak with Bethany and another concierge who had just joined her at the desk.

Sid wandered away from the desk and the line and reluctantly headed for the elevator. He wasn't sure why but he had to see the auction house, even with the full knowledge that Nadine would definitely not be interested in buying a female sex slave like the one on the cover of the book. He wondered briefly if any male slaves would be offered for sale but that would make even less sense—why pay for something she was already getting for free? Well, not for free, but included in the cost of the cruise. Still, he felt he had to see what the auction house was all about.

Sid found the elevator lobby more crowded than when he'd arrived just a few minutes ago, mostly with men like himself but a few couples as well. No single women appeared to be wandering around, which made sense to him. This ship was built around giving women what they wanted and most would not be exploring the other decks the way he and his fellow cuckolds were. Assuming the men he saw around him were cuckolds like him. Was that a safe assumption? He admitted he had no earthly idea.

Two elevators arrived almost simultaneously and everyone waiting was able to squeeze inside one or the other. The Confederacy Deck was almost at the top of the list of decks, so several stops in between gave Sid a chance to leaf through the book and wonder what would possess a woman to pay to be treated like a sex slave. Nothing in Nadine's nature would

serve to inform him about why any woman would be interested, but not every woman was like Nadine, either.

After everyone else had left the car, the elevator rose the last two floors to his destination on the 15th deck of 16 total. He exited the car to find the lobby deserted, which didn't surprise him. Having sex slaves wandering around aimlessly struck him as unlikely, although what they would be doing for a solid week also puzzled him. He looked around for some sign of life or even a directional arrow, but found nothing. Just an empty hallway that seemed to follow the same pattern as the Buckhorn Deck but with differences that he found disorienting. So he picked a direction and headed off.

One of the most notable differences was the complete lack of cabin doors on this deck, unlike the Buckhorn Deck, which was lined with them on both sides of the hallway. He kept walking until he finally arrived at a door that was locked, wondered if he should knock but decided against it. He continued on until he heard voices—screams, really—coming from the other side of the wall of the corridor. He debated briefly if he should abandon his quest and head back to the concierge for a different suggestion when three large Black men in black overalls turned a corner.

“Help you?” one of them asked and he approached them with a small amount of unease—they all carried what looked like police batons, also black and imposingly realistic.

“I'm looking for the auction,” he said with a crooked smile that he hoped would disarm them but they didn't blink.

“I can take you there,” one said without a hint of a smile but he motioned for Sid to follow him where they had just come from. Sid followed behind him until the man turned to look at him.

“You work for the cruise line?” he asked as he looked Sid up and down.

“No, I'm booked on another deck. The concierge said I should talk to the bursar about bidding and how that worked.”

“Yeah, that’s beyond my paygrade,” said the guard—for how could he be otherwise?—although his race confused and vaguely discomfited Sid for reasons unknown to him. “The bursar’s down that hallway there, third door on the left.”

“Thanks,” Sid said as he walked to where the guard had motioned. He tried the door and wasn’t surprised to find it unlocked, but when he opened it and walked into the room, he was more than surprised. Much more.

The room was larger than he’d expected and it reminded him of a bank lobby, with tellers behind stand-up desks much like Bethany’s but with old-fashioned brass bars between the tellers and their customers. But it was the customers, if that’s what they were, that were most startling. Almost every man in line, and they were all men, all white, not too dissimilar from Sid, seemed to be accompanied by a Black guard in black coveralls, the same uniform as the man who had just given him directions. But it was the third person in each grouping that stunned Sid, even though he knew intuitively and immediately who or what they were.

Female sex slaves.

Naked, female sex slaves.

Collared, manacled, shackled, and chained female sex slaves.

“Can I help you?” a voice asked in a soft tone, but one that shocked Sid back to reality nonetheless, and he turned to face a middle-aged, overweight white man who was smiling at him somewhat incongruously, given the scene in front of them. Sid glanced at the man and then at the lines of men and women, clothed and naked, and fought hard to come to grips with it all.

“I, uh, was talking to Bethany on the Admin Deck,” Sid said in a desperate attempt to not seem as overwhelmed as he felt. “And she said I should talk to someone in the bursar’s office about the auction.”

“I can help you with that,” the man said in a too-jovial tone. “If you’d like to have a seat,” he added as he walked toward a gray steel desk with two chairs sitting in front of it,

also as in a bank. “Are you having a good day?” he asked as he rounded the desk to sit down and motioned for Sid to sit in front of him.

“I guess,” Sid said as his eyes drifted back to the lines for the tellers. “Is that what I think it is?” he asked, almost against his better judgment.

“Probably, but let’s get you situated and then I’ll give you a quick tour.” The man pulled a folder out of the center drawer in his desk and handed it to Sid, who took it without thinking. “This is our standard contract for subject purchasing and handling. It’s pretty straightforward—the lawyers tried to keep it simple but, lawyers, am I right?” He laughed and leaned back in his chair. “What deck are you booked on?”

“Seven,” Sid said, suddenly unwilling to specify the nature of his deck and his own kink in so many words. He wondered briefly just how knowledgeable this man sitting in judgment of him was about the other decks onboard the ship.

“The Buckhorn Club,” the man said knowingly, which shattered Sid’s hope of remaining inconspicuous. “We’ve been getting a lot of you lately.” He didn’t look inclined to explain but he didn’t need to, Sid thought with a sudden animosity for his interviewer. “Are you looking to buy?”

“I’m not sure,” Sid lied. “Maybe.”

“Understood. I’m Ralph, by the way,” he said as he reached across the desk to offer his hand. Sid thought briefly about leaving Ralph hanging but that wasn’t in his nature, he decided. He shook his hand before he leaned back and looked at the contract. “Is this even legal?” he asked without really reading anything but the title.

“Oh, you know, probably not, but we’re in international waters now, so...” Ralph shrugged. “And the girls all seem happy enough.” He nodded at the women and Sid couldn’t help himself, he had to look again. The women were all facing away from him and towards the tellers, so it was impossible to tell how happy they might be, not that it really mattered to Sid.

“Any idea why?” Sid asked in near-desperation. “I mean, I’m one to talk but this.” He motioned toward the lines.

“None, but I’m just here for the paycheck and the amenities,” he said amiably. “I’m not here to psychoanalyze anyone.” Ralph chuckled. “So, you want to hear how it works?”

“Sure,” Sid said with a bravado he wasn’t feeling. “No harm in that.”

“You got that right,” Ralph said as he stood up suddenly. “But let me show you around and it’ll all make a lot more sense to you.”

Sid rose without protest and let Ralph walk him past the lines of women who didn’t look back at him as he ogled them. Some were attractive, others not so much, but a naked woman—in chains, no less—had an unexpected allure he hadn’t considered before. *Where in the world did that come from*, he wondered.

Ralph walked him to a door that led to another larger room that was almost more shocking than the last. The room was lined with steel-barred cages, each no larger than an old-fashioned telephone booth. Almost half of the dozens of cages contained more naked, chained women, just like the ones in line but standing with their hands at their sides—none of them gripped the bars the way prisoners in movies did. A closer look at one of them, a young brunette that reminded him a bit of Nadine twenty years ago, provided the answer when she reached up to wipe her eyes but had to bend at the waist to accomplish her task as the chains attached to her wrists and ankles were too restrictive otherwise. She had to contort her body somewhat to bend over as the cell was too cramped to allow much room for her to maneuver.

“So,” Ralph said, interrupting Sid’s study of the crying slave. “This is the holding tank, where they keep the ones who’ve been sold until their new owners come to claim them. Most new owners do so pretty quickly but we’re a little backed up at the moment. That’s why there are so many still waiting in here.”

“Let me get this straight,” Sid interrupted. “Guys like me, passengers from other decks, can buy other passengers who signed up as slaves?”

“Well, they signed up to be slaves as you just said. Slaves don’t get a say in who buys them. It’s one of the main things about being a slave, right?”

“I guess. But doesn’t the management or whoever’s in charge worry about what happens to them?”

Ralph chuckled. “Sure, to the extent that they require strict adherence to the safewords that are universal on the entire ship. If a slave doesn’t want the scene to continue, for any reason she deems fit, she uses her safeword and we expect everyone to respect her decision.”

“And what if that doesn’t happen?”

“Well, we’re monitoring every room on the ship so nothing like that happens.”

Sid stiffened. “Including the private cabins?”

“Once we see a third party who needs to be monitored, like these ladies here,” he motioned at the women in chains and cages. “We switch on the cameras and microphones to make sure everyone plays by the rules. Can’t be too careful, you know?”

Sid had heard enough about hidden cameras. “So, where does the auction take place?”

“Right this way.” Ralph led Sid to the far end of the holding tank when another question arose.

“I don’t understand how the auction works.”

“If you decide to bid on a slave, you give us a credit card that we access only after you come to the bursar’s office to pay for her. We conduct all auctions in Confederate dollars, which we call ‘feds’ like in that book you’re holding, but it’s just a fixed hundred-to-one conversion. No currency fluctuations to worry about.” He laughed too hard at the weak joke, Sid thought.

“And at the end of the cruise?”

“You can send her back here anytime to put her back on the block,” Ralph said as he unlocked the door.

“What if no one bids on her?”

“Oh, we’ll bid on her, even if no one else does. She paid good money to be here and we’ll make sure she gets her money’s worth. Gotta keep everyone happy.”

“Who’s ‘we’?” Sid asked.

“The cruise line. We’ve got four, no five different plantations on this deck, two of which are pretty faithful renditions of the ones described in the books. That’s where most of the women who booked passage here will wind up. They all want to be Grace, or Destiny. No one wants to be Natalie, though. At least, we don’t expect them to.” He shot Sid a look.

“Are they all characters in the book?”

“Right. Grace is the main character in the first six books, then Destiny and Natalie get two books each. They’re pretty good, if you haven’t read them yet.”

When the door swung open, Ralph ushered Sid through into a much larger room with a vaulted ceiling and stadium seating on three sides of a sunken stage area. The seats were half full of men, most in slacks and sport shirts like Sid, but several wore strange costumes that looked nothing but odd to him.

“Are they actors?” Sid asked Ralph as he motioned to a small group of men in ruffled shirts and bizarrely-colored waistcoats.

“They are,” Ralph said. “They’re bidding on behalf of our plantations. Most of the girls will wind up at one or another of those.”

“When do the auctions begin?” Sid asked as he stared at the five empty auction blocks in a row across the stage area.

“Oh, we’ve already had a bunch this morning. We’ve started early and run them all day so far.”

At that moment the door on the far side of the auditorium opened and another Black guard entered the room. All of the conversations quieted as everyone's attention shifted to the door. Sid was not surprised when chained, naked slaves followed the guard into the stage area and were marched to the auction blocks. As each one stepped up onto the blocks, they were shackled with additional chains that struck Sid as completely over the top but also incredibly hot, an assessment that floored him.

"You want to stick around for the inspection?" Ralph asked with a smarmy tone that almost offended Sid.

"What's that?"

"Wait just a minute and you'll see."

The auctioneer made some brief introductory remarks before he invited the men in the audience to come down to the stage for the aforementioned inspection. Everyone in the seats rose as one and streamed down toward the five women chained to the auction blocks.

"Go ahead," Ralph goaded Sid with an elbow jab to his ribs. "You won't want to miss this."

Sid stared at the man for a long moment before he moved almost involuntarily towards the women who were rapidly being surrounded by the men. Men who were being men in the worst ways imaginable, making lewd comments and laughing as they did so, pointing at the women's bodies, and touching them inappropriately—their breasts, their buttocks, even their vaginas.

Sid was stunned.

But he couldn't bring himself to look away.

Slowly, surprisingly, his attention turned from what the men were doing to the women to how the women were reacting. He studied their faces for the first time, which also surprised him. Had he been objectifying them almost as much as the men who treated them like livestock? He looked at each of them in turn and tried to imagine who they were and what

had brought them here, voluntarily, at great cost, both financially and now, personally.

The brunette at the end of the row looked to be about Nadine's age, who would be forty in a few months. His wife's unexpected, and unwelcome, intrusion into his thoughts was quickly dismissed as he watched the woman. As she endured rude remarks, nipple tweaks and hands on her buttocks, she looked around at the men who were assessing her worthiness as a sex slave, if only for the rest of the week, as if she wanted to impress them, which Sid didn't understand in the least. She wasn't smiling or looking coy, but she bore the brunt of their cosmically inappropriate behavior stoically, as if she knew what they wanted from her—obedience and subservience—and was determined to give it to them. She wasn't attractive, he realized in a sudden flash of insight. Was this her way, at this stage in her life, of commanding attention? For attention was being paid. That much was certain.

When Sid realized what the game was for these women, he saw them with different eyes. All were middle-aged, three were overweight, not morbidly obese but far from ideal—nothing like Nadine, who could still fit into her wedding dress. The other two looked as if they'd not been naked in front of a man other than their husbands in years, perhaps decades. Was that the appeal? To be offered for sale meant examination, assessment, and appraisal, no matter how they looked. Did that prospect spur their decisions to book passage on this deck?

Or was it the prospect of 'forced' sex, something many women supposedly fantasized about but rarely indulged in 'voluntarily.' Was that the attraction? He wanted to ask one of them but the current circumstances were ludicrous for such an intimate and in-depth conversation.

Suddenly, he was struck by a thought so incredible he almost got dizzy as it swirled around in his mind. And cemented itself in his suddenly inexorable course of action, consequences be damned.

He, Sid Greene, accountant, husband, and cuckold, would buy himself a sex slave.

# 10 - A Salon for the Slaves



Athena was still steadying herself against the wall, working through the things she had seen, the sounds she had heard in the Domestic Slavery deck's punishment room, when Marge's voice intruded on her recovery.

"Athena, where are you?" the woman asked. Athena wasn't certain about Marge's exact title or level of authority, but she was a steady—and sometimes comforting—presence in Athena's professional life, a voice on Athena's headset that seemed to know what was going on, speak for cruise operations, give helpful advice on occasion.

"I'm in the hall outside discipline," Athena said.

"How did it go?" Marge asked.

"Discipline?" Athena asked. "Uh, great, I guess. If great means passengers screaming while three psychos jab their privates with these prod thingies. And, fuck, this one guy, he came while they were—"

"We've got a celebrity situation," Marge interrupted.

"Celebrity situation?" Athena echoed.

"Hannah Loughbridge."

"Oh God, what happened to her?" Athena asked. Hannah was being played by a girl named Amy, a girl with a sketchy resume, not much schooling, no consistent work experience, and zero performance experience, on a cruise or otherwise. Not that Athena had ever performed on a cruise either, but she had slid easily into this role during training, while Amy had always seemed a little uncertain. Tentative might be the word. Lacking confidence. She had the body, of course, and the looks, the blonde hair and the full breasts and the golden brown pubic hair, and when she was naked and chained during rehearsals, she seemed a little surer. But Athena had been worried about her peer from the start. She was supposed to

play the heroine of the five *Female, Recreational* books. That made her literally the most important person on this deck, someone the passengers would want to see, would expect to see, would—in their submissive, obsequious ways—*demand* to see, and if she didn't show up regularly, Athena could already imagine the post-cruise reviews: “Just a lot of torture and humiliation, which barely made up for never seeing Hannah. Won't go again!”

“Did something happen to her?” Marge said, sounding panicked.

“I don't know,” Athena said. “I thought that's what you were calling about.”

“Yeah, Hannah,” Marge said. “What's wrong?”

“You said we have a celebrity situation,” Athena said. “What's the situation?”

“She's coming to your salon,” Marge said.

“Oh, like making an appearance?” Athena said. “Like, to get her hair done? That's the situation?”

“Yes,” Marge said, panic ebbing. “What did you think I said?”

“You said celebrity situation,” Athena said. “That sounded bad.”

“No, it's good,” Marge explained patiently. “It means one of our stars is coming to interact with the guests. Hannah's going to the salon. You need to be there.”

“And do what, exactly?” Athena said.

“Just manage her,” Marge said. “Chain her, make her take a shower or something.”

“Okay, not in the books, but whatever,” Athena said. “So, where does she go after that?”

“Wherever you want,” Marge said casually.

Okay, they were going off-script. This was not in the books. Athena never spent time with Hannah in the salon.

They hadn't gone over anything like this in training or rehearsals.

Fine. Wing it. Make shit up. Athena Petrosyan was a minor player here, apparently, but the company had entrusted her with calling the actual shots. Hannah was, in a sense, her property, to do with as she saw fit. No one was going to tell her she wasn't going far enough. Going too far? Yeah, Athena thought, formulating her plan on the fly. Yeah that could happen.

Still getting familiar with the floorplan of her deck, Athena studied the stencils on the doors, decided to check in on the stacks before she made her way to the salon. Hannah could wait. This was more important.

The slaves in their little cages were talking, communing, laughing. Someone was singing. Just like in the book. Several were masturbating, male and female alike. Or at least touching. Were they going to cum? Were the men going to spew through their chain link? If they did, Athena would make sure they got what they deserved. And probably what they wanted, the pervs.

Athena rounded the wall of cages, looked up at the slaves caged on the other side. About 15 cages had been removed, their occupants going to discipline, or to the salon, or possibly to other places. Athena wasn't the only one calling the shots here.

Directly before her, a girl was stroking herself furtively, seated with her legs crossed, looking down and rubbing her slit with her left hand, right hand squeezing her left breast, nipple pinched between her middle and ring fingers.

"Stop," Athena commanded, startling the girl, who looked up with the expression of someone caught by their mother. But Athena's next words weren't something any mother would say: "Don't orgasm yet. Save it for assessment. We need to get your performance rated."

Athena looked up at the other prisoners, many of whom were staring at her. The masturbating girl wasn't the only one she'd frightened, apparently.

“You,” she said, pointing to a boy caged two rows higher and three positions to the right. “Let me see your penis.”

The boy obeyed immediately, rising to his knees, flinching when he hit his head on the top of his cage, solving the problem by lying down and sticking his erection through the chain link.

Athena pretended to look at the member, but she didn't care. It was all an act.

“Filip,” she said to her colleague as he arrived at that side of the stacks, he and his remaining teammates taking turns making the rounds.

Athena pointed to the boy and girl in their cages.

“Take these two to assessment and get them scored.”

They couldn't see each other, the boy slave and the girl slave. That's part of what made this so unexpectedly delicious to Athena.

Filip, who seemed to share Athena's fascination with the power dynamics here, went to work immediately, moving the pulley system into place in front of the boy's cage.

“If anyone asks for me, I'll be in the salon,” she added with one more glance into the faces of the captives.

The expressions were strange, not like anything she'd ever seen before, at least not consistently in a whole group. Longing. Tragedy. Tragic longing. Urgent desires that would be fulfilled only if other people decided they could be. Utter powerlessness. Fear. Intoxicating, arousing fear. It had a smell. Yes, Athena realized as she left the stacks and made her way to the salon—it smelled.

Hannah was here, naked, in real handcuffs and real shackles, standing beside a stack of cages, waiting beside the door that said “SALON,” and she looked at Athena with a slightly accusatory air.

“I've been here awhile,” she said.

“What?” Athena replied tersely.

“I was ...” Hannah said, voice going slightly weak. “I was ... waiting.”

“And?” Athena said.

“I just,” Hannah said, sounding completely confused. “I’m ... I’m sorry, I just thought that you ...”

“I was doing something else,” Athena said. “Damn, you look like shit.”

*What? What the actual hell, Athena? What did you just say, and to the fucking deck star herself? What are you doing, Athena Petrosyan?*

“I ... I know,” Hannah said, eyes welling with tears, being wiped gingerly by the index fingers of her bound hands. “They keep taking my makeup off. They put it on and then—”

“No one’s going to buy you if you’re ugly and you’re blubbering all over yourself,” Athena blurted.

*Who are you, Athena? Who are you, real name Sandra Morales, former billing clerk of the Anaheim City Water Department? What the actual hell?*

“C’mon,” Athena said, reaching for the door, “Delilah’s waiting.”

Athena pushed open the door, pulling Hannah in with her, peering with apprehension into the salon.

“Oh, honey, they’re just going to drool over you!” announced Delilah, a slight gay man—didn’t they call them twinkles?—portraying the brilliant, transexual beautician from the books.

Athena’s team had been working quickly while she was in the punishment room, she noticed with satisfaction. All five salon chairs were occupied, three females and two males, all nude, each bound by one ankle to their place. Neither man was erect at the moment, Athena noticed with relief.

Delilah was working on one of the males, a fit man Athena guessed to be in his mid-forties, hair thinning at the top but his face transformed by Delilah’s art, subtle eyeliner and tan highlights on his brow and cheeks that made him look

adventurous, even powerful. Delilah had just finished with him, apparently, and was standing before him, bent over, hands pressed together between her knees, admiring her work.

“Don’t you just feel like the best thing they’ll ever see in the showroom, sweetie?” Delilah purred as the man regarded himself in a small hand mirror.

The man gazed up with reverence, nodding solemnly, too moved for words. What was he in real life? Athena wondered. A lawyer, an executive, a business owner? And what the everlivin’ fuck was he doing here?

Delilah looked up, noticing Athena and Hannah for the first time, directing a very brief, ironic eyebrow raise at Athena. Athena smiled back, a flood of relief filling her mind. She’d been worried about Delilah. She—or really, he, Max in his non-cruise life—looked the part and had the requisite skills, and that was it. While they’d been waiting for the passengers to arrive, he’d expressed deep misgivings to Athena, about everything—his ability to play the part, his ability to beautify naked slaves, and the concept of the cruise itself. But he seemed to have stepped up, playing his–her–role with an intensity bordering on manic.

“Well, who have we here?” Delilah asked, clasped hands under her chin.

All five of the slaves turned. They were all familiar to Athena, having been processed, chained and caged under her supervision. Maybe some of them recognized her, but she watched their faces as they regarded the disheveled blonde girl Athena had delivered, and she marveled as, one by one, recognition dawned.

It wasn’t just Hannah’s perfect looks that made her familiar to them, Athena realized. It was her demeanor, her diffidence, her discomfiture. Of course. The cast member’s lack of confidence was perfect here, true to the novels about an innocent, 18-year-old virgin sold into sexual slavery, and trying—not always successfully—to adapt, and sometimes to thrive.

“This is Hannah,” Athena announced, and only then could she hear the gasps, because now it was official. These lowly future domestic servants were in the presence of, by their standards, greatness. They were breathing the same air as a revered fictional figure come to life. For the people in this room, this was Ishmael, Quasimodo, Don Quixote.

“Hello, Hannah, how are we doing today?” Delilah singsonged.

“I’m okay,” Hannah said softly.

“That bad?” Delilah quipped, drawing forth knowing chuckles from the other slaves. In the novels, Hannah had a lot of bad days, but she almost always said she was doing okay. “Well, just take a seat and we’ll get you polished up in no time.”

Delilah turned to Dottie, one of Athena’s team members, waiting in the salon’s corner.

“This jewel is ready to go,” she declared, spreading her hands out around the man she’d just finished with, and Dottie stepped up, released his ankle, transferred him back into his handcuffs and shackles. But before Dottie could guide him through the salon door, Delilah touched his arm.

“I’m sure I’ll never see you again, baby,” she mourned. “They’ll snap you up the minute they put you up for sale. So how ‘bout a forever hug?”

The man accepted Delilah’s hug uncertainly, his handcuffs making a reciprocal embrace impossible, but as Delilah pressed herself against him, he lowered his mouth to the top of her head and kissed her, audibly, gratefully.

“Oh, darling!” Delilah said, stepping back and executing a classic swoon, back of hand against forehead. “I’ll never shampoo again. Now, run along. Shoo shoo! Before I go absolutely broke trying to buy you myself!”

Dottie escorted the man out of the salon. His penis was growing, Athena noticed, and she wondered why.

Delilah grabbed a spray bottle and a paper towel, sanitized the vinyl seat, patted it.

“Athena, let’s put the new girl right here,” she said. “Can you get her set up?”

Another round of stares followed Delilah’s request, because not everyone here knew this was Athena, THE Athena. Athena looked back hard at the slaves, daring any of them to say or do anything inappropriate. But no, their expressions remained passive, even submissive.

Athena removed Hannah’s restraints and tethered her to her chair while Delilah made her way to the girl at the other end of the row.

“We need to pick up the pace a little, doll baby,” Delilah cooed, “but I promise I’m going to make you into a scrumptious little bitch.”

“Fuckyoubitch,” the girl said.

*What? Oh my god, slave, you just earned five marks. Three of them between your legs, at least. I’m going to personally supervise it. Did all these idiots want to be tortured so bad they were just saying shit to say it? To Delilah? No one talks to Delilah that way. It sounded like a question, or even a plea, but still. She didn’t look the part, though. She was a little chubby. Buxom, maybe. Sweet. Even innocent. Strawberry blonde hair. Natural, probably, because her long pussy hair was the same color. Pale skin. Big tits. I’m going to listen to you scream. I’m going to—*

“No, baby,” Delilah said gently, pure forgiveness in her voice as she held the girl by her chin and moved her head back and forth. “Fuckyoubitch isn’t for the showroom. There you gotta be all sweetness and light, a girl who looks like she’ll obey every command with a smile, make coffee and tea and spread her legs, and it’s all in a day’s work.”

The girl nodded.

“Country comes to town,” Delilah said. “That’s what you’re getting. Let’s fool them. After they buy you, you show them your inner bitch. And I’ll be there to make it happen. Make sure to have your new owners call me. Fuckyoubitch. I can’t wait. Your first big night out.”

Okay, something else is going on, Athena thought, searching her memory for context. She'd read the books in a hurry, skipped over a lot of the Delilah crap because that was someone else's role, and she'd been reading to learn how to be Athena. But yes, fuckyoubitch. That was a look. So was country comes to town. It was obscure, but fortunately for the strawberry blonde slave, Delilah remembered.

"Delilah," Athena barked.

"Sorry, Sugar Tits, no time for you right now," Delilah said without removing her eyes from Miss Strawberry Blonde. "I'm sure they'd love to see you at your usual stop though, Captain Hair Barn."

"Delilah," Athena said again, more firmly, ignoring the laughter of the slaves. She couldn't have all five of them tortured. Not right now, anyway. "Talk. Outside."

Delilah sighed, followed Athena through the door into the hall, looked expectantly at Athena as soon as the door was closed behind her.

"You." Athena began. "Are. Amazing."

Delilah's shoulders slumped and she breathed out heavily.

"I think I can keep this up another 10 minutes, at best," she whispered, "and then I go into the fetal position."

"Hang in there," Athena pleaded. "You've got three days to do everyone who gets sent to you. We'll slow down. I'll get you a break today if I can, send some to the assessment room, some more to punishment. I'll tell—"

"Punishment?" Delilah interrupted.

"Yeah," Athena said. "Like, a torture room. It's—"

"Oh my god, what did they do?" Delilah said, looking alarmed.

"They were bad."

"How bad?"

"Bad enough. You've read the books."

Delilah narrowed her eyes at Athena. “You like it, don’t you?”

“It’s a job,” Athena said. “You like working on naked men.”

“It’s a job,” Delilah said.

“I bet some of them are gay,” Athena said.

“My gaydar doesn’t always tell me.”

“Ask them,” Athena said.

“And get fired?” Delilah retorted.

“They’re *slaves*,” Athena said. “They are here to be abused. And violated. A personal question is the least of their worries.”

“Okay,” Delilah said, seeming to consider the idea.

“And if you want one of them, take him.”

“Take him where?” Delilah asked.

“To bed.”

“Which bed?”

“On Wednesday, they all get sold to families, and they get their own bedrooms. And they get used.”

“I don’t want to use anyone.”

“Ask him then,” Athena said. “If he says yes, he’s yours, and you’re not using him.”

Delilah directed a strange, frozen gaze into Athena’s eyes, before she found her next words.

“I gotta get back to these people,” she said, turning and pulling the door open, and Athena smiled and watched her go.

“Oh my god, what a bitch!” she shouted to her five tethered clients. “Sorry for the interruption, but Athena Petrosyan thinks she rules the world. Hannah, please tell me she hasn’t bought you.”

“No,” Hannah said while Athena listened from the other side of the door. “But she wants to show me to her family. So I

think she's interested."

"Pray someone else—anyone else—buys you," Delilah warned. "Maybe a salt mine needs a slave."

# 11 - Shawna Walks the Walk



“Are you ready for this?” Shawna Ross’s new best friend, Gina Hargrove, asked as they walked into the Scarf Room on the Penthouse Deck.

“I think so,” Shawna replied as she looked around at the room she’d first seen weeks ago. When she interviewed for the job of cocktail server on the SS Sinflix Loviatar, Emily Randall, the deck’s general manager, had shown her around, including a peek at the Scarf Room, where the women who booked passage on the Penthouse Deck would choose a scarf to advertise their price and availability to the men who would pay them to have sex.

Now Shawna would become one of those women.

“And if you pick anything but the scarlet scarf...” Gina said in a faux-threatening tone, accompanied by a maniacal smile.

“Yeah, I get it. Women always undervalue themselves, the oldest story in the world, yada, yada...” She laughed and Gina joined her, but the underlying message came through loud and clear—nothing but the top-price-per-hour would be acceptable for both of them.

Still, Shawna wondered, was she really worth a thousand dollars an hour? Was anyone? She’d done enough research, once she’d landed the server job and understood the nature of the place where she would work, to know that in LA, where she lived, the price for an hour of a full-service sex worker’s time—the most politically-correct term for what she was about to become—encompassed a very wide range. But that range was way less on the low-end and not much higher on the high end, and from what she could glean from the obviously airbrushed photos on the sites she’d found, the high-end women looked incredible. Assuming the pictures were

reliable. Still, Shawna had no idea prostitution was so rampant in the sex-saturated city in which she was born and raised.

Putting herself out there for a premium price was six kinds of intimidating, Shawna also realized, now that push was about to come to shove. Two days ago she'd asked Emily, her boss's boss, if she could moonlight as a scarf girl—Shawna's term, no one else's—to supplement her income during the cruise. Tips, given the sex-oriented nature of the bar she served, were disappointingly meager, as everyone was there to get laid, not drunk, a depressing reversal of the natural order of things at most meat-market type establishments.

When Shawna first approached Emily to ask if she could try her hand at prostitution, she'd been denied. But when Emily sought out Shawna's help the following day, a deal was struck.

“And don't be afraid to let the ends fly free,” Gina explained as they selected their crimson-colored scarves from the three basic colors available in the Scarf Room. Gina had worked as a full-time server and part-time whore at the LA Penthouse Hotel for the better part of a year before signing on to serve on the maiden voyage of the *Cruise du Kinque*. “You can always pass if you're not interested, same as when you're giving it away,” Gina said with a knowing smile.

“Once you've, uh, done this, do you ever go back to doing the other?” Shawna asked, blushing hard at her unease with the language and nature of her inquiry.

Gina had no such compunctions. “You mean, do I ever fuck men for fun anymore, or only for money? Sure, but not nearly as often as I used to.” She laughed again as she helped Shawna arrange her scarf to, as she put it, maximize her options.

“And you're absolutely sure about the price?” Shawna asked again, which prompted an eye roll.

“Look, it's a balancing act. The variables are different but not so much. You're a knockout, so no one will balk at paying top dollar for your time. But if you tuck in the ends of the scarf, that sends a mixed message, as if you're saying to the poor dears, ‘Yeah, I'm expensive *and* picky.’” She smiled as

she adjusted her own scarf. “But if you’re asking top dollar you should also let them know that you’re into it, too. You want to hit the sweet spot that tells them, like that L’Oreal commercial, ‘Because I’m worth it.’”

With both of them ready for business, Gina led Shawna out of the Scarf Room and into the corridor that traversed the length of the deck—and into the unexpectedly large volume of people just walking the deck and heading to their rooms or the elevators or who-knows-where. Shawna suddenly felt exposed—most of the passengers on this deck would have first-hand knowledge of the meaning of the scarf she was wearing, and she found herself unexpectedly mortified. Being in the corridor, even on the Penthouse Deck, wasn’t the same as being in the Penthouse Bar, where all the women would be wearing a scarf and the men were there to be at the other end of the transaction. In the midst of all these civilians, none of whom wore a scarf, she felt like a streetwalker.

“I think maybe this was a mistake,” she whispered to Gina.

Her friend turned and scowled. “Oh, don’t be a nervous-Nellie, Shawna. We’re almost there.” Gina locked arms with Shawna and practically dragged her the rest of the way to the entrance to the nearest Penthouse Bar, which wasn’t all that far when all was said and done, Shawna admitted, if only to herself.

Once inside the bar, Shawna relaxed quickly and briefly, until another wave of anxiety threatened to overwhelm her. She looked around the bar, where she’d just completed her third shift as a server, and saw the place differently for the first time. She scanned the small group of women who were waiting to be seated, all of them festooned in scarves but none of them acting as if this was a life-changing event for them. Was she the only one there who was about to lose her whole cherry, she wondered. Could everyone tell? Could the men tell? Did it matter?

“Why is this so tough?” she whispered to Gina as they waited for the hostess to seat them. “It’s not like I never went to a bar to get laid before.”

“It’s all in your pretty little head, Shawna,” her friend said with a sympathetic smile. “You’ll see. And we don’t have to stand around waiting for Courtney to find us a table.” Gina hooked Shawna’s arm again and led her into the bar area as if they would grab seats there, only to make a hard right when they reached the bar and boldly head, on their own, into the sea of tables, a few of which were vacant.

As they worked their way between the occupied tables toward one by the outside windows, they passed another hostess, one Shawna recognized but whose name she didn’t remember, and the woman’s eyes went wide when she noticed two servers wearing the scarves. Shawna braced herself for a sneer or at least a judgmental eyebrow lift but none was forthcoming before they rushed by her.

“A word of advice,” Gina began as they claimed a tiny four top and took their seats. “I don’t know how you are when it comes to holding your liquor, seeing as we’ve never been out drinking before,” she said with a laugh. “But I’d go real easy, even though I’ll bet you’re tempted to go for a double whatever right about now. You’ll want to stay sharp, as you’ll see soon enough, I’m guessing.” Gina smiled and cocked her own eyebrow, as if to emphasize that she had nothing but confidence, something Shawna was not feeling, not at all.

Shawna took a deep breath and looked around at the neighboring tables, each of them occupied near the windows, mostly by at least two women talking to one or two men, but one woman sitting alone as a man approached her. The woman had a look about her that told Shawna she was not new to the game being played on the Penthouse Deck almost halfway through the week-long cruise, but Shawna admired her pluck at sitting alone nonetheless, and wondered if she’d ever get comfortable enough to do likewise.

“Gina, hey,” a server said with a surprised inflection as she approached their table, tearing Shawna’s attention away from the man’s approach to the single woman. “How in the world did you pull this off?” she asked with a look at Gina’s scarf.

“I didn’t,” Gina answered with a look at Shawna. “Shawna here got a special dispensation from Pope Emily somehow and

I'm just here to keep her company." Gina winked at Shawna with a sly grin. "Of course, if they want to pay me after all is said and done, I wouldn't say no." She laughed a little too loudly and the server laughed a little too condescendingly, but Shawna didn't laugh at all—she was under the impression that Gina had also secured Emily's permission to wear the scarf, although now that she thought about it, she'd only implied but never actually confirmed that fact. "This is Mirabelle, by the way. We were in P3 together, what was it, yesterday? Isn't that right?" she asked the server with a broad smile.

"That's exactly right," Mirabelle said as she turned to Shawna. "Nice to meet you. What can I get you two?"

"Chardonnay," Shawna said with a look at Gina.

"The same," Gina said and Mirabelle smiled again just before she left their table. "She's going to rat me out, I just know it."

"I thought you talked to Emily?" Shawna hissed.

"I tried, believe me, I tried. I stopped by her office twice but it was empty both times. The woman is a phantom, I swear."

"So, what's going to happen if...?"

"I don't know. I guess the worst that they could do is fire me but it's no big deal. I like the gig but I make a lot more at the hotel, one way or the other." She looked past Shawna and leaned close. "Here we go," she whispered.

"Ladies," a man's voice said from behind Shawna. She turned to see a relatively non-descript middle-aged white guy with a slight paunch and a somewhat pleasant face smiling down at her. He helped himself, without asking, to one of the empty chairs at their table, something that put Shawna off for a quick second before she realized the scarf she was wearing rendered an invitation to join them largely superfluous. Still, she thought, it would have been nice to be asked.

"Gina," Gina said with an almost-ironic smile as she offered her hand.

“Deke Rogers,” he said with a head tilt that almost disarmed Shawna as he turned to her.

“Shawna,” she said with as much enthusiasm as she could summon, which wasn’t much. “Come here often?” she asked innocently, something she’d planned to do almost since she got the go-ahead from Emily yesterday to try out the Penthouse Bar as a customer of sorts.

Deke Rogers laughed, almost too hard at her lame joke but she smiled at his effort to ease the palpable tension between them. This was the first man she’d ever presented herself to as a woman who could be had for a price, she realized suddenly, and that fact changed everything. Not that she was obliged to do anything she didn’t want to do, up to and including going to a room with him, but the implied offer of the world’s most ancient quid pro quo was inescapable, and now that it had been proffered, Shawna felt almost queasy.

“My friend Shawna has never done anything like this before,” Gina said with a smarmy smile that shocked Shawna. “If that sort of thing appeals to you, Deke,” she added with a wink when Deke turned to look at her.

“Is that a fact?” Deke asked with a bit of cheerful smarm of his own. “Can’t say I’ve ever heard it put quite that way before, but I imagine there’s quite a lot of that happening the past few days. But how is it that you’re just getting started on our third day at sea?”

Shawna stared at him for a few seconds as she decided just how honest she should be with him. She’d already disclosed her real name, something she’d promised herself not to do but botched when the time came to make up something. She decided in the moment that she would continue down the path of full-disclosure.

“I’m a server on this deck, Deke. Gina is as well, so we’ve been rather busy.”

Deke’s eyes went wide but his smile remained. “Is that so? And they let you moonlight like this on your own time?”

“Not everyone does,” Gina interjected, which drew Deke’s gaze away from Shawna briefly. She liked his profile more than when he looked at her, but not a lot. She knew that Deke wouldn’t have a chance with her in the real world and wondered if he knew it and that’s why he was here. “Shawna got permission from the deck manager to give this a try,” Gina went on.

“Well, then I’ll consider myself fortunate on that score as well,” Deke added in a tone that almost put Shawna off. His sense of entitlement rankled her but in a flash of insight, she realized that she had no cause to be irked by the man. He wasn’t all that bad, she told herself, and if she turned him down there was no guarantee her next customer would be any more appealing. And wasn’t that the point—he was a customer, she was the commodity, and since when did whores get to choose who fucked them? In fact, as she decided to go off with the man, her pussy got a little wet and twingy at the idea that this was the deal she signed up for in the first place. He got to choose her, and that was that. It was a new and completely unfamiliar dynamic, one she’d witnessed other women deal with during her time serving them the past few days. Now that she was in the same position she’d only observed those women in, the reality of it all made her disoriented but excited.

“Would you like to go, then, Deke?” she asked bluntly to move things along. He gave her a look. Did he understand? Did it matter? Can we just get to it, she wondered, suddenly eager to pop her own ‘whore cherry’, as Gina had called it the day they met.

“Of course,” Deke said as he stood and tossed a hundred dollar bill on the table. “Allow me to pay for your drinks, please.” Gina smiled and bowed her head slightly but Shawna was too wrapped up with grabbing her purse and looking around to see who was watching her as she prepared to do an odd and unexpected version of the walk of shame *before* she had sex with a complete stranger. She couldn’t decide, when Deke offered her his arm, whether that made things better or worse.

She took it, though, and he led her through the seating area and the bar area, and finally out into the corridor with all those judgmental eyes on her once again. She decided she needed, desperately, a distraction, so she cleared her throat and turned to her first john.

“How long did you have in mind?”

“I thought we start with two hours and see how things go, if that’s agreeable, Shawna,” he answered without looking at her. She nodded and swallowed. She wasn’t certain but no one had said that a second hour cost less than the first, which would put her compensation for this encounter on par with her expected compensation for the entire cruise as a server, counting tips. She looked at Deke but he didn’t look at her. She decided to hold the rest of her questions, and she had many, until they reached his cabin.

The walk to his cabin seemed to take forever but was mercifully short when she thought about it. Deke unlocked the door with his key card and pushed it open to allow Shawna to precede him into the cabin, which was even more sumptuous than Emily’s. The bed was huge, the windows covered the entire exterior wall, and the bar was stocked with full-sized bottles, not the usual minibar miniatures.

“Drink?” Deke asked as he grabbed a glass, cut crystal from the looks of it, but Shawna declined.

“You go ahead, though,” she added, and he poured himself a whiskey, neat. “This cabin is incredible,” she marveled when he joined her near the windows. “But doesn’t all this glass make you nervous?”

“I assume it’s tempered, or even bullet-proof, but I don’t expect there will be any weather severe enough to test it at this time of the year.” He sipped his drink as they looked out at the uninterrupted expanse of sea and sky. “But I’m curious about you, Shawna,” he said softly. “Do you mind if I ask a few questions?”

“How about if we trade questions, Deke?” she responded with a genuine smile. She was warming to his good manners and lack of urgency, something she’d braced herself to deal

with and was happy not to have to. So many of the men she slept with for free were rather inept in the bedroom. That a man who was paying to fuck her wasn't was not *quite* shocking but...

"Deal," Deke said with a laugh. "So, what made you decide to...?" He hesitated, clearly at a loss for how to phrase the obvious question.

"Wear the scarf?" she added helpfully. "The money, of course. The tips are rather underwhelming so far as a server." She looked at him but stopped herself from wasting a question on something that didn't quite matter but which she wondered about nonetheless. He seemed to notice and smiled.

"Go ahead, ask. I won't hold you to a strict one-to-one ratio."

She smiled, gratefully. "Thanks. I was wondering if tipping is, uh, considered, uh...?" She cocked an eyebrow and let him return the favor.

He laughed gently. "It is, at least for me it is."

"Your turn," she said playfully.

"Is this really your first time?"

"Charging? Oh yes. Absolutely. Not that there's anything wrong with..." She rolled her eyes this time and they both laughed. "It's kind of hard to talk about, isn't it?"

"No, not really. You just have to get over the urge to beat around the bush, so to speak." He gave her a look and she giggled.

"Yeah, I see what you did there." He smiled and she realized he was better looking than she'd given him credit for at first. Being able to laugh about the absurdity of their situation helped immeasurably, she told herself. "Your turn."

"Nervous?" He didn't elaborate. He didn't need to.

"Less so than I was when you sat down at our table," she said softly. She stepped toward him and touched his free hand. He put his drink down on the nightstand and pulled her to him.

She kept her eyes on his and he leaned in to kiss her lightly. She kissed him back.

“How do you want me?” she asked and his eyes went wide which thrilled her unexpectedly. My god, she thought suddenly. *Am I going to be good at this?*

“As if we were on a date, if that’s not too weird,” he whispered. She smiled and nodded.

“I’d like that.” She reached up and wrapped her arms around his neck but she didn’t pull him close. She let him do that and when he did, she kissed him deeply, passionately, almost honestly. He was making this so easy for her and she wanted to be worth the money, a thought that sent a shiver through her. Worth the money. A lot of money. Where was this coming from, she wondered as their tongues intertwined.

He broke from kissing her and turned her slightly so he could kiss her neck and wrap his arms around her body from behind. She reached back and caressed his head to encourage him. Do all men make love like this with a prostitute, she wondered. Is this just an act, because I admitted it’s my first time, or is this how he is with every woman he pays for sex?

Pays for sex. Pays. For sex.

*What is it about that idea that makes me so excited?*

“Mind if I undress you?” he whispered as he kissed her ear.

“No, of course not.” She looked out at the ocean again and shivered as he dragged the zipper on her little black dress, the only one she’d packed, down to the small of her back. When he peeled the dress off her shoulders, she moaned just enough to let him know that he was doing a phenomenal job of making this easy for her. Better than easy. He was making it wonderful. She vowed to do the same for him.

“You look amazing, Shawna,” he murmured when he turned her around and raked her body with his eyes. Her nipples were pebbled in her bra, one she wasn’t thrilled with, but she hadn’t expected to be doing this when she packed it. She reached for his belt and unbuckled it and he let her. When she undid his trousers and reached down to fondle him, he

closed his eyes and hummed his approval, which pleased her. He was hard, not too big but not small, just right. A Goldilocks dick, she said to herself but took pains not to laugh, which might be misinterpreted.

“Would you mind?” he asked and she knew immediately what he was asking. In any other circumstance, she might be offended, but in the context of what they were doing, and what she was if only for the next two hours, she couldn’t think of a more appropriate act. He deserved her all, and she would give it to him.

She sank to her knees.

“Fuck,” he said with his eyes on hers as she sucked his erection, the pre-cum not at all disgusting for a change, or maybe it was and that was okay. She cupped his balls with one hand and pumped his dick with the other as she sucked his head, so soft and yet hard, so perfect, so deliciously perfect for such a wanton act in such a debauched position. She never did this in real life, she realized, but this was not real life. This was a dream, not the nightmare she’d feared, not even the chore she’d braced herself to endure. This was a pleasure, unbelievably, it was an outright pleasure. To give a man head had never been something she looked forward to or looked back on with satisfaction, but this would be different. That much was clear to her as she sucked his dick noisily, sloppily, even enthusiastically. Maybe for the first time in her life.

“Okay, I don’t want to waste one,” he said with some urgency as he eased himself out of her grasp. “I want to fuck you, Shawna. I really want to fuck you now.”

“How do you want me?” she asked again, and it was every bit as thrilling as the first time she asked him. More so.

“What would *you* like, Shawna?” he asked earnestly, with a catch in his voice.

“I want you to fuck me like the whore I am, Deke. However you want to. I’m yours to do what you want with me.”

Which he did.

## 12 - A Freedom Mom Returns to Her Stall



Still panting from the strain of her climax, Meghan opened her eyes, looked about her, briefly expecting to find disapproving stares, or at least morbid curiosity. But no, this was not that kind of place. She'd lost track of time while she'd been finishing on the dildo the Asian girl had mounted at her hole. She'd also lost track of people. There was a new boy here, kneeling in front of a new girl, she being milked while she stretched her mouth around his penis, her whole body rocking as she delivered rhythmic stimulation to his member. Was he going to move around to the place between her legs, to finish there? No, Meghan realized, remembering the strange rules of this place. The males here were restrained, either on a leash held by a staff member, or secured by the scrotum to the floor. There was no one holding this boy's leash, so Meghan assumed he'd been fixed in place, studied his genitals and confirmed her suspicions, spotting the chain trailing to the ring set into the floor where the girl's collar was affixed.

And yet, the girl was being serviced behind, Meghan realized. One of the workers had mounted a vaginal rod behind her—a “production aid” in lab parlance—and the girl's rocking back and forth was accomplishing two purposes, both servicing the boy and stimulating herself. Meghan watched the girl with an embarrassed familiarity, seeing in the gyration of her hips, the angling up and down of her female sheath the same self-pleasuring Meghan knew she had performed a few minutes before.

Meghan looked at the boy, wondering if he too would peer back at her as the first one had, seducing her with his eyes while he coupled with someone else. He was Black, skin uniformly the color of coffee and cream, and beautiful, while the girl was quite possibly albino, white hair and eyebrows,

light blue eyes, skin the color of just cream. It was with a strange mix of relief and disappointment that she realized the boy wasn't going to look at her, nor was he going to look at his partner as she labored on his shaft. He seemed to simply be taking in the room, its spare, utilitarian ambience, its 25 milking stations, the females bound to at least half of them, their bounty being drawn from their nipples, if they had any bounty to give. Three were coupling with males fore or aft, several more were enjoying the dildos mounted behind them, two girls were done and being walked out, another was being led in, all chained by their anuses.

What fresh hell is this? Meghan thought to herself, smiling at the expression.

Fresh hell. New hell. Satan's latest and greatest hell.

Was this hell? An actual, physical manifestation of Satan's newest and most devious machinations? Or was this all just ... random? No devil required? Someone very strange had thought up some very strange things and written them down in a strange book, and somehow the book had spoken to some small subset of people, and they were here to experience it, and then they would leave, and they would be no different, no better or worse than they had been before, because in the end, it was random, meaningless. Formless and void.

If Bangor Theresa has written a book where people hugged purple pillows all day, is that what they'd be doing here? If someone made up a book where you had to pretend you were eating dirt and worms—would they get enough passengers to fill a deck where they did only that?

Okay. But the sex was real, Meghan thought. The orgasms were real. *I know because I just had one.* Megan eased back, felt the tip of the pleasure rod against her left labia, not far from the place where they'd put that ring in her, and it stung slightly. She tried again, got the tip against her opening, angled up and eased the object into her body for the second time.

Other girls were doing this, some barely moving up and down on their toys, a few making a show of it, wide-eyed and groaning audibly. The boy with his penis in the girl's mouth

seemed to be climaxing, shaking his hips and gasping. She was cumming too, it seemed, her whole body convulsing, her cries of distress muffled by the organ lodged in her throat.

So, all just random, except for the single, unifying goal of orgasm. People had orgasms. Men had to. That's what made life. Women could too, but it wasn't necessary.

Was it Satan? Another boy was walked in, penis bouncing. Meghan watched him. How did he pick his mate? What if he was brought to her? What would she say?

She slid back a little further, accepting the rod all the way up her vagina, until whatever it was that had been designed for her clitoris was pressing there, and she moved, slid, thought she might be able to do it again, pressed—

And it was gone. The source of her pleasure had been removed by someone, although her restraints made it impossible to turn far enough around to see who had interloped.

A moment later, the frustration in her sex organ was replaced by the shock of anal penetration. She lurched forward reflectively before she understood she was being put back on her leash, triggering a jolt from the device.

“Ahhh!” she shouted, more from surprise than pain. So it worked. The anal restraint packed a punch if you tried to slip off of it. How much fiercer would the shock have been if she'd tried to pull it all the way out?

“Steady now,” said a man's voice. “It's just your leash.”

Meghan felt fingers against her left ankle cuff, felt the cuff open. A worker she hadn't seen before, another male, was freeing her from bondage, unclamping her nipples from the collection cups, lowering her empty lines to the floor, grabbing her upper arm to help her up.

He was older than most of the workers here, closer to Meghan's age, cute in a sort of rustic way, husky, with two day's beard.

Meghan stood, breathed in, closed her eyes for the sake of her composure, and heard a steady shout, a female voice

somewhere saying “Uh! Uh! Uh!” either because she was being thrust into by one of the males here, or she was in pain. The sound was muffled, coming not from the milking room but from a door in the corner, and Meghan studied it, found the word “PUNISHMENT” stenciled plainly across it.

What a strange thing, she thought before the tug on her anal restraint reminded her it was time to leave this place, to make room for another female, three of whom had arrived together on a single chain that branched out from the keeper’s hand to their anuses. Or ... no, Meghan observed, staring shamelessly between the legs of her peers. One of them had been leashed by her genitals. The chain was definitely dangling from between her vaginal lips.

*What a strange thing.*

She looked at the man escorting her, as though he would be as surprised as she by this most personal form of restraint, but he only smiled and made his way slowly past the three new arrivals and out the door, Meghan keeping up beside him.

Should she speak to him? Ask him a question? Make small talk? Shouldn’t there be some conversation between a woman and the male stranger who’d just pulled something out of her vagina and put something else up her anus?

Meghan had trained herself, when confronted with social or moral uncertainty, to ask herself one question—“What would Jesus do?”—and her mind went on its own to the familiar query before she could intervene, and she almost laughed out loud, and then she almost rebuked herself out loud.

*Really? Is this funny, Meghan Attweiler? Sincerely, Freedom Mom? One orgasm has reduced you to this? Cum once and now a place where babies are being prepared for sacrifice is all a big joke?*

*Jesus, forgive me. I have not forgotten my mission.*

“Where does the ... the milk go?” Meghan asked, voice catching in the middle of the words.

“Huh?” the man asked. He seemed distracted. Meghan looked at him, noticed his eyes on her right nipple, made puffy

by collection. Was he lusting? Did he want her? Was Meghan going to have to endure the uninvited attractions of a large proportion of the males here, both worker and ... wait, what was that boy? What were those boys who'd been ... doing those things ... to those girls? Were they passengers? Gigolos? Some sort of male sex slaves, allowed to engage in sex only with their genitals at the end of a chain?

Maybe she could ask them. Would their services include conversation? Answering questions? About what they were? And if there were babies on board, where they were? But ... would she receive their services, no matter what? Mid-conversation? Was it involuntary? Probably. If you got picked you just ... had to. Right? Or, if you didn't have to, maybe she should say yes. And talk during it. Ask for him to get behind her. She could hardly talk while he was in her mouth. It seemed to start that way. So she would do that first, just to fit in. But then, she'd need to talk to him. She'd need her mouth free. And for him to stay with her. To talk. So she'd need something to keep him there that didn't involve her mouth. Like a trap. They used to trap animals by their feet so they could get fur from them to make coats. She would trap her boy by ... his penis. Of course. But only so she could get information from him. And if he wasn't trapped by her mouth, he'd have to be caught by some other part of her. Some other part where he'd be stuck by his penis, for a certain amount of time. Some hole, that wasn't her mouth. Her anus? But that wouldn't really be the best way to trap him, would it? It might be sore from the leashing. And it didn't wet itself like her vagina did. He wouldn't like it as much. He'd stay longer in that front hole. And she'd have more control over it, too. She could tighten. Hold him, sort of, keep him in her, squeeze his penis to keep him back there while she squeezed his mind for data. She would treat him like that thing she'd had to ride, sliding up and down, just another object. Up and down, squeezing, but not too much. Delaying his conclusion for as long as possible, the milk being drawn from her breasts while she drew the semen from his penis. But all in good time. The boys didn't wear condoms. She'd noticed that. They just ... they just squirted right up into the girls, either in their mouths or up their vaginas. So Meghan would have to deal with that,

with having that stuff inside her, that had only been put up there before by ... by Keith ... or by ...

Meghan shook her head, physically forcing her thoughts away from the place they'd been.

"What?" she asked, looking at the man holding her leash. They were still walking, she noticed, heading toward the door that led to her section of stalls. And he'd said something to her.

"Huh?" he said, stopping to look at her.

"What?" she repeated. "Didn't you say something?"

"I said 'Huh?'" the man said. "Because you asked something."

"Okay," Meghan said, struggling to remember a question she'd asked long ago, before her mind had wandered to some other place. "Oh, right. Yeah. Where does the milk go?"

"It's pasteurized," the worker said.

"Hmm," Meghan said, sensing evasiveness.

The man resumed walking, tugging her leash with enough force that she grimaced. It didn't hurt, really. It was simply the act itself, that she should be led by that part of her. She continued following him, but she wasn't done gathering information.

"Where is it pasteurized?" she asked.

"In the pasteurization area," he replied.

"And then they drink it?" Meghan asked.

"Who?" he queried back.

"The people. The ones who drink our milk."

"Why, you want some?"

Okay, she realized. He wasn't going to be of any help. They reached the door where her stall was, she looked at him and saw that his eyes were still aimed at her breasts.

Some of the girls were gone, including Andie and Tommie, but Gabby was still there, sitting on her lower bunk and

waiting for Meghan to return.

“Meghan!” she shouted, rising but waiting the required distance from the door as Meghan passed through and the door was locked.

She didn’t have to be told this time to back up to the bars, and she bent, feeling the cool metal against her rear, the plug being extracted from her rectum. Should she say thanks to the man who’d brought her back? It was a moot point. He was already gone.

“How was it?” Gabby asked, hugging Meghan as though they were sisters who’d been apart a month. Except that sisters usually didn’t hug in the nude, and push their breasts together, and—was Gabby kind of ... was she rubbing her mound against Meghan’s thigh, tickling her with her labial ID tag? Sisters didn’t do that either.

Meghan pulled away from her stallmate with what she hoped was a polite firmness. She couldn’t answer the question in this kind of embrace. She couldn’t even think of how to answer the question until she’d put some space between herself and Gabby.

“Hey, let me pee okay?” Megan said, slipping through the curtain, finding a toilet there, drawing the curtain and sitting. “Where are the other girls?”

“They took them right after they got you. You didn’t see them?”

“No,” Meghan said. “I wasn’t really trying to see everyone, though.”

“Okay,” Gabby said, lowering her voice. “Most importantly, were there boys there?”

“Yes,” Meghan said, struggling to relax enough to open her bladder. “I saw two. Or no, three. Four.”

Gabby sucked in her breath.

“Naked?”

“Most of them, yeah.”

“Were they doing it?” Gabby whispered. “To you? Were they doing it?”

“Not to me,” Meghan said.

“But they were doing it?” Gabby demanded, so close to the curtain Meghan could make out the girl’s form in silhouette, her wide hips and narrow waist, her thighs and head and arms and the profile of one breast, its nipple pronounced.

“I guess,” Meghan said.

“They were doing it to people there?” Gabby asked.

“Yes,” Meghan said, and she finally opened her urethra, the urine splashing into the toilet.

“What were they doing?” Gabby asked, her silhouetted legs straightening as though she were about to hop.

“They were ...” Meghan began, a sudden shame silencing her. Was an honest answer not iniquitous in some way? Multiple ways? Describing sex acts, between two people who were certainly not married, to another person whose interest was obviously prurient? Didn’t that constitute voyeurism, pandering, indiscretion?

But Meghan could think of none of the Ten Commandments that applied here. And she wasn’t really violating anyone’s privacy. All the couples had known they were being watched, must have known they’d be talked about later. And maybe ... if Meghan satisfied Gabby’s curiosity on the matter of other people’s behaviors, Gabby wouldn’t ask about what Meghan herself had done.

*Thou shalt not bear false witness.*

*Conversely, thou shalt bear true witness.*

*Okay.*

“It was ...” Meghan began haltingly, “there was oral ... oral sex. And then it was vaginal. The boy was behind her. She was, they were all on their knees. That’s how we give milk. On our knees.”

“Chained, right?” Gabby asked hopefully.

“Yes. Hands and feet. Oh, and my neck too.”

“Just like in the book!” Gabby exulted. “So, what did you do?”

“I just ... I gave milk,” Meghan stammered.

“No, I mean, did you get stimulated? Like, on a, on a ... production aid?”

Meghan didn't want to talk about this. With anyone. Ever.

Done urinating, she grabbed tissue from the roll and wiped her vulva and carefully around her new ID tag, several passes necessary to remove her lubricant.

“You're just peeing, right?” Gabby said, her silhouette on the curtain shrinking slightly.

“Yes.”

“In the book they make us wear chastity cups,” Gabby said.

“What are those?” Meghan asked, relieved for the change in topic.

“It locks over your pussy,” Gabby said. “After they put our ID tag in, they don't let you do anything with it for a few days, to prevent infection.”

“Should I be worried?” Meghan asked, looking down at her piercing.

“No, they're being careful,” Gabby replied. “We can do whatever we want.”

Meghan, after one more quick pass with the tissue, reached back to flush when Gabby's next question gave her pause.

“Do you want to?” she asked uncertainly, her silhouette growing again against the curtain.

Meghan, suspecting she knew what Gabby was asking, experienced a reaction as rapid as it was difficult to interpret. Her heart was thumping, her breath gone shallow, her fingers trembling as she flushed.

She stood and pushed the curtain aside to find Gabby hovering there, looking at her expectantly.

Meghan did her best to offer a neutral expression, to not look between Gabby's legs, but she probably failed at both on her way to the sink, and she washed her hands and splashed her face and looked at herself in the little mirror, and she frowned and turned off the water and turned back to Gabby, still waiting.

"When?" Meghan asked hoarsely.

"In the book, we do it at night," Gabby said. "Usually. Since they come for us all day for milking."

"Tonight?" Meghan asked.

"Yes."

"Okay."

## 13 - Zoe and Beachy, Stabled



When Beachy's auction concluded, the Black guards fanned out across the stage to unshackle the newly-purchased slaves from their auction block shackles. Zoe watched as her guard knelt at her feet to unlock the heavy metal horseshoe-shaped restraints that bound her to the cement pedestal, then reattached the lighter chain that connected her collar and manacles to her original shackles. He offered her his hand to indicate she should step down from the block, which she did with some trepidation. Where to now, she wondered.

And would Amanda Matthews, her Sinflix Tonight producer be waiting for her? For what purpose?

"Let's go," the guard said, prodding her with his baton. That she wasn't shocked by it came as a surprise and a relief. She looked up at him—he was incredibly tall—but he kept his eyes on their destination at the far end of the stage, the doorway through which Amanda had disappeared when the auction began.

The men in the steeply pitched stadium seats were conversing loudly now that the auction had concluded, and a few made their way down the aisles but ignored the women. The line of naked white women and uniformed Black guards trudged toward the doorway until it opened as they arrived, Beachy in the lead with Zoe right behind her. The vestibule was dimly lit after the glare of the spotlights on stage but Zoe didn't have to look around to find Amanda, who approached her and her guard as soon as they cleared the threshold.

"I need her," Amanda said to the guard with all the authority of a woman who was used to being in charge. The guard looked at her in silence for a long beat before he looked around the room as if to ask for confirmation for such an unexpected deviation from the scripted performance he'd been trained to follow. "This one as well," Amanda said of Beachy.

“Where do you plan to take them?” Zoe’s guard asked at last.

“On whose authority?” Beachy’s guard added gruffly.

“Do you know who I am?” Amanda almost shouted at the taller, imposing men. Zoe winced involuntarily. That was a question that almost never worked as intended in her limited experience. But she was pulling for Amanda to big-deal her way into ending this nightmare even if she had no idea why she was trying to.

“Don’t know and don’t care,” Beachy’s guard growled at Amanda, who puffed up with convincing indignation before she reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone.

“We’ll see about that,” Amanda barked, then thumbed the screen furiously. “What’s your name?” she asked Zoe’s guard. “And who do you report to?”

“Hey, I’m just following orders here,” the man explained with a defensive tone.

“Wait,” Beachy interjected to Amanda who wheeled on her ferociously. “What are you doing?” Beachy asked, surprisingly forcefully, in Zoe’s mind, for a woman who was naked and restrained.

“I’m getting you two out of here,” Amanda said with slightly less aggression as she held the phone to her ear.

“I’m not so sure that’s a good idea,” Beachy whispered as her eyes flashed back and forth between Amanda and Zoe. “I committed to a full week and I don’t want to bail early.” She turned to Zoe. “I can’t risk fucking up my deal with Rodney.” She cocked an eyebrow and Zoe sighed.

“She’s right,” Zoe said to Amanda. “If we leave...” She didn’t finish her thought. She didn’t need to. Amanda, who had calmed down and was clearly reconsidering her course of action, nodded and slipped her phone back into her pocket.

“Are you sure?” she asked as Zoe and Beachy exchanged looks while the guards looked on silently. “I can pull you out for a day and then bring you back.”

“Much as I’d love that,” Zoe began. “I’m not leaving without her.” She nodded at Beachy, who smiled.

“And I can’t risk blowing up my deal,” she said to Zoe in an apologetic tone before she turned to Amanda. “Thanks, though.”

“We could use some food and water,” Zoe added with a hopeful look.

Amanda turned to the guards. “Seriously? You haven’t even fed them?”

“We’re working on it,” Beachy’s guard admitted, now fully disarmed and contrite. “We’ll make it happen.”

“See that you do,” Amanda ordered before she turned to Zoe. “I’ll keep an eye on you,” she whispered as she touched her shoulder. “On both of you,” she added to Beachy.

“Thanks, we really appreciate your concern,” Beachy said as the woman nodded and walked away. “Now what?” Beachy said to her guard, who looked at Zoe’s guard and shrugged.

“Stay here and we’ll get you some water and biscuits,” he said with a nod to Zoe’s guard before he disappeared through the same door that Amanda used.

“For everyone,” Beachy called out to him. “Please.”

“We should probably get them caged,” another guard said to Zoe’s minder, who nodded and indicated another doorway with his baton.

“Let’s do that,” he added and the entire group filed out of the vestibule. Zoe was not surprised to see another faithful rendition of the next scene in the movie after the auction, where Beachy’s character, Grace, was put into storage until her driver arrived to transport her to the Athens Club in Georgia. She and the others were each secured in narrow cells with drains at their feet and thick bars confining them to wait for further processing. Beachy and Zoe were neighbors again, a situation she could only assume was intentional, as she noticed cameras in each of the four corners of the room.

“Thanks for sticking with me,” Beachy said to Zoe after the guard left them alone. “I know you didn’t have to do that.”

Zoe nodded but didn’t respond. She wasn’t sure how altruistic her motives had been—she felt the pressure to conform to the organization’s implied demands just as Beachy had but she didn’t say anything and was feeling guilty about her passive subterfuge.

Finally, she added, “They really are intent on having us go through all of this together. Seemed like a shame to sabotage their hard work and planning.”

“Still,” Beachy said quietly. “I appreciate it.”

“De nada.”

After they peed on their feet and were finally watered and fed, Beachy and Zoe passed the time in their holding cages watching the new slaves as they entered the holding area, speculating about the women’s real-world stories. Finally, they got around to sharing their own.

“I read a little bit about you and how you stuck it to Rodney,” Zoe began. “How did you manage to con a conman?”

Beachy laughed and shook her head. “He is that, isn’t he? One of his minions made the mistake of telling me they did a poll of the investors who were backing the movie before Rodney got involved. I figured Rodney would be swayed by the numbers and it turned out I was right.”

“And now? Your deal for the second picture is so good that you didn’t bail just now when Amanda showed up?”

Beachy gave Zoe a look. “I got one percent of the gross for the first picture and now he’s offering me ten percent of the gross on the sequel.”

“Holy shit,” Zoe whispered. “Does porn sell at the box office these days?”

“It does on pay-per-view at 150 Penthouse hotels around the world where Rodney, in his infinite wisdom, promotes the hell out of it. If I play my cards right, I might just retire by the

end of this thing.” Beachy glanced at the guard walking another sold slave toward an empty cage on the other side of Zoe’s cage. She turned to catch a glimpse of the woman, another middle-aged, overweight brunette who couldn’t have sold for anywhere near what Beachy and she had brought at auction, then she chided herself for her seemingly out-of-control competitiveness.

Beachy continued their conversation. “What about you? Is this going to give you some kind of leverage at the network?”

Zoe shrugged. “Damned if I know. I’m doing it mostly to keep my job, not further my career.”

“That sucks, sorry,” Beachy said softly. “Any interest in acting?”

Zoe stared at her cellmate, astonished. “Seriously?”

“Well, if all of this is going nearly as well as I think it is, you’ll be almost as famous as I am. I’m sure Fran—she was the director on the first movie—can find you a prominent part in the sequel, if you’re interested.” Beachy cocked an eyebrow at Zoe, who was overwhelmed by several conflicting emotions.

Before she could formulate an answer, a Black guard approached their cages from behind Beachy. “Okay, ladies,” he said as she unlatched and opened Zoe’s cage. “We’re ready to transport you two.”

“Where are we going?” Zoe asked before she realized her impertinence. The guard smirked as he opened Beachy’s cage, his baton hooked to his belt.

“The Athens Club,” he said with a tone that chilled Zoe. Beachy’s movie ended just as Grace, her character, was delivered to the sex slave club, supposedly in Athens, Georgia, in the New Confederacy. It was described as a club that owned dozens of sex slaves and Zoe wished again that she’d found the time to read all the books in the series. Or any of them.

“What kind of transportation?” Beachy asked as she stepped out of her cage and the guard slammed the door shut with a loud clunk behind her.

“Truck,” the guard replied with another smirk, clearly not interested in offering any further explanation. When he removed his baton from his belt, Zoe decided not to press him. She just looked at Beachy with raised eyebrows.

The guard marched the two women, still in their five-point restraints, through a doorway into what looked like a loading dock, complete with three idling trucks, their cargo doors open, their holds filled with cages, most of them empty, although some were already occupied by naked women.

“Are you going to spray us down first?” Beachy asked the guard.

He looked them up and down. “You need it?”

“Yeah, we really do,” Beachy said and Zoe nodded.

“Over there.” He motioned to a large grate embedded in the floor near the wall and the women shuffled over while the guard picked up a garden hose with a pistol spray nozzle. Without fanfare, he sprayed their lower bodies fore and aft before walking them back to the trucks.

“In here,” he motioned to Zoe as he held open the front of the cage and she crawled inside. After Beachy was secured beside her and the guard exited the loading dock, Zoe gave her a look.

“This is way more than I expected,” Beachy admitted. “I mean, seriously? A truck? In the middle of an ocean liner?”

“Somebody has a serious Disneyland fetish,” Zoe offered, and they laughed but without mirth.

“Oh, my god,” the woman on the other side of Beachy exclaimed. “It’s Grace!”

“Beachy Sands,” the movie star said in a practiced voice. “And you are?”

“Elaine Morris,” the woman said shyly. “I’m such a huge fan.”

“Thanks,” Beachy said. “I’d sign something but...” she added with a laugh. “Are you enjoying the cruise?”

“Oh, it’s been something else,” the woman went on as Zoe watched another pair of women being loaded into the truck. She noticed that the truck seemed to be idling and wondered if the ventilation of the fumes, assuming there were any, would be sufficient to prevent them from being asphyxiated. More women were marched into the cargo hold and put up in cages until finally the door was closed and they were suddenly and unceremoniously shrouded in near-darkness. The truck’s engine rumbled to life in a convincing manner and the cages began to vibrate in an almost-reasonable facsimile of a moving vehicle. Almost.

“You’ve got to hand it to Rodney,” Beachy said as Zoe’s eyes adjusted to the faint light that leaked into the closed cargo hold. “He’s going all out to give them what they want.”

“How long a ‘journey’ is it supposed to be?” Zoe asked using air quotes to the extent her restraints allowed her.

“Actually, they’ve got this all wrong if they’re trying to recreate Grace’s experiences,” Beachy told her. “She went by truck to the auction house but by car to the Athens Club.”

“Oh, that’s right. With that guy. What was his name?”

“Well, his character’s name was James.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. So, no James here on the cruise?”

“I doubt it,” Beachy said. “For one thing, if they tried to recreate the whole motel scene that Grace did with James, that’s a lot of one-on-one time which wouldn’t really be feasible with all of these passengers. And then the biggest problem would be recreating the double rape scene with the two state troopers and Grace. That would be pretty much impossible.”

“Yeah, that’s true. So skipping all that makes it more manageable logistically, is that it?”

“I mean, they didn’t ask me, but that’s the way I see it.” Beachy looked around. “It’ll be interesting to see what they do when the ‘truck’ arrives at the Athens Club. I’ll just bet you

that when they open that door, we'll be in exactly the same position we were when we left, so to speak."

"It's rather ingenious, when you think about it."

"It's a lot of trouble to go to, you ask me."

Zoe nodded. "Yeah, but Rodney is talking about buying more ships and turning this whole thing into a cruise line."

"Yeah, I heard that. I can't believe there are that many people in the country who'll pay good money to be treated like this."

"Like shit, you mean?" Zoe said with a cocked eyebrow.

"Exactly."

Zoe decided to ask about what was to come, not having read the books. "What's next, Beachy? Do they have a script written for the sequel?"

"Not that I know of. I read the next two books to get an idea. I don't see how they can faithfully recreate the Athens Club with all these women. It'd be too much."

"How so?"

"Well, Grace spends almost a week in an isolation cell before she gets moved to the stable. And she gets tortured again. A lot."

"Tortured how?" Zoe's pussy clenched at the mention of the word, which never ceased to amaze her. She had no idea before this cruise that she was such a masochist.

"Mostly riding something called a Spanish pony."

"What's that?"

"A sawhorse, more or less, but it's built in such a way that it presses against your vulva."

Zoe's pussy clenched again. "That doesn't sound too bad," she said with a catch in her voice.

"For three hours? It's godawful, from the way it was portrayed in the book, and then she gets fucked right

afterwards by the guy who eventually buys her from the club, a Mr. Anderson. He's a piece of work, let me tell you."

"How so?"

"He always tortures Grace, and all his other slaves, before he fucks them. It's bizarre."

Zoe was dismayed at the way her pussy was almost gushing but she kept that to herself. "So, the next stop for us is the stable at the Athens Club?"

"I assume so, but we'll see," Beachy said as she shifted her weight. "God, I'm going to just lie in bed for a week when we're done with this place."

Zoe turned to sit on her other cheek which was still sensitive from being whipped in the Discipline Room two days ago. "I couldn't agree more."

The truck, as far as she could tell, did an adequate impersonation of a hard turn that almost threw her against the side of the cage, and most of the women in the cargo hold squawked in unison. Transmission gears ground and clunked convincingly until the rumbling stopped and even the 'engine' noise disappeared, which left the collection of women, still bound and caged, in near silence. The overall effect of the sudden stillness was terrifyingly impressive, Zoe had to admit if only to herself.

The door of the cargo bay suddenly lurched open loudly and the women were bathed in light, almost blinding Zoe before she covered her eyes. When she opened them again, three Black guards had already begun the tedious work of unloading their live cargo, one after the other, in a slow, excruciating procession.

When it was Zoe's turn to exit the truck, her eyes still adjusting to the much brighter lighting, she looked around astonished. The scene had indeed changed, as if the truck had been driven to a new location—just a different loading dock, but still. The illusion, or whatever had taken place, was impressive. She gave Beachy a look when she joined her on

the platform, guard in tow, and they were led to a doorway with the other girls.

When they passed through the doorway, they found themselves in a group that must have included all three truckloads of newly purchased slaves for the Athens Club, the next stop for most of them on their weeklong experience. A man who was dressed in the same odd outfit as the one who had bid and won on both Zoe and Beachy was standing in front of the assembled women. He cleared his throat unnecessarily as none of the women or their handlers had been talking.

“Welcome, ladies, to the Athens Club of Georgia. You’ll be staying here for at least the next part of your stay in our slave stables here, one of the best in all of the New Confederacy. Some of you will no doubt be purchased from the club by one of our dozens of members, who count on the club to purchase the finest slaves from the most discerning auction houses across the South for them to sample before finalizing their purchases. Be advised that training and discipline will be administered by our staff here to insure proper motivation and compliance. And due to the nature of your time with us being limited, we will expect you to act accordingly.”

Zoe turned to whisper to Beachy. “What the hell does that mean?”

“No idea.”

The spokesman, who had obviously finished his speech, circulated amongst the Black guards to hand out room assignments. Some discussion by the guards ensued as the women waited in silence until they were led one by one to their stalls, so designated by name and number but which looked to Zoe to be more like something she’d experienced at a youth hostel, with bunk beds for six occupants in a cramped room. Zoe expected that she would be paired with Beachy again, which turned out to be the case, and the two were left alone after their handler removed their chains.

“This doesn’t look familiar,” Zoe said as they looked around. The bunk beds dominated the small space which

included a sink and a toilet, although neither were afforded any privacy, to Zoe's dismay. She didn't need to go but the time would come and she still wasn't used to relieving herself in full view of her roommates.

"I read in the next book, which was largely about the Athens Club," Beachy explained, using a normal voice for the first time that day. "It's portrayed as a kind of communal setting, fifty girls and a hundred members, almost as many guards or trainers, so we can probably expect a lot of sex. But beyond that, this is where the real humiliation began."

Zoe stared at her. "It gets worse?"

"From what I read, it gets a lot worse, but that's in the book. Grace spent several weeks here so they can't replicate her experience to any great extent. And we're still slated to get bought by a plantation owner, I imagine, so there's a limit as to what can be accomplished."

"Thank god," Zoe said with a look. "What is today, anyway? Is it Tuesday or Wednesday?"

"I'm pretty sure it's Tuesday, but don't quote me," Beachy said with a crooked smile.

"So, we still have four days to go?"

"Sorry," Beachy said softly. "You didn't have to do this, you know."

"Yeah, don't remind me." Zoe walked to the nearest of the lower bunks and sat down. "At least we're not sleeping in cages anymore." She looked up at Beachy who was staring at her. "What?"

"Nothing," she said with a wave. "Maybe we'll get real food here, too. The book said something about a long table where we all eat together and they serve actual meals instead of hockey pucks."

"We can only hope." Zoe watched her new friend with curiosity. "What's going on with you?"

"It's nothing, really," Beachy insisted, unable or at least unwilling to look Zoe in the eyes.

“Come on, spill it, Beachy. You owe me.” She frowned dramatically, feigning annoyance. Beachy laughed and nodded. She walked to the bed and sat next to her.

“I guess I’m just missing my roommate, Kylie,” she whispered.

“Oh,” Zoe said quickly. “Really?”

“Sorry, I’m being an idiot.” She looked at Zoe but didn’t move. “It’s just that a lot of the girls, once they move in together here...” Beachy looked away and colored slightly, which really surprised Zoe—a blushing sex slave? An embarrassed porn star? “Anyway, forget I said anything.”

“No, I’m just a little caught off guard. But...” She put her hand on Beachy’s knee. “I’m open to...something.” Beachy looked at her and smiled warmly. “It’s been a while but...”

The door to their room swung open without warning and two more wide-eyed slaves entered, followed by a guard who said nothing but unlocked their chains and withdrew quickly. The new girls looked at Zoe and Beachy as they sat on the bed before one of them recognized the movie star whose presence had been the subject of near-constant speculation since before the ship left the dock.

“Are you...?” she began, practically vibrating with building excitement. Beachy stood up while Zoe remained seated.

“I’ll sign something for you at the end of the week when we disembark,” Beachy said in her practiced way. “I don’t have anything on me right now, as you can plainly see.” She made a show of emphasizing her nakedness to the newcomers’ reserved delight. Everyone laughed except Zoe, who wondered how any intimacy would occur in such crowded circumstances, a prospect that suddenly appealed to her. Then she noticed the cameras in each corner of the room, which reminded her of Beachy’s offer of a role in the sequel, something that didn’t seem quite so outlandish the more she thought about it.

Zoe smiled to herself. Life has certainly gotten more interesting, she had to admit. And the cruise wasn't even half over...

# 14 - June Wayman, Cart Pusher



The juxtaposition of June Wayman's professional life, personal life, and new virtual life were so jarring as to be head-spinning.

Her senses of sight and hearing had been taken over by a virtual set that had been showing her a beautiful medieval world, before it was in turn commandeered by the corporation in charge of this Cruise du Kinque deck, a firm whose entire C-suite and board of directors had just spent a half hour alternately arguing with her about what she could report on and warning her was about to cost them at least a billion dollars. Meanwhile, she was confined to the little rock grotto where, apparently, female slaves were kept while their plow-pushing owners decided what to do with them. And then, there was the thing between her legs, locked on and equally capable of facilitating masturbation and rape.

The instrument was at the moment doing nothing, fortunately, allowing June to concentrate on the latest chapter of this misadventure, which so far featured the arrival at her tiny prison of a young, healthy, beautiful young man, who'd opened her door and pulled her out and brought her back beneath the blue sky of the village, where she gasped anew at the beauty, the thatched huts, the clouds of purest white and the trees and their gently waving leaves.

Rationally, June knew she was being escorted through a darkened room where the ship's passengers had paid to be chained, whipped, forced to sweat through labor, while the hands grasping them belonged not to uncouth villagers but to cruise entertainers.

And yet, it all looked, felt, *seemed* so real. Even the smells were believable, smoke and spice weaving together.

“Where are we going?” June inquired.

The man escorting her turned, smiled grimly.

“Just a little unpleasantness, before we put you to work,” he said, drawing her through the rough door of what she recognized as the village smith’s shack.

She could feel the heat, smell the acrid coalsmoke, and soon she was able to make out the smith himself, working the bellows of his furnace, a giant of a man, well-muscled all over, as young as the yeoman escorting her.

“Down right here,” said her escort, gripping the hair at the back of her head and pointing at a place where four short posts waited.

June obeyed, held still while wrists, ankles and thighs were bound in place.

A little unpleasantness, she’d been warned, and she assumed she was about to be raped again, a turn of events she was not entirely opposed to. She was feeling a little raw down there, a little electric, sort of restless. Another reaming might do her some good, she thought, and if she could orgasm, so much the better. Her interest was professional as well, however. The device represented the height of intellectual property for its creators, an invention so secret June was ordered to refer to it strictly as a “sexual simulation module.” The fact it went inside the female, and the fact there was a corresponding tool for males, was not to be mentioned when—or if—June filed her report on this deck, the deck quaintly referred to as the Medieval Slavery deck.

So experiencing this most secret of corporate secrets was becoming a focus of hers. How did it work? Gears and rods? Hydraulics? Some sort of illusory electronic stimulation? Maybe, if she concentrated, if she clenched her vagina strategically, she could tell what they were doing.

The ropes were tightened. June looked up, noticed the smith peering into the flames of the furnace, his eyes reflecting the light realistically before he reached in and picked up a small, stick-like object, its end glowing red.

June's foreboding quickly blossomed into sheer panic as the smith rounded her form and knelt by her right thigh, lowering the glowing instrument.

"Wait!" she protested, pulling in vain at her rope bindings. "What are you doing? I thought, wait, what, no NOOOOOOOO! AAAEEEEEEEE! Oh god, OH GOD, STOP, STOP, OWWWWWW!"

It hurt. It hurt, in a very real way, and after she'd finished bellowing in vain, June slumped against the lingering pain, lowering her head and looking at her knees, trying to comprehend.

What? Why? Had she just been branded? Is that what they'd done? Burned a hole into her thigh? Marked her like livestock?

Being barbecued in the prison torture room was nothing compared to this. This was going to leave a mark. Now she had a scar. A permanent disfiguration.

"Did she piss?" the smith asked. "Most of them do."

"Still is," replied the yeoman, and June studied the space between her legs and saw the golden stream, catching the light here and there as it landed between her knees.

She might have ruled the unplanned release an artifice of virtual reality, a demeaning trick, one of Malcolm's coarser jokes, except that she could hear the urine splashing, and she could feel its cooling warmth on her calves, and she could indeed, if she concentrated, feel her bladder emptying, the liquid leaving her body in the usual way.

"I'm sorry!" she said, fighting the urge to weep, terrified of what crueller suffering might be meted out to an incontinent slave. "I'll clean it up. I didn't mean to."

The ropes around her limbs loosed, and she felt herself being hoisted to her feet by her upper arms.

"No harm done," said the yeoman, and she looked into his eyes, red in the furnace's reflection, and found ... kindness. "You're not the first wench who's lost herself under the brand."

June breathed in, smelled something unpleasant, akin to burning hair. Burning flesh. Burning skin. She looked down at her thigh, saw the mark there, a straight line, an ugly red, raised blister of misery and oppression.

Except ... it didn't hurt. At all. She reached down, brushed her fingers against the place where she'd been stung. Nothing. Her skin felt smooth there, still unblemished.

“What ... what did you do it with?” she asked,

“Iron,” the yeoman said. “The village brand.”

Of course, June thought. Maybe it was electrical, a harmless acid, or pepper squeezings which, coupled with the power of visual suggestion, felt like a bone-deep burning.

The yeoman wasn't going to tell her what they'd really done to her, wasn't going to break character. He *couldn't* break character, she realized. He was an assemblage of ones and zeroes, here to play his part, strutting and fretting on a non-existent stage, full of sounds and furies no one but June could perceive.

Except Malcolm, probably. June was sure he'd been listening as she shrieked in fear and pain.

“What's your name?” June asked, working to bring her voice back to baseline, her demeanor to serene, even boring.

*Take that, Malcolm.*

“Hambeth,” he said. “What do you call yourself?”

“June.”

“Like the ninth month?”

“Yes,” June agreed.

*No, the sixth month, you beautiful idiot, but there's no reason to get whipped over correcting you on that score.*

They were crossing a dry expanse toward a set of wagons waiting at the edge of the village, and June reminded herself to enjoy the beauty here, the sky and the trees and the purple mountains and deep valley.

But as they drew nearer, she looked at the carts again, noticed two slight, naked females bound to one of them, a cart laden with goods—barrels, crates, piles of fabric, buckets of produce. Both girls were pale-skinned redheads. Sisters, perhaps.

They turned to look as June approached with Hambeth, aiming expressionless eyes and unsmiling mouths at her.

“Oh, hey,” she said, speaking with an upbeat lilt for no other reason than that she knew it would annoy Malcolm, if he were still listening. “I’m June Wayman.”

Were they paying passengers, or bots or ... what was the name for them? Non-player characters, NPCs for short? Drones? Avatars?

The girls had been bound side by side, a beam before them to push when they were ordered to drive the cart forward. Their wrists had been chained to the beam, their ankles had been chained as well, and a chain had been passed around their waists and locked, a second chain fastened to it fore and aft, running between their legs, biting into their vulvae.

“Right here,” Hambeth instructed, pointing to the first pushing position, in front of the sisters, where open cuffs dangled from chains.

Hambeth closed rude iron manacles around June’s wrists while someone in the dark room did the same with standard handcuffs, and when he bent to shackle her feet, someone did the same thing for real to her. Finally, the chain was locked around her waist, the second chain forcing her to gasp as it was pulled up between her legs, driving against her clitoris and female opening.

No wait. It wasn’t. The amalgam of trade secrets mounted at her sex organ were creating the illusion of a chain. There was no actual chain between her legs. But what was the non-existent chain for, anyway? Chastity? To discourage masturbation? As an odd sort of clothing?

June was still pondering the purpose for the chain’s purpose when Hambeth barked “Hyup!” and the two redheads

pushed, and June felt the beam she was bound to move forward, or seem to move forward. Maybe she was on a moving platform. Maybe there was a real beam there. The chains on her ankles were definitely real, and she almost stumbled. She felt a tap on her arm, looked up to see Hambeth there, a little rod in his hand. “Keep up,” he said, the rest of the sentence obvious: *Or the next time I touch you with this, it will hurt.*

Accept the illusion, June told herself. Stop trying to guess what’s happening in the ... she’d almost said real world. But what was real? A darkened room where sweaty tourists were tormented by flaccid geeks tapping on virtual keyboards? Or this beautiful place, where even now new visions were opening up to her, thatched huts and laboring peasants and a valley to the right of their path and a forbidding forest before them, beneath a cloud-festooned, breathtaking azure expanse?

How long did they walk before their first break? There were no clocks here. But the sun was moving, and June decided to follow that. Had it been an hour before Hambeth finally stepped before them and said “Pawut!” and they’d stopped and he’d brought them water from a, well, it looked like a wine skin, so that’s what it was. But the water that flowed from its leather nipple ... was like heaven, pure and cold and alive, and very very real.

“Thank you, Hambeth,” June said. She wasn’t trying to bother Malcolm anymore. She was falling in love with one of Malcolm’s creations.

“Will you piss now?” Hambeth asked in turn, to all three of them. The sisters nodded, and Hambeth pulled their loin chains to the side of their vulvae, and the girls bent forward, small breasts against the beam they’d been pushing, feet as far apart as they’d go, liquid gold shooting in two uniform streams behind them and splashing into the moss-covered stone of the road.

June didn’t need to go quite yet, but the power of suggestion won out, and she nodded, and Hambeth touched her chain, pulling it out from between her vaginal lips, his fingers against her vulva, one slipping briefly into her wet

hole, and she grunted and leaned forward and emptied, her water passing somehow through the state-of-the-art pleasure module between her legs and dancing between her feet, soaking the ground around her.

As soon as they were done, the chains were returned to the three slavegirls' drying slots.

“Hyup!” Hambeth commanded, and they pushed together, drawing the cart forward, past a ceaseless panorama of virtual artistry: ancient wells, ruins of great white stone, 1000-year-old oak trees, and other carts, making their way back from wherever June and her team were headed, drawn by other slave girls—ginger, white, Black, Asian, let by other versions of Hambeth.

When June raised her bound right hand in a small wave, some of the girls waved back, and June wished they would stop so she could talk to them. She longed to talk to someone, anyone, but Hambeth appeared lost in thought on the rare occasions he walked beside her, and the two red-haired girls didn't seem interested in conversation beyond mumbling to each other, a grunt now and then, words June couldn't make out. It sounded like office chatter. Gossip. Not the lamentations of the oppressed.

Meanwhile, the pushing continued, easy enough so far, but for how much longer would this go on?

After three more water breaks, and a meal of sausage and apples, the sun closed out the day with an indescribably glorious yellow-crimson-cerise farewell, and June and her aloof sisters of the cart stopped at the side of the road in a clearing beneath waving pines, were freed from the beam but tethered by the ankles to the wagon wheel, unbelted and allowed to make water and then, in a turn that did not surprise June at all, Hambeth undressed and brought to the proceedings his delicious form and his sizeable erection. Because of the way they were bound, leg-spreading was impossible, so the first pale redhead to be taken rose up on her knees, grunting wide-eyed as Hambeth labored behind her. As soon as he withdrew, the second one clambered up on hands and knees, arching her back to position herself for violation, answering

each thrust with a small cry of protest until she seemed to orgasm, crying out gently, small breasts swaying, hands in tight fists.

Hambeth didn't seem to have climaxed yet. Nor had the first girl. Was this rape? Illicit use by the overseer? Or was it ... a reward? This is what good girls get. This is what hard-working girls get. A nighttime dose of thick penetration, pleasurable whether there was climax or not.

By the time Hambeth pulled his penis from the second girl's slot—her lubricant gleaming in the light of a quarter moon, just risen across the lane—June was in a state of urgent need, rolling to her knees, opening her thighs and presenting her pink doorway to Hambeth.

“Let me have you on your back, Nine-Month,” Hambeth said, and she felt the cuff around her left ankle open, and she dropped and turned and spread her legs, the surface under her back conveying the coarseness of earth, and Hambeth moved into position, and a moment later the fucking began, the mechanical penetration of ... no, it was real. It was Hambeth. It was Hambeth's penis, sliding thickly into her body, Hambeth's pubic bone grinding against her clitoris. She wanted to kiss him, to lick his lips, to eat his mouth, and she knew that wasn't possible even while she believed in everything else, his biology and lust and the satisfaction he was getting from her, and they came together, June and Hambeth, Hambeth grunting as he sprayed his seed deep within her chamber, June shouting with unreserved abandon, voice rising to a crescendo as each wave of pleasure crested, hips rocking and vagina clenching around an impossible artifice.

And then it was over and Hambeth withdrew and returned June's left ankle to its cuff and dressed and sat beside them, gave them food and water and something new he called mead, which tasted like sweet beer, and the girls sang a song in a foreign tongue whose words meant nothing but whose cadence and tones suggested an ancient, hopeful sorrow, and then Hambeth chimed in, for he seemed to know the song as well, but offered up just a baritone note here and there, and June

looked up at the stars and the quarter moon and heard an owl hoot somewhere, and she raised her hands to her mouth and realized she was crying, because it was all so, so beautiful and she never wanted it to end.

The last thing June saw before she closed her eyes was the moon, halfway up the sky, and she reminded herself that this was her only clock now, the moon at night, the sun during the day, and she wondered how long she'd need to tell time this way, how long she'd stay here, if she'd be forgotten ... forever. And this was her last thought, and it was a comforting thought, and consciousness dissolved until sometime much later, with a voice in her ear.

“June,” someone was whispering. “June.”

June looked up, struggled to remember where she was, moved and felt the iron around her ankles and started, looked up and found that the moon had completed most of its arc now, had dropped behind the pines. It was 3 or 4 a.m. Earth time, June guessed, and someone was whispering her name.

It was one of the redheads, her face close to June's, her mouth barely moving. June looked at the girl, eyebrows raised, still not sure if she was an avatar or a human passenger.

“You are the one,” she whispered reverently.

“Okay,” June whispered back, nodding slowly.

“The one who is the one doesn't know she is the one until she is told,” the girl whispered urgently.

June smiled, shaking off the grogginess to focus professionally on this latest development.

Brilliant. Just brilliant. Another layer to the experience, another layer on top of an already impossible stack of layers—physical, visual, cultural, virtual. And now, mythological too. Every passenger was going to get to star in some sort of ... something, where they were the one. The One. A lowly slave, a cart puller, a wench, gets to become the cornerstone of some evolving faith.

“The one,” June repeated. Play along, she told herself. Maybe they'd let her share this in her next report. “What does

that mean?”

“Don’t be afraid,” the girl urged. “You will be put to death by Andreeson and Schwartz. But you will be—”

“Wait, who?” June interrupted. Something about the names was eerily familiar.

“Andreeson and Schwartz, our king and your lord.”

“You mean, Raymond Schwartz?” June whispered, referring to the CEO of KLAF, where she’d been employed as a reporter before she’d been temporarily loaned to Cruise du Kinque. “And Andreeson. You mean Malcolm?”

“Andreeson and Schwartz,” the girl repeated, “our king and your lord.”

Okay. Well, that was oddly specific. Did every passenger get names they’d recognize?

“Brian Kirkwood will betray you to them,” the girl continued. “Allow him to. Return his kiss. Fulfill the prophecy.”

Brian Kirkwood?

BRIAN KIRKWOOD?

The boy from high school? That June used to crush on before he graduated and went to college and she never saw him again? The boy she’d kissed once, at a beach bar in Venice because she was wearing a button that said “Kiss me, I’m Polish,” and she’d smiled at him? What the fucking fuck? No one ... NO ONE knew she had a crush on Brian Kirkwood. No one knew she’d kissed him. She barely remembered him herself. Some memories are better set aside, in a trunk in the attic to wither and die, because to do otherwise hurts too much.

“Wait,” June said, voice rising. “How do you know about Brian Kirkwood? What are you, how are you, why—”

“Shhhh!” hissed the other slave girl, her face and her frantic eyes peering at June above her sister’s shoulder, her hand over the girl’s mouth. “If Hambeth hears us, he’ll have us put to death too!”

The girls rolled over, both of them slipping as far away as their chains allowed while Hambeth slumbered on, his steady breath audible from his bed on the cart, and June rolled to her back and looked up at the wheeling stars and marveled, because only a ghost or a god could know what this slave knew.

# 15 - Nadine and Sid Make a Deal



Nadine Greene was lying on the bed in her cabin when she heard the door open. She propped herself up on her elbow to see her husband walk through the doorway as expected. He'd texted her twenty minutes prior to his arrival, which took longer than he'd indicated but she wouldn't hold it against him—she'd banished him from their room first thing this morning and here it was late afternoon when she'd given him permission to return. Allowances must be made, she told herself.

But when he held the door open, apparently for someone to follow him into their cabin, she frowned and then panicked. She was still naked from her encounter with her latest liaison and was not expecting any more visitors besides Sid. What the hell did he think he was doing, she wondered angrily.

Her sudden irritation dissolved into shock when the visitor came into view. So shocked was she, in fact, that it took several seconds for her to process the scene. First of all, it was a woman who accompanied her husband. Second, she was naked. Third, she was done up in restraints, around her neck, wrists and ankles, all connected by a chain or chains, she couldn't tell which. The woman was middle-aged, not particularly attractive and somewhat overweight, which rather offended Nadine, who prided herself on her own svelte figure and was reflexively put off by women who couldn't, or wouldn't, take care to do the same. The woman's breasts sagged and her belly pooched with the telltale ravages of childbirth, but that did nothing to assuage Nadine's disdain—too many women had borne children and regained their pre-pregnancy figures to excuse such self-neglect. Even the brown triangle of hair at her sex was wildly unkempt.

“What the fuck, Sid?” Nadine snarled at her husband when he closed the door and turned to face her. “What is this?”

“Let me explain, Nadine,” he said in a whiny tone that only inflamed her soaring outrage. She scrambled off the bed and wrapped herself with her robe as she stared, first at the woman who wouldn’t look up to meet Nadine’s eyes, and then at her husband who practically cowered before her. “Just give me a minute to explain, all right?”

“Who is she?” Nadine asked in as calm a voice as she had in her. “And what is she doing here?” Another look at the woman, who seemed to be frozen in place, prompted another obvious question. Obvious to Nadine, at least. “And why is she...” She turned to Sid again. “Why is she like that?” she asked with a gesture of helpless frustration.

“This is Stephanie, from the Confederacy Deck,” Sid hastened to explain. “She’s like that because that’s the way all the women on that deck are kept.”

Nadine’s eyes darted back and forth from the woman to her husband, her fury unabated. “That doesn’t explain why she’s here, Sid.” She walked toward him. “What did you do?” she growled as the pieces fell into place for her. Then she reiterated in a hissing whisper, “What the fuck did you do?”

“I bought her.”

And there it was, Nadine thought. “Why on earth...would you do such a thing?”

“I can explain,” Sid said with even less conviction. “But hear me out, okay?”

“I’m listening.” Nadine resisted the temptation to tap her foot as she stared at her husband and ignored the woman standing naked before her, who was almost but not quite in tears.

“When I left the cabin this morning,” Sid began, “I went down to the Admin Deck to talk to the concierge about how I could distract myself today while you were, uh, busy. She recommended I go to the Confederacy Deck and see an

auction. Which I did. It was astounding, I have to tell you, Nadine. I was blown away.”

“Why’s that?” she asked in a droll tone.

“I just couldn’t believe it,” he gushed. “All these women,” he motioned at Stephanie. “They paid for the experience of being treated like slaves for a week, including being auctioned. Isn’t that right, Stephanie?”

“Yes, sir,” the woman said softly without looking up.

“So, watching all this to pass the time,” Nadine said. “I get that. But when did you make the leap to buying one of them? And how much did she cost us?”

Sid smiled. “Well, see that’s the thing. I had to pay for her before they would turn her over to me, but I can sell her back whenever we want. Later today, tomorrow, or even at the end of the week.”

“Why in hell would you think I’d want her at all, never mind all week, Sid?” Nadine almost yelled. “Can we talk in private?” she asked as she stepped toward the bathroom.

“There’s no need for that, Nadine. We own her, so to speak. Anything you want to say to me you can say in front of her,” he said in a surprisingly confident tone. Surprising to Nadine, at least.

“You do realize that this is all make believe, don’t you?” she said to him. “We don’t really own her.”

“Of course, but it’s all part of the illusion. And for the time we ‘own’ her,” he said with air quotes. “We can treat her as such. So say what you want to say, Nadine.”

Nadine stared at Sid for several silent seconds, then she nodded. “Okay, if that’s the way you want this to go.” She looked at Stephanie, who was still staring at her feet. “I told you when we booked this cruise that it would be completely and utterly unfair to you, Sid. You remember that conversation, don’t you?” she asked in a sarcastic tone.

“I do.”

“And I said that even though I was going to take several lovers I wouldn’t stand for you doing anything with another woman, right?”

“Right.”

“So what made you think that I’d allow you to fuck her, Sid? Just because she’s not very attractive, that doesn’t change a damn thing. I don’t want you fucking her.”

Sid looked at her for a few seconds before he turned to look at the naked, chained woman he’d just purchased. Nadine wouldn’t have been surprised if he’d argued the injustice of her ultimatum but she was fully prepared to stand her ground. She would not allow Sid to make love to anyone but her, regardless of her own infidelities. That’s just the way it was going to be and he’d have to live with it, just as he promised he would when they booked the cruise.

“Nadine,” Sid finally whispered. “My love. I didn’t buy her for me. I bought her for you.”

Nadine stared at her husband. “What?”

“You heard me. I bought her for you.”

“That’s absurd, Sid. Don’t lie to me.”

“I’m being serious. I’m not going to fuck her, Nadine. I’m not.”

Nadine walked the few steps to where the naked woman was rooted in place and touched her chin. The woman looked up but the chain attached to her collar prevented her from meeting Nadine’s gaze without turning her head. Finally, the women looked each other in the eyes.

“Are you a lesbian, Stephanie?” Nadine asked with a surprisingly gentle tone.

“No, ma’am.”

“Have you ever been with a woman?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Do you want to be with a woman?”

“No, ma’am, but I don’t think what I want really matters, ma’am.”

Sid walked toward the two women. “See? That’s what I’m talking about, Nadine. She’s here to be whatever we want her to be, and if that means she goes down on you, then that’s what she’ll do. That’s why *she’s* here.” He turned to the woman. “Isn’t that right, Stephanie?”

“Yes, sir.” the woman whispered without looking up.

Nadine turned to Sid. “What gave you the idea that I’d want a woman to go down on me? When have I *ever* indicated that would appeal to me?”

“You haven’t, but that’s not really the point.” She took a breath to berate him again when he held up his hands in mock surrender. “Hear me out.” She held her fire, barely. He hesitated, though.

“What?” she finally growled.

“I watched several of them at the auction, how they reacted when they were chained to the auction block, how they flinched when the men who were there to bid on them touched them. It was incredible, Nadine. Just incredible. I’ve never seen anything like it. I just had to participate somehow. So I decided to buy one of them. I’m not even sure why. I just knew I had to. It was an experience beyond my comprehension, really. When I bid on Stephanie here, and no one else bid on her, I was blown away.”

“No one else bid on her?” Nadine asked. “Why not?”

Sid turned to the woman who remained standing with her head bowed. “Well, I don’t know for sure but I can venture a guess.” He walked toward her. “Stephanie. How many children have you had?”

“Three, sir.”

“And where are they now?”

“Home with my husband.”

“Are you still married?”

“Yes, sir.”

“But you left your home and your family to come here and be treated like property for a week. Correct?”

“Yes, sir,” she said in a smaller voice.

“Why did you do that, Stephanie?”

“I don’t really know, sir.”

Sid turned to look at Nadine. “See what I mean? It’s unreal.”

She looked at her husband with her mouth hanging open. “I still don’t understand. What do you get out of this?”

“I bought her. Paid for her, then gave her to you. For as long as you’d like to have her. To use her as you see fit. We can take her back to the Confederacy Deck right now if you like, or keep her until the end of the week.” He turned toward the slave again. “Stephanie, has anyone fucked you yet, since your week began?”

“No, sir.”

“Is that something you wanted to experience during your time on the ship? To be used sexually, by a man?”

The woman looked up at him, tears welling in her eyes. “Yes, sir.”

“And if it doesn’t happen,” Sid said as he warmed to his questioning of the woman. “If you go home at the end of the week and no one has fucked you, that would be a disappointment, wouldn’t it?”

She bowed her head again. “Yes, sir.”

Sid turned back to Nadine. “See? It’s all in our hands. We can do whatever we like with her.” He looked at the ceiling, seemingly helpless in his quest to explain his state of mind. “I really don’t know why that’s so intoxicating to me, it just is. I’ve never experienced anything like this before.” He finally looked at Nadine with a look she’d never seen before, one that bordered on madness, she decided.

“Get her out of here,” Nadine said in disgust.

Sid's face fell. "No, wait." He stared at her almost in tears. "Please," he whined.

"Take her back, right now." Nadine looked at the woman who didn't look up, so she turned back to her husband. "I want her gone."

"Nadine," he whispered. "Wait. Please."

She tapped her foot. "For what?"

"Listen to me. I don't want to send her back, not yet. Please."

"You're freaking me out, Sid," she said in a slightly softer tone.

"I'm sorry. You're right. I got carried away but listen to me," he pleaded.

"Okay, okay," she said with a sigh. "What?"

"Look, I'm fine, all right? I know I got a little carried away there but I'm okay. I am. Just don't send her back."

"Why is this so important to you, Sid? It's crazy."

"Yeah, I know. It's just, I'm really getting off on giving her to you. I know it's a little nuts but this place has gotten under my skin. I don't know why, it just has."

Once she felt that her husband was being honest with her, Nadine softened considerably. And she suddenly felt the need to return the favor—it really was special, what Sid was trying to do for her, even if it was a little unnerving. Still, his heart was in the right place.

"If we keep her overnight, where would she sleep? Not with us," Nadine warned him.

"No, of course not." He turned to the slave. "Where did you sleep last night, Stephanie?"

"In my cage."

"See, she can sleep on the floor. At the foot of our bed."

Nadine looked at her husband again. What was this obsession he had for the woman? Or was it the situation? Did

he even know? Would it pass, or was this going to be a thing with him now? She'd been wondering about herself, although she hadn't shared with Sid. She hadn't thought about it too much because the possibilities bothered her, now that she'd slept with four men other than her husband. No, five. God, she was losing track of them.

"Nadine?" Sid interrupted her thoughts, annoyingly. "Can she stay?"

She sighed. "One night, then she goes back."

He smiled, not maniacally, or she would have changed her mind instantly. He just smiled, gratefully, which was still puzzling and a little off-putting but not so bad. She looked at the woman again. She wasn't in any way attractive but there was something about her that seemed appealing, Nadine decided. Not sexually appealing but...what? Why was this so confusing, she wondered. She looked at Sid, who was staring at her, as if he was waiting for something.

"I still don't want you having sex with her," Nadine said suddenly.

"No, of course not." He glanced at the woman again. "But I'd still like her to be with you, Nadine. And I'd like to watch, if that's all right."

She looked at him. "Why is that, Sid? What's the attraction for you?"

"I don't really know. It just is."

"And if I do this, you'll stop...whatever this is that you're doing?"

"I will. I promise."

"And she goes back tomorrow morning, first thing, right?"

"If that's what you want, Nadine." He raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

He hesitated again and Nadine blew out a breath, which prompted him to find his voice. "I was watching something on the CCTV at the bar yesterday," he began, then he turned to

the slave. “Stephanie, did you spend any time in the Discipline Room on the Confederacy Deck?”

The woman looked up at him. “Yes, sir,” she said softly.

“And were you punished like everyone else?”

“Yes, sir.”

“How were you punished?” He glanced at Nadine, a smile on his lips, which puzzled her. What was he getting at, she wondered.

“I was flogged, sir,” Stephanie said.

“With that special device?”

“Yes, sir.”

Sid turned to Nadine again. “They were talking about it at the bar. Apparently, they use this special flogger that has a battery pack built into the handle. It does no real damage to their skin but the charge that is generated when they’re flogged is excruciating. Isn’t that right, Stephanie?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So?” Nadine asked her husband, but she knew where he was going now. And she was intrigued. And appalled.

“If you’d like, I’ll see if I can borrow one of those floggers, Nadine.” He raised his eyebrows and smiled at her as if he’d just asked if she’d like to go for a Sunday drive in the country, when in fact...

“I can’t,” Nadine whispered. “They wouldn’t,” she added as she looked at the woman again. “It can’t be right.”

“Oh, but we own her, Nadine. For now, we can do what we want with her, including that.”

“I...” The words drowned in her throat. She was suddenly overwhelmed by the sheer malevolence of her feelings toward the woman, for no reason she could fathom, never mind explain. It was a feeling she didn’t expect, or relish, but it was undeniably there.

“Is that a yes?” Sid asked, hopefully.

What's that all about, Nadine wondered. "Do *you* want to flog her?" she asked viciously.

"Me? No, I don't. I bought her for you, Nadine."

"And what makes you think I would want to do that, Sid?" Her anger, at her husband, at the woman, at herself, shocked her. *Where was this coming from? Where?*

"I'm not sure," he said softly. "It's just a possibility, that's all."

Nadine stared at her husband. "This isn't right, Sid. She'll report us. We'll be arrested. This can't be right."

Sid looked at the woman again. "This is what she signed up for, Nadine. This is why she's here. And she's got safewords. If she doesn't want this to happen, she just needs to invoke her safewords and it stops." He stepped toward her. "Do you remember your safewords, Stephanie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you want to use them?"

"No sir," she said immediately with a look at Sid and then at Nadine.

Sid turned to his wife. "It's up to you, Nadine. Should I go get the flogger?"

She stared at him until she gave in to a desire she had no idea she had.

"Yes."

## 16 - Hannah's Bad Day



On the first day of the *Cruise du Kinque*, the primary notion Amy Nielson had to disabuse herself of was that she was, in any way, a star.

They'd been calling her a star, of course. Once she finished her first cruise, they'd be paying her like a star. She was portraying Hannah Loughbridge—she *was* Hannah Loughbridge, they kept telling her—who was certainly the star of a series of obscure modern slavery novels.

But she didn't have the money yet, no one knew or cared who she was yet, and she'd just spent three hours walking around naked, in handcuffs and leg irons, being ogled by strangers.

And for every person on the cruise who got it, who recognized her and loved her the way little girls love Disney princesses at the theme park, there were 20 people who didn't, men who just stared at her breasts and her golden brown triangle of pubic hair and probably just wanted to fuck her and forget her.

And the women—and this was so, so much worse—who looked at her with devastating sympathy, who didn't say a word, who didn't have to, whose eyes said it all.

*Oh, you poor girl, this is the best you could do?*

*Well, someone's got to take care of the world's sex work.*

*I swear from this day forward I will do everything in my power to make sure my daughter never has to take this kind of job.*

Sometimes, Hannah—she was Hannah here, she answered to Hannah, she lived in Hannah's skin—felt completely at home on the *SS Sinflix Loviatar*. Fictional Hannah's world was capricious, cruel and luxurious, and quite plausible, and the cruiseship Hannah enjoyed navigating it. And it was so much

better than what she'd been doing before, which was, essentially ... nothing. Living with her mom and dad, dabbling at school, dabbling at half-assed hostess jobs.

But this morning, launch day, embarkation day, had been less than pleasant for cruise Hannah.

Three hours of regular turns through the onboard waiting room, chained and naked, posing for selfies, smiling and answering questions as Hannah Loughbridge would.

Even the people who got it, who'd read the books and understood they were in the presence of celebrity, tried to trip her up at times, asking her obscure questions about, for example, some of her occasional lovers—Ramone, Uncle Bear, the boys in the kennels.

Fortunately, the Hannah of the novels was a difficult character. She'd figured out how to survive her world, and when she thought she could get away with it, or even if she knew she couldn't, she'd speak her mind, voice a few sharp words, cut someone else down to size, whether free or slave. So if the Hannah of the *Cruise du Kinque* didn't know something, she'd resort to that same brusqueness.

"It sounds like you know Uncle Bear better than I do," she blurted to a male passenger who'd asked a pointed question about the man's military service. "I'm guessing he fucked you too?"

A woman wanted to know the fine points of Hannah's bathroom in the Petrosyan mansion.

"I used it, I didn't clean it," *Cruise du Kinque's* Hannah replied. "But if you're looking for a job, I can put in a good word for you with Mrs. Petrosyan."

And when a man stepped up, took a selfie with her, looked at the picture on his phone and said to her, "I thought your tits would be bigger," she just looked at him, smiled, and said, "Jackass."

Oddly, Hannah's retorts were greeted not with affront or further challenges, but with delight, the passengers responding

with gazes so reverent and ecstatic one might think they'd just been blessed by the Pope.

But still, this was a difficult job. After three hours parading nude and chained in front of dressed strangers, she'd headed to the Domestic Slavery deck, where she'd been chained and unchained repeatedly, put in small cages in every section of the deck so the passengers confined there could bask in her presence, and sent from one salon to the next so enslaved beauticians could make her beautiful before their work was wiped off and she was returned to her restraints and sent on to the next salon.

And now, after waiting longer than expected at the door of the next salon ordeal, Hannah was confronted by Athena, who not only didn't apologize for being late, but started berating her.

"Damn you look like shit," Athena had said right off, and it was just sort of the last straw, not the only reason Hannah started crying, but just the final trigger. Athena, who had supposedly been made some kind of manager over this floor, followed up with more cruelty: "No one's going to buy you if you're ugly and you're blubbering all over yourself."

So by the time Athena led her into the salon, where five other slaves turned in unison to stare at her body and her puffy eyes, Hannah was suffering through the lowest point of a day full of low points.

But then, the cast member portraying Delilah was playing his-her-role over the top. And true to the books, Delilah made Athena a special target of her disdain. Delilah called her "Sugar Tits" and accused her of being a regular patron at "Captain Hair Barn," and Hannah's fellow slaves loved it.

Hannah's fellow slaves. Paying passengers. Hannah's customers. They're paying. I'm getting paid. A lot.

Athena chained Hannah to a salon chair by one ankle, removed her other restraints, a relief in itself. And then, after Hannah, no more slaves were brought to the salon, so Delilah made her way from chair to chair, sending each passenger off

with some variation of gushing praise, until only Hannah was left.

As soon as the room was empty but for the two of them, Delilah settled onto the chair next to Hannah's, slumped and put her face in her hands.

"Just kill me now," she sighed.

"Are you okay?" Hannah asked.

"Nothing death won't cure," Delilah replied.

"Seriously, do we need to get someone?" Hannah asked before she looked at her ankle cuff. "Or, I mean, do you need to get someone?"

"Do you know how hard it is to play that freak?" Delilah mourned.

"You seemed like you were having fun," Hannah said.

"I deserve an Oscar then," Delilah said. "There's nothing left of my soul but a dried husk. But I will be forever grateful to Athena."

"Why?" Hannah asked.

"She promised she'd slow the flow of passengers. And that bitch delivered."

Hannah looked at the empty seats around her and felt a brief gratitude as well.

"How are you doing?" Delilah asked.

"Kinda dying," Hannah confessed.

"Tell me," Delilah pleaded, to which Hannah replied with a dismissive hand wave. Where to start?

"You can't expect real people to act out books," Delilah asserted. "It's ... *dangerous*."

"How is it dangerous?" Hannah asked.

"Not physically, but psychologically," Delilah said. "It can be—"

Both cast members started when the door opened.

“Hey, Hannah?” said Dottie.

“Oh, hey,” Hannah replied.

“You’re on for an assessment,” Dottie said.

“Okay,” Hannah said, looking at her bound foot. “But I’m still ...”

“I haven’t made her up yet, sorry,” Delilah said. “Can you give us, uh, five minutes?”

“Five minutes,” Dottie agreed. She departed and shut the door and Delilah scrambled to her cart, grabbing up mascara.

“Just a little touch up,” Delilah said, “I can’t do much damage in five minutes.”

Hannah sat up and stared at the wall.

“So, assessment,” Delilah said, speaking the word heavily.

“Yeah.”

“Is it what I think it is?”

“What do you think it is?” Hannah inquired.

“A ... performance?”

“It is,” Hannah agreed. “A performance.”

“Sex?”

“You could call it that, yeah.”

“Who with?”

“I don’t know,” Hannah admitted. “A passenger.”

“Boy or girl?”

“Whichever they pick.”

“Holy fuck,” Delilah said. “And you agreed to this?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hannah asked, the spunk returning to her voice.

“Well ...” Delilah said, as though her meaning were obvious.

“This means a lot to these people,” Hannah said. “It’s sex, yeah, but it’s more than that. It’s ... sex with me ... with Hannah Loughbridge ... she’s like a hero to these people.”

“Okay,” Delilah said, finishing with the mascara and capping it, dropping it with a clatter onto her cart, picking up lipstick. “But I just ... I don’t want anything bad to happen to you. I don’t want—”

“It’s supervised,” Hannah said. “It’s like, regimented almost. You go through a list.”

“A list of what?”

“Of ... things that people can do ... with each other.”

“You’ve practiced this?” Delilah asked.

“A few times, yeah,” Hannah said.

“Holy fuck.”

“Yeah,” Hannah agreed.

## Acknowledgements

Many thanks to Robert Jackson for his proofreading skills

Click [here](#) to pre-order

**[The Maiden Voyage \(Part 4\) \(Cruise du Kinque Book 4\)](#)**



*Release Date June 8, 2024*

***The Maiden Voyage of the Sinflix Cruise du Kinque is  
steaming to an exciting close!***

*Will Freedom Mom Meghan Attweiler finally succumb to the sinful pleasures of the Milking Deck as she is drawn into the twisted world of commercial human milk production?*

*Will Nadine and Sid Greene finally learn to live with the competing needs of a budding hotwife and her reluctant cuckold on a ship that caters to every debauched whim they can imagine and even some they can't?*

*Will 'Athena Petrosyan', aka Sandra Morales, lose herself in the role of a slave handler so completely that she can't find her way back to her normal boring reality?*

*Will Shawna Ross, long-time cocktail waitress and new part-time prostitute, give up one life for another more lucrative but even more disreputable profession?*

*Will June Wayman, a junior reporter at a local TV station, ever reconcile her time in a virtual world that dazzles her senses, inspires her imagination, and unleashes her deepest fears and gnawing insecurities?*

*Will Zoe Grayson, Sinflix Tonight host and erstwhile sex slave, move on from the streaming service to join Beachy Sands as the newest costar of the sequel of the blockbuster movie, *Slave of the New Confederacy*?*

Click [here](#) to leave a **review** of:

**[The Maiden Voyage \(Part 3\) \(Cruise du Kinque Book 3\)](#)**



**Please leave a review! Or even just a rating!**

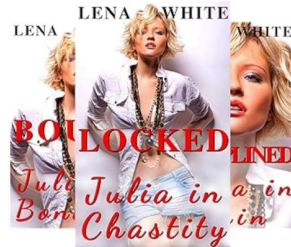
*(They really, really help us out!)*

*Thank you so much!*

# Cruise du Kinque

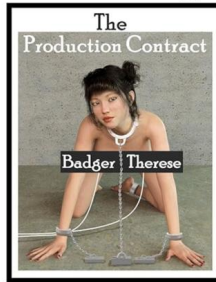
## Decks and Their Inspirations:

### Deck 3 - Bondage Deck



### [Club-sub series](#)

### Deck 4 - Milking Deck



### [The Production Contract](#)

## Deck 5 - Visual Arts Deck



## [First Time Hotwife series](#)

## Deck 6 - Breeding Deck



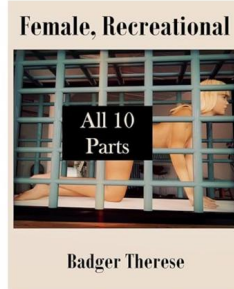
## [The Debt Proxy - Mirabilis](#)

**Deck 7 - Buckhorn Club Deck**



[Reluctant Cuckold series](#)

**Deck 8 - Domestic Slave Deck**



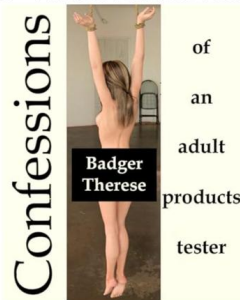
[Female, Recreational](#)

**Deck 9 - Penthouse Room Deck**



[The Whore Hotel series](#)

**Deck 10 - Adult Products Tester Deck**



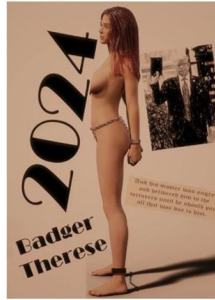
[Adult Product Testing](#)

**Deck 11 - Gangbang Deck**



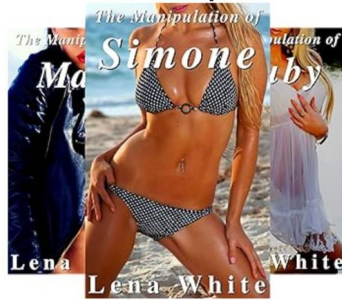
[Black Bulls Club series](#)

**Deck 12 - Prison Deck**



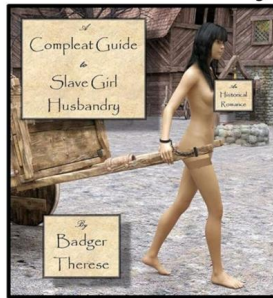
[2024](#)

**Deck 13 - Discipline Deck**



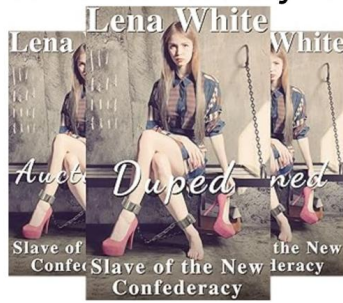
[Black Bulls and Hotwives series](#)

**Deck 14 - Medieval Slavery Deck**



[Slave Girl Husbandry](#)

**Deck 15 - Confederacy Deck**



[New Confederacy series](#)

**Deck 16 - Female Anatomy Lab Deck**



[The Debt Proxy Series](#)