

Lena White Badger Therese

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Cruise du Kinque
The Maiden Voyage - Part 4

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(Cruise du Kinque)

Lena White and Badger
Therese



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

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

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# 1 - Sinflix Tonight (Executive Meeting)



“You’ve got a lot of nerve showing your face here this morning,” Brad Johnson said to Amanda Matthews. “I heard all about your little extracurricular excursion up to the Confederacy Deck.”

Amanda just stared at her boss, wondering if she wanted to get into it with him right then and there. She’d already decided to tender her resignation when the SS *Loviatar* returned to port in two days and she saw no upside in confronting him in front of the production staff of her show, *Sinflix Tonight*. Well, it was her show for now, she admitted to herself.

“I am curious, though,” Johnson continued when she refused to engage with him, seemingly emboldened by her lack of defense. “Did you not understand what I was telling you at yesterday’s meeting, or did you just decide to take matters into your own hands with no fucking authority to do so?” He was practically spitting the last few words so she leaned away from him. All conversation in the small conference room went quiet as everyone’s attention, if not their eyes, was focused on the confrontation between the Executive Producer of *Sinflix Tonight* and Sinflix Production’s head of programming.

“Sorry I’m late,” Lewis Taylor announced to the startled group when he burst through the doorway a few seconds later. “As you can see, we have a surprise guest gracing our presence for this morning’s meeting.” Taylor turned to acknowledge a face Amanda didn’t recognize, African-American like Taylor’s but older, much older, and with a presence about him that told her and everyone else in the room in an instant that he was, regardless that they didn’t know him, in charge.

“Everyone,” Taylor went on with a slick smile. “Allow me to introduce Mr. Rodney Morrow, president of Sinflix Enterprises and the creative genius behind the *Cruise du Kinque*.”

“My apologies for my unannounced intrusion here today,” Morrow said as he took over the meeting without taking a seat. “But I need to make some immediate changes before any more damage is done to the organization.” His eyes landed on Amanda and although she almost withered under his ferocious gaze, she willed herself to not look away.

Still, it was tough.

Amanda had heard of but never met the reclusive billionaire behind the new streaming network she’d joined just a couple of months ago to run its new nightly news show, *Sinflix Tonight*. That she had taken on the challenge of creating a new show from nothing in a ridiculously short amount of time with no blueprint or precedence for such an endeavor, apparently counted for nothing to the man. That he had undoubtedly flown in on the helicopter this morning to fire her, just because she tried to stand up to the suits like Taylor and Johnson when they were insistent on letting her new anchor and star reporter, Zoe Grayson, languish naked in a cage the Confederacy Deck, shocked her. But more than that, she found it galling that the organization was willing to treat its employees with such callous disregard and almost criminal negligence. But what could you expect from an enterprise that offered slavery, prostitution, and pornography ‘experiences’ to the sad and ignorant fools eager and willing to pay for them? She was relieved to be done with the whole lot of them, and not a moment too soon.

Just as Amanda was about to stand up and lace into Morrow and his minions, the man abruptly turned his attention to Brad Johnson, where he practically snarled at the smug executive.

“Johnson, you’re fired. The chopper is waiting to ferry you back to the mainland as soon as you can make your way to the helipad. We’ll forward your belongings so, off you go.” He

stepped aside as if to clear a path for Johnson, who hadn't budged or said a word, to leave.

Silence, stunned silence, hung heavily in the small room.

"Do I need to call Security, Brad?" Morrow added at last.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Johnson sputtered as he stood up but didn't move toward the exit. "I'll fucking sue your ass, Morrow."

"You do that, Brad. You do that. Now, get the fuck off my goddamn ship."

Johnson fumed in silence for a few interminable seconds before he finally stormed out of the conference room. After Taylor closed the door, Morrow turned to Amanda with a much more subdued expression on his still imposing face.

"I'm promoting you, Ms. Matthews. You'll take over for Brad as Head of Programming for Sinflinx, assuming you decide to stay with us after this unfortunate incident, but I need an answer from you immediately. I know that's a lot to ask but I don't have time to fuck around now that we're wrapping things up on our maiden voyage. So, do you accept my offer?" He stared at Amanda as did everyone in the room, although she kept her eyes on his but did nothing to try to hide the shock she knew was writ large on her face.

"Excuse me?" was all she could manage to say, which sounded lame even to her, but it was the best she could do.

Morrow frowned but didn't explode, which seemed somehow surprising to her. The man was clearly at least a sociopath to her mind, someone who hadn't heard the word 'no' in years or even decades and wasn't about to take it from her now. But did she want to work directly for this man, not to mention his organization, now that she knew what was really going on here? When she'd signed on months ago to create a new show called *Sinflinx Tonight*, all she knew of the Sinflinx organization was that it was a new streaming service built around the Morrow empire.

As she hired personnel, designed sets, scripted episodes, and oversaw post-production functions, she came to sense

what that entailed, the insidious wickedness of the Morrow organization, but it was background noise, really, something she became vaguely aware of and was able to ignore, mostly. She had a show to put on. She did what needed to be done to get the show on the air, or the internet, or whatever. That's who she was and what she did, and she was proud of her accomplishments under impossible circumstances, deadlines, and pressures.

But this was a whole other situation, one Amanda couldn't bury because now she knew. She'd seen it firsthand, through the massive closed-circuit TV system that blanketed all sixteen decks of this floating freak show. She'd watched, fascinated and horrified in equal measure, as her star hire, Zoe Grayson, was stripped, chained, paraded, caged, nearly starved, routinely tortured, and sexually assaulted, along with hundreds if not thousands of other lost souls, in a frighteningly well-designed collection of barbarous perversions. That this twisted construct was satisfying the depraved market demand for deviances and debauchery was beside the point. It was wrong, pure and simple, and to work for such an organization was wrong in so many ways she couldn't begin to count them.

"I'll pay you two million a year, with annual bonuses, to start," Morrow added.

Shit.

*Fuck.*

"Why me?" Amanda managed to ask, her mind seething with conflicts and recriminations.

Morrow didn't hesitate to reply. "Only you understood the importance of protecting the talent, regardless of the short-term cost to our bottom line. Johnson, in his infinite idiocy, only saw the immediate gratification of viral subscriptions, with no regard for the destruction he caused. You saw the damage he was doing and risked your job to prevent it. I need that kind of insight, Amanda. I need you to right the ship, so to speak." He smiled but there was no warmth in it. None whatsoever.

“Can I think about it?” she asked against her better judgment and every fiber of her being.

Morrow glanced at his right-hand man. “We dock Sunday morning, correct?”

Taylor nodded. “Eleven o’clock.”

“I’ll need your answer by then.” He strode out of the conference room without waiting for Amanda to reply.

## 2 - The Courtship of Freedom Mom



Meghan Attweiler—mother, wife, devout Christian, Freedom Mom, elected member of the Orange County, California, Board of Education—was not a lesbian.

Lesbians practiced lesbianism as a lifestyle, which Meghan didn't do. Lesbians cut their hair short, wore flannel shirts and hiking boots, got tattoos, preferred unflattering jeans, all of which Meghan also didn't do. Lesbians were militant, woke, socialistic, and most of them hated men but liked drag shows where men dressed as women, none of which applied to Meghan.

It was mid-afternoon on the first day of the *Cruise du Kinque*, a few hours after Meghan's arrival to the Milking Deck, where everyone had paid to live out some odd milking fetish fantasy from a book someone had written. Everyone except Meghan, that is, who was here to expose the evils of this sex-ridden, Satan-inspired, floating celebration of carnality and, with God's help, shut it down before the ship ever sailed again. Meghan, one of the few passengers on this deck actually able to produce milk, had a second objective as well, not just canceling the whole oceanborne enterprise but also saving the infants she knew must be on this boat, somewhere, drinking the milk pulled from her breasts for sustenance before their sacrifice.

She hadn't found the babies yet. Nor had she, really, found much of Satan here so far. It was just people living out a weird book. There was a rank sexuality, because that's the way the book was written, but Meghan was finding less hellish evil and more benighted earnestness on her first day. Maybe there was evil on the other decks, but she wasn't sure how at the moment she was going to find any of it. She was locked up, a virtual captive, confined to a prison-like stall with another girl who

called herself Gabby, next to a second stall separated from theirs by a wall of bars where another pair of girls had paid for a week's berth to be treated like cows. They were all kept naked. They were restrained whenever they left their stalls to go to the milking room, where they were chained in place before their nipples were cupped for, in Meghan's case, a real milking, or for the three younger girls she was confined with, just a simulation.

There was sex here. Meghan had seen it and had at first been horrifically shocked by it, naked boys being walked on leashes through the milking room, servicing the girls fore and/or aft. And Meghan herself had succumbed, not to a boy of course but to a toy mounted in the floor behind her, which had been put there as a so-called "production aid." Did she make more milk thanks to the pleasure of that toy and the orgasm it had provoked? There was no way to tell. They weren't measuring output, it didn't seem, and the milk was all collected and sent somewhere else. Probably to those babies, although Meghan was sure at some point she'd be forced to nurse one of the innocents personally.

Life on the *Cruise du Kinque* was getting complicated for Meghan Attweiler. Her mission had been simple at the start: find evil here and, after they let her off the ship in a week, shout of that evil from the rooftops. But all she'd found was sex. Strange sex. Variations of sex. But sex and nothing more. Somehow, sex and producing milk had been conflated in some strange author's mind, and the people here had bought into it.

All except Meghan, that is. Not that she wasn't trying to fit in. She was living the book, just like everyone else. She was here, after all, for the next seven days. What else was she supposed to do?

There was allegedly a safeword she could speak to end it, and she'd wind up on some other deck, living normally for the rest of the cruise. But there was supposedly a financial penalty for that. Or it might just be really boring.

So, fit in. Fulfill the mission, by conforming. What choice did she have? But she was certain she would not forget who she was, and Whose she was. She would allow herself certain

pleasures, but draw the line at others. She had ridden the toy they'd mounted behind her in the milking room, sliding her vagina up and down it until she'd climaxed, and she had allowed her mind to wander while she was there, looking at the nude males and being looked at in turn, but there were certain lines she wouldn't cross.

There were other lines she believed she would cross, however. Gabby had propositioned her, because in the book, that's what girls did. You mated with your stallmate. Gabby seemed to be counting on it. And she seemed to really want to partner with Meghan, not just because they shared a stall, but because Gabby seemed ... particularly interested in Meghan. The girl, Asian, cute, enthusiastic and barely 20 as far as Meghan knew, seemed eager to partner, but also nervous and tentative, the way girls always were around boys (or girls, probably) they wanted. Maybe Meghan, the thirty-something mother of a four-year-old, wasn't Gabby's first choice for a stallmate. But Meghan was sturdy, pretty in a California mom sort of way, with long black hair and full breasts, fit enough to run the occasional charity 5K.

And Meghan was willing to indulge the girl. In fact, she'd been just as nervous as Gabby had when the tryst had been proposed, something they'd do after the lights went out. But Meghan had said yes. That didn't, however, make Meghan Attweiler a lesbian. Nor did it make her sinful. She was just fitting in, the better to uncover the things happening on this ship that shouldn't be happening. There was no rule in the Bible against girls laying with girls, and if a higher purpose could be served, so much the better. And if Meghan enjoyed it, that was okay. She wasn't a lesbian. She was just ... accommodating. So accommodating was Meghan, in fact, that she was already preparing herself for whatever might happen, in her mind and her body too. The feminine liquor that had bathed her hole during her encounter with the milking room aid was flowing again, wetting her lips. She could feel it.

But what, exactly, did Gabby want to do? Meghan had ideas, some things she might want to try (or try again), but she'd had no opportunity to discuss specifics with Gabby

because the girl had been taken away moments after they'd agreed to partner.

It was just as well. Meghan Attweiler, whose campaign for the school board had meant speaking confidently dozens of times in front of breakfast crowds, lunchtime civic clubs, Sunday church services sometimes packed with thousands of worshippers, had found herself tongue-tied before Gabby. She had barely squeaked out the word "Yes" when Gabby had proposed they partner that night. Her mouth had gone instantly dry, her heart thumping, her mind searching for her next words when a woman showed up at the bars.

"Gabby," she'd said. It wasn't a question.

"Yes, Ma'am," Gabby replied, her expression sublime, almost ecstatic as she cast one last glance Meghan's way, then trod to the bars, turned, put her hands on her knees and suffered what could only be called humiliation, an electric plug pushed into her bowels and activated. Slide off it and get the jolt of your life, Meghan knew.

But Gabby was still smiling as the woman let her out of the stall and walked her toward the door. More than smiling. Gabbing.

"How many boys are there?" she asked with schoolgirl eagerness.

"I don't know," the woman replied, a logical answer given the changing male faces and bodies Meghan had witnessed while she was there.

"Does everyone get one?" Gabby asked.

The door closed and Meghan didn't hear the next answer, but she guessed it was as noncommittal as the first.

Should Meghan be jealous? The girl she'd just agreed to make love to tonight was going to her simulated milking in a boy-crazy frenzy. In the next 30 minutes, Gabby might be making love to some boy she just met, sucking his penis, taking him bare within her female parts, groaning through the orgasm he granted her.

Of course Meghan should be jealous. But she wasn't, and she didn't know why. Maybe jealousy had no place on a shrine to free sex, but that didn't mean it couldn't happen. Maybe she'd have to make love to Gabby before she'd be jealous. Or maybe it would just never happen. Meghan wasn't entirely sure about everything she was going through right now.

She slipped over to the bed, pulled down the sheets, sat gingerly, and struggled to take stock of things. Her labial tag stung a little, so she adjusted that. Her anus was, well, not exactly sore, but sensitive. Six times a day, they were going to put something up that hole. No, 12 times. Once to go to each of her six milkings, once more to go back.

Her vagina was leaking, releasing a little gray oval of fluid onto the sheet. Whose bed was this? She and Gabby needed to work out who was on the top bunk, who was on the bottom. Meghan didn't care which she got, she just wanted to know. Her bed would be the closest thing to her own property she'd have this week.

If this was Gabby's bed, now it was soiled. By Meghan. So Gabby would have the right to do the same thing to the top bunk if that was Meghan's. Just sit on it. Leak on it. Fair is fair.

Meghan sighed, leaned forward, feet planted on the floor, elbows on her thighs, regrouping. Focus. Get centered. Be still and know that I am God.

There was a sense of controlled chaos here, wheels spinning, ship's wheels, cultural wheels, operational wheels, mental wheels, all of them going round and round, all of them feeling like they were about to fly off their centers.

But things were quiet for now. Andie and Tommie, confined on the other side of the bars, had been taken for milking 30 minutes ago, Gabby more recently, the two adjoining stalls quiet, peaceful.

We're moving, Meghan thought, surprised. I can feel it, a slight swaying, a stirring, the eternal ocean lifting us and letting us fall, almost imperceptibly. The mysterious waters are

holding us, like the shimmering hands of the divine. I am here. I am Meghan. I will—

“Oh. My. God!” someone exclaimed, prompting someone else’s laughter, and Meghan looked up from her reverie to see Andie and Tommie being returned to their stall, their leashes in the hands of the same male worker who had brought Meghan back.

They were both giddy, covering their mouths, laughing through their fingers as they were guided into their stall, locked in, freed of their plugs.

Meghan, mystified, watched as the girls shared a congratulatory hug.

“Let me see your prize,” Tommie urged.

Andie stepped back, parted her legs and, her face a mask of mock seriousness, reached down to part her vaginal lips.

Meghan, her concern growing that she was seeing something she wasn’t supposed to, couldn’t stop watching as Tommie knelt before her stallmate and peered at the proffered opening.

“Oh god, you’re dripping,” Tommie said. “You must have been his first of the day.”

Andie, continuing to hold herself open for her new friend’s inspection, seemed to sense eyes on her, and she turned her gaze toward Meghan and smiled.

“I got one of the boys,” Andie announced. “Wanna see?”

See what? Meghan thought, still not sure what was being celebrated as she struggled to integrate her woefully incomplete knowledge of this place, what she’d seen and what she’d been told and what had yet to be figured out. She stood and walked to the bars, prompted less by curiosity and more by Andie’s apparent eagerness to share, and Andie, still splayed by her own fingers, walked bow-legged toward Meghan, laughing at herself.

“It was just like in the book,” Andie said victoriously, head oscillating between Tommie and Meghan. “He asked me if I

wanted a boost. I was thinking like, ‘Hell yeah, I want a boost,’ but I was totally cool about it, I just said ‘Sure.’”

Tommie cackled, sidled up to Andie and the two embraced again in a celebration bordering on frenzy. But this time, they kissed, mouth to mouth, their eyes both half-closing, leaving Meghan with the sense once again that she wasn’t supposed to be here.

“So then, first,” Andie continued, pulling away from Tommie and looking at Meghan to continue her story, “he does my mouth, and I’m eating him, but we both knew what he was there for, and so I do some licking but just for show, kind of, and then he goes around and he just, he just ... reams me, and I’m groaning and shouting, and I—”

“You should have heard her,” Tommie laughed. “She sounded like she was dying!”

“And those things, they’re on my nipples,” Andie said, “just pulling, for real, and he’s back there, and oh my god I just came like in 10 seconds and he didn’t care, he wasn’t done so he just kept doing it and then I could feel, I could totally feel it, just coming out.”

Andie grabbed the bar for support, fanned her face, seemed on the verge of fainting.

“I need to sit down,” she said, staggering to the lower bunk, settling onto and, presumably, soiling the cover with what Meghan was now understanding to be someone else’s semen.

Tommie, with one more glance at her stallmate, turned her attention to Meghan.

“How did yours go?” she asked.

“It was good,” Meghan said, leaning against the bar closest to Tommie with an air of familiarity that surprised her. “But not what I expected.”

“I keep forgetting you didn’t read the book!” Tommie exclaimed, eyes wide, hands covering her mouth. “What were you expecting?”

Meghan laughed. Confidently. Happily. No, she hadn't read the book, but she'd done more than that. She'd experienced it. The gulf that lay between her and the fans of that odd little novel was closing, narrowing. And she wanted it to, not necessarily for the sake of her mission or some other godly purpose. Being connected with her peers here just ... felt better. Surely Jesus enjoyed consorting with tax collectors and prostitutes. It wasn't just part of his mission.

"I guess I was sort of expecting," Meghan began, pausing for a sharp, self-deprecating laugh, "a nursery. Or, I don't know, I thought they'd give us all pumps and let us express in private rooms."

Meghan laughed again, at her own naivete, and Tommie was staring at her in a state of ecstatic amusement.

"What did you do?" Tommie asked conspiratorially. Maybe her meaning was clear to her, but Meghan wasn't sure what she was getting at. What did I do? I got milked. I got chained, and then milked.

No, that's not what Tommie was fishing for. What did you do sexually? That's what she wanted to know. Did you get a boy?

Okay, Meghan thought. I'll tell.

"They put something behind me, and I slid down on it," Meghan confessed, and in an instant, Tommie went from amused to smoldering.

"I did that too," she said, nodding soberly, but no more could be said, because Gabby was back, announcing her return with a cheery "Hey," followed by the commotion of the stall door, her leash coming out, the door being locked back.

"Did you see me with the boy?" Andie asked, hoisting herself up from the bed and striding to the bars.

"No way," Gabby said. "I couldn't keep anything straight in there. You got a boy?"

"Yes, all the way," Andie said, one hand around a bar, the other between her legs, spreading her lips to show the remains of her prize.

Gabby, like a supplicant in a pagan shrine being brought into the presence of something holy, went to the bars and dropped to her knees, regarding her neighbor's reproductive entrance.

"He pumped you full," she said reverently. "Can I taste?"

Andie edged closer to the bars, spread her thighs and angled her pelvis forward, and Gabby extended her tongue, licking Andie's slot, a chemical analysis that looked to Meghan very much like a sex act.

"Damn, it's good," Gabby said. "I hope I get the same boy."

Gabby stood, her mouth agape, as though she needed to breathe over the juices from Andie's hole to fully appreciate them. She closed her eyes, lowered her head, swallowed, looked up and smiled.

"Did anyone notice the punishment room?" she asked, looking at Tommie and Andie.

"The door was in the corner, wasn't it?" Tommie said.

"Did you hear the screams?" Gabby said.

"No," said Tommie.

"No," admitted Andie.

"I heard something," Meghan said. "Like a shout?"

"Yeah," Gabby said, her eyes glowing. "They're already using it."

"What were they doing in it?" Andie asked breathlessly.

"Probably whatever they did in the book," Gabby ventured. "It sounded painful."

"We've got to go," Andie said.

Go where? Meghan wondered, utterly unable to fathom the conversation. She thought they were talking about a punishment room, but now everyone seemed to want to go there, as though they'd all just learned of the latest new ride at

a popular amusement park. Why did they want to go? To watch? To do something else? It just ... made no sense.

“Oh, and get this,” Gabby said, stepping closer to the bars, Andie and Tommie leaning in, Meghan attending less certainly. “They said anyone who can really make milk might get used as a dispenser.”

Now all three girls turned to Meghan, staring with a mixture of shock and delight.

“When, where?” Andie demanded.

“That’s all they told me,” Gabby said. “I asked the girl chaining me if they’d do it and she said yeah and that’s it, she finished and walked away.”

“Do you know what we’re talking about?” Tommie asked, turning to Meghan.

Meghan shook her head.

“Okay, so they—” Tommie began.

“Shh,” hissed Gabby. “Let it be a surprise.”

She turned to Meghan, raised one eyebrow.

“Do you mind?” she asked. “I love hearing about your reaction to things, since you have no idea what to expect.”

Meghan shrugged, once again fighting the anxiety that accompanies an outsider’s status.

“Did you ride anything while you were getting pumped?” Andie asked Gabby.

“No, they were too busy to set me up,” Gabby said, “but I didn’t care. I’m just ... everything’s already so intense and ...” Gabby turned to Meghan, her smile a little shy, “the first time I get off, I want it to be with a person.”

“Oooh,” Andie cooed mockingly, channeling her inner schoolgirl.

“So, we’re all doing it, right?” Gabby asked seriously, not taking Andie’s bait. “After lights out?”

“We have to wait until then?” Andie inquired, prompting shrieks of laughter from Gabby and Tommie that startled Meghan with their volume and suddenness.

“No, I’m just asking if there’s a rule for it,” Andie protested, blushing, and after a few more howls and a reassuring hug from Tommie, the girls calmed down and agreed that no one knew what the rules were about coupling and maybe someone should try it and see what happened and maybe get into punishment, which was not a bad outcome, but eventually they agreed that they’d rather do it for the first time in semi-privacy, and Meghan listened but had nothing to add and allowed her mind to wander off. She was still adapting to the idea she would be making love to Gabby, an all-consuming idea, but now there were new ideas to wrestle with too, the fact that it would be done in the presence of two other girls who would also be partnering without any expectation of privacy and ... *my God, what will I hear, what will I see, how dark will it be?*

The door to their section of stalls had been opening and closing regularly, stall doors clanking as bodies were drawn out and returned, two girls from the last stall being led past, quiet words here and there, grunts as leashes were inserted or removed, and Meghan tried to clear her mind, ignore the new wash of fluid between her legs, and vaguely attend to the conversation, which had devolved into what sounded to Meghan like book minutia, tedious and with no identifiable bearing on her.

So Meghan welcomed the interruption when a female voice said “Dinner” from beyond the bars, and all four pairs of eyes turned to regard the woman pushing a cart laden with covered plates.

“Oh my god, I forgot I’m starving!” Gabby said, and all of them gathered at the front of their stalls, choosing among beef, turkey, chicken and tofu, accepting their meals through the ports.

Meghan chose chicken and was surprised by the quality of the meat and its accompaniments—potatoes au gratin, asparagus, sourdough roll and real butter.

“This is really good,” she said after everyone had settled at their usual places on the floor, knees touching through the bars.

“Yeah, they’re going to feed us really well,” Gabby said. “You know why, right?”

“Uh, since we paid for it?” Meghan guessed.

“The better we eat, the better the milk,” Tommie said.

“I bet yours is already really good,” Gabby said, looking at Meghan’s left nipple.

“Are you going to steal some?” Andie asked, her scandalized tone—and the question itself—leaving Meghan mystified yet again.

“If she lets me,” Gabby promised cryptically, to more oohs. “And I’ll deal with the consequences.”

All four females went to the milking room once more that day. Meghan declined any help from a production aid, there were no boys there, presumably all spent from their previous exertions, and she achieved a modicum of serenity while her breasts were being emptied. The electricity in her nerves ebbed as well, and she was able to maintain a relative calm through the rest of the evening, listening with half her mind to another round of conversation about the cruise, the milking room, the book, and then just whatever was of interest to three early twentysomethings.

But when the lights flashed, dimmed to a quarter of what they’d been, and Meghan and the other girls found the stash of toothbrushes and the rest of what they needed to end the day, Meghan felt her agitation spike. She let Gabby have the sink first, and when she’d taken her turn, she found the girl on the lower bunk, sitting cross-legged, waiting expectantly.

All her mind, all her body were at once focused exclusively on Gabby, a sort of physiological tunnel vision that left no room for doubt, reservation, spiritual questioning.

Gabby seemed to be suffering the same condition, senseless of rule or propriety, because as soon as Meghan sat beside her,

she wrapped her lips around her stallmate's left nipple without asking permission, and she sucked so hard it almost hurt.

### 3 - Nadine and Her ‘Slave’



“What in the world is that?” Nadine Greene asked her husband Sid. She’d been busy entertaining another liaison in their cabin for the past hour or so while Sid took their new slave for a walk. Where they went, or what they did, she had no idea, nor did she care as she was otherwise indisposed, as Sid liked to put it. They had spent thousands of dollars to spend a week on the Buckhorn Club Deck of the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* for the express purpose of allowing Nadine, a no-nonsense businesswoman from Nashville, to sample the talent on said deck, and she meant to get her money’s worth.

Garrett, or was it Gary, had certainly been worth the money, in Nadine’s considered opinion. As her sixth or seventh liaison of the week she considered herself experienced enough to render an educated evaluation of the Black man’s prowess, enthusiasm, equipment, and technique, and he was exceptional on every count. Perhaps her best experience so far, although the names, faces, and especially the orgasms were all beginning to blur into one big fog of carnal overindulgence. Not that there was anything wrong with that. This was a vacation, after all, and what better way to let yourself go than in a controlled, curated, and most importantly, anonymous sexual environment? In every respect that was important to her, Nadine had to admit that the service provided by the cruise line was exemplary.

Now her husband had returned to their cabin, two hours after she’d kicked him out—she still wasn’t comfortable with having him in the room with her when she cuckolded him—with his new slave in tow. Literally. The woman, whose name she remembered with effort was Stephanie, had signed up and paid for a week on the Confederacy Deck of the *Cruise du Kinque*, where she was stripped naked, collared and chained, caged and beaten, then sold to Nadine’s well-intentioned but somewhat dimwitted husband for a sum of money he wouldn’t

disclose and they'd likely never recover, for purposes that were as yet unclear to her.

But it was another addition to the woman's unlikely appearance that captured Nadine's attention and which had prompted her question. She stared at her husband as he walked the woman, still naked, chained, and subservient as she'd been when she kicked them out, but with a leash of sorts that made no sense to her. One end was in Sid's hand and the other end disappeared at the base of the woman's spine with no visible means of support. She wasn't harnessed. The chains that connected her manacles and shackles to her collar were all visible in the front of her torso. What was going on, she wanted to know.

"It's an anal leash, Nadine," Sid said, as if that made any sense. "They use them all over the ship, the staff does, and they sell them in the gift shop, as well. Same as the flogger." He held up the bag she hadn't noticed he was carrying as if it was a trophy of some sort.

Mention of the flogger jogged Nadine's memory. Just before she'd asked Sid to leave, he'd mentioned the device, which Stephanie confirmed she had already experienced earlier in the week, and he had offered to procure one for Nadine to use on their new slave. She'd agreed to the idea mostly to end the discussion, but now he'd actually purchased the device as he pulled it out of the bag and showed it to her. When he tried to hand it to her, however, she demurred.

"What's wrong?" he asked, not trying to hide his disappointment.

"I guess I didn't think you were serious," she said as she looked at the woman, the bag, and her husband. "But what's that in your other hand?"

"The anal leash? If we want to take her to dinner with us, she's required to be leashed and this is the best way to do that."

Nadine stared at her husband. "We're taking her to dinner with us?"

“We can, now that we have one of these,” he said as he held up his end of the leash, strapped to his wrist with a leather loop. Against her better judgment, Nadine stepped behind the woman to confirm that what seemed unlikely was indeed what it was—the chain disappeared into her rectum.

“She’s wearing a collar, Sid,” Nadine almost shouted. “What’s the point of...that?” She pointed at the leash.

“It’s what they use on some of the other decks, Nadine. I don’t know why but I saw another slave being led around with one and I just decided I had to have one.” He turned to the woman. “It doesn’t bother you, does it?”

“No, sir,” she said softly.

“Would you even tell him if it did?” Nadine asked—too harshly, she realized a beat too late.

“Yes, ma’am,” Stephanie whispered without looking at her.

“Why do you want to bring her with us to dinner?” Nadine asked, her frustration with her husband reaching a boiling point. “Who *does* that?”

“Well, we have to feed her, and I saw a few couples bringing their slaves to a restaurant on another level. I think it’ll be interesting to have her along.”

Nadine just stared at him. “I still don’t understand why you did this, Sid. What, did you think I’d be okay with you fucking her?”

He looked stricken. “No, not at all. I told you, Nadine. I bought her for you.” He looked down at his wife’s body, barely hidden by her silk robe. “You could use her now if you’d like. Have her clean you up.”

She glared at him. “Or not,” he added hastily.

“This still feels like you trying to get me to change my mind, Sid,” she said with a slightly softer tone. “And I’m not going to do that. I know it’s unfair to you but I don’t want you making love to another woman, no matter how many men I fuck.” She winced at how bad that sounded now that she’d said it out loud. “I just don’t want you to.”

“And I’m fine with that, Dee. Really, I am. She’s not even attractive to me. Why would I want her when I’ve got you?”

“Then why did you buy her, Sid? I’m still unclear on your thought process.”

He looked up at the cabin ceiling. “I can’t explain it, Nadine. I was just caught up in the moment when they were auctioning her off. It was a once in a lifetime opportunity and I took it. Do whatever you want with her, Dee. Have her lick your pussy, flog her ass or better yet her tits, do whatever you like because that’s why she’s here. She wanted to be a pretend-slave for a week and, god help me, I want to pretend we own her. So we can take her to a restaurant on a leash that’s stuck up her ass and parade her around. I mean, what kind of a place is this where that’s normal? Seriously, Nadine. Doesn’t it just strike you as totally absurd?”

He turned to the woman. “What was it you were telling me, Stephanie, about what you thought would happen this week?”

“Sir?” she asked in a barely-perceptible voice.

“You said something about wanting to be out of control, right? Isn’t that what you said?”

“No, sir,” Stephanie whispered. “Not *out of* control. I don’t want to be *in* control.” The woman kept her eyes lowered.

Sid turned to look at his wife. “See? She wants you to take over, Nadine. Tell her what to do, order her around. Be a bitch.”

“Like I’m a bitch to you?” she asked in a low, menacing tone.

“Well, sometimes you can be a bit much, Dee. Even you can admit that.” He smiled but his heart wasn’t in it. Not even close. She could tell.

“Did you buy that flogger thing because you want to beat *me*, Sid?” she asked.

“What? No!” He looked stricken. “I would never.”

“But you still want me to spend some time in the cage room, don’t you?”

He looked away. “That’s different, Nadine. That’s in the book.”

“Have you looked at that channel again, since that first time?” They had looked together after Sid had discovered that the Buckhorn Club Deck had faithfully recreated one of the most extreme yet intriguing features of the book series, [Tales of a Reluctant Cuckold](#) by Lena White, that served as its inspiration. A room that had fascinated and repulsed Nadine in almost equal measure when she read about it, over and over again. When Sid discovered The Cage Room on the CCTV system, the room had been empty. They had just embarked for their weeklong cruise—everyone had—and that place would take some time to generate any interest, Nadine surmised, if it ever did. She wouldn’t be surprised if it remained empty for the entire week although she never bothered to check. Now, she wondered if Sid had, and from the look on his face...

“It’s getting more and more crowded every day,” he said with a tone that landed somewhere between awestruck and embarrassed. She stared at him, unable to process this new wrinkle of audacity in his behavior.

“Who are you?” she asked, half-seriously.

Sid blew out a breath. “Do you want to go back home and live with the regret of not having tried everything this place has to offer?” He cocked an eyebrow.

“Stephanie,” Nadine said, turning to the woman who hadn’t budged. “You said earlier that the flogger is incredibly painful but does no damage. Do I remember that correctly?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Nadine turned back to her husband. “I want to try it out.”

Sid’s surprised look blossomed into a broad smile as he handed the device to his wife. She looked at it for a moment before she disrobed, letting the garment fall to the floor from her shoulders. “You misunderstand me, Sid. I want you to use it on me. Just a few swats so I can understand what Stephanie went through.” She turned to the woman again. “And might have to endure again.”

“Nadine, are you sure about this?” Sid asked in a tone that told Nadine everything she needed to know about the man, new things, even after twenty years of marriage.

“I’m sure. Three swats.” She leaned over the back of the chair next to the small desk and closed her eyes.

“You should have her bite down on a hand towel,” Stephanie said. “If you don’t want her to frighten the neighbors.”

“Get one,” Sid told the woman. Nadine heard the chains rattle gently as Stephanie trundled to the bathroom. Seconds later, Nadine opened her mouth but kept her eyes closed, then she bit down on the towel Sid presented to her.

“Ready?” he asked with far too much enthusiasm.

The pain was unbelievable, as if her flesh had been ripped from her derriere. She backed away from the chair immediately and spit the towel from her mouth. “Oh, my fucking god!” she almost screamed. “What did you do to me?”

“You’re not even marked, Nadine. Not at all.” She twisted to look at her cheeks but saw nothing, not even mild discoloration. She turned to the mirror at the desk but was astounded to see that he was right.

“That thing is...” She couldn’t find the words. “Let me see it.” She stuck out her hand and Sid gave it to her. Reluctantly, it appeared. “It’s so light.”

“We were told that the pain is caused by the electrical connectors in the ends of the strands,” Stephanie added in a small voice. “Thousands of volts but just enough current to make it sting.”

“Sting? My god, that doesn’t just sting, it annihilates. How many lashes did they give you?” Nadine asked the slave.

“Twelve is standard in the Punishment room, ma’am.”

“Oh, that is just barbaric,” Nadine said more to herself than anything. “Absolutely barbaric.”

“They start high on your back,” Stephanie went on, unprompted. “Then they move down gradually and wind up at

your upper thighs.” She spoke with a seriousness that cut through Nadine’s focus on her own pain which was dissipating faster than she would have thought possible. “And they don’t let you safeword out of it. Once they start, they don’t stop, no matter what.” She was looking at Nadine, who stared back at her.

“So, what are you saying, Stephanie?” Sid asked.

“Nothing,” she said so softly Nadine almost missed it. But the naked, chained slave’s implication was crystal clear.

“You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do, Nadine,” Sid said to his wife. She turned to face him, staring at him as she turned things over in her mind. Many things.

“Here,” she said as she handed the flogger to him.

“Nadine.” He stared at her with sad eyes.

“What?”

“You don’t have to...”

She cut him off harshly. “Sid. Listen to me. You have three choices but you only get to choose one of them. Do you understand me?” He nodded. “First choice, I will submit to you flogging me if that’s what you want to do. Second, I will have Stephanie lick me, which you can watch.” She glanced at the slave who was still staring at her feet. She turned back to look at her husband, her indecision about the third option she now felt compelled to offer him catching in her throat. Was there something else she could offer? Anything? She could let him fuck Stephanie, after all. That could be the third option. Or she could just say that she made a mistake, that there were only two options.

*Lame.*

She couldn’t do that. She couldn’t. There had to be a third option and it couldn’t be sex with the slave girl. Or anyone.

“Nadine?” he pressed her.

“Third choice,” she said, hesitantly, forcing herself to say it. “I’ll go to The Cage Room.”

His eyes went wide but he didn't say a word. She could see him doing the erotic math in his head, her accountant husband, always doing the math in every aspect of their lives together, she realized. She could almost see the calculations ricocheting around in his mind. Almost.

"Doesn't he deserve all three?" Stephanie said quietly. Nadine turned to look at the naked slave and caught her looking at her before she lowered her eyes.

"What was that?" Nadine demanded. "What did you say?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

Sid remained silent. Nadine looked at him, briefly wondering if he would choose one of the options preemptively to negate what this impertinent woman, this slave, had said. But Sid said nothing. She waited until it became more than clear that he would say nothing—he would not give her an out because he didn't want to give her an out.

So be it.

"Give me the towel," Nadine said at last, resigned to her fate.

## 4 - The Assessment of Hannah Loughbridge



Hannah Loughbridge, played by an unaccomplished, inexperienced and terrified actress named Amy Nielson, slid off the salon chair, stood, and steeled herself for her first professional sex act.

It was mostly on looks that Amy had been chosen to portray Hannah, the heroine of the *Female, Recreational* book series. Well, on looks and the comfort she'd demonstrated during her interview, where she was told to strip and did so, she was chained and put in a cage and didn't mind, asked to masturbate to orgasm and did that too. She'd always been a performer, might have gotten into acting or dancing if her life had gone differently, but in her tweens, someone got the lead role in a play she wanted to star in, and she gave up.

Now she was at last a star, the marquee performer on the *Cruise du Kinque's* Domestic Slavery deck, portraying a girl sold into slavery as a teen, expected to complete household chores and serve intimately with equal aplomb. The sex of that fictional world was frequent, elaborate, and at times strictly regimented. And the people who had booked space on this deck, who were paying to experience for themselves the life of a sex slave, were expecting it all. For some reason, they wanted to be stripped, collared, chained, tucked away for storage in stacks of little cages. They wanted to be punished, displayed naked in humiliating showrooms, sold off and delivered to wealthy families to begin their lives of servitude, all in a seven-day cruise.

And they wanted, before their prices could be set, to establish their value with the euphemistically-named assessment.

And this is where Hannah Loughbridge trembled, because the assessments conducted on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* would be the real thing, the supervised couplings of two slaves who were expected to follow instructions, were expected to touch and lick and spread and thrust and orgasm, while other people kept score.

During her training for this job, one of the managers had proposed she think of the assessment as therapy. People read the books, it gave them an urge they needed to resolve, they had paid a considerable fee to resolve it on this ship, and Hannah was the resolution (an exceptionally well-paid resolution, it should be added). It wasn't a sex act, it wasn't prostitution, it wasn't whoring. It was ... treatment.

For a time, the notion had been a salve for Hannah, a means of pretending that the service was fully professional, and she was fully qualified to deliver it. But now that the day had arrived, now that it was time to play her part in an actual assessment, she was terrified.

Not every passenger would get to partner with Hannah for their assessment. There wasn't time, nor did she possess the physical or vaginal fortitude for it. But the directors of this cruise wanted to get as many passengers with her as could be managed. How many? No one had given her a number. And in fact, not every slave wanted her. The extensive passenger questionnaire for this deck had asked about preferences, desires, dreams. Many female passengers had made clear they wanted only males. Some preferred Raven, Hannah's confidante and best friend in the book series, a character played by a regal Black girl who seemed unshakeable. Some of the slaves were gay men who wanted other gay men, period. Some passengers wanted a brunette, an Asian, someone middle-aged.

But plenty of them wanted Hannah herself, and now it was time.

It was early in the cruise, and Hannah had mixed with the slaves in the processing room, in the room full of cages called the stacks, and now in the salon, where naked male and female slaves were brought, shackled by one ankle to one of five

chairs, and prepared for sale by a gay man named Max who was playing Delilah, the transgender slave with a knack for making other slaves beautiful. Hannah didn't need much help on that score. What she needed help with was far harder to get at.

Delilah had just spent a quick 10 minutes making Hannah up, and now it was time for her to go.

Dottie, one of the Domestic Slavery Deck employees, had come to shackle Hannah's ankles for the walk to the assessment room. The restraints were as real for Hannah as they were for the passengers, and Hannah moved in them slowly, casting one last glance backward toward Delilah.

"Knock 'em dead, sugartits!" Delilah cheered, forcing a smile from the deck star's lips.

The door closed and Hannah's smile vanished. "Who are they putting me with first?" she asked.

"No idea," Dottie said. "I was in punishment until they told me to get you."

"Punishment?" Hannah said. "What was that like?"

"A lot of screaming."

"Real?" Hannah asked.

"Must have been," Dottie said blankly. "No way you could fake that."

"What were they doing?" Hannah began, her voice trailing off. Her training hadn't included much about punishment, but she knew there was a room for it and every slave was going to pass through it, either for a real infraction or something made up.

"Just a sting stick while I was there," Dottie said.

"Sting stick?"

"Or whatever, I don't know what it's called, but nobody liked getting touched with it."

"Where did they touch?"

“You name it,” Dotte said with a surprised laugh.  
“Anywhere they could reach. Below the neck, that is.  
Shoulder, tits, nipples, pussy, balls, cock.”

And the passengers wanted this, Hannah reminded herself. They wanted to suffer. Pleasure was almost an afterthought. Just do your best and no one will complain, she told herself. Do your worst and still no one would complain, probably.

They were passing through the ship’s nondescript inner passageways, stenciled doorways the only indication of what was where, areas the passengers were not meant to see.

“ASSESSMENT BERTHS D 115-119,” read the door to Hannah’s right.

Dottie opened the door and ushered Hannah through, and now they were back in a passenger area, just as spartan as the ship’s inner halls but more creatively labeled, numbered doors on either side, with dramatic warnings placed at regular intervals: ASSESSMENTS IN SESSION. NO TALKING. FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS. DO YOUR BEST.

Dottie unlocked door number D-117, motioned Hannah to enter.

As thoroughly as she’d been trained, Hannah hadn’t seen the assessment spaces yet, and she took everything in with a mix of apprehension and ... something else.

The first thing she saw was the back of a man, naked except for his silver collar and his shackles, fit enough but not an adonis, and he turned his head around to regard her, and he was handsome enough but not a movie star, and he turned his body enough that she could see the tip of his erection, and he was long and thick enough but no porn star. No, he could do porn. That thing was going to make an impression. He was already hard before Hannah had arrived. Why? Was the process itself a turn-on for some of these people?

The side walls in the little space were solid white, but directly before her was a wall of bars, and beyond that three seated assessors, two women and a man, all middle-aged, all looking a little bored.

No, Hannah reminded herself, they weren't actually assessors, trained to score sexual performances. They were performers, just like her. Cast members. But they were perfect.. Who had found them? Maybe they had all just been in one of those prescription medicine commercials, chosen because they were as plain as the arthritic, overweight, constipated, slightly depressed people being advertised to.

"Hannah?" said one of the women, standing

"Yes," Hannah said, stepping toward the bars, her feet pressing into the rubber mat where the assessment would be performed.

Of course she was Hannah. Everyone knew that. Every worker on this deck had been given a map of the space, the guiding principles of the experience, and the dozen stars who would reign here, their roles, their real and character names, their pictures and bios. They'd given a full page to Hannah Loughbridge/Amy Nielson, her picture bright and beautiful, her experience beneath it distressingly thin.

The other slave here, already studying her, showed surprise now. He'd gotten Hannah Loughbridge herself. If that's what you were into, it was a little like winning the lottery.

"Step up, put your hands in the brackets," the woman said.

Not exactly like it happened in the book, but okay, Hannah thought, pushing her hands through the bars, between a set of adjustable clamps that could be tightened against her wrists. The woman turned a little crank, fixing Hannah in position. The man had already been restrained the same way, and he was watching Hannah get secured, and his penis was still erect.

Hannah looked at him, and his gaze lifted from her breasts and her golden brown pubic hair to her eyes, and she offered him a half smile, because that's what the real Hannah would have done. They were like two horses, waiting behind their starting gates for the beginning of a peculiar race. Like a horse stamping at the dirt in anticipation, its heart thumping, Hannah felt her body preparing itself for the demands that awaited, pulse quickening, adrenalin flowing, the warmth spreading

between her vaginal lips as her lubricant began to flow, and the idea that this was a paid sex act evaporated. This was real. It felt completely real, believable, necessary. How else would a slave's affinity for physical coupling be measured except through this method?

The woman returned to her seat and the other woman, the older one, spoke.

"Female assessee," she said.

"Yes, Ma'am?" Hannah said.

"Are you prepared to be assessed?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Do you have any physical complaints or psychological debilities that might interfere with the assessment?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Male assessee."

"Yes, Ma'am?" the man replied. His voice was heavy, rich. Hannah liked his voice.

The man confirmed his readiness for the trial, his voice catching once in what Hannah sensed was nervousness, agitation, arousal.

"Your assessment will last 15 minutes," the woman said. "You will perform each step of the assessment as instructed. If you are unclear on a step, you will ask one of us. You will not speak to each other. Excessive vocalizations of pleasure or pain will count against your score.

"You may orgasm whenever and as often as you like, but inability to continue the assessment will count against your score.

"Failure to follow instructions will count against your score and may result in punishment."

Now it was the male assessor's turn to act. He stood, stepped forward, crouched to open the shackles of Hannah and her partner, rose to open their brackets, and Hannah and the male turned to each other, his penis aimed at her belly.

“Female, hands and knees,” the woman directed. “Male, mount from behind.”

Hannah turned and dropped obediently, the assessment mat almost thick enough to sleep on, and she spread her thighs and the man knelt between her knees. She felt fingers at her lips, she felt her genitals being spread, and then he was in her, all of him instantly up her sheath.

“Ow, damn!” Hannah shouted involuntarily. It didn’t hurt so much as surprise her. No foreplay, no teasing, just the rapid insertion of a penis up her vagina, his member thick and long enough to stretch her, to press against her cervix, to extend her tunnel.

He pulled halfway out and slid in again with a quick exhalation.

All Hannah had to do was hold still for him now, this stage of the assessment all about the male. She was getting used to it, and he felt good. She could tell he was enjoying her, and that was important too. She squeezed and that forced another hard, deep thrust.

“Damn!” Hannah exclaimed again.

“Disengage,” the woman said.

Hannah heard a grunt of disappointment, felt the reluctant withdrawal of his penis from her body.

“Male, on your back, female, straddle for penetration,” the woman said.

Yes.

No one normal would want a middle-aged woman telling them how to couple. And yet ...

Hannah stood so the male could roll to his back, his penis wet with her arousal, and Hannah stepped over him, placed her feet beside his hips, dropped down, raised his shaft with two fingers and took him within, deciding to do it just as forcefully as he had.

“Dammit!” she shouted. Even when she was in charge, it stung. But she dedicated herself to the next step of the

assessment, rising up and down on her partner's organ.

They would get no further. How could they?

Technically, Hannah orgasmed first, her vagina and uterus spasming as she ground her clitoris against the male's pubic bone. But even as she began to cry out, he bucked beneath her, and even the most naive of observers would know that with every convulsion of his body, another jolt of male reproductive elixir was being delivered within Hannah's churning domain.

The two strangers shook against each other for a good minute at least before their passions cooled and their bodies stilled, but Hannah stayed in position over the male, as though she were not quite finished savoring the presence of his organ within her, for it remained stiff.

Her expression was, however, one of diffidence, for they had together failed at the assessment, their climaxes rendering them sexually non-operative, at least for the rest of their 15-minute allotment.

Tragically, there would be no more items to be checked off the list kept by the three people on the other side of the bars. There would be no missionary, no mutual oral pleasure, no kissing, no sucking of nipples or licking of scrotum.

How could they have gotten done so quickly, these two recent acquaintances, under conditions so incompatible with pleasurable coupling? Maybe the loins have their own ideas in these situations. The stressors of being caged, chained, collared, threatened, cause a buildup of tension in the psyche not unlike the piling up of magma before a volcano expresses itself. Once the organs have been brought together, the end result arises with inexorable haste.

"Are you able to continue?" the woman asked.

"In 10 minutes, yeah," said the male, looking down at the place where his softening member was still inserted shallowly into Hannah's body.

Would the assessors allow that? What was permitted in their scripts?

"Step up for shackling," the woman said.

Hannah eased up, a dollop of semen dropping from her hole and landing on the male's hip.

He rose as well, watching with dazed disinterest as his juice ran slowly down his thigh.

The male assessor returned the chains to their ankles, the door opened behind them, a female worker pointed to the male and motioned him to follow her.

The door was shut, and Hannah and the three assessors waited. Somewhere in the hall beyond that door, a second door could be heard being opened, then shut, and as soon as it was closed Hannah's cast members stood as one and applauded.

When Hannah looked at the three with an expression of befuddlement, one of the women laughed.

"The best we've seen so far," she said.

"Maybe the best we'll see all week," said the other woman.

"You kids really gave it to each other," said the man, and he made a fist and crossed his bent arm across his belly, as though reacting to a solid baseball play.

"We barely lasted five minutes," Hannah protested. "Wasn't I supposed to go 15?"

The first woman shook her head.

"We want it fast, hard, and wet," she said, her tone as lascivious as it had been flat before. "We've got a lot more people we want to put you with."

The door opened and Hannah whirled, expecting to see her next partner, but it was instead two housekeepers, one of whom was there to clean the space, the other there to clean Hannah. While the first woman sanitized the mat, the second dropped to one knee before the actress.

"Open your legs," she said.

Hannah widened her thighs, bent to watch as the woman went to work with the efficiency of a NASCAR pit crew, pushing the stem of a douche up her vagina, filling her with warm water, holding up a basin to catch the release, applying a

minty spray and a stack of hand towels to her vulva, the insides of her thighs, her feet and her chains.

The whole operation took no more than 90 seconds, the two women exiting as quickly as they'd arrived.

"Okay, your next one's on the way, come get bracketed," the woman said.

"Who is it?" Hannah asked as she was secured.

"We're going to alternate between male and female, to give your vagina a break," the woman said, peering at her phone. "So this next one is female, her name is Debbie. She's been absolutely begging for you."

The door opened and a naked, shackled, curvy woman entered. Hannah immediately recognized her, someone she'd spoken to in the waiting room, before the ship had departed, a wife and mother who insisted on a selfie with the naked slave girl.

"(Hi)" Debbie mouthed silently, reverently to Hannah when their eyes met, and she stepped up to the brackets, listened to her instructions with glazed eyes, was still looking glazed when Hannah and Debbie were freed and told to lie down and kiss.

Fast, hard and wet was good, Hannah recalled. That was the real agenda. What Debbie lacked in youth she more than made up for with a frantic, open-mouthed passion, the woman kissing urgently while her lower half writhed, legs opened wide, shaved vulva suitably wet as she pressed it against Hannah's thigh.

"Female one, on your back," the woman instructed, "female two, transverse mount, mutual mouth to vagina coupling."

Debbie, female two here, probably could have climaxed with nothing more than Hannah's breath against her clitoris, but Hannah was here to deliver as much of a performance as biology would allow, and she sent her tongue to battle against the woman's slit, lips, clitoris, and her partner shook and writhed and came and then, not unexpectedly, cried.

Before she was done that day, Hannah earned a dozen more standing ovations from her assessors. She was kissed, licked, penetrated, bound, unbound, douched and cleaned and set to work again, and she lost track of her orgasms, each a little less pleasurable, a little more compulsory, but in aggregate making this day of work unlike any other, an achievement of intimate service few women in history could boast of.

Hannah Loughbridge was not a sex worker. She was ... an athlete.

## 5 - Zoe and Beachy, Trained



Zoe Grayson turned to Beachy Sands as they walked back to their ‘stall’ in the stable of the Athens Club on the Confederacy Deck of the *Cruise du Kinque*. “That was really good food for a change,” she said with a smile.

They had just finished dinner, their first real meal in three days on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar*, an irony that was not lost on Zoe. Cruises were supposed to be culinary orgies, she’d always heard, as this was her first experience with the cruise industry. But this was no ordinary cruise, not even close, she told herself.

“It was. And it was nice to sit at a table with other people, even if they all were naked.” She giggled and waved her hand. “I’m sorry but this is all just too much, right?”

“It is.” Zoe admitted. “But we’re halfway done, right?”

“I think so,” Beachy said. “It’s hard to keep track without windows.”

“You were quite the item at dinner,” Zoe said with a crooked smile. “You’d think the Queen of England showed up. Naked.”

They laughed and Beachy wrapped her arm around Zoe’s waist. Zoe forced herself to respond in kind. She wanted to be intimate with her new stallmate, if that was what was done here, which Beachy had said was the case before dinner.

“You don’t have to do this, you know,” Beachy whispered.

“I know, and you don’t have to keep saying that, okay?” She tried to laugh, to play it off as a joke, but she knew it didn’t quite land. She just wasn’t funny, much as she tried to be sometimes. So she pivoted. “So, how is this going to work, what with six girls to a room?”

“Hell if I know,” Beachy admitted. “We can only hope that the others find each other attractive and get with the program themselves, right?” She laughed again and Zoe noted, not for the first time, how much Beachy laughed and how much Zoe enjoyed hearing her laugh.

“And then there are the cameras,” Zoe added. She didn’t want to be negative but it was who she was. Reporters, which she still thought of herself as, cover the news and the news is not good—that’s why it’s news. Woodward and Bernstein didn’t go looking for reasons to do a puff piece on Nixon.

“Honestly? I don’t even see them anymore. Although I guess I’ve got a leg up on you in that regard.” The two women rounded a corner on the hallway that led back to the stalls from the dining room with several other women who were play-acting as sex slaves for the week-long cruise. All of them had been ‘bought’ at auction as part of the elaborate recreation of the books and the movie they inspired, *Slave of the New Confederacy*, that had featured Beachy Sands and turned her into a celebrity of sorts. For her participation in this elaborate charade, Beachy had been offered a deal—to participate in the spectacle of the cruise as Grace Rooney, the main character in the film and the ebooks, in return for a lucrative contract to reprise her role for the sequel.

“Yeah, I wanted to ask you about your side-hustle,” Zoe said. “You’ve been doing OnlyFans since before the movie came out, right?”

“I am, yes,” Beachy said without a hint of shame. Good for her, Zoe thought.

“And it’s going well?”

“I really got lucky on that score,” Beachy explained. “Fran Jenkins, my director, was able to bring in Allie Mitchell to play a small part in the movie and we became friends. She’s one of the top creators on OnlyFans and she took me under her wing. It’s been a whirlwind, but so far, so good.”

“So, how does that work? You’re filming your real life, like they do here?”

“Pretty much. I bought this house in Laurel Canyon and we’ve got the whole place wired for video and sound. I live there with my girlfriend and one of my co-stars from the movie, the guy who transported me to Athens Club.” She looked at Zoe with an eyebrow cocked and a sexy smile.

“Wait, so you’re having sex on camera with your boyfriend and your girlfriend and everybody’s cool with that?”

“Well, Damian started out in porn, so he’s comfortable in front of the camera. And Kylie is just a free spirit and fucking gorgeous.”

“Wow.” Zoe said almost to herself. “Poor you.” She looked at Beachy to make sure she hadn’t taken it the wrong way.

“I know, right? I’ve been blessed lately, no doubt.” She shrugged and smiled. “And if it all ends tomorrow, I’ll just go back to waitressing, I guess.” She laughed again, and it was clear to Zoe why Beachy was always laughing, even in this hellscape of a cruise. “What about you, Zoe? Have you given any more thought to my offer?”

Yesterday—or *was it two days ago?*—Beachy told Zoe she would get Fran to give her a part in the upcoming sequel, something Zoe downplayed at the time, both to Beachy and in her own mind. People get caught up in strange, stressful circumstances, she told herself, and this cruise qualified in spades on both counts. Once they got back to port in a few days, she expected that the offer and Beachy’s interest in Zoe would wane, especially once the new movie star was back in the arms of her ‘fucking gorgeous’ girlfriend.

“I have given it some thought, Beachy, but I’m still on the fence about it. It’s a big step, especially if it means I have to give up my Sinflax show.” If I still have a Sinflax show, she admitted to herself.

“Oh, I’m sure we can work around that,” Beachy said with otherworldly self-assurance. How does this girl, who can’t be more than twenty-four years old, come across with such confidence without it being off-putting, Zoe wondered. “I think you’ll have a big ally in your corner with Rodney Morrow. Obviously, I haven’t talked to him about it but he’ll

see the cross-marketing synergies of your show and the movie, not to mention all the footage they've shot this week. I bet he's salivating at the idea of casting you for a big role in the sequel."

"If you say so," Zoe muttered. "It seems like a giant leap to me."

The two women arrived at their stall, which was more like a room in a youth hostel than anything you'd find in a real stable, and walked into the room without knocking, which made Zoe uncomfortable, she realized. She didn't think their roommates would be in the throes of passion in their bunks so quickly, but it was a distinct possibility, one she almost hoped for, if only to facilitate her own pending intimacy with Beachy, which she found simultaneously intimidating and intriguing.

When they walked into their stall, the four women they were rooming with were not in each other's passionate embrace but sitting on their bunks talking, which came to a sudden halt when their famous stallmates arrived. The women, each somewhat appealing although all overweight and pushing towards middle-age, jumped up to greet them, mostly Beachy, and went full fangirl on the young woman who, Zoe had to admit, was clearly a polished professional at handling, if not working, a clutch of admirers.

"What's it like, living with Kylie and Damian at the same time?" the tall bleach blonde asked.

"Does anyone ever get jealous?" the redhead with a limp Afro interrupted.

"They're doing it right now while you're here, aren't they?" insisted the mousy brown haired one with enormous boobs and a protruding belly that reminded Zoe of a split tube of crescent roll dough.

"When are you going to start filming the sequel?" the thinnest of the four asked with an accent that sounded like she must be from Australia, or New Zealand, perhaps. Did the Sinflix empire already stretch that far afield, Zoe wondered.

“Ladies, please,” Beachy laughed with a look at Zoe, who held up her hands in mock surrender. “I’ll answer all your questions as soon as I can catch my breath.”

Beachy did just that, while Zoe watched, for all of five minutes, at which point the conversation stopped again as the door of the stall swung open without a knock and everyone turned to see three Black guards, sans nightsticks but dressed in black jeans and tee shirts, file into the small room. The women backed to the perimeter to allow the additional, and much larger, bodies room to close the door. The leader, or the first one to enter, addressed the women as soon as the door clicked shut.

“Training, ladies. We’ll need all of you to get on your knees so we can give you a quick lesson in giving head. We’ll follow that up with a little doggie-style on the bottom bunks, doesn’t matter who’s sleeping where.” He began unbuckling his belt as he talked, as did his colleagues, their flaccid but nonetheless imposing black cocks exposed before anyone could object.

From the alacrity with which the four paying customers fell to their knees, Zoe assumed this was a part of the books she hadn’t read, that these aficionados of the series were well aware of and even looked forward to. Beachy and Zoe were the last to comply, but since the women outnumbered the men two to one, three of them had to wait their turns and Zoe was fine with waiting. She glanced at Beachy as they watched the spectacle of three middle-aged white women fellating three younger Black men, if not enthusiastically, then certainly not reluctantly. The men watched the women as they sucked them until one noticed Beachy and a look of recognition, along with a smile, bloomed across his face.

“I get the movie star,” he said to his fellow ‘trainers’.

“I get the TV lady,” another said, his eyes on Zoe when she turned to look at him. A surge of misguided pride, however undeserved, welled in her at the nominal recognition, the first of any consequence other than her being paired all week with Beachy, the real star.

“Okay, let’s move this along,” the third one, who seemed to be in charge, ordered, and the men stepped to their new partners for additional oral stimulation. Zoe watched as the guard who called dibs on her stepped to where she was kneeling and offered his saliva-soaked penis, now rigid and imposing, for her to attend to.

Which she did.

“Come on, bitch,” he growled as he grabbed her hair and jammed his impressive member deep into her mouth. She gagged and tried to back away but his grip on her was firm and his thrusts were unrelenting.

“They just ate, Rasheed,” the leader snapped. “Go easy or she’ll vomit on your shoes.”

Zoe’s trainer let go of her hair and she backed away, coughing and sputtering. “Okay, don’t make a big deal about it. Get back on my cock.” He grabbed his member at the base and waved it at Zoe’s face. She looked up at him with disgust but he was not deterred. “You heard me.”

“Rasheed, fuck off,” the leader growled. “Get ‘em up on the beds. We got six more stalls to get to before the lights go out.” The men backed away and let the women stand up, which they did slowly, uncertainly, in the cramped room that was far too small for the nine of them. After some shuffling and jostling, the women got on their knees with their bums facing out for ease of access, as the lead guard suggested, and the three guards resumed their training regimen. Zoe and Beachy waited next to each other on their hands and knees, but remained silent as the training resumed.

Zoe listened with amazement as the sound of penises penetrating vaginas filled the small space. No other sounds were audible until the women being impaled began to react, either with real or feigned pleasure—Zoe couldn’t tell which—for several more minutes until the leader called for another switch. Zoe gritted her teeth and braced herself as a nameless, faceless man with a hard black cock nudged her vagina before sliding home. She was not wet. Nothing about this was even remotely exciting for her, but the residual lubrication from the

previous vagina enabled a smooth, if not enjoyable copulation. The penis sawed perfunctorily in and out of her for several minutes until the leader announced that the training was done and the trainers buckled themselves into their jeans and vacated the stall.

The women took several tentative seconds to make sure they were alone again before they moved and in near unison, turned in place on the bunks and sat, their legs splayed open like men, their eyes glazed over, their egos in turmoil. Zoe's at least. The others didn't look as forlorn as she felt but they had signed up for this, one way or another, including Beachy, who sat next to her, a blank look on her usually cheerful countenance.

"Is that it for the evening, do you think?" Zoe asked no one in particular.

"Probably," Beachy said after a beat. "The books weren't really clear on how often training took place at the Athens Club, but there are a lot of us to service and a limit to their ability to man-up to the task at hand." She looked at Zoe and gave her a weak smile. "Just sayin'."

"So, now what?" Zoe asked.

The four middle-aged women exchanged looks with each other. "What?" Zoe asked.

They looked at each other again, and their discomfort was more obvious. The Aussie—or Kiwi, whatever—cleared her throat. "Well, we all know what's supposed to happen here tonight." She glanced at Zoe but her gaze migrated soon enough to Beachy. Zoe looked around and realized all of the other women were looking at Beachy.

Oh.

"I guess so," Beachy said slowly. "If that's what you want."

"No, not that," the blonde said. "We don't want to impose..."

"But?" Beachy prompted her.

"Maybe a kiss goodnight?" the redhead said hopefully.

Beachy looked at Zoe and smiled. “Sure, I can do that.” She stood up from the bunk bed and opened her arms to the others. They rose off of their beds as well, not as quickly, but they shuffled toward the young movie star. Zoe marveled at Beachy’s presence of mind, her grace, even—no pun intended, she thought with a smile. The four paying customers of the *Cruise du Kinque* milled around in the tiny room to the extent it was even possible, until Beachy finally grabbed the Aussie’s hand and gently pulled her in. The woman reluctantly allowed their lips to graze each other as Beachy gentled her into a full embrace and a relatively passionate kiss, certainly more than any fan had any right to expect even if they were both naked, Zoe reminded herself with genuine amazement.

Beachy took her time but methodically worked her way through the foursome of fans, kissing each of them with enough enthusiasm to satisfy even the most ardent among them, who Zoe guessed would be the mousy brunette. She moaned slightly as Beachy eased her away, the last of the four and certainly the least attractive, in Zoe’s admittedly unfair estimation. What was it about herself, she wondered, that she always had to rank women by their appearance, their attention to it, even their genetic lottery results, as if they could be faulted for losing that crapshoot? Why was she so fucking competitive about shit that didn’t matter? With women she didn’t know and never would? With anyone, really—what was the point?

“You look miserable,” Beachy said as she sat beside her. “Jealous?” she asked with a twinkle in her eyes.

Zoe smiled. “I guess that must be it.” She looked at the young actress, by far the youngest woman in the room, and wondered if she had any hope of holding her own against Beachy’s easy charisma and charm. Maybe she should stick with *Sinflux Tonight*, she thought for the umpteenth time.

“Well, keep in mind that just a little over six months ago I was a waitress in Mission Beach making not much more than minimum wage and going home each night smelling of fried fish. So good things can happen when you least expect them to.”

Zoe stared at her. “How do you do it? How do you find the upside in everything?”

“Maybe because I’ve been looking forward to doing this for a while and now I get to,” Beachy said just before she leaned in and kissed Zoe, tentatively at first but with quickly building passion. “I can’t think of anywhere I’d rather be right now.” She kissed Zoe again and wrapped her arm around her neck, pulling her close. Zoe was acutely aware of the four pairs of eyes and ears that must be paying close attention to what was happening on the lower bunk, but Beachy seemed intent on making her forget everything but how good it felt to be the focus of her attention. Finally, she realized with a start. She wanted this just as much as Beachy appeared to want it.

Beachy eased Zoe onto her back and climbed on top of her, their breasts pressed against each other, their mouths exploring each other, their hands touching and caressing each other. Beachy rolled onto the bed next to her and reached down to probe the wetness between Zoe’s thighs, which she spread to welcome her.

“I’ve been so looking forward to this,” Beachy whispered.

“Me too,” Zoe said although she wondered how true it was and how much it was just her wanting to be wanted. Even by a woman, although Beachy Sands was more than just a woman, she realized. Was that part of it, she wondered. Was she being superficial? Crass? Did she even like women, really? Zoe tried to put her doubts aside and enjoy the experience for what it was.

What was clear to her, almost immediately, was that Beachy was an excellent lover. She kissed Zoe again before sliding her mouth down to her breasts, nibbling and sucking her nipples just the way she liked it and never got from most men whom she allowed to try. At the same time, Beachy fingered her pussy and her clit in a way that astounded Zoe. It made sense, she thought. Men just have no clue, and when you do it yourself it lacks a certain something. But Beachy knew the lay of the land, so to speak, and knew what to do when she was let loose on it.

Beachy rose up and looked at Zoe. “I’d love to lick you, but if you’d rather not do it to me, I’ll understand.”

Zoe swallowed—could she do it? Could she say no? “I’d like to try.”

“You get on top so you can decide,” Beachy said as she let Zoe go and lay flat on the narrow bunk bed. Zoe eased her body around and straddled Beachy’s head, then she looked down at Beachy’s mound inches from her face. The lights were low but there was enough light to see and Zoe realized that this was the closest she’d ever been to a woman’s sex in real life. She’d seen enough porn but this was so much more than that. This was a real person, someone she cared about, and that changed everything.

Beachy slowly wrapped her arms around Zoe’s thighs and eased her body down until Zoe felt the girl’s lips kiss her mound. She pressed herself down and their bodies melded together, a feeling that was unique in her experience, for Beachy was soft all over, so unlike men, so unlike anything she’d ever experienced. As she hesitated, and hated herself for doing so, Zoe reveled in the feel of Beachy’s tongue on her labia, her clit, penetrating her folds in a way that she had never dreamed possible as the girl burrowed into her sex and made the world stand still. The inexpert roughness that men invariably employed when they went down on her was nowhere to be found under Beachy’s expert ministrations. She even teased Zoe, bringing her close to climaxing before backing off and building her up again, and again, and again. Until, finally...

“Oh, god,” Zoe hissed as she came hard but beautifully, a wondrous combination of gentility and carnality that was unlike anything she’d ever known. She gasped and spasmed but didn’t return the favor, unable to force herself to lick Beachy’s vagina no matter how hard she tried.

“I’m sorry,” she moaned. “I’m so sorry.”

Beachy slid out from under her and sat next to her to comfort her. “It’s okay, Zoe. Really, it is.” She held her and

kissed her, and Zoe could smell and taste her own sex on Beachy's lips and tongue, and she tried to ignore that, too.

"We'll try again if they let us," Beachy whispered. "But if it's not to be, I don't mind."

"But I want to," Zoe said as earnestly as she could. "I really want to."

"And we will, Zoe. We will."

They slept in each other's arms that night.

## 6 - Problems and Prophecies



It was supposed to be a cupcake assignment, reporter June Wayman thought.

Her trip to the Medieval Slavery Deck, assigned after she'd been cooked alive in a prison torture room, was going to be fun, easy, maybe a little enlightening.

The deck, offering its passengers an immersive experience in a vast, beautiful, brutal world, was by necessity delivered through virtual reality, the only deck on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* to use the technology.

It was supposed to be like a video game, a three-dimensional manifestation of some novelist's cute impression of an era when people drove carts, lived in hovels, and owned other people.

June was one of the owned, a slave girl, that much was fine. What else did she expect to be here, in a world she knew nothing about? And she was ready to see the sights, do a little grunt work, suffer a bit, just for authenticity. This was, after all, the *Cruise du Kinque*, where passengers had paid good money to fuck, be abused, and get chained up, sometimes all within the same half hour.

But nothing about this little excursion had proved easy.

June, who a month before had been an ordinary, albeit ambitious and cute local news reporter, had been pushed out of her comfort zone so many times by the perverts in cruise management that she no longer quite knew where her comfort zone began and ended.

And the Medieval Slavery Deck was no video game. It was, June had learned only after she'd been confined to a tiny slave cell, the first commercial manifestation of what could be a multi-billion dollar virtual reality enterprise, a revolutionary, outrageously ambitious project headed up by a demonic

Australian named Malcolm Andreeson, a walking #MeToo lawsuit with a penchant for secrecy and an executive board filled with Nobel Prize winners, video game CEOs and creative people who in some cases, June suspected, believed they were animals.

Nothing about this deck was easy, starting with the moment June showed up naked in Malcolm's office and found out he had no interest in publicity, in being polite, in making sense. Eventually, June had agreed to grant Malcolm and his board dictatorial control over any content she created on the deck, whether intended to promote the cruise or arouse Sinflux Entertainment's depraved subscribers.

And once she'd put on her goggles, her headphones, and the mysterious contraption between her legs that could simulate everything from a thrusting and ejaculating penis to her own masturbatory fingers, things went from surreal to inexplicable.

She'd already been used twice, two yeomen who'd neglected to ask her about her preferences making sport of her front chamber. The fact they were beautiful only made things worse, didn't it? Was rape okay if the rapist was handsome?

Or was June overthinking things?

She'd also been tortured, tied to a post and whipped because she couldn't say where she was from, none of her answers, real or otherwise, ending things before she'd groaned through 10 very real lashings.

They'd branded her leg, using something that felt excruciatingly hot as it was applied but left no mark she could feel, nor any lingering pain.

And now she was chained to a cart with two other girls, two pale, docile redheads who might be sisters and might be virtual, pulling virtual goods over an ancient, virtual road for a pretty, virtual man named Hambeth who seemed to consider her sexual use one of the fringe benefits of his job.

But all of this was, in the big scheme of things, part and parcel of this ship's *raison d'être*. Of course she was chained,

confined, put to work, sexually abused. The deck was based on an ancient world where such things were common. Everyone knew that. That's why they were here. If she didn't like it, June had only to say so, beg for mercy through her microphone, and she'd be freed and escorted off the deck—probably to Malcolm's delight. He never wanted her here anyway, which just made her want to stick it out that much more, regardless the terrible customer service.

And then things got very, very strange.

In the middle of the first night, one of the two strange girls pushing Hambeth's cart with her had woken June to warn her of a strange prophecy.

"You are the one," she'd been told. She'd be put to death by Andreeson—obviously a reference to Malcolm Andreeson—and Schwartz—most likely Raymond Schwartz, the CEO of KLAF, the local news station where she was on temporary leave to cover the cruise.

She'd received the news at first as simply another layer of the deck experience, each passenger given a persona that would ascend from slavery to the messianic.

But the mention of Schwartz had surprised her, someone from her real life, with no known presence on the Medieval Slavery Deck, being brought into her mythology.

But then—and this was the moment that the experience went from interesting to impossible—the redheaded slavegirl had warned her that her Judas, the one who would betray her to her executioners with a kiss, would be Brian Kirkwood.

June knew just one Brian Kirkwood, an upperclassman from high school she'd had a desperate crush on, a boy she'd shared an anonymous kiss with at a beach bar in Venice, California, because she'd been wearing a button that said "Kiss me, I'm Polish."

No one who was an actual human knew June had suffered a schoolgirl crush on Brian Kirkwood. She'd kept it to herself, lost track of him when he went to college, hadn't thought much about him since, an early dream too painful to hang

onto. How had these virtual beings in this non-existent world known of him?

June had asked for more information, demanded the girl explain herself, but then the other girl had woken up and shushed her sister and they'd all fallen back to sleep, June fitfully.

The next morning, June played groggily through the nighttime memories while she dealt with other problems, particularly hunger, thirst, and the need to defecate.

While she was allowing Malcolm's virtual world to play out before her in all its glory, willing herself to forget that it was mostly illusion, she had returned with her physical needs to an acute awareness of her realworld surroundings. She had seen the dark room where the passengers were kept, naked and chained and goggled, whipped on occasion by staff in t-shirts and cutoffs, pushing rough-hewn boards with bound hands to propel virtual carts, while all that really moved was the platform their bare feet pressed against.

June had urinated when she was branded, several more times yesterday on the trail, her pleasure device catching it in some way and redirecting it, and she could feel the water splash her thighs and calves and puddle around her feet, and she wondered if what she was feeling came from her or was another simulation, some sprinkler system triggered when her bladder opened.

But how would they handle solid waste?

"Today we reach Humber!" Hambeth declared, peering over the edge of the cart, where he'd slept after partaking of each of the three slavegirls' delights the night before. He'd given them blankets, sacks that felt very much like modern pillows, and bound their feet to the wagon wheel on chains long enough for them to urinate away from their grassy beds.

"We are hungry, Hambeth," June ventured. "Will you feed us? And let us go ..."

Go where? June thought. What's the word for it here? Or would he understand her no matter what she said? Damn your

pretty face, she thought. Artificial as you might be, we made love last night, and I'm not going to start the morning after talking about bowel movements.

But Hambeth seemed to understand.

"You'll have your privy in good time," he said, and someone handed her foods she didn't recognize but found suitable. More sausage, a fruit that might be papaya or mango, and a wineskin filled with cold, ridiculously fresh water.

"Who will have stout?" Hambeth asked, holding up a tin, and one of the redheads took it and drank of it, passed it to the second, gave it to June, and she sipped cautiously at first, tasted a rich, cold, musky coffee that she believed she would drink every morning if they sold it near her apartment.

She stepped away until her chains went taut, dropped to her knees and urinated, tried not to think about what she looked like to the workers in the room where she really was.

Without further preamble, she and her fellow cart pullers were released from the wagon wheel, bound by the wrists to the beams they would push against. Their ankles stayed chained together, and Hambeth locked chains around their waists and pulled a second chain tight between their legs, the simulated pressure against her vulva making June gasp.

"What is that for?" she asked, hoping the rules of this primitive world didn't preclude the asking of questions. She'd been wondering about the chain's purpose since it was first fixed around her at the start of yesterday's pushing.

"Only the man with the key to your belt gets your cunt," Hambeth explained, pulling out a simple key from his tunic while he leered at her. Of course that was the reason. And of course he'd put it that way. "Hyup!" he added, and June and the redheads set about pushing.

The sun was rising brilliantly as they began their day's labors, and June marveled anew at the world that had been created, the deep forests and the azure skies and the blazing clouds, the birds on the wing and the squirrels on the scamper, and when they reached a ruin of white stone, Hambeth bade

them stop, freed June from her beam, removed her belt's middle chain and walked her to the decrepit structure. It was an abandoned tomb, or a shrine, or a very small temple, but June understood that it would serve a less sacred role today, for here was some modern artist's conception of a toilet, squared and tankless and devoid of plumbing but quite suitable, and even private, and she sat and relieved herself and found at her feet ancient scrollery, parchment which, when she focused on it, revealed English written in an elaborate script, and she laughed when she realized she was reading one of Aesop's fables, and she cleaned herself on the whimsy and wondered where she was and who could see her before she cast out all those thoughts, went back to the cart and let Hambeth chain her to it and fix her belt again.

Judging from the angle of the sun, they walked no more than an hour before they reached a clearing in the heights, from which June gazed down upon a marvelous city, stretching as far as they eye could see, bright domes, rivers and bridges and aqueducts, broad avenues between grand structures and narrow lanes clogged with people between the packed apartments where the commoners lived, a cross between Rome, London and Athens, a place where June could spend all her life exploring, a—

“G'day, Love,” someone with a jarring Australian accent boomed in both her ears.

“Ahh!” June said, starting. “Malcolm? Is that you?”

“How do you like my city?” he asked.

June looked around her. She was still chained to the cart, the redheads bound to it with her, Hambeth standing a little ways off to regard the city, but now all of them were frozen, not moving, not breathing. Even the sparrows were still, two of them in mid-flit above June's head.

“Did you turn everything off?” she asked.

“Yes, so we could talk,” Malcolm replied. “What do you think?”

“It’s beautiful,” June said. “Of course. How much of it is your work?”

“Just about all of it,” Malcolm said. “My first love was architecture. I’ve been working on that city for 30 years.”

“I get to go down into it, right?” June asked.

“Yes, we’ve built a nice little road for you to move that cart down. It’ll be like walking. Gravity will help.”

“I understand you’re going to kill me there.”

Malcolm laughed uncertainly. “No, the hardest part’s over.”

“The prophecy,” June said. “I’ve been told I’m the one. You and Schwartz, Raymond Schwartz, you’ll be sacrificing me, and I just—”

“You’re babbling a bit now,” Malcolm interrupted. “The VR plays tricks on—”

“I didn’t dream it,” June said. “One of the girls woke me up in the middle of the night. She told me things. She knew things. I—”

“We’ve designed them to be creative,” Malcolm said.

“This was more than creative,” June said. “It was ... wait, don’t you record everything?”

“Maybe.”

“So you can see it for yourself, right?”

“Maybe,” Malcolm said.

“Okay, watch it, let me know what you think,” June said.

“If I get a chance, sure,” Malcolm said. “But that’s not why I called. I need you to do your little reporter girl thing on the way down the mountain, just—”

“Malcolm,” June barked, silencing the man.

“Yes, Love?”

“Can we please not call it a little reporter girl thing?” June said. She’d been mentally preparing for this moment, calling Malcolm out for his attitude, and now felt like the time. “I’m a

professional, just like you are. And I love, love what I'm doing right now, but it's the hardest assignment I've ever had, and I'm taking it very seriously."

"Of course," Malcolm said. "So like I was saying, I want you to do your little reporter girl thing all the way down the mountain. Talk about what it's like, what you're seeing, your impressions, what's happened to you, whatever comes to mind."

June sighed.

"We'll splice it all together later," Malcolm said. "Don't worry about maintaining your train of thought, saying the wrong thing, we'll erase what we don't like."

"Okay," June agreed.

"Oh, and not a word about that prophecy nonsense. Leave that out."

"It's part of the experience," June protested. "And it's brilliant. I really—"

"Leave it out," Malcolm said. "Now, I'm turning everything back on, have at it."

"Humber," Hambeth said reverently, turning to June.

"It's very nice," June said.

"Hyup!" Hambeth shouted, heading toward a pair of short stone pillars, and June and her fellow cart pushers advanced behind him.

"Hi, I'm June Wayman, with Sinflix Entertainment," June began immediately, glad to have something to do other than, literally, slave away. "It might look like I'm chained to a cart in a medieval world ..." June paused, imagining this as the right time for the panning of whatever Malcolm and his team were using for cameras. "But actually, I'm on the virtual deck of a cruise ship. The *Cruise du Kinque*. We're on our maiden voyage, and I'm on the Medieval Slave Deck. But the technology behind this experience is anything but medieval. In fact, it's absolute state of the art, the most extreme virtual experience you might ever enjoy. And if it isn't obvious, I'm a

slave on this deck, and the handsome man here is my ... well, I'm not sure what he is. Possibly my owner, maybe my overseer. But he calls the shots, regardless, for me and my two fellow slaves. We've been pushing this cart since yesterday, and, and, well, I haven't learned their names yet."

With some difficulty, June turned her head while she continued pushing and walking, staring at the girls behind her. "Hey, what are your names? Can you tell me that?"

"Hyacinth," said the first girl.

"Pretty name," June said.

"Doorknob," said the second girl.

"Doorknob?" June repeated. The girl nodded earnestly.

"Okay, Doorknob then," June said. "Okay. Uh, pretty name."

Hambeth led them onto the road slashing back and forth down the face of the hill, and June continued to talk as she pushed, the labor easy here.

What did Hambeth think of her monologue? What did the sisters think? None of them expressed any surprise. Maybe they thought she was talking to herself. Maybe Malcolm had turned off the parts of their mind that worried about someone talking incessantly to herself.

Warming to her task, June spoke all the way down the side of the mountain, waxing quasi-poetic at times as she marveled over the scenery and the way things had played out, and at last they reached the city's gate, timbers fastened together with great bronze straps, and after Hambeth explained his purpose to the sentries there, and the two men gave the cart's contents and the three girls pulling it a once over, it was allowed to proceed.

Now that she was within Humber, June found herself awestruck by the realism here, Malcolm's attention to detail, and she gazed about herself with wonder as Hambeth directed them across a great, stone-paved plaza lined with elegant houses, spired churches, public buildings. A dozen other carts stood here, some drawn by horses, some by nude males and

females. This was obviously a central place of trade, men and women haggling over the goods on the carts and stacked on the ground. Beyond the carts, June could make out a dozen posts, and she studied them for a long moment to make sense of them, realizing at last that naked slaves had been bound to each, male and female, hands tied overhead, their faces and bodies being ogled by robed purchasers.

“June,” said a male voice to her left, and she turned to look into the earnest, hooded face of ... Brian Kirkwood.

It had to be him, his dark eyes and black eyebrows and perfect mouth unique in the world, even if his face was partially obscured by a heavy black hood, his body hidden by a long, crimson robe.

“Wha—?” June queried of no one. Someone was messing with her, clearly. Someone—Malcolm most likely—had gone full stalker mode, learning things about her no one else knew, and then playing dumb when she asked him about it.

June collected herself quickly, went into okay-I’ll-fuck-you-right-back mode.

“Hi, Brian, it’s been since high school, great to see you again! Have you seen any of my reports on KLAF? Didn’t you go to—”

Brian went still, his eyes wide with surprise and staying that way. June looked around. All was motionless. Malcolm had frozen everything again.

“Love,” Malcolm said, sounding a little urgent. “Love, can you hear me?”

“Hey, Malcolm,” June said lightly. “I don’t know how you did it, but damn. Talk about—”

“June,” Malcolm interrupted. “We’ve got a problem.”

## 7 - Love & Punishment for Freedom Mom



It had been two hours since Meghan's last milking, so when Gabby put her mouth on Meghan's nipple and sucked, she was getting milk. Meghan knew she was. She could feel it leaving her body.

Gabby swallowed, pulled away, looked at Meghan in the lights-out dimness of the Milking Deck.

"I've been wanting to do that since we met," Gabby said with a sigh of relief. They were seated beside each other in their stall, on the lower of the two bunks. Gabby, after contorting somewhat to suck her stallmate's left breast, straightened her back and looked longingly at all of Meghan's body.

"There are a lot of things I've been wanting to do to you," Gabby confessed.

Meghan said nothing. She wasn't a lesbian, because lesbianism was wrong, ungodly. She liked this, though, just a casual coupling with someone she'd be spending six more days locked up with, naked. It's what the girls did in that book, apparently, at night, after a full day of being milked.

"I want to feel you on me," Gabby whispered. "First. I want to feel your weight. While we kiss."

Gabby took Meghan's hand and eased back, slowly, drawing her stallmate to her, over her, until the bodies and the mouths were aligned, and they kissed that way, first with their mouths closed, then open-mouthed, deeper, breathing heavily.

Their legs were also aligned, but as they explored each other's mouths, Meghan felt Gabby's thighs open, her legs spread, her pelvis arch up, bringing her female doorway up against Meghan's mound. There would be no penetration of

course, but Meghan heard something she found even more arousing to her, the subtle clink of their new ID tags, vulva against vulva, and now the metal rings and name badges—which had been forced into their flesh earlier that day—being joined as well. Okay. This aspect of that milk fetish book, in this context, was arousing, Meghan realized.

Gabby seemed to agree, relaxing and then thrusting up again, their tags jingling against each other rhythmically.

“I need to even you out,” Gabby whispered, explaining a moment later, “with your other nipple.”

Meghan rose up on her hands and knees and brought her right breast to Gabby’s open mouth, and the girl sucked as fervently as she had on the first, and Meghan found herself rocking, reflexively, as though that dildo had been set up behind her again, like in the milking room.

The two females remained in that position for a good five minutes, and while the milk left her breasts, right and then left again, Meghan could feel the blood rushing to her genitals, the juice flooding her lips. All her senses were on fire. She felt like she could hear everything, a grunt, a moan, quiet laughter from the distant stalls the, as well as a high-pitched whine from the stall joined to theirs, where she knew Andie and Tommie must be coupling. These things were being done in all the stalls of this space, she realized, eight stalls in total, 16 females in eight pairs, some of them (most of them, all of them?) partnering up to ease the burdens of being used to make milk.

“They’re empty,” Gabby whispered. “I wish I could drink you all night.”

Now what? Were they done? Was that all their courtship would consist of?

No. Wordlessly, by the unspoken agreement common to lovers unified in their hopes and desires, the two females performed the necessary actions, kissing again before they moved their mouths to other places, necks and breasts and nipples and then, with some minor acrobatics on Meghan’s part, each other’s vulvae, biting each other’s lips, licking

carefully around the tags, licking the nectar from each other's slits, working at each other's clitorises. Gabby's mouth was both strong and dextrous, the stimulation so overwhelming for a time that Meghan found herself unable to pay attention to her partner's sex organ, and she froze with her idle mouth hovering just above Gabby's slot while the girl finished her, prompting Meghan to tense, issue a mournful groan, shake, and spasm through her strongest orgasm in months. Or years. Or ever.

Once Meghan's pleasure was finished, her new friend still tending gently to her opening and the minor wound from which her ID tag dangled, Meghan redoubled her own efforts at Gabby's entrance, and soon the Asian girl was sighing and bucking and breathing heavily against Meghan's female place.

Once Gabby calmed, Meghan rose up on her hands and knees, wondering what would happen next. The girls in this collection of stalls were still speaking the dialect of ecstasy, sighs and growls and a shout now and then echoing among the stalls, and Meghan cast a quick glance at Andie and Tommie, confirming that they were wrapped up with each other in the logical female-to-female embrace, Andie on the bottom with her legs spread and her knees raised, Tommie on top and reversed, each girl's mouth positioned at her partner's vagina for the delivery of mutual delight.

"Kiss me," Gabby whispered, lifting her hand to Meghan's rump.

Surprised, Meghan clambered over Gabby, dropped down beside her, embraced her and offered her mouth, and soon she was tasting herself, the sweet, wet herb she dripped when aroused, flavored now with Gabby's essence.

"I hope that was okay," Gabby whispered.

Was it a question? Wasn't the answer obvious? Meghan had cum. Hard.

"Of course," Meghan said. "It felt really good."

"Me too," Gabby said. "But I know you're really religious. So I hope it's okay we did that."

*Ah. Okay. That's what she meant.*

"Yes," Meghan said. "I'm not a lesbian."

"I can be," Gabby said. "Sometimes. Maybe I'm bi. I always want boys, but I do girls if she's there and we both want to. And then, here. Oh my god, doesn't this place just blow your mind?"

"Yeah," Meghan confessed. "Especially since I didn't read the book."

"You're amazing," Gabby said. "I keep thinking you should be freaking out, but you don't. You're sort of like Gabrielle. You know, the girl from the book. She didn't know what to expect either, but she just kept going along. You're like her."

"Thanks."

"Are you with girls a lot?" Gabby asked.

"Not since high school."

"Really?" Gabby said, rolling onto her side so she could face her stallmate.

One of the girls on the other side of the bars started panting heavily, and then she stopped without the telltale sound of orgasm. Was she having trouble climaxing?

"Did you do it a lot?" Gabby asked.

"No, not at all," Meghan said. "A few times, at sleepovers. I wasn't much of a Christian then. So I was sort of exploring. Trying to find myself."

"But you just did it now."

"It's okay," Meghan said. "There's nothing in the Bible that says I can't. And I'm not a lesbian."

"You do it with your husband a lot?" Gabby asked.

"A few times a week," Meghan said. "Whenever he wants to."

"Don't you ever want to?"

"It's a little hit or miss," Meghan explained. "I like doing it for him, though."

“But no, seriously,” Gabby said, rising up on her elbow and staring at her partner in the half-light. “Don’t you ever say ‘c’mon, I need this, do it now’?”

Meghan laughed at Gabby’s naivete. Women don’t ask for sex. Women shouldn’t want sex. Women enjoy sex when they do it for their husbands, but enjoyment isn’t required.

“Does he do you right?” Gabby persisted.

“What do you mean?”

“Make you cum?”

“No,” Meghan said. “Never.”

“He doesn’t try?”

“He just can’t,” Meghan said. “He doesn’t know how.”

“He could learn, though,” Gabby said. “Don’t you think?”

“He’s a man,” Meghan said.

“I did it,” Gabby countered. “And I’m a girl. And I just met you.”

“Exactly,” Meghan said, pausing to listen to someone groan out. “You’re a girl. There’s some things we know they don’t.”

“Some men know it,” Gabby said. “They learn. Because they’re willing to learn.”

“Keith’s not like that,” Meghan said, and she sighed. She allowed herself to sigh. Because ... did he have to be that way?

“You could tell him,” Gabby said. “Couldn’t you?”

But Keith was just so shy about certain things. That was it. Meghan had learned, by increments, that Keith didn’t want to talk about sex. She’d mention something they did in bed the night before, and he’d look away and say nothing or change the subject. Her period was completely off limits.

*I can’t tonight, Honey, I’m—*

“I know, I know,” he’d say so quickly and with such urgency she knew he didn’t want her to finish the sentence.

Why? Was it embarrassing? Or just disgusting? Was everything about her inner workings as off-putting for him?

“What if he could learn?” Meghan said, not really asking anyone, just letting the question hang there, between herself and Gabby.

“You have to teach him!” Gabby whispered.

“How?” Meghan asked.

Was this really happening? Was Gabby really asking for sexual advice from a girl 10 years younger, seeking help from this child to fix her husband?

Yes, she was. Because after this cruise was over, Meghan would miss certain things. She was beginning to realize that. Sexually, she was completely free here. She could do anything. No one would ever know. Except God. And God ... he created the clitoris, he created the female orgasm, so he obviously saw a place for them. Would God see any difference between 10 orgasms a month, and the one per month she was averaging now? No, God would not care. But Meghan would.

“Just talk to him,” Gabby said, wrapping her hand around Meghan’s upper arm. “Communication.”

Of course. Gabby’s advice was sound. But impossible. How would she even begin the conversation with Keith?

Pray about it, Meghan said to herself. God will show the way.

“What made you a Christian?” Gabby asked.

“I was always a Christian,” Meghan whispered.

“What made you more of a Christian, then?”

“It all added up,” Meghan said. “The end-times. The Second Coming.”

“You think the world is going to end?” Gabby asked, sounding startled. “Like in those books?”

“You’ve read them?” Meghan asked.

“No,” Gabby said, stifling a laugh. “There’s not enough sex. But I’ve heard of them.”

“I think they might be true,” Meghan said, fighting a waking dream state in which she saw raptured people brought to meet Jesus with their anuses leashed, the women naked and offering their breasts to him, but only the chosen making milk.

“I need to go to bed,” Meghan whispered. “I’ll take the top bunk.”

Gabby reached over, embraced her stallmate and kissed her on the mouth, and both of them laughed over a goodnight kiss that would be followed by a short climb up a ladder.

The sheets up top had not been used, soiled, untucked, and Meghan pulled at them and slipped in between them and reveled in the freshness, the coolness.

Someone somewhere was climaxing with a quiet groan. Tommie and Andie were still on the bottom bunk together, bodies still. Had they finished?

*Satan is where you look for him. God is where you look for him. I’m looking for God here, and I’m finding Him. God is anything good. God is sharing secrets with a new friend, thinking about ways to make your life better, thinking about things to say to your husband.*

*God is ... orgasm.*

~ ~ ~

By noon the next day, after two milkings, a shower with one foot tethered at the end of the stallroom, and a lunch selection from among three high-end pasta dishes, Meghan was beginning to feel settled. Humans can get used to anything. Even this.

She had declined physical stimulation that morning, not feeling enough desire to give in, although the stimulation of her anal restraint, memories of what she had done with Gabby the night before, and the presence of nude, erect males in the milking room provoked the familiar sensations of warmth and wetness between her legs.

Yes, she would indulge again. But it would be on her terms. Her greatest regret of the previous day was not that she had enjoyed sexual pleasure, but that it had taken her by surprise, rendering her unable to prepare herself spiritually for it.

Also warming her loins were the subtle overtures she was picking up from Andie and Tommie. They'd joked over breakfast about their fumbling attempts at lovemaking, neither of them experienced with females, and Tommie had asked point blank how Meghan and Gabby had liked each other, and Gabby had been completely candid, confessing to mutual oral sex and one orgasm each, while Meghan sat and smiled and looked up to see Tommie's eyes boring into hers.

*Do you want me, Tommie? Not that we can do anything, since we're separated by bars. But do you want me?*

The Milking Deck regime made things easier, Meghan realized. This was not a bar, a party or a sleepover, where one had to navigate hundreds of choices. You went where you were taken, and you either said yes or no to the option before you.

And so it went, until Gabby returned from her third milking with news that returned Meghan to a state of anxious uncertainty.

"I confessed," she said quietly as soon as she'd been unleashed.

Meghan, sitting on the top bunk with her legs dangling over, smiled vaguely at her stallmate.

"I told them what we did last night," Gabby continued, and she turned to look at Andie and Tommie, but they were resting beside each other on the bottom bunk, eyes closed..

"If that's not allowed, we're all guilty of—" Meghan tried to quip before Gabby interrupted her.

"Stealing your milk," Gabby said. "They didn't ask. So I just admitted it once I was chained down."

"Stealing?" Meghan said.

“Yeah,” Gabby said. “Sucking you. We’re not supposed to do it. It’s called stealing.”

“Okay,” Meghan said.

“You let me,” Gabby said. “I had to admit it.”

“Yeah,” Meghan agreed, nodding and remembering the long nursing session before they’d put their mouths against each other’s sex organs.

“So we’re both going,” Gabby said. The girl didn’t look sad. She looked like she was trying to look sad. What was going on? Meghan wondered. Maybe it was an Asian thing.

“Miss?” said a female worker at the bars. Meghan looked, surprised. She wasn’t due for another milking for at least an hour.

“Yes?”

“Step up for a black tag.”

Meghan scooted to her ladder, climbed down and went to the bars.

“Legs apart,” the woman said.

Meghan obeyed, wincing when the woman crouched, pulled at Meghan’s labial ID ring and fastened something to it.

“Ear,” the woman said, and Meghan turned her head and something was done there as well.

“Is that a new—” Meghan began, abandoning the question when the woman turned and exited the stallroom, so Meghan peered down at her genitals to confirm her suspicion that they’d given her a new tag, with her name spelled correctly. But no, the old tag with “Meagan” was still there, along with a black tag with the number 2 engraved into it.

Meghan turned to Gabby, hovering just behind her with a fearful/not fearful demeanor.

“What does it say?” Gabby asked.

“Two.”

“That’s what I got,” Gabby said, fingering her own tag.

“What’s it for?” Meghan asked.

“We’re both getting punished,” Gabby said, nodding sadly. “We both get two.”

“Two whats?”

“Two of whatever they do to you there,” Gabby said. “Spanking, probably. Or stocks. Or hanging. I’m not sure.”

“Wait,” Meghan said, completely mystified. “What?”

“Gabby!” Andie hissed from the other side of the bars. “You’re going?”

“Yeah,” Gabby said victoriously, no shame in her tone now. “I drank all Meghan’s milk last night, and they found out.”

“Let me see your tag,” Andie said. Gabby stepped to the bars and spread her thighs and Andie dropped to her knees, reverently examining the black badge of dishonor hanging from her neighbor’s genitals.

“When do you go?”

“I don’t know,” Gabby said. “Probably soon.”

Tommie joined her stallmate at the bars, putting her hand on Andie’s shoulder as she peered at the black tag.

“Just like in the book,” she said.

“I don’t know what’s going on,” Meghan protested, and Gabby turned, the smile vanished from her face, and she stepped up to Meghan and embraced her.

“I’m sorry,” she said, still giving off the distinct vibes of someone who wasn’t sorry. “I got us both in trouble.”

“Okay,” Meghan said. “And?”

“We’re going to punishment. That’s what the black tags are for.”

“When?” Meghan asked, voice rising an octave. This did not seem to be some book metaphor, play acting, whatever. She and Gabby were apparently, literally going to suffer something unpleasant. Gabby had mentioned something about

spanking, like she didn't care. But Meghan was a grown woman with a kid. A kid she never had to spank.

"Now," Gabby said, looking past Meghan's shoulder with an electric stare.

"Leash up," the man said, two anal plugs hanging from the end of a pair of chains.

"Yes, Sir," Gabby said mournfully, stepping to the bars and bending.

This was happening too fast. Meghan needed to talk to Gabby first, go over in detail what the book said about this. Being spanked was an indignity at another level altogether. She was imagining herself in the presence of a sturdy grandmother, being ordered to drape her nude form over the woman's lap for five barehanded swats. If it was ridiculous—and it would be, she was sure—Meghan wasn't going to shout, sob, admit her wrongdoing. She was going to laugh. The indignity, she realized as she bent for her plug, would not be the actual spanking, it would be whatever acting they were expecting from her and her fellow sufferers.

Meghan winced as the plug entered her body, stood and headed for the stall door, noticed that the man was holding a single leash that forked so two females could be put on it.

They headed to the exit, Meghan looking into the stalls for neighbors she was beginning to get used to, and a few of them smiled back at her from their beds. Did they know where Meghan and Gabby were going? Were they sad for them? Or envious?

Gabby put a hand on Meghan's elbow, a gesture of contrition, maybe, and the two females looked at each other, Meghan with the raised eyebrows of someone unsure and frightened, Gabby with that maddening fake sadness.

The path to the punishment room ran through the milking room, and Meghan felt the stares as she and her stallmate were walked through without being chained to stations. They're going to punishment, everyone must have been thinking. Poor, lucky girls.

“PUNISHMENT,” said the door. Gabby went through first, Meghan second, taking in her breath, because this was not what she’d expected. Again.

## 8 - Shawna Recruits Gina



Shawna Ross went down to her knees in front of her latest client—her fifth, or was it her sixth?—a middle-aged, mid-western banker with a pot-belly and bad breath named Frank or Fred or something with an F, who had purchased an hour of her time on the Penthouse Room Deck. She'd been moonlighting as an escort on the deck for three days and had made more money in that time than in each of the past six months as a cocktail waitress in LA and on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar*.

Gina Hargrove, Shawna's new best friend and fellow part-time sex worker on the *Cruise du Kinque*, who was also her mentor in making the transition from serving drinks to selling her sexual favors, went to her knees right next to Shawna. Their client had taken them up on the offer of two whores for the price of one. He told them that he would be delighted to do so.

Shawna kissed the head of their client's erect penis and choked back the urge to gag. The man's dick was uncircumcised and his genital hygiene was as bad, if not worse, than his oral hygiene. She eyed Gina, who was licking his balls. "How about a quick shower?" she suggested to their rotund john.

"We'd never fit in there," he said through his idiotic grin as he watched the two beautiful young women worship his junk. "Let's just fuck before I lose it." He was naked, as were the girls, and the bed was already turned down, so Shawna leaned away from his crotch and offered her hand for him to help her up. Which he promptly ignored. Shawna sighed and reminded herself that she was still earning half of her \$1000 hourly fee after splitting it with Gina, and that Frank would never last the full sixty minutes. Thankfully. Hopefully.

“Which of us do you want first?” Gina asked, taking the lead in choreographing their impromptu threesome, which had been arranged on the spur of the moment in Penthouse Room D less than fifteen minutes ago.

“Oh, I don’t care,” Frank-slash-Fred said as he rolled onto his back on the bed. “You two can work that out.” He apparently expected one of them to ride him cowgirl style, no doubt so they would have to do the bulk of the work while fucking him. “And the other one can sit on my face while you kiss each other.”

Shawna eyed Gina again. Clearly, Fred-slash-Frank had thought this through.

Gina grabbed a condom from the bowl on the nightstand that was restocked twice daily on the deck that catered to women who had booked space on the ship to dabble in the world’s oldest profession, and to the men who were there to facilitate their fantasy of playing Julia Roberts in her prime for the weeklong cruise. As she tore open the wrapper and Shawna began the delicate maneuver of straddling their benefactor’s bald head, he piped up hopefully, “Do you really need to use that?”

“Oh, yeah,” Gina scolded him. “There are rules, you know.”

“Come on, I’ve been with a half dozen girls who were fine breaking the rules,” he said with a laugh that belied his obvious fabrication. No way any self-respecting woman, regardless of her choice of accommodations on this ship of perversions, would ride that disgusting dick bareback, Shawna said to herself. She was so grossed out by the man that she would put a condom on his tongue if she could. Instead, she climbed into position on his sweating face.

“Oh, baby,” Gina moaned as she sank down on his unimpressive but securely wrapped penis. “You’re fucking huge, Phil,” she said with a wink at Shawna.

*Phil!* Of course. She dated a guy named Phil, although not for long as he was only slightly less disgusting than this Phil. What was it about some guys that they can’t manage basic

hygiene when they're looking to bare their body for a beautiful woman, whether they're paying her or not?

This Phil wrapped his hands around Shawna's thighs as she faced Gina, who was already rocking steadily on his member. Gina moaned dramatically and Shawna thought there was no way he was believing her friend's act, but he had already begun to busy himself with Shawna's sex. She squirmed a bit as he licked her labia indecisively before he pulled down on her body to press her vulva into his face. She marveled at the man's willingness to lick a whore's pussy, something she never expected when she began her new side-hustle but which seemed to be *de rigueur* on the Penthouse Deck in her limited but rapidly expanding experience.

Phil reached up to touch Shawna's breasts, although manhandle was the more accurate description of his clumsy fumbling. He then grabbed for Gina's breasts as well and Shawna watched with building anger as he pinched her nipples hard enough to make her squeak. He moved his hands back to Shawna's body only to lift her enough so he could complain.

"I told you two to kiss."

Gina cocked an eyebrow and shrugged, then leaned forward and wrapped her arms around Shawna's neck, pulling her close enough to mash their breasts together but kissing her lips only briefly before she slid her mouth to Shawna's neck and made exaggerated kissing sounds that nearly forced a giggle from both of them. Gina moaned again and tossed back her long auburn hair while Phil tongued Shawna's vagina more aggressively.

"Oh, yeah," Gina moaned again and again. "Give it to me, Phil. Fuck me. Fuck me good." She upped her tempo and Shawna felt their client breathing beneath her, either as he gasped for air or perhaps entered the early stages of cardiac arrest, she thought unkindly. When he shuddered and grunted she knew it was just *la petite mort*, "the little death," as the French so drolly describe an orgasm, and not the real thing. She wondered in passing though what the mortality rate might be on this massive ship of fools and perverts, certain there was a good chance it wasn't zero.

“Oh, Phil,” Gina moaned with a nod at Shawna that confirmed their mutual ordeal was almost over. Early on in her turn as a sex worker, Shawna might have worried that Phil might object to the end of the session after he climaxed. But six or seven clients later she knew that no matter how enthusiastic a john represented himself during their early negotiations, and for all the comments that ‘multiple shots on goal’ (the acknowledged euphemism for more than one male orgasm during a single session) were required, not one of Shawna’s growing collection of former clients was ever able or even interested in following through on their unrealistic expectations. And with his size and lack of physical self-care, she would have bet her half of their fee that once Phil was done, you could stick a fork in him, if only metaphorically.

“Oh, Phil,” Gina said with a kinder, gentler tone. “That was fantastic.” The vivacious redhead wasted no time dismounting their gasping client and Shawna took that as her cue to follow suit. The rotund banker with too much hair in all the wrong places offered no protest as the girls quickly dressed and exited the room, having spent not quite half their allotted time completing their service agreement. Discounts were not offered for shortened sessions no matter what the reason—she’d made certain of that.

“We need to go see Emily,” Shawna said as they walked the seemingly endless hall on the Penthouse Deck toward the stern of the enormous vessel where the crew and staff were quartered. “I can’t do another split-fee session with any more...” She struggled to find the right word to describe her contempt for Phil and his ilk.

“Pig farmers?” Gina offered with a laugh. “It’s such a shame they can’t all look like Pitt and Clooney.”

“Or even Steve Carell,” Shawna added with a laugh. “But seriously, we need to get you sorted out before we get back to port.”

“Emily will do the right thing,” Gina said with an air of confidence that Shawna didn’t share. Once the deeds had been done, there would be little to no incentive for Emily Randall, Penthouse Deck manager, to do anything of the sort. For

Shawna, it brought to mind the poor fool (who Phil reminded her of) who would negotiate with Eva Gabor's character on *Green Acres* after he'd already performed a service and she kept reducing her offer because, why wouldn't she?

"Let's at least try," Shawna said as she motioned toward the door to Emily's office midway down the long corridor. She knocked, tried the doorknob, and was somewhat surprised to find it unlocked.

"Emily?" Shawna offered as she poked her head into the unexpectedly well-lit room. Shawna had been by the office a few times to complete a task she had traded for Emily's permission to try her hand at whoring. Shawna was further surprised to find Emily sitting behind her desk in the small but well-appointed office.

"Shawna, so good to see you again," Emily said with a bright smile as she flipped a leather portfolio closed and stood, possibly to greet Shawna but possibly to rush out for one of her countless meetings. "To what do I owe the pleasure?" she asked with a tone that struck Shawna, as it always did, as either sincere or extremely well-acted.

Shawna walked fully into the room and motioned for Gina to follow her. "This is my friend, Gina Hargrove," she began. "We were wondering if you had a moment to talk."

"Sorry, I really don't," Emily said in her usual hurried tone. "I'm already late." She pulled on her suit jacket and gathered up the portfolio as she nodded to Gina. "Nice to meet you but I really have to run." She angled her way between the two women but Shawna touched her arm, causing her to stop, reluctantly.

"Can you offer Gina the same deal you gave me, Emily?" she asked in a rush.

Emily hesitated and turned to the woman who had yet to say a word to her. She looked Gina up and down in an instant and then turned back to Shawna.

"Sure," she said perfunctorily. "Now, I have to go." She closed the door behind her as she left the two women in

sudden silence.

“Well, that was easy,” Gina said with a crooked smile. “What kind of deal did you make with her, anyway?”

Shawna looked at her friend hesitantly for a few seconds. She had told Gina that Emily had agreed to let her try her luck as an escort on the Penthouse Deck but she hadn’t told her what she offered to do in exchange for the senior manager’s permission. Shawna had been too embarrassed, for reasons she couldn’t quite explain, even to herself, or maybe she simply didn’t want to think about it. It had been easier to just not mention the other end of the agreement she made with Emily. Now, she had no choice.

“Well...” Shawna began but once again she was at a loss for how to explain the unexplainable. There was, however, a supremely easy way for her to show Gina what the deal was. As she stepped to one side and motioned toward the far corner of the office, Gina’s eyes went wide and her mouth flew open in utter shock.

“What the fuck?” Gina whispered.

“Gina Hargrove, meet Elaine. She’s the deal I made with Emily.”

Elaine was looking up at the two women from the floor of a small cage. The beautiful young brunette was naked, as usual, which wasn’t a surprise to Shawna although it must have been quite surprising to Gina. Shawna waited for the inevitable questions.

“Why is she in that thing?” Gina asked at last.

“She’s Emily’s pet. She’s cosplaying, to the extreme.”

“All the time?”

“Yes. For about six years now.” Gina’s head spun around to stare at her. “I know, right?”

“Is the collar and the tail all part of it?” Gina asked slowly.

“And the paws. Show her, Elaine,” Shawna said to the woman who lifted her hands to show they were encased in

leather pouches that were secured by small locks. She moved her foot to show the same arrangement.

“Is that a shock collar?” Gina asked, incredulous.

Shawna nodded. “It is, but the battery’s been dead for years. Say hello to Gina, Elaine.”

“Hello, Gina,” Elaine said, barely above a whisper.

“This is so wild,” Gina said, mostly to herself.

“Yeah,” Shawna agreed. She wanted to explain why they were there, what function she performed for Elaine in exchange for permission to moonlight as a prostitute, but she waited. A person has to digest strangeness at her own pace or you’d risk overloading her. She’d come close herself during the past week.

“Okay, so why are we here?” Gina finally asked, apparently ready to move forward.

“With Emily busy all the time, she asked me to look in on Elaine to let her out of the cage and such.”

Gina looked at her. “What, do we have to walk her?”

Shawna smirked. “No, she uses the bathroom. But she needs some attention, too.”

“Oh,” Gina said absentmindedly. Then, “Ohhh...” She looked at Shawna. “Really?”

“I can do it by myself if you’re not interested,” Shawna allowed. “But she’s quite beautiful.”

“She is that,” Gina agreed. “So, where do we do this?”

“Emily’s cabin is through that door,” Shawna said with a nod to the closed door near the windows that looked out on the calm and seemingly endless Pacific Ocean. “I’ll let her out and she can do her business before we...” She knelt down to unlatch and open the cage, then offered the naked girl her hand. “You’re good with having two of us, aren’t you?” she asked her as Elaine stood up and stretched gently.

“Of course,” Elaine whispered. “That would be lovely.”

“Get the door,” Shawna said to Gina as she offered Elaine her arm to help steady her. The three women entered the personal cabin of the Director of the Penthouse Deck and Gina whistled appreciatively.

“Pretty fancy, shmancy,” she added. “Does she need any help?” she asked when Shawna opened the bathroom door for the girl.

“She’s got it,” Shawna said but she left the door open. The two cocktail servers and part-time prostitutes moved to turn down the bed, which someone had made at some point, causing Shawna to wonder how the housekeeping staff dealt with the reality that was Elaine. She smiled to herself as she decided that was above her pay grade. The women removed their clothes.

“So, what are we doing here?” Gina asked. Shawna smiled again—her new friend was proving to be quite adaptable to everything this floating freak show threw at her.

“Well, let’s start with a very personal and potentially invasive question,” Shawna said as tactfully as she could. “Do you enjoy women?”

“I do,” Gina said without hesitation. “Do you?”

“I have been,” Shawna admitted, lowering her voice. “I’m still getting my sea legs, so to speak.” Gina laughed.

The toilet flushed violently and the women turned to watch their new charge exit the bathroom. Gina asked, “How do you...?” She hesitated. “Never mind.”

Shawna explained. “Elaine has been wearing those pouches on her hands and feet for six years.” She arched an eyebrow at her friend who did a double take.

“No!” Gina hissed. “Why?” She turned to Elaine who looked at her without emotion.

“It’s a long story,” Shawna said with unintended impatience. Was she looking forward to this, more than she realized? Yes. She was.

“How do you want me?” Elaine asked without making it obvious which of the women she was speaking to. Shawna, unsure of how to proceed, hesitated.

“Show me what you’ve done with her,” Gina told Shawna with a gentle tone, seeming to understand without having to be told. Shawna nodded and climbed onto the bed, her back against the pillows piled against the headboard. Elaine didn’t hesitate to climb between Shawna’s thighs when she spread them to welcome her to kiss her vulva.

Comfortable at last, Shawna closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the pillows as the girl serviced her in much the same way Shawna had been servicing male clients in their cabins recently. She chased the memory of Phil from its unexpected and unwelcome intrusion, then she reached down to touch the back of Elaine’s head, not to exert any control but to reassure the girl that her efforts were effective and appreciated. Shawna also moaned and sighed with increasing fervor to indicate she was close, and gasped contentedly when Elaine’s tongue had worked its magic.

“Do you ever return the favor?” Gina asked, somewhat abruptly to Shawna’s mind.

“No, I haven’t been able to,” she explained without further explanation. Still, she felt inadequate.

“Do you enjoy mutual licking, Elaine?” Gina asked the girl in a tone that, to Shawna, seemed to imply that Gina thought the girl was mentally challenged.

Elaine appeared to take no offense when she looked up at Gina and nodded, adding, “I’d love that.” Gina climbed onto the bed and Shawna moved to the side but wanted to stay close, to watch, perhaps to acclimate to an act she still found distasteful to provide to another woman. Gina positioned her head between Elaine’s thighs as she welcomed the girl to straddle her head with her knees and spread her own thighs for the aforementioned ‘mutual licking’, Shawna realized.

Elaine lowered her mound to within easy reach of Gina’s mouth but did not press down. She allowed Gina to control their intimate contact by arching her back, bending her neck,

and finally, by reaching up to wrap her arms around Elaine's thighs to pull her body close and tight. Elaine responded in kind and buried her face against Gina's vulva, curling her hands around Gina's thighs and propping her legs up and around her head. The two women were almost silent as they gave pleasure with practiced ease, if not with each other then with previous and, to Shawna, unknown female partners of days gone by.

Elaine rocked her hips in time with the rocking Shawna observed of Gina's head beneath her. Their motions were not extravagant or exaggerated, the way Shawna had observed the women in porn videos she'd seen before the cruise. Without internet access on the ship, Shawna was unable to revisit the porn sites to refresh her memory of a technique she'd never felt the need or desire to master. This real life demonstration was a godsend to her, both in style and substance. She could do this, she told herself. She had to do this, she decided.

Gina was the first to climax, or the first to make her orgasm obvious as she moaned and tensed gently underneath Elaine's body. The owned girl's tail didn't fall in Gina's face until their coupling was over, which made Shawna wonder if Elaine had purposely manipulated the plug that held her tail in place so as not to distract her. Shawna made a mental note to ask her at some point and then promptly forgot everything as Elaine surprised her by leaning toward her to kiss Shawna's mouth. Elaine's mouth was wet with Gina's juices, which gave Shawna pause, but she forced herself not to react and pull away, instead allowing the girl to kiss her fully, passionately, perhaps ostentatiously, she thought. The kiss, however, accomplished its intended goal when Shawna realized that Gina's essence was largely odorless and tasteless, a surprising and somewhat reassuring realization.

"I've only been in a few all-girl threesomes," Gina said as she sat up. "But what I took from them is that there's nothing better than simultaneous oral stimulation of one's nipples and clit by people who understand both." She looked at Shawna and nodded towards Elaine.

“Her owner doesn’t reciprocate, either,” Shawna said with a look at the girl.

“Well, then,” Gina continued with a wicked smile. “That settles it.” She moved to the edge of the bed and patted the middle for the girl to lie down for them. Elaine said nothing but smiled as she complied with Gina’s unspoken request.

“Feel like you’re up for this?” Gina asked Shawna with a nod toward the girl’s lower half. Shawna sucked a breath through her teeth and raised her eyebrows, as if she was about to jump into a cold plunge pool. Gina frowned and shook her head gently. Shawna recovered quickly and looked at Elaine’s face to offer an apology but the girl had already closed her eyes in dreamy anticipation of the pleasure to come.

Shawna climbed into position between Elaine’s thighs. She looked at her mound in amazement—there wasn’t a trace of hair anywhere. Her vulva was pristine, as were her legs from her ankles to her hips. She glanced at Gina who had moved next to the girl and was licking one of her nipples.

“Have you been lasered, Elaine?” Shawna asked.

“It’s part of the process we all went through in Atlanta. I have no hair below my neck.”

Shawna cocked an eyebrow at her friend but Gina turned her attention to her task and sucked Elaine’s nipple gently as the girl moaned appreciatively. She caressed her other breast with her hand and Shawna took the hint—focus.

Shawna stared at Elaine’s vagina, which was moist from Gina’s ministrations. As she spread her folds with her hands she licked the nub of her clit with just the tip of her tongue, and the girl shuddered. She pressed her tongue down and slipped it into her hole. Once again, she was struck by the lack of taste, just a hint of salt and perhaps, what? Musk? What was it that kept her from doing this before, she wondered. The notion that she wasn’t gay, or even bi? Wasn’t she? She certainly enjoyed the feel of Elaine’s tongue on her own sex. Wasn’t turnabout only fair?

Elaine raised her legs as if to encourage Shawna to take the plunge, so she did. She buried her tongue as deep as she could in her wet sheath. It was silky, so soft and alive, so different from men, so different from anything she'd ever known, just so... different. Elaine reached down and touched the back of Shawna's head with her pouch, which Shawna took to mean she was doing a good job but needed to do more. Shawna slid her tongue up through her folds and found her clit again, swirling her tongue slowly around that epicenter of such intense pleasure, slowly, sensually, just the way Shawna liked it when Elaine did it for her. The girl moaned with feeling, which thrilled Shawna so much. Why was this so satisfying, she wondered. She had felated so many men the past few days and nothing compared to this. Was she bi? Was she gay?

Or did she love Elaine? Or the idea of Elaine, a being who lived for pleasure, for sex and little else. Was that it? Did she love Elaine?

Or did she want to be Elaine?

## 9 - A Showroom Play



As one of the stars on the Domestic Slavery Deck, Hannah Loughbridge had her own tiny stateroom to sleep in. They weren't expecting her to sleep in a cage in the stacks, thank god. But when she was awake, she was on, nonstop. The geniuses behind this cruise wanted their star attraction exposed to as many passengers in as many ways as possible.

Her phone alarm went off a little before 6, and she groaned and rolled over, looked out the little porthole and confirmed that the sun was up, rising on the other side of the SS *Sinflix Loviatar*, its bulk making a long shadow over the gray Pacific.

It was Wednesday. Things were supposed to start getting easier. This was sales day, when every slave would do a turn in the showroom before they were bought and confined to the other half of the deck, the half with prison-cell-sized cages and actual bedrooms, both a vast improvement over what they'd endured since Sunday.

Hannah's first job was getting a shower. No breakfast yet. Most of her meals were with her fellow slaves, sitting in cages and munching on unpleasant biscuits, or getting a snack while she was chained by one ankle to the showroom floor.

She turned off her alarm, noticed she'd gotten a text from her mom.

"Amy," it began, using the name she was expected to forget this week. "Are you working naked on that ship?"

Damn. Well, it was just a matter of time before her parents figured out what was going on here. Working naked, sleeping naked, eating naked. Everything naked.

"Yeah, why?" she texted back, tossing the phone on the bed and heading to her tiny shower.

She was still toweling off when three sharp raps on the door made her jump.

“Huh?”

“It’s Athena, let me in.”

Hannah sighed, reached over and turned the knob, and Athena barged in, wearing jeans and a t-shirt, part of her official cruise costuming, that read, “I’m having trouble giving a fuck”

“Hey,” Hannah said. “I was about to dry my hair.”

“Go ahead,” Athena said, dropping to Hannah’s bed. “We need to talk about today’s performance.”

“Performance?” Hannah said, hanging up her towel and pulling the little hairdryer off the wall. No one had said anything about a performance. She thought she was just supposed to make appearances in all the deck’s slave showrooms, get chained and looked at, and finally bought by Athena Petrosyan and her rich family.

“Two acts,” Athena said, raising her voice when Hannah turned on the dryer. “Think of it like a play. They want every slave on this deck to see both acts. And they need it to be consistent. So this is majorly short notice, but we need to have this down.”

Hannah turned off her dryer, looked at Athena. “It would have been nice to have been told about this before now,” she said, turning back to the mirror, dryer roaring again.

She didn’t hate the girl, necessarily. But she didn’t like her either. The girl playing Athena had been moved into management, and she didn’t seem to be ready for it, and it was making her stressed, and the stress was making her mean. Or maybe she was mean naturally. Hannah wasn’t sure.

“I know, I know, they told me about it last night,” Athena shouted. “They’re winging a lot of this shit. But it’s simple. It’s like making a McDonald’s hamburger. It just needs to be consistent.”

“Tell me what I’m supposed to do, then,” Hannah said, right breast lifting as she pulled a clump of her hair high above her head with her brush, oscillating the dryer.

“Can you please turn that off?” Athena shouted.

Hannah scowled, switched off the dryer but continued holding it against her shoulder while she waited for Athena’s next words.

“It’s simple,” Athena said. “You’ll be walked in, hands and feet chained. They’ll chain your ankle to the floor and take off your other chains. Delilah comes in and—”

“Delilah?” Hannah said. “What’s she doing there?”

“Touch up,” Athena said. “She’ll make a fuss, say she wants to make you perfect, some bullshit whatever.”

“That’s not in the book,” Hannah protested.

“It doesn’t matter, no one will complain. Delilah is going to say your name so everyone knows it’s you, and you just let her put on a little eye makeup or whatever and say thanks.”

“Okay.”

“And then I come in,” Athena said, standing and transforming, subtly, into a slacker high school junior. “Just me.”

Athena pulled a phone out of her back pocket, stepped up to Hannah’s back, waved it between her shoulder blades as though reading the chip embedded there under every slave’s skin.

“How long have you been here? That’s my question. How long have you been here?”

“A few days,” Hannah said, struggling to get into character with her hair still hanging flat.

“Two days,” Athena said. “Say two days.”

“Okay, two days.”

Athena looked at her phone, studying it the way a high school girl would, pretending all Hannah’s slave information had just been called up after her chip had been read. “So your name’s Hannah?”

“Yes,” Hannah said, eyes clouding. “But haven’t we already established that, with Delilah?” Hannah paused. “Or wait, before then. You brought me to Delilah. People already saw us together in the salon. Like we already know each other.”

“This is what we’re doing,” Athena replied flatly. “Everyone gets to see us together at least once. Like we just met. Someone’s not going to ask for their money back because they saw us twice.”

“Sure,” Hannah said.

“And then, after me, some other people are going to come in, like they’re going to buy someone. They’re going to be checking stuff, so be ready for that.”

“Checking stuff?”

“Cocks and pussies,” Athena said. “Boys get their junk grabbed, women bend over so they can be opened up.”

To this Hannah had no objections. She’d read the book.

“With me so far?” Athena asked.

“Yeah.”

“And then, I come back with the family. Mom, Dad and Allain. We talk to you. Call Dad Mr. Petrosyan, so he can correct you. Very important.”

“What else gets said?” Hannah asked.

“I don’t know, just chit-chat,” Athena said. “We haven’t worked out all the details. Just answer with whatever comes to mind. But, oh yeah, don’t gush over Allain. He’s just another guy to you. You don’t care.”

“Who’s playing Allain?” Hannah asked.

“This A-plus guy, he does commercials, I’ve seen him in one. Very hot. My mom has zero personality, but that’s fine. And Dad is a total dork. Total. Like, he tries to tell jokes, and either he’s just super nervous or not funny. He did some community theater I think. Just go with it.”

“I can do that.”

“And then we buy you. You get chained up and leave with us, and then everyone else in the showroom gets bought and leaves, we put them in containers and make it seem like they traveled a while to get to the house, and we bring in a new bunch of slaves and chain them all down and then we bring you in again and start it all over.”

Hannah swallowed. This was going to be another hard day.

“And then, everyone gets their own cage, or bedroom, right?” she asked.

“Yeah, by sometime tonight, if we can get through it all. You’ll go to one of the double cages first, with a passenger in the other cage.”

“Who?”

“I don’t know, some girl. If you want to be able to get to her, you push that button at the edge of the bed, just like in training, and they’ll open the door and you can do whatever all night with her, or push the button again and someone will come in and split you up and act like it was their idea.”

“But she’ll still be in the other cage if I push the button?”

“Yeah. So you can talk, or tell her you’re tired and go to bed.”

“And you’re pairing all the passengers up like that?”

“Pretty much,” Athena said. “It’s gonna be total chaos that first night probably. Then we might switch some people around, put them in bedrooms by themselves if they’re causing issues, maybe take a few to the mean room if we think it will help.”

“And we get paired up in the bedrooms too?”

“Maybe,” Athena said. “If people seem compatible. We’ve got cameras everywhere, and we’ll be watching all night, and we want to see the slaves doing it, then going to sleep together, and if something else is going on, we yank one of them out.”

“Will I have someone in a room?” Hannah asked.

“Yes,” Athena said. “There’s this insanely cute guy who’s, like, obsessed with me. I had him tortured and he’s still obsessed, just looks at me from his cage every time I pass by. So I’m putting him with you, just to piss him off.”

“So I have to have sex with a pissed off guy who wants you?” Hannah queried.

“Yeah, it’s gonna rock.”

“Why aren’t you doing him?” Hannah asked.

“Huh?”

“You think he’s cute, and he wants you. Just go to his room.”

“Right, and give him exactly what he wants?”

“Well,” Hannah said, pausing. “Maybe. But isn’t it about you? Isn’t it what you want?”

“Delilah found someone,” Athena said.

“Who?” Hannah asked, looking back into the mirror and turning on her hairdryer. Athena could shout now, this didn’t matter.

“Some twink like him, I mean her. She was making him up, the guy got all hard, Delilah propositions him, and they’re gonna do it.”

“Are you gonna do it?” Hannah asked, looking at Athena through the mirror as she twisted her brush through her hair, just enough to give it a hint of a wave.

“I haven’t thought about it,” Athena said.

“You’re surrounded by it,” Hannah said, turning off her dryer and regarding Athena dolefully. “How can you not think about it?”

“How are you holding up?” Athena asked.

“It’s really sore,” Hanna said, looking down at her middle.

“How sore?” Athena asked. “Like, I can’t take another cock sore?”

“It’s weird,” Hannah said. “As soon as they’re in me, that’s all I can feel, I get wet and it’s good. And then they orgasm and they’re out and it’s on fire.”

“Maybe their jizz is, like, hot,” Athena ventured. “Like, spicy hot.”

“What are you feeding them?” Hannah asked.

“The same shit you’re eating. Those shitty biscuits. Zero seasoning.”

“You’ve had one?”

“Yeah, it sucked,” Athena said. “Let me see your muff.”

Hannah turned, displaying her golden brown triangle of pubic hair. It was her natural color and was, possibly, part of the reason she got the job.

“Keep it like that,” Athena said.

“Uh, yeah, it just sort of sits there.”

“No, I’m serious,” Athena said. “It’s the first place people look. It says Hannah Loughbridge. So just keep it pushed down. A couple of strays on the side and it’s not a triangle and you’re not Hannah anymore.”

“Anything else I need to know?” Hannah asked.

“Just do what I said. Maybe you’ll get a break tonight. It’ll be a girl, anyway, so no more cocks until tomorrow at the earliest.”

“Great,” Hannah said. “And seriously, if you want that gorgeous guy, take him.”

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Amy Nielson, the girl playing Hannah Loughbridge on the Cruise du Kinque, was no stranger to acting. Although she gave up the field as her ultimate objective before she was a teen, when she didn’t get the part in the school play she felt she was destined for, she’d been in enough productions to know the ropes.

And in the showrooms on the Domestic Slavery Deck, she played her part well, over and over again.

“Hannah Enters in Chains,” the stage directions would have read. She’d get fastened to the floor by an ankle, her walking chains would come off, she’d look around at her fellow slaves, male and female and all naked except for their ankle tethers and collars, and wonder who already knew who she was. She’d wait for Delilah’s dramatic entrance, allow the girl to say her name and apply a little lipstick or rouge, and then it was Athena’s turn to perform her small part, scanning the non-existent chip in Hannah’s back before she asked Hannah her name and Hannah revealed it again, for the edification of those who hadn’t heard Delilah shout it. Other cast members would enter, portraying buyers who needed to examine every penis, every pair of testicles, every vulva, breast and anus. The male slaves would often get instantly erect, if they weren’t already, although Hannah didn’t notice any of them masturbating. She warmed up as well at times, particularly when a well-built, handsome and very dark-skinned Black man showed up, possibly a gigolo from one of the other decks, and asked with surprising politeness if he might examine the entrance to Hannah’s female chamber. She bent obediently, stared at the floor, and curled her toes as the man gently spread her lips and ran his finger from her clitoris to her leaking hole.

The arrival of all the Petrosyans proved the easiest scene for Hannah to perform. She’d smile and nod and say “Nice to meet you, Mr. Petrosyan,” just like in the book, and he’d correct her, tell her he was Dr. Petrosyan. Allain really was scrumptious, but she feigned disinterest, and anyone who’d read the first book of the series had seen, hopefully, just what they’d come to see.

By 9 that evening, everyone had been sold to the same half dozen happy families and were fed, crated up and shipped to what passed on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* as homes, where they were assigned to bedrooms or cages. Hannah arrived at her cage in due time and was surprised to find three medical books on her desk—a nice touch. Athena arrived to deliver her mate 15 minutes later, an impressively large girl chained by her

wrists and ankles, not overweight but simply big, a sizeable female, bulky, large-breasted, wide-hipped,. Even her pubic hair was oversized, a thick black triangle of wild fur.

“Hey, Hannah,” she said casually as she was escorted into her own cage, accessible to Hannah’s through a barred door that was, at the moment, locked.

“Hi,” Hannah said, remembering the girl from the showroom earlier that day. This was not someone you’d forget. “What’s your name?”

“I’m Daughtry,” the girl said.

“Hannah, everything good?” asked Athena. As anyone who’d read the books knew, Hannah would be Athena’s project, the new slave girl’s care, feeding and discipline a chore given to Athena in the hopes it might trigger a new sense of responsibility for the rich teen slacker.

“Yes,” Hannah said, nodding, and she cut her eyes over to Daughtry and offered one more quick nod. Yes, Hannah would be coupling with this girl, if the girl wanted to couple, and she needed Athena to know that.

“Should I unlock the door between your spaces?” Athena asked.

“Yes,” Hannah said.

“Sure,” said Daughtry.

Athena unlocked the bolt and the door shivered and swung loose.

“Have fun girls,” she said before she departed.

Daughtry sat on her bed and watched until Athena was gone.

“She seems nice,” she said.

“She has her moments,” Hannah said.

“Do you want to see what I wrote?” Daughtry asked.

“What you wrote?” Hannah repeated. The girl had brought nothing, and her meaning was unclear. Overall, she was hard

to understand, strangely undemonstrative, her demeanor as flat as her body was curvy.

“Fan fiction,” Daughtry explained. “I wrote some chapters about you and me and put them out on Adultroid. It was fun.”

“What did you write?” Hannah asked, hoping that Daughtry’s fan fiction was just about making love together and not, like, trying to ride on Hannah’s shoulders or something. The girl was easily 200 pounds.

“You know how Ramone used to abuse you, and you got off on it?” Daughtry asked.

“Yeah,” Hannah confirmed a little nervously. It was a minor part of the books, and specific to Ramone, as she recalled. And it was simulated abuse, not the real thing.

“A girl never did that to you,” Daughtry said. “So I wrote about what it would be like if one did.”

“Okay,” Hannah said.

“And I’m that girl.”

“Okay,” Hannah said. “But ... I’m breakable.”

Perfect words, apparently. Daughtry laughed, smiled with a strange urgency, rose from her bed, went to the unlocked barred door and pushed it.

“Now?”

“Okay,” Hannah said. “How do you want me?”

Daughtry answered by going to Hannah’s bed, pushing her down, lying beside her and putting all of her body into a long, passionate kiss, mouth to mouth, mouth to neck, Daughtry licking Hannah’s mouth and tongue, squeezing her breasts, pressing her black pubic hair against Hannah’s hip while she ran thick fingers around Hannah’s vulva.

Hannah spread her legs, and that seemed to be a cue for Daughtry, who wrapped one thick hand around Hannah’s left calf and raised her leg up and out of the way.

Okay, that’s what Ramone did to Hannah when the abuse started. Okay, play along.

“Ow,” Hannah said. “Ow, that hurts.”

Daughtry didn't care, forcing Hannah's leg higher and bringing the black fur of her mound up against Hannah's golden triangle.

“Bitch,” Daughtry hissed, thrusting her genitals against Hannah's coarse hair, raking her clitoris.

“Ow, fuck, stop it!” Hannah protested, eyes wide with terror, but she continued to lie passively, as though too afraid to resist.

“You like it,” Daughtry said, and now her mouth was over Hannah's right breast, pulling almost all of it in, tongue flicking her nipple while her teeth dug in.

“Owww ... ohhhhh, goddddd,” Hannah mourned.

Daughtry spat out Hannah's breast, slung back to her haunches, slid her hands beneath Hannah's rear and lifted her, upending the blonde slave girl so her sex organ could be devoured, Daughtry's teeth and lips and tongue ravishing Hannah's aching slot.

Hannah, her shoulders driven into the bed, her legs flailing toward the ceiling, grabbed the sheets and waited for whatever Daughtry's next violent act would be. But this seemed to be the grand finale, the big girl just sucking, licking, biting, drinking from Hannah's dampening chamber, her face set to mindless mammalian predator, Hannah's soft pussy the meal she'd just caught.

“NO!” Hannah cried. “Stop ... stop . . . STOP!” But it was no use. The orgasm started in her thighs, and they swung with futility against Daughtry's ears while her belly quivered and her breasts shook and she groaned through a long, overwhelming climax.

Daughtry was a generous lover, and she continued to feast until the last of Hannah's pleasure spasms, and when it was over, she set the girl's middle back onto the bed gently, and watched her, and waited. And only when Hannah raised her head to look at her, lifted one eyebrow, did Daughtry indicate her need for reciprocation, negotiating her massive form over

the slighter girl until her thick pink lips were directly against Hannah's mouth.

Hannah bit, licked, sucked, her attention delicate but expert, and Daughtry's orgasm shook the bed, shook Hannah, shook the boat for all Hannah knew, and when the sweet elixir of climax gushed into Hannah's mouth, she didn't mind at all.

There was a button concealed under Hannah's bed frame which, if pushed, would have brought the night crew in to separate the females with some excuse about how the girls needed their rest, but Hannah never pushed it.

They made love again, gently this time, Hannah on top, reveling in this delicious mountain of flesh, the girls alternating between kissing, fondling sex organs, and licking them clean.

And when they finally separated and Daughtry went back to the bed in her own cage, Hannah looked up at the dark ceiling and felt ... victory.

## 10 - Nadine, Caged



“You’re sure about this?” Sid Greene asked his wife, Nadine. The couple were in their cabin with Stephanie, the slave he bought for her two days ago.

“I’m sure I don’t want to do this, if that’s what you mean,” Nadine snapped. “But it’s what you want and I want to honor your request.” She stared at her husband. His excitement was palpable, which should please her but didn’t. She resented him, unfair as that may be, but there was nothing she could do about how she felt.

“If you really don’t want to go, Nadine, then don’t.” He said it like he meant it but after twenty years of marriage, there were no secrets left between them. Sid Greene, CPA, husband, cuckold, was no poker player, thank god, for he had too many tells to count. Nadine played poker in grad school, funding a sizable chunk of her tuition by regularly relieving her fellow MBA candidates of their hard-earned wages or inheritances, so she knew a sucker when she saw one, even if she did marry Sid in spite of that shortcoming. As the old joke went, if you’ve been playing poker for an hour and you can’t figure out who the patsy is, it’s you.

Nadine was never the patsy.

“I appreciate what you’re saying, Sid,” she explained with a patient tone she wasn’t feeling. “Let me just get this over with, okay?”

“I changed my mind, then,” he offered with a measure of false bravado. “I don’t want you to do it.”

She rolled her eyes and cocked an eyebrow. He almost wilted under her withering gaze. “Don’t make this any more difficult for me than it already is, Sid. Can you do that for me, at least?”

He nodded and looked away. “Do you want me to walk you there?”

“No, I really don’t. I’ll find it. I’m sure it’s well-marked. Everything on this ship seems to be well-marked.” Nadine hadn’t been off the Buckhorn Club Deck often since they set off from the Port of Los Angeles five days ago. Sid had been much more inclined to venture to other decks—he’d discovered Stephanie on the Confederacy Deck, after all—but Nadine was content to stay close to their cabin. She went with Sid and Stephanie to dinner once, a strange affair on one of the other decks, she’d forgotten which one because it didn’t matter to her, with their chained and naked slave leashed by her anus because that was required, but she had no earthly idea why. Where would the woman go if she had a mind to bolt? It was all far too strange, really.

“And you’re sure you don’t mind if I watch?” Sid asked in a voice that grated so much it was all Nadine could do not to unload on him. Again.

“Of course I mind, but what would be the point of going if you didn’t watch?” Was he always this obtuse and she had never realized it before now? Or was the stress of the voyage uncovering all the cracks in their relationship that she had ignored over the years?

Or was she just that unnerved by what was to come?

“I guess it doesn’t matter what I wear,” she said, mostly to herself. “This will do.” She looked at herself in the cabin’s mirror on the back of the door to the bathroom. She hadn’t changed since her latest liaison—an energetic Black man named Jamal, with smooth moves and a satisfactorily large and stiff penis that he knew how to use effectively—had left an hour ago. She’d worn her little black dress to Buckhorn Club C after breakfast, where Jamal had introduced himself. After a half-dozen trysts of that sort since they set sail, Nadine was well-practiced at assessing and approving her admirer in short order, bringing him back to her cabin for a quick yet satisfying sexual encounter, and then sending him on his way.

“Are you sure you don’t want to have some lunch before you go?” Sid whined.

Nadine sighed. “I don’t want to do this on a full stomach,” she explained again. Or had she explained her thought process to Sid, she wondered. No matter. Someday he would learn to read her mind, just not today.

“Would you like to go back to the Domestic Slavery Deck for dinner tonight? I can make a reservation at their club—what was it called? The food there was good.” He stated the obvious but didn’t ask what she thought. Typical.

“That’s fine.” She wasn’t thrilled with the idea but it was too far in the future to matter to her at that moment. Right now, the task at hand was all she could think about.

“So, I’ll see you when you’re done?” he asked, hopefully, it seemed.

“Of course.” She wanted to add something snarky, something unkind, but repressed the urge and walked to the door of the cabin. “You’ll be here when I get back, right? I don’t need to bring my key card.”

“No, I’ll be here,” he assured her. He already had the CCTV tuned to The Cage Room channel on the big screen TV across from the bed. She glanced at it but her eyes didn’t linger. This was already hard enough without doing that.

“I love you, Dee,” he said and she softened slightly.

“Love you, too.” She slipped out the door.

The hall on the Buckhorn Deck was crowded, as usual. There always seemed to be various combinations of hotwives and either their cuckolds or their latest liaisons making their way in both directions down the long corridor, walking from one of the clubs to a cabin or vice versa. Nadine had made the trip a half dozen times so far, either to meet someone new or with her just-selected partner in tow. This walk was so unlike any of those, she thought bitterly, and it was all Sid’s fault, or the slave girl, or her own. There was certainly enough blame to go around.

With a long walk in front of her, she considered all the unexpected feelings she had encountered on this cruise. Aside from the excitement of experiencing something she'd only fantasized about since she read the series of books that introduced her to the notion of interracial cuckolding, she was shocked to learn that she thoroughly enjoyed tormenting her husband, if only psychologically, and her slave, with what was a decidedly physical form of abuse. She didn't see either of those eventualities coming, although the male characters in the books endured their share of suffering for their women's pleasure. She just never extrapolated herself into that mindset. She should have, she admitted. She just hadn't had the foresight.

But the slave? That was a different kettle of fish. The woman, her mere existence not to mention her presence, annoyed Nadine. She couldn't explain why, she just did. Her presence, her insipid, banal, neverending presence, something she had no way of knowing about in advance because she'd never read those books, was an even bigger annoyance. Why? Because it was all Sid's idea to buy her in the first place, she decided. That Nadine could have insisted he return her, or auction her off, whatever, was beside the point. She shouldn't have to explain, or insist, or anything. Why should she?

But why hadn't she, Nadine wondered. Sid made it quite clear when he bought her that he had done so for Nadine's benefit, which was laughable but she went along just to see how that played out. And as much as she loathed doing so, she had to give Sid his due—he never brought up the notion of having sex with the woman, even if it was blatantly what they both wanted, the slave and her owner. Nadine felt no guilt about denying them both on that score.

Did she feel somewhat guilty about the degree of pleasure she got from flogging the woman, though? Stephanie maintained that she was not a masochist and hated being whipped with that diabolical device. Nadine had sampled it once, which was more than enough for her, after Sid had purchased it at the ship's gift store. The light nylon strands themselves were a joke, too light to cause any pain or harm, but they were wired and electrified to terrifying effect—Nadine

wincing involuntarily at the memory of the pain she felt when she had Sid flog her derriere, just to see what it was like.

Nadine was glad she had, however. That gave her the first-hand knowledge she needed to know what the flogger, both the device and the person who wielded it, were capable of inflicting on bare flesh. That knowledge made the act of flogging the slave that much more satisfying, and she indulged her unexpected inclination to torment the woman more often than she should have, that much was indisputable. Not that the slave ever complained—as Stephanie herself had put it, her desires were not the point of any of this. She had signed on as a slave of the New Confederacy, whatever that was, to endure whatever pain and humiliation her owner decided to inflict on her. That Nadine was all too happy to accommodate her, more fully than either of them could have ever anticipated, was just too deliciously serendipitous for words.

As Nadine walked down the Buckhorn Deck corridor, she saw something unexpected in the distance. In the middle of the wide concourse was a structure of unknown purpose and design that hadn't been there the last time she ventured this far from her cabin a few days ago. She could see it was the center of attention for a small group of passengers who congregated around it, which made no sense to her until she realized it was a coffee kiosk. That there was so much interest in coffee at that time of day was a bit of a puzzle, but Nadine had other concerns to occupy her as she walked toward the knot of people.

Once she came upon the cart and the crowd, however, Nadine noticed that something else was attracting the majority of the attention on the far side of the cart. As she passed the lone barista who was busy taking and filling orders, she realized that the something else was yet another startling, almost mindblowing contrivance of life on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar*, home of the *Cruise du Kinque*.

A naked blond woman was chained, strapped, and her collar attached to a scaffold that was built onto the end of the cart and she was...being used by the crowd to cream their coffee. From her breasts.

Nadine couldn't help but pause to gawk at the bizarre scene. She felt a brief urge to ask for an explanation, but she decided to press on with her mission instead and left the woman and the crowd in her wake.

A few minutes later, Nadine arrived at her destination. The door was nondescript, no different than any cabin on the deck but with a sign that told her it was indeed The Cage Room. She hesitated, took a deep breath and pushed the unlocked door open. She stepped inside with her heart pounding in her chest, her pussy wet, her belly clenched with fear, anticipation and a strange, unexpected excitement. She knew what was coming but only in the vague sense of having read it in the book series that served as the basis for this deck. That series, [Tales of a Reluctant Cuckold](#), included a description of The Cage Room and what went on inside of it, but the ship's designers had made many compromises in translating what had been described on the page to what existed in the real world, a floating world at that. How faithful would they, could they have been in replicating that concept, she wondered. She gritted her teeth—she was about to find out.

The first surprise Nadine encountered was just inside the door. Instead of finding the dungeon as had been described in the books, she was confronted by a well-lit reception area with a very attractive woman sitting at a desk, who stood up as soon as she saw Nadine.

“Welcome to The Cage Room,” she said in a disconcertingly cheery tone. “Do you have a reservation?”

“I believe my husband made a reservation for me,” Nadine replied in a low voice. Why did she suddenly feel embarrassed, she wondered. The waiting room, if that's what it was, was empty. How much worse would she feel if it was full? She shuddered at the thought.

“And your name?” the receptionist asked. After Nadine gave it to her, she sat down at the laptop on the desk and typed for a few strokes. “Yes, here you are. If you'd like to take a seat, you're a few minutes early. Which isn't a problem at all, we just have to make sure everything is in order for your visit today.”

Nadine opened her mouth to say something but thought better of it and turned away from the woman, who was rather overdressed, she said to herself, and took a seat on a sofa near the door she'd just come through. She scanned the room, ignoring the magazines on the coffee table in front of her, and focused on the kitchenette, not unlike the one in her cabin.

"Help yourself to coffee, tea, or we have a full complement of beverages in the fridge," the receptionist said with an ingratiating smile. "Once you go down to The Cage Room, there won't be anything available, just so you're aware." The receptionist frowned slightly, as if she didn't approve of the way things were but didn't have the power to change them. "It can make for a long visit."

"How long do most women stay?" Nadine asked.

"It varies widely, from an hour or two in some cases to all day in others." The woman smiled again. "Is this your first visit?"

"It is," Nadine said dryly. "Do some come more than once?"

"Oh, it happens, but you're right. Typically, once seems to be enough." She smiled again and Nadine realized that each time the woman smiled it annoyed her, as if the effect was cumulative. Was it that she was so attractive? What was the point of staffing this waiting room with an attractive woman, Nadine wondered, when only women would...*oh, what's the point?*

"Although," the receptionist said with a smile, "one woman has come by four times so far and is booked tomorrow, too." She laughed, as if that was beyond her comprehension, which Nadine had to admit was beyond her own as well.

"The husbands usually book the reservations, isn't that right?"

"Absolutely. I've worked every day shift since we left port and I've never had a woman call to book a reservation. Which is totally understandable." She smiled again, sympathetically this time, which only made it worse.

Without warning, the door to the corridor opened and a man walked into the reception area, a Black man in a black jumpsuit that looked like a uniform of some sort to Nadine, although not like any she'd seen so far on the Buckhorn Club Deck.

"Hey, Ashley," the man said to the receptionist. "I'm not late, am I?"

"No, you're fine, Maurice. Go on down." She waved at the door at the far end of the room which sported a "Restricted Access" sign that Nadine noted immediately. When the man used his key card to unlock the door and exit as quickly as he had appeared, Nadine eyed the receptionist who smiled once again.

"Just like in the books," she explained without really explaining. Nadine's eyebrows shot up involuntarily.

"Is that something that the husbands...?" She didn't know how to finish her question without sounding imbecilic.

"Absolutely," Ashley said with another nod and another smile, this one tinged with smarm, Nadine thought. *God, I'd love to throttle her...*

"Okay, Nadine," Ashley said a few seconds later. "You can head on back." She nodded at the door that was labeled "Locker Room."

"Thanks," Nadine said as she exited the reception area. She was surprised to be in a room that reminded her of the gym she used back in St. Louis, with a bank of full sized lockers and two showers next to a row of sinks and mirrors. Once she thought about it, though, this facility made sense – after a full day or even just an hour in The Cage Room, if the books were to be believed, a woman would need everything at her disposal before entering the corridor that led back to her cabin.

"Shit," Nadine said when she realized she hadn't asked Ashley how long a stay Sid had reserved for her. She thought briefly about returning to the reception room to ask but decided that if Sid had wanted her to know he would have told

her. She would, against her better judgment, allow him his fun, even if it was at her expense.

Was this boat getting to her? Turning her into a masochistic submissive after all, she wondered.

She slipped off her dress and hung it in the locker. She removed her shoes, bra, and panties as well before she stored and locked them within. The lockers were equipped with sophisticated digital locks that accepted a four-digit number, selected by the user and set before the device locked for the duration of her visit. Nadine looked at her wedding ring for a few seconds before she decided to keep it with her. She hadn't taken it off for her trysts with her Black lovers all week, so why start now?

She walked to the far end of the locker room, past the showers, and noted with a wry smile that there were no toilets. She pressed on and slipped through the door that was clearly, unnervingly marked 'Cage Room Entrance,' and was not surprised to find a narrow wooden staircase that descended to—what else?—the Buckhorn Club basement, just like in the books.

Three turns and four bare-bulb, hanging wire light fixtures later, she arrived at her destination, a vestibule that was also lit by a single bulb in front of a heavy wooden door. She pushed the door open and gasped.

The brightly lit room looked just as she imagined it would from the descriptions in the books. The walls looked like granite, the floor was covered with sand, and the far wall, lined with cages, was intimidating. She scanned the cages quickly, first taking note of their configuration—five across, three rows high, fifteen in all, made of thick black bars. The ceiling was not as high as she expected but that was the one compromise she discerned that recreating this venue deviated from the books. Space on a ship, even one as large as this one, necessitating that adjustments be made.

But the stench! Nadine almost retched at the intense combination of ammonia and...was it sulfur? She realized, belatedly, that it was perhaps no accident that asparagus was

served with almost every meal in the restaurants on the deck. Cheeky little devils, she admitted as she tried not to gag.

“Are you Nadine?” asked a stout middle-aged woman who was much less stylishly dressed than Ashley had been upstairs. She had a clipboard and a brusque manner, and came off a little too butch for Nadine’s tastes.

“I am.”

“You’re in the center, bottom,” the woman said with a motion toward the one empty cage of the lot. Nadine frowned. She knew from the books that the least desirable cage, if you weren’t into degradation, which she wasn’t, was the empty one she stood staring at. She sighed and shook her head as she wondered how much of a say Sid had in arranging her reservation.

“Oh,” a voice, female, moaned unexpectedly off to one side of the room. Nadine turned to be confronted by Maurice, the Black man whom Ashley had assured wasn’t late, who was now naked and copulating enthusiastically with a white woman on a ratty blanket off to the side of the cages. Nadine wondered if Maurice had had his pick of all of the women in the cages or if there was a designated fornicator, also as it was in the books. What was her name? Nikki? Nicole? Either way, it was too similar to Nadine for her comfort.

As she had so many times this week, she compartmentalized the incongruity of two naked people having sex a few feet away, and took another look at her assigned space for the foreseeable future. She was mildly surprised, and pleased, that the cage she would occupy was larger than she expected. She moved toward the door being held open by the woman with the clipboard and knelt in the sand. She wondered if she would ever become acclimated to the vile odor. She imagined not.

“Shit,” the bleach blond woman in the cage next to Nadine’s whispered unexpectedly. “Fucking shit,” she said more loudly as it became obvious why. The woman in the cage directly above the blonde was peeing. Nadine watched in fascinated horror as her eyes briefly met the woman who was

responsible for tormenting her neighbor, who had thick thighs and a flabby belly. Her matted hair dripped into the sand but the blonde made no attempt to move or complain. This was part and parcel of the experience she'd signed up for, Nadine and the blonde and all the women except the ones in the top row of cages.

"No poking up through the bars," Clipboard Woman instructed Nadine. "No talking, either."

"Can I ask a question?" Nadine looked at the woman, a mousy brunette of indistinct heritage.

"Make it quick."

"Can I ask how long I'm booked down here?"

The woman glanced at her clipboard. "Four hours." She looked up. "Could be worse. She's been here six and has two more to go." She nodded at the blonde.

"And what's the penalty for talking?" Nadine asked abruptly.

The woman reached for a device Nadine hadn't realized was clipped to her belt. She raised the device, a long wand with a thicker handle and two nubs on the thin end. Before Nadine could react, the woman jammed the nubs into her naked ribs and pain seared her skin for an instant. Nadine yelped and jumped back but the pain didn't last. She looked at her skin and wasn't surprised to find it unmarked. Like the flogger, she realized, the device was calibrated to produce intense pain without inflicting damage.

"In you go." The woman motioned with the device as Nadine eyed it carefully. She crouched down on the sand and realized to her everlasting consternation that even outside the cage, the sand was damp. As she crawled into the enclosure, it turned almost soupy. How in the world was this not a biohazard, she wondered. Once she was fully inside, the door clanged shut with a sudden and emphatic reverberation, after which the woman latched it. Nadine realized she could reach through the bars and unlatch it as no lock was used, but that

would defeat the purpose of her visit. A purpose she planned to revisit with Sid as soon as she could.

Nadine looked around her cage now that she was fully ensconced. The bars looked even more intimidating from this angle. The blonde to her right was motionless but dripping with urine. Nadine looked at her upcage neighbor, the one who had doused her but it was difficult to see through two sets of bars at that angle, so she craned her neck to look at the woman in the cage directly above her own. She could only make out the woman's legs and lower torso as she seemed to be sitting on the square bars with her knees bent and her anus and vagina fully exposed. Nadine had never seen a woman or any other human being from this vantage before and she found it abhorrent and fascinating in almost equal measure. Almost. So far, at least, the woman hadn't moved and more importantly, hadn't been inclined to pee on Nadine.

"Fuck," a male voice said with emphasis from somewhere in the room. It took Nadine a second to realize it had to be Maurice who was likely in the final throes of passion with one of the women. Since Nadine had filled the only empty cage, she wondered if the recipient of Maurice's orgasmic grunt had just vacated her very cage. It almost had to be, although Nadine couldn't imagine why anyone would want to fuck a woman who had been peed on and wallowed in wet, urine-soaked sand for hours.

"See you later, Belinda," Maurice said a few minutes later, once again dressed in his black overalls. He exited through the same door Nadine had entered through, which made her wonder what had become of the woman he'd been fucking. The thick black bars blocked her view of either side of The Cage Room.

Nadine hadn't moved much since she crawled into her cage and tucked her feet under her to prevent the wet sand from coming anywhere near her vagina. She leaned to one side so her hip took most of her weight. It soon became obvious that she would not be able to maintain this position for her full session, so she squirmed slightly while trying to keep herself mostly upright. More than anything, she had questions, and

she wondered briefly if getting at least some answers was worth the risk of another shock. Belinda, her clipboard at her side and her phone the sole focus of her attention, was sitting next to one of the camera tripods arrayed near the far wall of the room. Nadine glanced to her left and was startled to find her other neighbor, a redhead with thin lips and hooded eyes, staring at her. She nodded.

“First time?” the woman whispered, which sent a ripple of fear down Nadine’s spine. She ventured a nod but didn’t speak. The woman glanced at the guard before her eyes came back to Nadine’s. “As long as we’re quiet about it, she won’t care.”

Nadine slid closer to the bars that separated them, and it struck her that the cage was actually smaller than it looked from the outside. The woman matched her motion so their faces were just inches apart. Nadine glanced at the guard and kept her eyes on her to look for any sign of disapproval. “You?”

“Second time. My husband loves this place.” Nadine’s eyes went wide. “Oh, yeah. It’s all him. I hate this shit.” She looked up at the cage above her.

“How long?” Nadine whispered. She remained cautious even though the guard seemed to be as unconcerned as her neighbor had promised.

“Four hours. I’m Rachel, by the way.”

“Nadine.”

“How long are you here?”

“Same as you. How much longer do you have to go?”

She rolled her eyes. “No clue but at least a couple of hours. Time kinda drags down here, you know?”

“The woman who was with Maurice, was she just in here?” Nadine said a little too loudly. She looked at the guard but was relieved to see she hadn’t looked up from her phone.

“Yeah, she was.” Rachel looked into the room. “There she goes.”

Nadine turned to see the woman, who was younger than she realized, thin and firm, with really short hair and perky if small tits. She didn't look the worse for wear, having spent time in Nadine's cage and then ravaged by the Black man who Nadine now realized she'd vaguely lusted after in the waiting room upstairs. Would there be another one, come to ravage another of the caged women? Would he pick Nadine because this was the designated cage? Would she have to wait the full four hours or might he walk through the door at any moment?

So many questions raged through her mind.

"Did she get to be with Maurice because he picked her or...?"

"No, she was due to leave," Rachel cut her off. "It's a timing thing."

Nadine sagged. She might be chosen but it wouldn't be for hours, and there were no clocks anywhere in the room, or in sight of her cage, she thought bitterly. Sid was going to pay for this.

"Who gets the top row?" Nadine asked suddenly, not understanding what the attraction was for either the occupant or her cuckold.

"Some women just enjoy making life miserable for other women, or hadn't you noticed over the years?" Rachel whispered with an arched eyebrow. Nadine nodded. She had indeed noticed. She'd even been one of those women on occasion.

"What...?" Nadine began but stopped abruptly. Belinda the guard had risen from her chair and was walking toward the cages and right at Nadine, who flinched involuntarily. But the guard veered slightly away from her and Rachel to the cage above Nadine's other neighbor and opened the latch and the cage door. The woman who had peed on Nadine's neighbor and who had looked Nadine in the eye as she had done so, climbed out of the cage and hopped onto the sand. She was a big woman, not attractive at all, with tattoos on her hip and bicep. She stretched and yawned a bit dramatically to Nadine's thinking, before she turned and tapped on the cage to Nadine's

right. The woman, who hadn't moved much since she'd been peed on, looked up. Her tormentor waved daintily, sarcastically, if that was even possible. The tattooed woman exited the room without waiting for someone to take her on the blanket.

Once the guard had returned her focus to her phone, Nadine leaned toward Rachel and asked, "So not everyone gets laid when they're done?"

"Nope. If your husband put in a request, the staff will do their best to honor it, and from what I've seen and heard, there are plenty of volunteers to handle all requests."

"Did you get...?"

"Laid? Yeah, but I wouldn't mind if Tyler didn't this time."

"Tyler is your husband?"

"Yeah."

"He didn't tell you?"

"No, he didn't. It's recommended by the staff that we're kept in the dark about things like that, just in case they can't fulfill the order. I think the instructions were written before the ship left port and they weren't sure how well everything was going to work down here."

Nadine nodded. She was about to ask if most women had sex before they left the room when the sound of a woman evacuating her bladder grew audible above her and to her left. She looked up in vain, the bars and bodies obscuring the view, but the woman above Rachel shifted suddenly in her cage and cursed, then Rachel followed suit. Drops began to trickle through the bars above before turning into a steady drizzle.

Then more sounds of women peeing erupted across the room. Nadine knew it was not wise to look up but she couldn't help herself as a subdued commotion broke out. Women moaned, cursed, shifted, and whined as urine rained down on every one of the lower cages, Nadine's included. She glanced up at the woman directly above her and was surprised to see her vagina, still visible between the bars, was not the source of her misery. The woman above her, who Nadine had no real

view of, must be responsible for the sudden drizzle that was turning into a deluge.

“Bingo,” someone shouted from above, and others joined in. The room resounded with giddy women proclaiming their delight at the sudden team effort while the guard watched but did nothing, the rules against talking apparently suspended in this instance. Nadine leaned against the bars she shared with Rachel in an effort to avoid most of the downpour, but she was also aware that the woman directly above her was shifting in her cage. She moved her feet ninety degrees so they were directly over Nadine’s head when she let loose with her own stream that doused her completely and, as was obvious to Nadine, intentionally.

Nadine vowed silently to murder Sid as he slept.

## 11 - Zoe and Beachy, Sold



Zoe woke up the next morning in Beachy's arms, her roommate, her lover, and most importantly, her sister slave on the New Confederacy Deck of the *Cruise du Kinque*. So far, they had done everything together, including being collared, auctioned, bought by the Athens Club, trained in the fine art of fellatio, and finally, allowed to be with each other.

It had been a heady few days.

The prospect of a full day with Beachy in a relatively comfortable bed and room—officially, it was a stall in the Athens Club's stable but nothing about the space seemed remotely reminiscent of a place where horses might be kept—after spending the first few nights in a decidedly uncomfortable metal cage, felt like a real vacation, which this cruise was for most of her fellow passengers but was work for Zoe. As the lead reporter and host of *Sinflix Tonight*, a talk show on the new streaming service, Zoe was spending the week as a slave for the benefit of her viewers, at the network's request, which was functionally an order.

"Morning," Beachy whispered, her eyes only half open. "Did you sleep as well as I did?"

"I did." Zoe hesitated for just a moment before she kissed Beachy. A few days ago, she only knew of this woman from her role as Grace Rooney, the heroine of the movie, *Slave of the New Confederacy*, made from the book that inspired this entire world. Zoe continued to marvel at the swift and sudden changes brought about by her presence on the ship, from talk show host to pretend slave and lesbian lover. She was so new to this and felt like the submissive partner of the younger woman who was so much more experienced in this sort of thing, even if Beachy had been waiting tables a mere six months ago. "You?"

“Like a dream,” Beachy said with a smile and a luxurious yawn, after which she kissed Zoe back, a sexy, sensual kiss that Zoe thoroughly enjoyed but wondered about, too. She was well aware that this was a relationship of convenience and that the young movie star already had a live-in girlfriend and a porn-star boyfriend, both of whom were Beachy’s business partners, not to mention, gorgeous, sexy as hell and ready to reclaim her as soon as the cruise ended. To think there was anything to that kiss beyond a spur of the moment need to be intimate was a fool’s errand, Zoe told herself.

Still, the woman could kiss like nobody’s business.

“Think breakfast will be as good as dinner was?” Zoe asked, forcing a change of subject.

“As long as it’s not dry biscuits and stale water, it has to be,” Beachy said with a lilting laugh that struck a chord with Zoe. With all they’d been through together in the past few days, Beachy’s preternaturally cheery disposition never failed to impress her. She felt lucky to be paired with her but was wary of catching feelings, too. So many conflicting thoughts to deal with, she thought. A nice quiet day in a decent room with decent food was going to be just perfect.

Then the door of the room burst open.

“You two,” a Black man in a guard’s uniform said without smiling as he looked at Zoe and Beachy. “You’ve been sold. Get up.”

“No,” one of the other women in their stall cried out. “They just got here.” The guard turned to the offending slave who suddenly cowered in her bed. The guard brandished a black baton and slapped it against his palm.

“What’s that?” he asked with a slight growl. The woman almost melted into the mattress as she stared at him with terror in her eyes.

“Can we use the bathroom?” Beachy asked as she let go of Zoe and climbed out of the lower bunk. “We just woke up.”

“You can pee on the loading dock,” the guard said with another tap of the baton against his hand. “You’re due to be

shipped out first thing this morning.”

Zoe wanted to scream but she settled for a groan as she followed Beachy out of their bed. Beachy confronted the guard, who towered over her but she just stared up at him without flinching. “Would it kill you to give us five minutes?” she asked as if she owned the place.

“Five minutes then,” the guard conceded. “But one of you has to distract me,” he added with a smarmy tone. Beachy stood her ground and stared him down for a few seconds before she sighed and reached for his belt buckle. He lowered the baton and watched passively as she liberated his thick but mostly-flaccid cock before she sank to her knees and took him into her mouth. The guard glanced at Zoe who had been momentarily frozen by the sudden turn that had occurred, until she looked up at his arched eyebrow and scuttled to the bathroom.

After peeing and splashing water on her face, then using an actual towel hanging on an actual towel rack which struck her as the height of luxury, she exited the bathroom to find Beachy waiting by the door. She looked at her blonde lover in confusion before Beachy nodded at the guard.

“Marie volunteered to take over so I could go,” she whispered, and Zoe looked past her to see the woman who had been beside herself the night before that she got to room with, and kiss goodnight to, Grace from the movie. Which she confided she’d seen a half dozen times at least. The woman was on her knees giving the guard her best effort as Beachy slipped into the bathroom without closing the door.

“I guess we’ll never know about breakfast,” she said as she sat on the toilet. Zoe ignored the sound of her peeing as she watched the guard grab a fistful of Marie’s hair, then grunt and spasm as he unloaded into the middle-aged woman’s mouth. Zoe was unable to look away until Beachy nudged her toward the door. “Let’s get going,” she said as the guard zipped himself back in his uniform.

“Who were we sold to?” Beachy asked as the three walked in the opposite direction from the dining hall, the one place

that had actually fed them their first real meal of the cruise, Zoe thought bitterly. And perhaps their last.

“A Mr. Henry Clayton,” the guard read off of his clipboard. “He’s got a plantation in Alabama.”

Beachy gave Zoe a look. “So, it’ll be a long trip?”

“About six hours, I’m told,” the guard said with a nod.

Zoe looked at Beachy with confusion in her eyes. “How can that be?”

“It’s all a show,” Beachy explained. “Like the trip from the auction house after the Athens Club bought us.”

The guard walked them toward the loading dock they had arrived at yesterday, but Zoe was surprised to see none of the cages used in their round of pretend transportation. Today, a dozen or so wooden crates made of rough-hewn wood that stood about three feet tall confronted the girls. “You’re putting us in those?” Zoe blurted out before she could control herself.

The guard wasted no time jabbing her with his baton. Pain seared her side and forced her to jump away from him. “Next time I’ll hold it there, so watch your mouth.” It was all she could do to control herself.

“We’re really going to spend six hours in these things?” Beachy asked with a much more respectful tone.

“Fraid so,” the guard said without sounding the least bit apologetic. “But first...” he told them as he lifted the lid and reached into one of the crates. “I’ll need to stick this in you.”

“What is that?” Zoe whispered. The guard held a white plastic wand attached to a length of plastic tubing that disappeared into the crate. He lifted the wand until a plastic bladder made it obvious what it was and what was about to happen.

“We don’t want to have you mess the crate so...” the guard explained without finishing his thought. There was no need to explain, Zoe thought bitterly. She’d been catheterized when she had an emergency appendectomy two years ago.

“Is that really necessary?” Beachy asked.

“Standard procedure for any trips over three hours,” the guard said. “Now, sit on the edge of the crate and spread your legs.” He was staring at Zoe. A glance at the baton attached to his belt was all she needed to comply, grudgingly, with his order.

“You’ll be glad to know I’m getting better at this,” the guard said with a half smile. He crouched down to bring his eyes level with Zoe’s sex and used his free hand to spread her lips. He inserted the tube into her urethra and she grunted although she had to admit, if only to herself, that he wasn’t completely unskilled at the procedure. “Okay, let’s get you into the crate,” he said as he helped her down and then lifted the lid again, which was hinged on the back edge.

Zoe climbed over the edge and stood facing the guard. He instructed her to sit with her head against the back wall and raise her arms to the corners. She watched as he connected the manacle on her right wrist to a hook that he then slid toward the side wall near the upper corner of the inside of the crate. A quick turn locked it in place. He repeated the process with her other manacle and both shackles so her body was splayed open like a starfish. Finally, he closed the lid of the crate over her head, sealing her in darkness.

Zoe shifted her bottom on the rough wood and wondered if she would wind up with buttocks full of splinters. She noticed the airholes drilled into each side of the crate as her eyes adjusted to the darkness. She could hear the guard secure Beachy in her crate and close the lid. No other women had joined them on the loading dock before they were secured so as soon as she heard the guard walk away she called out to Beachy.

“You okay?” she asked and shook her head immediately. What kind of a question was that?

“Yeah, I’m good. I can’t believe they’re doing this. What’s the point?”

“Making us suffer all the indignities of being owned is the idea. It’s as if they want to really rub our noses in it, just because they know they can.”

“The catheter was really a nice touch,” Beachy said with a bitter, sarcastic laugh. Is the absurdity of this place finally getting to her, Zoe wondered. Even Beachy?

The two women sat in silence for several minutes until they heard more women being loaded into the other crates. After an indeterminate time, as the air inside the crate became stale and warm from her body’s heat, Zoe wanted to scream. They hadn’t even begun their bogus six hour long trip and she’d had enough of this fresh brand of misery.

“Do you know anything about the guy who bought us?” she asked Beachy in desperation.

“Oh, yeah,” Beachy responded. “He’s the main antagonist in the later books about Grace. He’s a real nutjob.”

“Lovely,” Zoe said mostly to herself.

“At least we’re not going to the Andersons’ plantation,” Beachy went on. “They were worse.”

“Lucky us,” Zoe responded. “Worse how?”

“They’re a couple of sadists, him and his wife. They take delight in torturing their slaves.”

“Who the fuck dreamed all this shit up?” Zoe asked rhetorically. She hadn’t read any of the books but she saw Beachy’s movie. How the books became the basis for an entire cruise line, not to mention at least one movie with perhaps more to come was beyond her.

“You do any more thinking about my offer?” Beachy asked.

“About being in the sequel?”

“That, and coming to observe my OnlyFans operation.”

This was new, Zoe thought. “To observe?” she asked, her heart rate accelerating.

“Well, I know you’re committed to Sinflx Tonight and all. But you could make guest appearances now and then.”

“What would that be like?” Zoe had a pretty good idea—she wasn’t completely clueless about OnlyFans even though she’d

never actually watched anything on the site.

“Whatever we decide. That’s the beauty of a creator-driven business model. We have complete control over what we produce and offer for sale. There are no Rodney Morrow’s running the show.”

“So you wouldn’t lock me away in a box for six hours?” Zoe asked sarcastically.

“Not unless you wanted me to,” Beachy said with a laugh. Zoe was relieved to hear evidence of her cheerful disposition again. The girl really was amazing.

That thought, and their unusual circumstances, prompted Zoe to ask a question that had occurred to her the previous night as she fell asleep in Beachy’s arms. “What if I didn’t want to stay with Sinflix Tonight?”

Beachy didn’t respond immediately, which dismayed Zoe. “I think you’d fit right in, Zoe. I really do.”

Zoe’s heart soared.

“Okay, grab these two first,” a male voice resounded somewhere on the loading dock. “Make sure you keep them right side up when you stack them.” The sound of crates being moved distracted Zoe, especially when her crate was tipped back and rolled on some sort of dolly without warning. The light coming through the breathing holes changed, then darkened appreciably before it disappeared entirely. She wondered, panicked, if the stevedores handling the crates would realize they couldn’t stack the crates tightly without risking asphyxiating its occupants.

After several bumps and much sliding and jostling, Zoe’s crate finally settled. There was no light coming through the airholes but she felt a slight breeze of air moving across her face. She breathed deeply and worked to calm down.

“Beachy, you still with me?” she called out.

“I’m here,” came a more distant reply. “At least we’re on the same truck.”

“Well, we were sold to the same owner, right?”

“Yeah, that’s true.”

An engine roared to life and gears engaged as the crate shifted and shook, then a convincing approximation of motion, even acceleration accompanied by increased noise and vibrations. The volume of different sounds—tires on pavement, gears grinding on occasion, but above everything the engine noise of a truck barrelling down a highway between Athens, Georgia and Birmingham, Alabama—made further conversation between the crates impossible. Zoe was left to her own thoughts, which almost suited her because she had a lot to think about.

When she had hinted at the possibility of quitting her job, Beachy had been supportive. More than supportive, she seemed enthusiastic. Was that the product of several stressful days spent together that would dissipate as soon as they docked and disembarked? Was this entire experience so extreme that Zoe wasn’t thinking clearly, and throwing away her dream job to live and work with a porn star was insane?

Was she in any state of mind to even consider such life-changing decisions?

The truck bounced hard in some simulated pothole with impressive if painful accuracy, her bottom scraped by the rough planks of the crate, her wrists bruised by her manacles, her head bumped hard against the latched lid. She slid her cheeks forward to curtail further concussive possibilities but her shoulders screamed in protest and her hands, already swollen with trapped blood, threatened to go completely numb. She angled her body one way and then another in a futile attempt to ease her suffering but it was no use. She decided that six hours of this misery would be it – she would have to tap out as soon as she could, ending her involvement with the cruise, the streaming service, and even with Beachy, who was fully committed—not to mention highly incentivized by the offer of a lucrative contract to film the movie sequel—to hang tough.

To distract herself, Zoe cataloged her skills, experience, and contacts for the inevitable job-search that likely awaited her. She considered herself pretty but not striking, personable

but not charismatic, and knowledgeable but by no means an expert about the news business. Her experience before she landed the *Sinflux Tonight* gig was eclectic at best and, honestly, laughably thin. A few months as a field reporter for the third-rated TV station in Albuquerque; a year and a half as one of the last local reporters at the *Denver Post* before new management laid off most of the staff and completed that paper's demise as a functioning member of the fourth estate; nine dismal months as a field reporter at TMZ.

Zoe had been amazed when she got hired by Brad Johnson to host *Sinflux Tonight*, but now she understood why he gave her the nod. Who else would have allowed themselves to be pressured into doing what she was doing? Clearly, he had known about the plan to embed her on the cruise, turning her into a faux-slave to be collared, chained, tortured, and fucked at every turn. Something about her had told him that she wouldn't laugh in his face at the mere mention of this ludicrous assignment, even if she had no idea what kind of indignities would be inflicted on her at the time. He had had her number, right from her initial interview.

But now she had his, and she would take Beachy's offer, if it was real. If not, she'd find something else. There was always something else, she told herself.

The transmission on the simulated truck geared down to a simulated stop, far in advance of the promised six-hour duration of her confinement. Had it all been a lie, like so much of this fantasy? Was it done to torment her? Because it had worked.

The truck idled for a few seconds before all noise outside her crate dissipated completely. The silence was eerie but she called out as soon as her ears stopped ringing.

"Beachy?"

"I'm here."

"What's happening?"

"I'd say we've arrived but I don't want to jump to any conclusions." She laughed and Zoe was forced to smile.

“Another subterfuge, perhaps?”

“We can only hope.”

An extremely loud rattling ensued, like the truck’s door sliding up its tracks for unloading. The light that filtered through the airholes was faint but her pupils were fully dilated so it was enough to give Zoe hope that their journey was over and they could get on with whatever was in store for them.

Male voices drifted through the airholes and the unmistakable sounds of crates being moved convinced Zoe that their six-hour journey had magically ended in less than an hour, she guessed. She wondered if Beachy’s status as a celebrity had anything to do with their good fortune but she didn’t care. She could hardly wait for someone to release her and allow her to breathe and stretch and maybe, just maybe, get something to eat. She’d even settle for stale biscuits and tepid water at this point.

Suddenly, her crate was tipped forward, the opposite of how it was loaded onto the truck back in ‘Athens’ and she squeaked involuntarily at suddenly dangling from her manacles. Her shoulders and wrists cried out for relief and soon Zoe did as well.

“What the fuck?” she screamed, more concerned with the risk of permanent injury than incurring the wrath of a guard with an electric baton. “You’re tipping me the wrong way, numbnuts.”

The crate went into a very short freefall as it crashed back to level which was almost worse. Her head hit the back wall as she bounced and her wrists would never be the same, she was convinced. Even her ankles felt the strain of being jostled within the confines of an inhuman and whole unnecessary method of transporting living beings, regardless of their humanity. Any good will the operators had regained from cutting the trip short was forfeited by their incompetence.

“Sorry about that,” a deep male voice from just outside the crate responded. “We’ll have you out of there in a jiffy,” he continued. Her crate was tipped back so that most of her weight was balanced on her ass which was sore but more

suited to the new alignment of her body. She could feel as much as hear the rollers on the dolly being used, she imagined, to wheel her out of the truck to whatever lay in store for her.

The operator moved her quickly and lowered the crate without dropping it, another blessing. The sound of the latch being undone excited her beyond expectations but she was blinded by the sudden onslaught of light as the lid was lifted. She squinted and waited for her bonds to be released and again—whoever was working on her was quick and competent. A hand was proffered which she accepted. Gratefully.

“I’m Josiah,” the same deep male voice enveloped her with a sonorous tone unlike any that she’d heard all week. “Welcome to the Clayton Plantation.”

## 12 - Brian Kirkwood, High Priest



“What’s the problem?” June asked, gazing about herself, taking in the breathtaking but very still city of Humber, one of the many fantastic features of the Medieval Slavery Deck.

June and the redheaded sisters, incongruously named Hyacinth and Doorknob, had just finished drawing Hambeth’s cart of goods into the main city square, and now everyone but June was completely still, because it had all been turned off by the deck’s creator, a virtual reality visionary and overall asshole named Malcolm Andreeson.

The square, paved with stones and ringed with a rainbow of buildings with no commonality except that they were all beautiful, had also fallen completely silent, except for the voice of Malcolm, speaking urgently into June’s headset about some sort of issue.

“There’s a problem with that young man who’s speaking to you,” Malcolm said.

“Yeah, Brian Kirkwood,” June said. “I haven’t seen him since high school. Where did he come from? And how the fuck did you—”

“You can do anything with him but kiss,” Malcolm said.

“Huh?”

“Don’t kiss the boy.”

“I can’t kiss him,” June said, her certainty that Malcolm was messing with her turning into anger. “So you’re going to put something over my mouth like the thing you locked over my pussy?”

“June, this is serious,” Malcolm said, his tone also indicating the first stage of deep annoyance. “If he asks to kiss you, say no.”

“It’s nice that you made him a gentleman, at least,” June said.

“I didn’t make him,” Malcolm said.

“Where did he come from then?” June demanded.

“Well,” Malcolm said. “That’s part of the problem.”

“Elaborate,” June said flatly.

“Don’t kiss him,” Malcolm said. “You’ve been warned.”

His voice clicked off and suddenly, everything was moving again, the redheads shuffling in their chains behind June, Hambeth in consultation with a trader 50 yards away, and the hooded figure to June’s right, a virtual clone of her high school crush Brian Kirkwood, staring at her, puzzled, eyes still open in surprise.

She’d been in mid-sentence when Malcolm had shut everything down and started talking to her. Trying to continue where she’d left off was impossible, so she just smiled at the boy, laughed a little self-deprecatingly.

“Sorry, what was I saying?”

“You know my name?” Brian asked.

“Brian,” June said. “Brian Kirkwood. So, yes.”

“You are a deeper mystery than even I imagined,” Brian said.

“Cool,” June replied. “So, did you need something?”

“I must kiss you,” he said, face twisted in sudden tragedy.

“Nope,” June said.

“No?” Brian said, whispering the word quietly and looking strangely hopeful.

“Yeah,” June said, looking down at her bound wrists, her naked body, her shackled feet, and deciding to be ridiculous.

“I’m not that kind of girl,” she said. “Not on a first date anyway.”

“You refuse the prophecy?” Brian asked, his smile growing, his joy sincere.

“You can put it that way if you want,” June said. “But I haven’t brushed my teeth in days. So there’s that.”

Brian smiled indulgently, frowned again.

“You’re still in danger,” he said quietly, casting his gaze behind him, looking back at her with a new fear. “Some will not approve of your choice.”

“Okay,” June said, doing her best to play along. “Why don’t you hang out with me until Hambeth sells all the crap off our cart? He’s right over there, doing deals or something. It probably won’t take him long. Just watch over me until he’s done.”

“You must come with me,” Brian whispered, his voice so low June could barely hear it.

“Well, I’m sort of stuck here,” June said, raising her manacled hands in case Brian wasn’t getting it.

“Free yourself,” he urged, adding solemnly, as though quoting scripture, “for the mind of the Mistress is like a hot knife, and her fetters are as butter. And then we shall fly.”

“Uh, okay?” June said.

“You agree to this?”

“Sure,” June said. “I mean, whatever. They didn’t say I couldn’t.”

“Savior!” shrieked one of the redheads. “Where are you going?”

The first place June looked as she ascended was down, and the first thing she saw between her unshackled feet was the cart, still laden with goods, the redheaded slavegirls peering up at her, mouths open with surprise.

All her chains were gone, as well as the chain belt around her waist and between her legs, and she and Brian Kirkwood were floating together over the city, looking down on an intricate streetscape, humble dwellings next to apartments next

to urban manors between temples, shrines and parks, and the rivers lapped at their banks and twinkled as they slipped under bridges while people and horses, carts and wagons crossed above.

“Where are we going?” June asked.

“Where we’ll be safe,” Brian replied, pointing to a palace at the edge of town, built of stone in pink and white, impossibly whimsical, with a moat and drawbridge, towers and stairways and arched windows five stories high, and June marveled as they approached it, willing herself to remember all of this, and they drifted onto a veranda on the top floor, and Brian stepped away from her, turned and dropped to his knee.

“Mistress, I beg of you, slay me now for my part in betraying the prophecy.”

“It’s okay,” June said, feeling for the first time true sympathy for this avatar, this compilation of very confused ones and zeros. Maybe she was still the butt of some very elaborate practical joke engineered by Malcolm and his team, but Brian didn’t seem to be in on it.

“Is this your house?” she asked, trying to make out the interior through the poured glass of the veranda’s double doors.

“It is our lord’s manse,” Brian said.

“But you live here?” June said.

“Yes.”

“What do you do?” she asked.

“I am ...” Brian stammered, sounding puzzled. “I am your high priest.”

“Oh, yeah,” June said. “I totally knew that. I was just testing you. Can we go inside?”

Brian opened the door for her, and June entered first, sucking in her breath as she regarded a veritable museum of artifacts, paintings, furniture, rugs. High priests lived pretty well in Malcolm’s little world, apparently.

In the middle of the room was a four-post, canopied bed, big enough for two, if not a whole family.

“Are you married?” June asked, realizing too late how fearful she was of the answer.

“No,” Brian said with a sad shake of his head. “I set her aside upon my election. But she is well.”

“Do you date around?” June asked, and she looked down again at her naked body, and wondered if only the yeomen from the little village were programmed to respond to her.

“I am provided the concubines of our order,” he said with another of his but-don’t-you-already-know-this? expressions.

“So you’re sexual?” June said.

“I yield to my ardor,” Brian said, “in faith.”

For a long, stupid, romance-novelesque moment, the two stared at each other, June merely curious, but Brian with a transcendent expression, the face of a man opening new chapters of his spiritual understanding in rapid succession. He dropped to his knees again, lowered his head and raised his hands in supplication.

“Mistress,” he said to June’s feet, “if it please you to slay me, slay me now. But if I might be allowed to consummate my faith with thee, I will do so as your servant.”

“Yeah,” June said, her mind flitting between the power of this moment with her virtual but beautiful, convincing and very charming high school crush, and her willingness to have Malcolm’s little sex invention invading her vagina again.

“Definitely,” she said. “Let’s go to town, babe.”

Brian stood, took her hand. She could feel it, and she knew someone real on the dark virtual reality deck was guiding her to a real bed, and when her hip struck it, right where Brian’s virtual bed was, she rolled over onto it and, free of her chains, settled onto her back, spread her thighs, raised her knees and turned to regard the insanely reverent and probably insanely horny Brian Kirkwood

He was wearing a lot of layers, hood and robe and belt and a sort of gray undershirt and thin trousers and a sort of strap over his bulging, unsurprisingly large cock, but at last he was naked and fully erect, and June reached for him and he climbed up between her legs with all the dignity possible given the circumstances

“First, the Chapel of Devotion, Mistress?” Brian proposed.

What? Was that his name for a sex position? A position that Mistress June was supposed to know?

“Oh, uh, sure.”

Brian lowered his member to his messiah’s opened chamber, and June groaned and tensed as she was entered, because this part wasn’t virtual, and it hurt a little, at first.

Okay, so Chapel of Devotion was the same as missionary. And Brian was damned good at it, if the pounding deep within her loins was any indication.

Just as she was beginning to enjoy it, he paused.

“And now the Aurochs at Table?” he asked breathily.

“Yeah, I’m good,” June said, trying with increasingly difficulty to sound flippant. With Malcolm and his board of directors and his game developer CEOs and Nobel Prize winners all possibly listening in, her preferred answer was off the table, which would have consisted of something along the lines of *Yes, yes, just fuck me any way you want as long as you don’t stop!*

But what was Aurochs at Table? If it was something involving June with one leg behind her head or floating up and down while skewered by Brian’s penis, she was going to fail and the poor High Priest of Humber was going to have his faith shaken again.

Okay, use one of her journalist’s tricks, she told herself as Brian slid his surprisingly wet penis out of her hole, a thick and very convincing string of cloudy syrup hanging from his tip. “But tell me,” she said, “how you would describe the position.”

“As the aurochs mate,” Brian said, falling back onto his haunches.

“Yeah, well put,” June said, nodding. Okay, aurochs. What are they? Probably mammals of some kind. So ... doggy style. Yeah, no problem.

June clambered to her hands and knees, parted her thighs, and gasped as Brian pierced her again. Strange how religious devotion felt like basically just getting the fuck reamed out of you.

June, with a mix of her own experiences and a little ruse now and then, did it all the ways approved by Brian’s faith, which pretty much meant all the ways physically possible: After June on the bottom and June on all fours, it was June on top like a cowgirl (“Arrival of the Mistress”), June on top facing away in reverse cowgirl (“The Mistress Departs”), June on her side with her leg drawn up (“Grasshopper at Breakfast,” for some reason) and several more whose names made even less sense but which all got the basic idea accomplished.

June came first, during the aurochs position, Brian second, the little invention squirting its innovative semen into her chamber. Then June came again. Then Brian. She came five times, he somehow four, and they were lying side by side on his vast bed, breathing in rapturously and recovering from their devotionals, when a knock sounded on the veranda door.

“May I come in?” asked a woman’s voice.

“Who be you?” Brian demanded, raising his head, looking as startled as a man post-four-orgasms could look.

“I am your mistress’s first lady in waiting,” replied the voice, and Brian, still looking terrified, rolled off the bed, knelt on the floor, bowed his head and, without bothering to dress, spoke with deep reverence, “Enter, First Lady.”

The door opened, and in floated a benign, chubby little middle-aged lady, looking suspiciously like one of Disney’s fairy godmothers.

“Hello, Lady June,” she said to the naked girl on the bed.

“Oh,” June said. “Hi, First Lady.”

“Hello, High Priest.”

“First Lady, I am at your service. Slay me now or—”

“There’s not time for that,” First Lady interrupted. “June, we need to get you back to Hambeth’s cart. The sisters can’t pull without you, and they’re waiting.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” June said, sliding off the bed.

“And Brian, listen up,” First Lady said.

“Yes, First Lady.”

“No more taking chains off people,” she said sternly. “You’re gonna cut that shit out now. And quit flying. That’s over. Keep your feet on the ground, we catch anyone floating we’re gonna, gonna ... do something really mean to them.”

“Yes, First Lady.”

“Come along now, June,” said the woman, and June felt someone take her hand, and she was being chained up, and suddenly she was in Humber’s city square and back at Hambeth’s cart, empty now, in her usual restraints, the little chastity belt being wrapped around her as well and pulled up hard between her legs.

“Don’t speak,” Malcolm whispered to her, this time without freezing the world. “Push back to the village, and someone will come buy you then and we’ll get you out of there. And I know you have questions. I’ll answer them in person.”

June looked at the redheaded sisters bound behind her, and they looked back with ... what? Reverence? Disappointment? Suspicion? She couldn’t tell.

“Quite an adventure, eh?” Hambeth said, striding up to June. “I’ve been told not to ask, spirit business and all that. But I hope it’s proven satisfactory.”

“It has,” June agreed.

“You were brilliant,” Malcolm whispered to her before he clicked off. “Absolutely brilliant.”

## 13 - Punishments (and Rewards) for Freedom Mom



There was a logic to the Milking Deck punishment room, Meghan realized. With just one staff person there to manage things, it was built for efficiency, for the systematic infliction of unpleasantness on female bodies with minimal staff involvement.

Meghan had halfway expected to receive a spanking from a grandmother in a rocking chair, but now she understood how misplaced that premonition had been. The Milking Deck was there to get milk out of breasts. The possessors of those breasts were there to cooperate and conform, and if they didn't, to be given a reason to do better next time. It was all business.

To her immediate left were three places where you had to sit, with your hands and feet extended straight out and stuck through boards. One girl was enduring that, her face a study of concentration. Or maybe it was arousal.

On the other side of the places where you sat were three more places where you had to stand with your hands and neck in between two boards, and your feet chained. And then, three girls had been tied facing the wall, arms up, legs spread. Along the wall, one more stood staring out from a tiny cage, fingers looped around bars.

"Here and here," said the worker, pointing to the two unoccupied standing places, lifting up the top board for Gabby, and she stepped up willingly, dropped her hands and neck into the slots carved for them.

The woman lowered the top board and latched it, locking Gabby's upper half in place before she knelt to cuff Gabby's feet

Meghan, undergoing a different but roughly equal sense of horror now that she understood the precise nature of her

punishment, took her place next to Gabby, bent to put her neck and wrists in position, closed her eyes as she felt the board coming down, locking her in place, being latched. After her ankles were cuffed, she raised her left foot, listening to the jangle of chains, and turned to look at Gabby, who was staring back at her.

Although much of her face was hidden by her long black hair, Meghan could make out enough of Gabby's demeanor to arrive quickly at one fact. The girl was ... rapturous.

"*Hurt me,*" went the song popular from Meghan's senior year of high school. "*You really hurt me.*" The four latter words were a standard lover's lament, but the first two had been more ambiguous to Meghan and her peers, especially because of the sultry, pleading way they were sung. Was it a complaint? Or a request?

Did people, some people, really want to be hurt? To be abused like this?

And if so, dear God, why?

Everything being done here was part of a package, all of it included in one book, and everyone who read that book knew what they were in for, the occasional milking punctuating non-stop cages, stalls, chains and leashes, and now this: a turn in a torture chamber.

This wasn't a deck devoted to a milking fetish. This was a deck dedicated to suffering and humiliation, where the milking was just an excuse for everything else.

But is it Satan? Meghan asked herself, turning her face toward the floor, both to commune with the divine and to remove Gabby's leering visage from her periphery.

Is wanting to suffer an urge planted by Satan?

No. Or probably not. Nothing was certain here. But suffering was Christian. The saints of old made an art form of it, flagellating themselves in a minor example of it before they went willingly to its most extreme version, which typically involved painful dying.

*You, Gabby, are suffering for your own reasons, and I will not question it. I don't know what it means to you, but I don't think it's the devil.*

*I, Meghan Attweiler, am suffering for my own terms, and I hereby declare that I am doing this for Jesus. I could use a little more pain. It's good for me.*

*I am not here to survive the pain. I am here to embrace it. To feel it. To sing it.*

Meghan lifted both feet, listening to the chains rattle beneath her, guessing the length of each tether at 12 inches. She made fists, pulled her arms back. She could probably get her left hand through the hole if she worked at it, but it would hurt, and what was the use? Her head wasn't going anywhere. The hole for her neck was just big enough.

How long would this last? she wondered. The longer the better, she thought, because I'm going to pray.

*Hurt me.*

*You really hurt me.*

*I've got my heart in both my hands*

*And I'm dying where I stand, and you ...*

*Hurt me.*

*Dear Jesus, I accept—*

“Ahh!” shouted a female voice behind her. “OWWW!”

Meghan, reflexes taking over, struggled in vain to turn and see who was shouting, and why. Unable to see, she listened, heard a slap and another cry, realized the two were connected.

Someone was being hit. Repeatedly.

Another slap, another cry, from a second female, the timbre of her voice different, higher. “Oh, hohoho!” she wept. “No more, please!” (slap) “Oh please, I beg of you!”

Okay, Meghan thought, she's just being dramatic now. Whatever was being done didn't hurt that bad. Meghan analyzed the next slap, concluded there was too much volume,

too much substance in the sound to be a hand. But there wasn't the proverbial crack of a whip. Maybe it was a belt, or a strap.

The woman cried through the third blow, and then it was the last girl's turn, each ring of leather against flesh forcing a single grunt of pain that sounded sincere to Meghan: "Uh ... Uh ... UH!"

Not wanting to see Gabby's reaction to the noise behind them, Meghan kept her eyes glued to the floor, listening now to the jangle of chains, the soft swish of bare feet that told her the three beaten females were being released from their bonds, walked out of the punishment room.

The woman in charge of this room, middle-aged and dressed in the jeans and sweatshirt common to Milking Deck staff, stepped before Meghan, reached up to examine the tag hanging from her ear, and then rounded her to examine her labial ID, reaching between her legs and tugging on the tags roughly, forcing Meghan to gasp.

The woman repeated the process with Gabby, and then it was finished. She opened the ankle cuffs of both the penitent females, unlatched the boards.

Gabby straightened her back, raised her arms above her head, smiled grimly at Meghan, and Meghan smiled back as she rubbed her wrists. How long had they been bound? A half an hour at most, barely long enough for proper suffering.

But then, didn't Jesus promise that his yoke would be light? Yoke. A metaphor in most cases, almost literal here.

The beaten females were gone, Meghan noted without surprise. She'd heard them leave. The girl forced to sit with her legs and arms out was gone too, replaced by two others. Three females languished in the little standing cages. Each would continue to suffer while Meghan and Gabby were done with this place.

The worker bent to pick up the looped handle of the forked leash that joined Meghan's anus to Gabby's, and gave it a firm tug, drawing more gasps from both females.

She was pulling them, together, toward the place where the three girls had been splayed for their beating, or whipping, or strapping, or whatever had been done to them.

Meghan's full understanding of what was to come next arrived only as Gabby headed for the first station there and raised her arms, reaching for the rings from which long ropes dangled. The woman worked quickly, looping rope around the right wrist three times before she knotted it, repeating for the left wrist, and Gabby spread her legs without having to be asked so her ankles could be tied the same way, and somewhere from among Meghan's memories of the morning she saw the number 2, a silver digit carved into the black tag affixed to her sex organ.

Two. 2. Two things.

The standing punishment she'd just endured was only the first. This was the second. Being tied. And whipped.

*On no. I will not be dramatic. But I will suffer, I'm sure.  
For Jesus.*

As she took her place beside Gabby, Meghan glanced at the wall to her right, noticed a half dozen implements hanging there, a long piece of wood, a whip with a bunch of leather strands, a sort of leather belt, but wider, not something you'd wear, and with a handle on one end. That's probably what the woman in this room had used on the last three girls.

Meghan raised her arms as Gabby had done, spread her legs, felt the ropes being looped around wrists and ankles, stared at the cream wall inches from her nose.

The door opened. Meghan heard chains rattling, the swish of bare feet, the closing and latching of boards around necks and limbs. She and Gabby were going to have to wait for chapter 2 of their reckoning, apparently.

"Hey," said a just-audible voice to Meghan's left, and she turned to find Gabby leaning her head back to stare at her.  
"Thanks."

Thanks?

*Thanks?*

Meghan attempted a shrug, because Gabby's gratitude made no sense. Thanks for being my stallmate? Thanks for giving me your milk last night? Or making love? Or ... for making the trip to this little room of horrors possible?

Probably the latter. Oh Lord, forgive her.

"Sure," Meghan whispered back, and she returned her gaze to the wall before her, waiting.

Gabby got her three swats first, all three on her bottom, and she grunted in pain each time the strap landed but, to Meghan's relief, she didn't try to make a huge production out of it.

Meghan took hers stoically, silent for the first, gasping for the second, unable not to shout upon the third, landing on the flesh already made sensitive by the first two assaults.

And then it was done, the black tags at their ears and labia removed, the females led back into the milking room. It was close enough to time for their milkings, apparently, and Meghan was chained to a station, her nipples cupped, the leash connecting her anus to Gabby's removed, and she watched her milk flowing thickly through the plastic lines and was pondering the thing she had just endured when a pair of male feet appeared on the floor before her.

Startled, she lifted her gaze, first to his knees, then to his thighs, then his erect penis and leashed testicles, and then to his belly, neck, face, eyes.

"Hey, want a boost?" he asked.

This was someone new, another teen, blond and beautiful in his own way.

"Yes," Meghan managed to croak.

The boy knelt, the female worker stepping closer so he could move his his penis within reach of Meghan's mouth, and she thought of nothing but the flared head before her, the pearl of pre-ejaculate gathering at his slit, before she opened wide and took as much of it into her mouth as she was able.

*Oh Lord, I am doing this for you.*

Seeing a large penis with one's eyes, and attempting to swallow a large penis with one's mouth, are two entirely different undertakings, Meghan realized immediately. She had some learning to do. Don't take it all the way in, or you'll gag. Pull back and lick the head on occasion, because he seemed to like that, grunting and thrusting each time she did it. And don't make him climax yet, because then he would leave. And you need your mouth to talk to him, which he was in at the moment.

Meghan slipped her mouth off the organ and looked up at the male and at the woman holding his leash.

"Okay," she said, nodding.

"You want him behind you?" the woman asked.

"Yes, please."

*Get behind me, Satan.*

*Get behind me, fucker.*

*I've got babies to save.*

The boy stood, his erection bouncing as he rounded Meghan's body, the chain to his testicles ringing as he knelt, his left knee brushing Meghan's left calf. A click told her his leash had been fastened to the ring set in the floor between her knees.

"Vagina?" he asked.

"Yes," Meghan grunted, angling up her front entrance.

She felt him part her lips, touch the tag dangling there. She felt the tip of his penis press against her hole. She felt it enter her body, and she gasped and wriggled her hips, surprised by the thickness. And it was done, the last barrier broken, Meghan giving everything to this sacred mission.

The boy was in no hurry, sliding in and out slowly while the milk was pulled from her breasts, and she settled into a single pose, holding still while he decided how he wanted to move.

“I’m Meghan,” she said, turning her head as far as she could. She would not be looking him in the eye for this interview. She wouldn’t be able to see his face, guess if he was being honest.

“Hey, Meghan,” he replied. “I’m Karl.”

“Hi, Karl,” she said. “So ... thanks.”

“I saw you here yesterday,” Karl says. “I was really hoping you’d let me boost you. Since you’re producing.”

“Yeah,” Meghan said, not sure if she’d been complimented. “Some of us do.”

“You have kids?” he asked. He kept moving inside her while they made small talk. She could feel herself getting wetter, the penis more slippery.

“Yeah, a daughter,” Meghan said quietly. “Four years old. Candy.”

“Why are you here?” he asked.

“We could afford it,” Meghan replied, sticking to honesty. “Why are you here?”

“I’m here to help,” he said with a laugh. “Who’s we?”

“My church,” Meghan said.

“Huh,” said Karl. Was he surprised by her answer, or was that an involuntary grunt provoked by the pleasures of her embrace?

Go for it, Meghan Attweiler, before he finishes.

“Have you seen any babies?” she asked, doing her best to turn her head again, knowing that all he was seeing was her profile.

“Babies?” he said.

“Children, infants,” she said. “I heard they had some on the ship.”

*Well, that was a lie. A white lie. A God-given lie.*

“Daycare, you mean?” Karl said with another laugh. “I don’t think anyone’s dumb enough to think this was a family

cruise.”

Karl kept thrusting, all the way in, then back out so only his tip was inside.

“Oh, damn,” he said, suddenly still, penis stopping halfway up Meghan’s tunnel. “Please tell me you didn’t bring your daughter.”

“No,” Meghan said. “I don’t think anyone would. I was thinking more about infants. Maybe not children of passengers. Maybe from somewhere else. Orphans.”

“Why?” Karl said.

“Well, it could be ...” Meghan began before stopping to regroup. “I’m not sure. I just know that in the contract, I have to be ready to be milked by machine, and by mouth too. That’s what it said. By mouth. That makes me think I’ll be nursing babies.”

“Or getting tasted,” Karl said.

“What do you mean?” Meghan asked, not sure of the difference. Was having sex making her worse at understanding things? Was there a difference between being suckled and being tasted? Babies taste and suckle at the same time, don’t they? And there was that time when Meghan ate too many onions and Candy wanted nothing to do with her milk, and the poor child screamed to high—”

“Hey, can I ask a question?” Karl said casually, as if they weren’t joined intimately.

“Shoot.”

“Did you get into trouble?”

“What do you mean?” Meghan asked again.

“You’re kind of red,” he said. “I mean ... your ass.”

“Oh, yeah,” Meghan said, and she laughed, which made her tighten her vagina, which made Karl grunt and give her a hard thrust, which made her grunt before she spoke again.

“For stealing.”

“What did you steal?” he asked.

“Nothing,” Meghan said, finding it harder to talk now. “My roommate. I mean, stallmate. She ... sucked me.”

“Why?” Karl demanded. Was it Meghan’s imagination, or was he pushing in faster, harder, deeper, forcing his penis up her hole with doubled vigor? Whatever the cause, Megan was rocking, her breasts and the lines attached to them swaying.

“It was,” Meghan stammered. “It was because ... well, you know.”

Maybe Karl did know. Something seemed to have landed on his consciousness, and now he was sliding in and out with a new level of vigor, and issuing the universal grunt of impending pleasure, and then the grunts of arriving pleasure, and Meghan could feel the hot germ flooding her cervix and coating her walls, and she liked the feeling, because it spoke to her of life and eternity and sacred things.

Meghan didn’t climax. She didn’t want to climax, so it was okay. She was working on other things. But it felt good, this connection.

“Wow,” breathed Karl. “Yeah.”

He withdrew from her and she lowered her head so she could look between her thighs, and she saw his knees and his softening wet penis and a string of lubricant and semen dripping from her chamber, and her head was clearing and she remembered there was still something she needed to know.

“What’s the difference between suckling and tasting?” she asked.

“Huh?”

“From our conversation earlier,” Meghan said, struggling to find the loose ends of what they’d talked about. “Okay, ‘cuz you said tasting me, just tasting me, by mouth. And, and, babies. And ... wouldn’t they be the only ones? I mean ... by mouth.”

Karl shifted, his thigh brushing Meghan’s calf.

“They’re using you as milk dispensers,” Karl said, “on some of the other decks. So before they put you in their coffee, they need a taste. Or, some do.”

“Coffee?” Meghan said, completely lost. Why were they talking about coffee?

“Or bourbon,” Karl said. He was babbling now. Maybe because of his orgasm.”Or white Russian. That would be amazing. Damn. I could go to sleep right here.”

“What do you mean?” Meghan asked.

“After I cum,” Karl explained. “If it’s good, I get super tired.”

“No, I was asking, I meant ... I mean, about coffee. Why—”

Meghan heard rattling, felt Karl brush against her thigh again, felt a hand on her rear. He was being unchained. He was leaving.

“Sorry you got in trouble,” he said. “Great to meet you, uh, Meghan.”

Meghan watched him depart, his leash swaying between his genitals and the hand of the woman holding the other end.

The conversation had gotten so disjointed she had lost the gist altogether. It was like he was trying to answer her questions from one plane of existence, and she was asking them from another, and then sex got involved. Bourbon? Coffee? Had Satan cast some kind of confusion spell on him?

It wouldn’t be until Saturday, the last full day of the cruise, that Meghan understood.

## 14 - Shawna Calls It Quits



Shawna was exhausted.

Another full shift as a server in Penthouse Room A had her on her feet and covering a lot of ground for eight long hours that morning and into the afternoon. She had expected that as the weeklong cruise neared its conclusion, the women who had booked passage on the Penthouse Deck to dabble in prostitution would have had their fill by now, but if anything it seemed that they were gripped by a sudden need to do more before their time ran out. The men who paid to fuck them were just as fervent to pay and use the women to satisfy their lust or exert their power or both. Instead of winding down, the mood in the room notched up each day, from urgent to frenetic and now, on their last full day at sea, everyone seemed unhinged.

As she collected her things from her locker in the employee area behind the bar, Shawna intended to go back into the Penthouse Room, as she had after each of her last five shifts, with her scarlet Hermès scarf wrapped loosely around her neck, signifying her availability for whatever sexual act a man could want from a woman who had the audacity to charge \$1000 per hour. In her previous encounters, almost too numerous to count, she had done it all. As the week went on, the men became bolder in the demands, which she knew she could decline but never did, so this last fling as a part-time escort promised to be extreme. Which usually wouldn't be a problem for the attractive, sexually adventurous, motivated new sex worker she now saw herself as.

The only problem was that Shawna was exhausted.

Not just by her primary job as a cocktail waitress, or her side-hustle as a sex worker, but by life in general. Before the cruise began, she had been evicted from her apartment and had to stash her meager belongings in a storage facility she paid for with the last of the funds she'd borrowed from her mom.

She would return to LA to hunt for a place to live and someone to share that place, or several someones, as post-pandemic rents were off-the-charts out of control.

Shawna's new friend and mentor, Gina, who moonlighted as a scarf girl on occasion at the LA Penthouse Hotel, one of the templates for this deck on the *Cruise du Kinque*, had at first seemed like a possible solution for her sudden homelessness. But as the week wore on Shawna got the sense that Gina's interest in acquiring another roommate had waned. After her most recent experience with incompatible roommates that led to her current predicament, the last thing she wanted was to entangle herself in a relationship that was doomed from the start.

On the upside, she told herself as she freshened her makeup in the impossibly small mirror of the servers' locker area, she had earned close to five-figures for just a week's work, albeit at two jobs, on the cruise. Depending on management's cut from her whoring fees—she never did get a clear explanation of how the split worked—she would have a tidy little nest egg to start fresh once she got paid.

On the down side, she was sick of men, especially of men who paid for sex and everything they brought to the transaction. From their lack of manners to their entitled attitudes, from their questionable lifestyle choices to their often sketchy personal hygiene habits, she was doubting her suitability to continue offering herself as an escort after the cruise ended. That left serving cocktails as a means of paying the bills and she knew all too well how far that had gotten her lately. If she wanted to continue to live in LA, and she wasn't sure she did, something would have to change.

"See you at dinner later?" a familiar voice from behind Shawna asked. She turned to see Tracy, one of the other servers she'd worked with during a few shifts and who struck her as the kind of person she might be willing to live with.

"Yeah, absolutely," Shawna replied with as much enthusiasm as she could gin up. The prospect of having the conversation she knew she should have with the woman, a petite brunette of unknown Asian heritage, dismayed her,

almost as much as the prospect of going back out on the floor to pick up another john for another round of less-than-enjoyable sex. Shawna sighed and allowed herself to think about something she'd been avoiding all day. Someone she'd been avoiding because she knew down to her bones that to think about her would be dangerous.

Elaine.

"So, I'll see you in the dining hall around six?" Tracy said to Shawna as they clocked out as servers. Tracy made no mention of the scarf Shawna was wearing.

"Can you wait until seven or so?" Shawna asked. Tracy nodded just before she smiled, waved and disappeared around a corner. As Shawna watched Tracy go, Gina appeared. She had worked the same shift in another room on the deck and had apparently come looking for Shawna.

"Are you doing another shift?" Gina asked with a pointed glance at Shawna's scarf. "I thought we were going to take our last night off and have some fun."

"I need the money," Shawna said without bothering to disguise her sour mood.

"Okay, then," Gina said and left without another word. Shawna stared at the back of her head until she disappeared around the corner. Yeah, that's not going to be an option, she told herself.

She turned back to the mirror to finish applying her lipstick when it hit her. Hard. She didn't want to do this. Not again; not ever. Enough. When Gina had first broached the idea of escorting for fun and profit, the notion had excited her. Before the fact, getting paid for sex had struck her as rather exciting, deliciously wanton, almost forbidden. And her first client had been more than tolerable, even memorable, better than many of the men she'd been with because they bought her dinner, or even just a drink. Her gateway john, as she thought of him, had been perfect.

It quickly went downhill from there. Not that all of the men who followed were horrid; most of them were just boring. Sex,

once a joy or at least a treat, had become a chore, routine. A job. That it was a very well-paying job helped, at first, but now even that was getting old. Had gotten old. The whole enterprise had turned rancid for her, like spoiled fish, or worse, a bad relationship.

So she allowed herself to think about Elaine. And how she felt when she'd been with her. She felt good. Better than good, great. She wanted to feel that again. She wanted to feel that...? For now? For a while?

Forever?

Shawna removed her scarf and stuffed it into her purse. She left the Penthouse Room and marched toward Emily's office where she knew beyond all doubt she'd find Elaine. What she would do when she got there was still up in the air but she had to at least see her. She just had to.

Shawna walked with purpose toward Emily's office when she was struck, almost physically, by another thought—what if Elaine *wasn't* there? What if Emily had moved her, or loaned her out, or...something? She felt faint. She stopped and leaned against the wall of the corridor and ignored the looks she got from people who had to step around her because the corridor was as crowded as it always was and where the hell did all these people come from and where were they going? *And what the hell is wrong with me!*

She breathed deeply to calm herself and looked around to get her bearings. After almost a full week on the ship, almost all of it spent on this deck, she still had no idea where she was but she knew that Emily's office was just past the elevators and she hadn't seen them yet so she kept walking. She didn't think about what she would do or say when she got there, she just knew she had to get there and see if Elaine was still in her cage because she had to be. She just had to be there.

As she expected, the door to Emily's office was just a few steps past the elevators and Shawna took one more deep breath before she tried the doorknob which had never been locked and wasn't now, thank god. She walked inside.

“Shawna,” Emily said from behind her desk. “It’s good to see you again.” As usual, Emily was dressed for work, her hair styled but not fussy, her makeup noticeable but not overdone, her manner somewhat reserved but friendly. Shawna tried not to look at the cage in the far corner of the room but she couldn’t help herself. She had to know if Elaine was in it. She had to.

Elaine looked up at her from the floor of her cage.

“Hi, Emily,” Shawna said at last as she turned back to look at the manager of the Penthouse Deck and Elaine’s owner. “I was wondering if you had a minute to talk.”

“Certainly,” Emily said for the first time in their short history, almost shocking Shawna. “Is everything alright? You look a little frazzled.”

Shawna looked at Emily for a few long, silent moments. Really looked at her. Then she looked at Elaine. When she turned and looked at Emily again, Shawna raised one eyebrow. She wondered how well they could communicate without saying anything. Emily had not heard a word from Elaine in years. Would she understand the gravity of what Shawna was trying to tell her?

Emily stared at Shawna who stared back at her. When Emily’s eyes widened slightly in recognition, Shawna nodded. “Really?” Emily asked. “Are you sure?”

Shawna nodded again.

Emily stood up and walked to the back of the room where she picked up a small leather valise and carried it back to her desk. She opened the valise and stepped back so that Shawna could see the contents. Shawna was not surprised to see another full set of Elaine’s pet accouterments—a shock collar, four leather pouches, and a tail attached to a butt plug. She looked at them for a few seconds, swallowed and looked up at Emily. She nodded again.

“Once I put this on you, you won’t be able to speak without a great deal of pain,” Emily said as she held up the collar. “The battery on this one is fully charged and I will keep it charged

for the foreseeable future.” She raised an eyebrow. Shawna swallowed hard but nodded again. She lifted her chin to accept the collar. Emily stepped behind Shawna to buckle it into place. “Last chance to change your mind.” Shawna shook her head. She felt as much as she heard the subtle click that meant it had been activated.

Emily took one of the smaller leather pouches from the valise and held it open for Shawna to insert her hand, then took a small lock from the valise and snapped it into place. They repeated the process with her other hand. Emily then lowered the zipper on Shawna’s black dress and let it fall to the floor. She unhooked Shawna’s bra and slipped the straps from her shoulders. The bra fell on the dress.

“You can remove your panties and your shoes,” Emily said in a subdued but commanding tone. Shawna pushed the front edges of her pouches under the elastic waistband of her panties to lower them to the floor, then she stepped out of them. She kicked her shoes off as well.

“Sit on the desk and raise your foot for me,” Emily told her. “It doesn’t matter which one, the pouches for your feet are identical.” Shawna complied and Emily slipped the leather booties in place and locked them. “Now bend over and put your hands on the desk with your feet apart.” She went back to the valise for the butt plug and tail. “Open your mouth.” Shawna did so with the silent hope the butt plug had been sanitized. She was relieved to discover it was tasteless. She wanted to ask if the hair used to make the tail was Elaine’s but the time for questions had passed. She wet the butt plug as much as she could—when had her mouth gone so dry, she wondered. Emily waited for a few seconds, then she withdrew the plug from Shawna’s mouth and inserted it into her anus. Shawna took care not to grunt as Emily pushed it past her sphincter.

“This was Elaine’s hair,” Emily said, answering Shawna’s unspoken question. *Was she psychic, or just an experienced owner?* “I’ll get one made with your hair as soon as it’s grown out to the proper length. And I’ll wait an acceptable amount of time before I have you branded. I think a year will do. As soon

as we get you shipped back to Atlanta, though, I'll have you lasered. I'm sure you noticed that Elaine hasn't a trace of hair below her neck."

Shawna stood up as Emily circled the desk to pick up her old-fashioned desk phone. She punched a button, then dialed four numbers. "Sean? This is Emily Randall on Deck Three. I need another dog cage in my office. Check the records as I want the same size as the one I already have." She listened for a few seconds. "No, there's nothing wrong with the first one, I just need another. Can you have it here in thirty minutes or so? Great. I'll leave my office door unlocked. Just set it next to the one in the back corner. Thanks, Sean." She hung up the phone and turned to Shawna.

Emily didn't smile when she said, "Let's all go into the bedroom then, shall we?"

## 15 - Athena Confronts a Slave



Not everyone was bought by the Petrosyans, but Barron Grossman was one of the lucky ones. Athena had scanned his back, which was a good sign, although she said nothing to him and ignored his attempts to converse with her. They'd had but one tangible interaction since the start of the Cruise du Kinque, which consisted of Barron expressing his profound interest in the girl, and the girl responding by having him punished while she watched.

Later that day, Barron still languishing naked on his chain in the showroom, Athena had come back with her family, first to buy Hannah Loughbridge and then, later, to buy Barron.

Athena herself chained Barron up and locked him in a shipping crate. And 30 minutes later, after the crate had been rolled on a cart, set on a rumbling platform that did a passable job of simulating a truck ride, and rolled again, it was Athena waiting to free him in the Petrosyan home's simulated entertainment room.

He grew erect of course, but remained wordless, as she escorted him in corresponding silence down a short hall to his bedroom. She unlocked the door and motioned him to enter. She followed him into the space, nice by cruise standards, palatial by the standards of the cages he and his fellow slaves had been kept in before now, and she shut the door and removed his chains, setting them on the white pine chest of drawers next to the white pine bed.

"You're Jewish, aren't you?" she said, turning to face him. It was the first thing she'd spoken to him unsolicited, or maybe the first time she'd spoken to him in any capacity, and his eyes registered a surprise bordering on panic.

"Yes," he said his voice surprisingly quiet.

"So am I," Athena said.

Barron nodded. "I guess you saw I was circumcised," he quipped.

"No, it's more than that," she said. "You know that as well as I do."

"Yes," Barron agreed. "Is that why you're talking to me?"

"No," she said. "It's more than that."

"I love you," he blurted.

"You don't know me," she blurted back.

"You're Athena Petrosyan," he said.

"Case closed," Athena said with a raucous laugh, and she sat down at the tiny desk equipped with a tiny faux laptop, set her elbow next to the keyboard and looked at the slave. "This is all fake."

Barron sat down on the bed, looked down at his erection, looked up at the girl, and rapped the white pine headboard.

"No it's not," he said.

"The furniture's real," Athena conceded. "The physical stuff, yeah, that's all real. But the people aren't. Okay? You know that, right?"

"The fact it's all based on a work of fiction doesn't make it fake," he said. "I found the book plausible. I found the character of Athena Petrosyan both plausible and richly, compellingly human."

"But I'm not really her," Athena said. "I'm just—"

"I haven't noticed any divergence yet between you and my conception of Athena's character," Barron said. "I love you."

Athena stood, raised her eyes to the ceiling, pulled her t-shirt out of her jeans, undid her belt, unsnapped and unzipped her pants and pushed her panties down, exposing the top corners of her black pubic hair and, half hidden by her hair on the left side, a black swastika tattoo.

"There you go," she said, sounding almost victorious. "Sorry to burst your bubble."

Barron leaned forward, examining the mark.

“Why?” he asked, leaning back, staring into Athena’s face, his erection staying strong.

“High school,” she said, allowing her panties to rise and cover the symbol. “Dark times. Everyone goes through it. Self hate, despair, take your pick. Some try suicide. I settled for a swastika.”

“You’re a Nazi?”

Athena laughed again, almost relievedly.

“Do I look like a Nazi?”

“A little,” Barron said. “But in a good way.”

“What are you?” Athena asked.

“Professionally?” Barron replied. “Anthropologist. I teach, and study.”

“What are you doing here?” Athena demanded.

“I read the books, I liked them,” Barron said. “And yeah, there’s some professional interest. But mostly, I just wanted to live the books for a week.”

“And part of that is fucking me,” Athena offered.

“You were an unexpected surprise,” Barron said. “It didn’t even occur to me that there’d be an actual Athena on the cruise. And then I saw you, and ... it was something like madness.”

“I had you tortured,” Athena noted.

“I know. I climaxed.”

“I know. I was there.”

“What do you want?” Athena asked.

“I want to ... okay, let’s be honest. I want to fuck you.”

Athena pushed her panties down again on the left side.  
“With this in your face?”

“Technically, it won’t be in my face,” Barron noted.

“Okay, yeah, point taken,” Athena said. “But it’s there.”

“I don’t care,” Barron said, shaking his head.

“How can you not care?”

“Because I know what it is.”

“What is it?” Athena demanded.

“It’s the appropriation of a cultural artifact reflecting a transitional disposition,” he replied. “which you made permanent due to an underappreciation of consequences. You might be surprised how common that is. Especially for adolescents. In all cultures.”

“Are you always hard?”

“Here, yes.”

“Aren’t you jerking off?”

“Yeah, at night. And I had sex once.”

“Who with?”

“I’m pretty sure her name was Doris. For the assessment.”

“You liked it?”

“Loved it.”

“You wanna do it with me?” Athena asked.

“Yes, for the right reason.”

“What’s the right reason?” Athena asked, eyes narrowing.

“I don’t want to be another cultural artifact.”

“Fuck you.”

“Why haven’t you gotten it lasered off?” Barron inquired.

“Your dark times are still part of who you are. I’ve got an awesome therapist who explained it all. Some girls are anorexic, some post insane shit on social media, some try to kill themselves. It’s part of who you are, and who you become. So, if they live through it, they should be able to talk about it with anyone they trust. I got a swastika tattoo. I’d rather talk about it than have weird dead skin and a hairless place there.”

“You probably don’t know how profound everything you just said is.”

“I do,” Athena said. “I did a lot of therapy. I’m gonna be on top, and we’re gonna start with oral, and if you can still deal with it after that, we fuck.”

“Agreed.”

## 16 - Nadine, Re...something



Nadine had been awake for a while. She listened to her husband sleep-breathing beside her in their bed. She could also hear their slave for the week, Stephanie, snoring softly on the floor of the cabin at the end of their bed. What a strange place, she thought, not for the first time.

“Morning,” Sid said softly. “Have you been awake long?” She turned to see him staring at her through sleep-encrusted eyes.

“No, not long.”

“Did Stephanie wake you up? She’s louder than Sargent was,” Sid said as he rolled away from her to use the bathroom. Nadine winced at the memory of her last dog, who had died two years ago. She wondered if it was finally time to replace him now that the pain of losing him had largely diminished. She had to admit, as Stephanie stopped snoring and stirred as the sound of Sid peeing in the toilet filled the cabin—having another being in their bedroom was soothing. That the being was human instead of canine apparently didn’t matter was yet another unexpected oddity of life on the *Cruise du Kinque*.

“What’s the plan today?” Sid said after he flushed and returned sit on the edge of the bed. “Want to do anything out of the ordinary?”

She side-eyed and deadpanned him. He cocked an eyebrow in response. He’d been hinting the past two days that Nadine’s insistence that Sid not fuck anyone but her was unfair to Stephanie, who had booked passage on the Confederacy Deck of the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* to spend a week as a slave of the New Confederacy. That Nadine’s insistence that Sid maintain his fidelity to their marriage vows meant that Stephanie’s experience as a sex slave was sorely lacking, even as Nadine took full advantage of her own presence on the Buckhorn Club

Deck to cuckold Sid daily, often more the once, while Stephanie remained naked and chained but celibate.

“Actually,” Nadine said as she propped herself on one elbow. “I’m the one who feels shortchanged.”

“How so?” Sid stared at her with his mouth hanging open. Nadine had to smile at his self-restraint—her comment was intentionally cruel, if not ludicrous. But Sid didn’t rebut her. He wouldn’t dare.

“Remember Maurice? You said you’d make sure I got to sleep with him but you’ve yet to make it happen.”

“I guess I didn’t realize you...” He stopped, clearly flummoxed.

“Well, I do,” she said as she slipped out of bed and walked to the bathroom. “And if you make it happen, I’ll *think* about giving you a hallpass,” she said as she closed the door. Then she opened it again. “But leave Stephanie here when you go looking for him.”

Nadine sat on the toilet and emptied her bladder as she contemplated how many ways the cruise had awakened unknown aspects of her libido. She had been active sexually before she met and married Sid, but she had remained faithful to him for twenty years. She had never seriously contemplated adultery until she read the books that inspired this deck. Now she knew their lives would never be the same, and the prospect of a changed life excited her almost as much as the sex did. She felt renewed, almost...reborn, although not in the way that word was generally used in the Bible Belt where she and Sid lived. No, she thought, that’s not the word.

Nadine flushed the toilet and washed her hands while she listened for the door of their cabin. She would wait until Sid left although she couldn’t explain why, not that she needed to. She just wondered, as she did most mornings, why she felt the need to get rid of her husband before she indulged in her other newfound kink, one she never expected to discover or explore, until Sid bought Stephanie. And not just one kink, but two. Or maybe three, truth be told.

“Is he gone?” she asked the slave woman who sat on the love seat, although she already knew the answer.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Go get your towel.” Nadine didn’t watch Stephanie shuffle to the bathroom. She opened her suitcase, the one she used to store the electric flogger Sid had purchased on a whim the day after he bought their slave. Her slave, she corrected herself. Sid insisted he bought Stephanie for Nadine, a fiction he maintained even though all three of them knew otherwise. She picked up the device and switched on the current, made possible by the flogger’s handle full of D-sized batteries, a fact that amazed Nadine whenever she thought about it. The current, and the pain generated by such mundane household items, never failed to astound her.

Stephanie flushed the toilet before she emerged from the bathroom with her hand towel already positioned between her teeth. She walked to where Nadine was waiting for her and looked for direction. Nadine decided that since their week was almost over, today would be special for them both.

“This morning, we’ll do your ass first, then your tits.” The woman’s color drained from her face but she offered no protest. Stephanie turned and placed her hands on the back of the loveseat as she knelt on the cushion facing the wall so her rear end presented an easy target. As was her habit, Nadine tested the flogger on herself by mimicking the self-flagellation technique practiced by Christian and Muslim zealots, even some Jews such as herself, although self-harm was prohibited in Judaism so for Jews the practice was always symbolic, an enactment. When she whipped the light plastic strands over her shoulder and the diabolical mechanisms at the ends electrocuted the skin on her back, she gasped.

“Oh, sweet Jesus,” Nadine muttered, as much for Stephanie’s benefit as anything.

“Twelve strokes on each?” she asked rhetorically, since the slave’s mouth was rendered mute by the towel so as not to attract undue attention when the fun began. Stephanie nodded dutifully, and Nadine was struck again by the woman’s

capacity for suffering, and her own newly-discovered fervor for inflicting misery.

While Nadine flogged the slave's plump ass, she reveled in her own unabashed enjoyment of the act. She knew full well she would never, could never indulge in this kind of behavior in the real world. The diabolical logic of this cruise ship that brought together willing, anonymous masochists and unaware sadists in a perfect environment for each to explore and luxuriate in their respective kinks was an absolute godsend.

"Okay, Stephanie," Nadine said to the quietly sobbing slave. "Stand up." She moved slowly as if afraid that a sudden move would exacerbate the pain on her wounded bottom, even though after several days of such treatment, they both knew that Stephanie's skin had suffered no lasting damage. Still, Nadine was no sociopath. She could muster the requisite empathy to allow the woman to savor her victimhood.

Nadine took the cushion off the loveseat and tossed it on the floor in front of Stephanie so she could at least kneel without inflicting even more pain on her knees. The woman was a good twenty pounds overweight, after all. Sid had removed restraints the night before or the slave would have been unable to kneel with her hands behind her back. Nadine smiled and reached down to caress her slave's breasts. She didn't know for a fact, as she had only sampled the flogger in her own rear end the morning Sid had purchased the device, if erect nipples sustained additional pain when shocked. She just assumed they did so she always took the time to stimulate Stephanie's delicate nubs before she flogged her breasts.

"Why does this appeal to you, Stephanie?" she asked suddenly. The woman looked up at her, the towel still clamped between her teeth. Nadine removed it and Stephanie looked down again. "What is it about this that you continue to allow it to happen when we both know full well that you could end it just by mentioning one of your safewords?"

"I don't know, ma'am," she whispered without looking up.

Nadine shook her head. "No, I'm not going to take that for an answer. I know you can do better, and if you don't I'm

afraid I'll have to double the strokes." She massaged the slave's nipples again even though they were already fully engorged.

"I guess it has to do with my situation at home," she said as she looked Nadine in the eye. "My husband ignores me, my children take me for granted, even my mother..." She stopped and looked down again. "I'm invisible." She sniffed and wiped her nose with the back of her hand.

"And here, you're not," Nadine said with a nod. "Here, we have to notice you."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is it worth it? Is it worth enduring all of the indignities we inflict on you? Not to mention the pain?"

"I don't know, ma'am. Maybe." She looked up at Nadine's face and then at the towel in her hand, as if to ask 'Can we just get on with it?'

Nadine offered the towel for Stephanie to bite down on and shook out the flogger to signal that she should prepare herself. Although Nadine knew, having already twice flogged the mother-of-three's used and deformed breasts, hideously-enlarge areolas, and gargantuan nipples, that there was no real way for the slave to prepare herself. Nadine could not imagine, having endured twelve strokes on her own ass—at Stephanie's suggestion—by Sid that first day, what a like number of lashes on her breasts would be like. She would not be volunteering to find out.

Her first stroke caught Stephanie's left breast flush with the electrical connectors that inflicted all the pain, as was evidenced by the sudden reddening of her skin and the muffled scream that the towel mostly absorbed. Nadine took care to alternate the strokes and evenly distribute them, then she wondered what it would be like to ignore one of her tits in favor of brutalizing the other. Maybe tomorrow, if they hadn't disposed of Stephanie at auction by the end of the day.

No, Nadine thought. They wouldn't be auctioning her off until the last possible moment.

“Go ahead and wash your face,” Nadine told the bawling slave after the last stroke had been administered. “Then come back.” Nadine climbed into position on the bed, her head propped up on the pile of pillows by the headboard, her robe discarded, her legs spread wide, her pussy moist with excitement from the flogging and with the anticipation of having Stephanie, who had no lesbian tendencies that she would admit, lick Nadine’s pussy until she climaxed, not hard but satisfactorily, a good prelude to sex with another Buchhorn Club liaison, or better yet, with Maurice, the first Black man she met and openly coveted the day they arrived.

Nadine’s anticipatory excitement was cut short by the sound of a key card unlocking the cabin door, followed by Sid sticking his head into the cabin with a goofy look. “Everybody decent?” he asked, almost maniacally.

That he was followed through the doorway by none other than Maurice did little to curtail Nadine’s annoyance, at Sid for this untimely interruption; at Stephanie, for taking too long in the bathroom; even at Maurice, for making her wait almost a week to fuck him.

“Look who I found,” Sid said with outrageously bad timing.

“Good to see you again, Nadine,” Maurice said with an imbecilic leer, not to mention the juvenile attempt at humor. He was saved by the fact that he looked good, better than she remembered, which was damn good, in fact.

Stephanie emerged from the bathroom at that moment causing Nadine to lose it. “Get her out of here,” she barked at Sid, who flinched, looked around like a fool, but said nothing. He took Stephanie’s anal leash off the hook on the wall by the door, which he had dutifully washed after he removed it the night before, but then he turned to Nadine.

“But you said...”

“GET OUT!” she screamed at him and he almost buckled at the knees. Stephanie rushed to him and offered her anus, her hands on her knees, so he could insert the electrified plug into

her, then Sid grabbed her restraint chains from the same hook and hustled her out the cabin door.

Maurice turned to Nadine with a look of bemusement and asked, “What the fuck was that all about?”

She sneered, “Don’t ask. Just get your black ass over here and fuck me.”

As he undressed, she realized the word she’d been looking for, how she was different, how she’d changed.

Reimagined.

# 17 - Zoe Taps Out



Zoe looked around the room as she climbed out of her shipping crate. She had expected to be delivered to another loading dock but that clearly hadn't happened. The room was large but it was not designed to replicate an industrial facility as had the other times she'd been 'shipped' from one facility to another. This place reminded her of the common area of a college dorm with a seating area comprised of sofas and upholstered chairs, a kitchen area with a long table and two benches on either side, and six doors that lined one wall that opened into bedrooms if the one she could see into was representative of the others.

"Where are we?" she asked the Black man who, after he'd freed Zoe, had moved on to open one of the other five shipping crates that presumably carried Beachy and four other 'slaves' who had been delivered with them.

"The Clayton Plantation," the man answered. Zoe took him in as he worked and she was pleased by what she saw. The man was dressed in blue denim, unlike all the other slave handlers on the ship who always wore black. "You'll be spending the rest of your time working for us."

"Working?" Zoe wondered aloud without thinking. "Doing what?" she persisted as her news hound instincts took over against her better judgment.

"Let me get everyone unloaded so I don't have to go over everything more than once," he said without being a dick about it. That he was dressed and she was not, that he was liberating her friend and the others from their awful confinement as he had just done for Zoe, and that he knew what the fuck was going on and she certainly had no clue, hinted strongly that he was in charge, a fact she was beginning to get used to at long last. The cruise was winding down which meant she'd been a 'slave' for almost a week now and she had

to admit, if only to herself, she had become somewhat acclimated to the idea that she was not in charge of anything.

Beachy stood up in her crate and the man—*what had he said his name was?*—helped her out of the wooden box as he had with Zoe. The two women looked at each other for a few seconds until the man moved on to the other crates and Beachy stepped toward Zoe to embrace and kiss her warmly if not passionately on the mouth. Beachy smiled and took Zoe's hands in her own as if to comfort her, which worked. Zoe felt deeply, if only momentarily, comforted.

"There's food in the kitchen if you're hungry but stay put for now so I can give y'all the nickel tour and the lay of the land, so to speak," the man said with a thick drawl that Zoe rated as either natural or superbly acted. They were supposed to be in Alabama, if memory served, and this man added credibility to that illusion with his laconic manner and unhurried tone.

"So," he said when all six naked females gathered around their crates. "My name is Josiah and I'm the slave wrangler here at the Clayton stable. Mr. Clayton and his sons will be by shortly to introduce themselves before we move on to the business at hand. I'll be back after their visit to show you the kind of working plantation we operate here in the heart of the New Confederacy, so grab something to eat and use the facilities if you need to." He turned and walked toward a large door that seemed to exit the stable.

"So," Zoe said to the others. "Who's read the books and can fill me in on what the fuck is going on here?"

Beachy laughed while the other women smiled. "Maybe we could do some quick introductions?" she added and the women nodded. "I'll start." Beachy surprised Zoe by announcing, for the first time if memory served, that she was 'Grace from Columbus, Ohio' which caused a flurry of excited looks and smiles from the other women. The women introduced themselves by name and hometown, all of which Zoe promptly forgot as she was focused on her own introduction and trying to understand what had gotten into

Beachy. Finally, after an awkward silence, she realized the group was waiting on her.

“I’m Zoe, from LA,” she said without further explanation.

“I’m starving,” Beachy announced and the group moved toward the kitchen, which was little more than a corporate break room with a small fridge, several nondescript cabinets, a coffee maker, and a sink. Beachy opened the fridge and smiled, then handed out sandwiches in plastic packets. Zoe tore into hers and reveled in the unexpected deliciousness that caloric deprivation inspired from bologna and American cheese on dry white bread.

“So, the books,” Beachy began after she swallowed her first bite. “I’ve only read the first four,” she said with an implied apology. “Anyone read them all?”

The four strangers nodded vigorously. “We’re in Birmingham, Alabama,” one of them said with barely controlled enthusiasm. “Henry Clayton and his boys own us now.”

“What can we expect from them?” I asked.

Another woman took over. “Grace will probably be Mr. Clayton’s favorite if they follow the story as it’s written. He’ll take her to his bed tonight.” She looked at the others. “I’m not sure what Carl and Tyler will do at this point.”

“Carl and Tyler?” Zoe asked.

“Mr. Clayton’s sons. They’re young, both of them were away at college in Tuscaloosa when Grace arrived at the plantation, so they’ll have to improvise.” The other women who had paid for the cruise and were clearly well-versed in the story nodded. “I imagine they’ll...” She hesitated and looked suddenly embarrassed.

“We can only hope,” another woman said with a laugh. “I haven’t been laid in days.” Everyone but Zoe smiled and nodded. “That’s been a little disappointing, to be honest.”

“Really?” Zoe asked.

“Oh, yeah,” the woman went on, a buxom, overweight, middle-aged woman with a pretty face but disheveled hair. Zoe wondered what her own hair looked like after five or six days without a brush or a comb, or even a proper shower. She turned to look at the bedroom doors and wondered what delights might lie beyond, like soap and shampoo.

“What should they do differently?” Beachy asked as if she were conducting an impromptu focus group, Zoe thought as she smiled to herself.

“Well, all of their efforts to make us feel like slaves is great and all,” the same woman went on. “But we’re supposed to be *sex* slaves, right?” She turned to the others for moral support and they all nodded dutifully. “I guess a little more emphasis on the sex part and less on the slave part would be nice.”

Beachy looked at Zoe who cocked an eyebrow. “Didn’t you spend some time in The Playroom back in Lexington?” she asked the women. The self-appointed spokeswoman rolled her eyes.

“Not nearly enough. It was great, don’t get me wrong, but it was maybe a half hour of fun and two full days of lying around in those horrible little cages.” The others all started talking at once until Beachy held up her hands.

“But the whole premise of the books is how when you’re owned by someone, you have no control of your body or anything else, right?”

“Sure, but we paid good money to be here and it’s not like there aren’t plenty of dicks to go around.” She laughed and looked for her fellow passengers to support her which they offered enthusiastically.

Another woman said, “I did like The Punishment Room but I only got to go once.” Zoe glanced at Beachy and rolled her eyes. Once was more than enough for her.

“It is great that we got to meet *you*,” one of them said to Beachy, who smiled and touched the woman’s arm.

“Look for me when we get back to port and I’ll sign something for you,” she said. Zoe wondered how long it

would take Beachy to sign all the autographs she'd promised during the cruise.

"Anyone else interested in taking a shower?" Zoe asked after she finished her sandwich. Everyone nodded enthusiastically. Beachy and Zoe walked together to the first bedroom door and she almost swooned when they looked inside.

"Oh, my, god," Zoe said mostly to herself. There were two double beds, a vanity, an upholstered chair and lamp, but most importantly, a full bathroom, not an ensuite or anything, but still. It had a shower/bath combination like her first apartment had, a real toilet, a sink and a full-sized mirror. What would pass as minimum accommodations in most midpriced hotels was the lap of luxury on this ship.

"Pretty plush for slave quarters," Beachy said with a laugh. "Too bad we're only here for a day or two."

"I'll be more than happy to leave it if means we get off this boat," Zoe said with a sour tone. "I really don't want to do this again."

"What makes you think you'll have to?" Beachy asked as she climbed onto the bed and smiled broadly at Zoe. "Oh, yeah. This will do just fine."

"Dibs on the shower," Zoe said when they heard a door open outside their room and male voices filled the air.

"Where is she?" The loudest voice bellowed. "Where's my Grace?"

Zoe glanced at Beachy who smiled and shrugged. "Showtime, it would appear," she said with an air of resignation and she walked out of their room. Zoe looked back at the bathroom longingly before she followed her.

In the common area the women were confronted by three men in odd attire. They weren't dressed like Josiah or slave handlers but they didn't look normal, either. Their shirts were somewhat frilly, pants too short, boots out of place. The tallest of them wore a string bolo tie but even that looked odd, not

Mexican but...something else. Zoe took them all in before the leader walked briskly toward her and Beachy.

“There’s my Grace,” he almost shouted with a broad grin. Zoe was surprised to see Beachy hesitate, a momentary lapse in her perternatural ability to roll with everything that had been thrown at them.

When Bolo Man reached her, he grabbed her hand and led her back to their bedroom while ignoring Zoe. She followed them, against her better judgment, and wasn’t surprised to find the man mauling Beachy as she stepped through the door.

“You the Sinflix lady?” he said when he noticed her. “Close the door, darlin’,” he added as he turned his attention back to Beachy. “I can’t believe I get you too,” he said more to himself than the women.

“Are you Clayton?” Zoe asked.

“Yeah, sure,” he said as he stepped away from Beachy and undid his tie. “I only have a half hour until the nigger comes back so get on your knees and get to it.”

Beachy gave him a sour look but dutifully lowered herself and reached for his belt. She glanced at Zoe who remained frozen in place, by the sudden turn in his language as much as his actions. This was the first person on the ship to throw out the N-word and she wondered if it was something scripted or improvised, not that it mattered. Either way, she was not amused.

“Both of you,” Bolo growled at her from the side of his mouth. Zoe sighed and joined Beachy on the carpeted floor as Beachy liberated his penis from his odd trousers.

“Come on.” He grabbed a fistful of Zoe’s hair and jammed his erection into her mouth. She didn’t push back but didn’t offer much in the way of stimulation, not that he seemed to notice. He was intent on face-fucking her, which he did for several seconds before he switched to Beachy as Zoe coughed and suppressed the urge to...something. She wasn’t sure what.

“On the bed, both of you,” he said after he’d pummeled the back of Beachy’s throat for several vicious strokes. Beachy

offered no resistance as she stood up and went to one of the beds. Zoe was less inclined to join her until Clayton gave her a look that she couldn't ignore.

"What the fuck is your problem?" she hissed. "You don't have to..."

"But I do," he said as he slapped her, not hard but hard enough. "Now, get on your hands and knees or I'll have Josiah whip you bloody when I'm through with you."

"Fuck you, I'm done here," she screamed. She turned to find the tiny cameras she assumed were present as they had been in every other venue and yelled. "Red, red, *red!* Get me the fuck *out* of here! I *quit!*" She stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind her. The common room was empty but she took little notice as she marched toward the door where the man who played Josiah had disappeared. She had no idea where it led but that it led somewhere else was all that mattered to her. She was done. She had reached her breaking point and she wanted out, movie deals and streaming shows and Rodney-fucking-Morrow be damned.

As Zoe approached the door, it opened and a man in a black slave-handler uniform stepped through the opening. "Zoe?" he said in a soothing tone that did not match his manner. "Are you okay?"

"Who the fuck are you?" she yelled as she came face to face with him. She had to look up but she didn't care. She was beyond caring.

"My name is Frank Martell and I'm in charge of security on this deck. I just got word that you want out, is that right?"

Zoe forced herself to calm down as much as she could as she evaluated the man standing in front of her. He was dressed the same as the other guards but wasn't wielding a baton—he seemed completely unarmed but was at least a foot taller than her and black as anyone she'd encountered all week. Not that his race should matter but she was unsure of how to react to anyone anymore, especially men who wore clothing while she wore nothing but slave hardware even if she wasn't wearing those infernal chains at the moment.

“Can you get me out of here?” she asked at last. She wouldn’t be talked out of this, she decided. Not again.

“Of course,” he said in a soothing tone that she suddenly recognized and appreciated. “Come with me.” He led her through the door and out into a hallway that was clearly one of the behind-the-scenes areas, undistinguished and unfinished, like the hidden passages behind the stores in the shopping mall she worked at in high school. Frank led her down the hallway to another door and motioned for her to go through it. She hesitated for a second, suddenly unsure if she could trust the man she’d just met in less than ideal circumstances.

What choice did she have, really, she decided.

“Where are you taking me?” she asked as she opened the door and looked inside. The room was filled with desks and people sitting at them staring at computer monitors while ignoring the fact that a naked woman was suddenly in their midst.

“This is my department,” Frank explained. “We keep an eye on everything and everyone on the deck to make sure no one is in trouble.” He looked at her. “Let me get you something to wear,” he said as he turned and waved at someone. “Darlene, can you get Zoe here a jumpsuit?” Zoe looked at the woman who glanced back at her briefly before she disappeared behind a partition. “She’ll be right back,” Frank went on.

“Are you the one who does the...” What did he call it?”

“Extractions, no, not usually,” Frank explained. Darlene came around the partition with an orange jumpsuit that reminded Zoe of the series “Orange is the New Black” she’d seen as a teenager. She wondered if the look was an inadvertent coincidence or something more sinister before deciding she really didn’t care. She just wanted to not be naked anymore.

“Here you go,” Darlene said as she handed Zoe the suit and scurried away. Zoe had to think for a second about how to get dressed and smiled for the first time in a while at the notion that a week without clothing had almost rendered her inept,

although she had no experience wearing an adult onesie, she allowed herself.

“So, as I was saying,” Frank went on. “We’ve been keeping a close eye on you and Beachy all week, especially after Amanda Matthews went all “*Great Escape*” on us a few days ago.” He smiled and Zoe felt the tension drain out of her as she zipped up the jumpsuit.

“So, what now?” she asked as the waning of her adrenaline-fuelled rage left her suddenly depleted.

“Well, you’ve got a couple of options,” Frank said as he picked up a tablet from the desk that Zoe realized was his. “You can go to Deck 1 for the rest of the cruise or we can fly you back to shore if that’s what you really want.” He looked up and smiled. “Code Red is officially a full extraction request but we’ve found that once we intervene and explain the full ramifications, people usually downgrade to a lesser request.”

“Full ramifications?” Zoe asked with a noticeable slurring. Was she drugged?

“The cost of the flight will be charged back to you, and it’s not cheap. We dock tomorrow evening so if you want to just hang out for a day, that will save you a couple of grand.”

“I can get a room, then?” Zoe managed through her suddenly impaired mindset.

“A nice one, too,” Frank said. “Let me get someone to take you down to the Safeword Deck.” He turned to his desk and picked up the phone. Zoe looked around as he talked to someone, she didn’t know or care who, she just wanted to sleep. If she could just lie down...

“We’ll have someone here in a few minutes to take care of you,” Frank said, then he motioned for Zoe to sit in the chair facing his desk. He sat down as well.

“I guess I really screwed this up, didn’t I?” she said as she fought the urge to shut down completely. “And so close to the end.”

Frank raised his eyebrows. “We were surprised you lasted as long as you did, to be honest. They really dealt you a bad

hand, you ask me.”

Zoe startled awake. “You really mean that?”

“Fuck, yeah. I talked to Amanda after you turned her down in the Lexington set. She was pissed, let me tell you.” He stopped suddenly and tilted his head. “You probably didn’t hear. She was promoted. She’s now Sinflux’s Head of Programming.”

“Really?” Zoe asked, confused but trying desperately to keep up. “Why?”

“Damned if I know, but I would imagine it had something to do with you.” He turned to his computer and tapped the keyboard. “I’ll let her know you’ve been extracted. I’m sure she’ll want to talk to you.”

“Can I just take a nap first?” Zoe asked in desperation.

Frank smiled. “Of course.” He stood up as a woman in a green uniform appeared. “Ann will take you to your room.” He nodded at the woman as Zoe stood up. “But we’re sorry about what happened with Henry Clayton, Zoe. That never should have escalated like that.”

“It’s fine,” Zoe said, even though she didn’t really mean it, but she was too tired to explain.

“Get some sleep and we’ll talk soon,” Frank said as he sat down and turned to his computer.

“Thanks for everything, Frank,” she said as she turned to follow Ann toward the door.

# 18 - Freedom Mom: Milk Dispenser



It had been an odd week for Meghan Attweiler, wife, mother, Christian, Freedom Mom, culture warrior, member of the Orange County Board of Education, and devout parishioner at First Pentecostal Church of Anaheim.

She'd signed up for the Milking Deck of the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* as part of her service to the Kingdom of God. She was here to uncover sin and perversion, and tomorrow, as soon as she was let off the ship, she'd start exposing what she'd encountered.

But she might need to spend a little time decompressing. That's what they called it. Decompressing, a nice way to put it when God laid the spiritual challenges on you so fast and thick you didn't know if you were coming or going, your body and soul pinballing between pleasure and, uh ... between pleasure and ... and what? What was the other thing? Or things? Humiliation? Punishment? Being commercially milked? Being fucked unprotected by two boys she didn't know? Being on a ship, in a stall, with a strange, horny, sensitive, awesome Asian girl who knew more about making Meghan orgasm than a man 10 years her senior?

Yeah, maybe that was in. Caught between pleasure and ... all those other things.

Meghan had hoped to find babies on this cruise. Well, not really hoped, but expected. Dreaded, really, because she knew any infant given to her for suckling was fated for sacrifice, somewhere on this ship. The Baby Sacrifice Deck maybe, or whatever it was secretly called. But she'd neither seen such infants nor confirmed their presence from the others she'd spoken to. Maybe they weren't really here, or maybe she was being lied to. Or maybe she was about to learn the truth. It was

early Saturday morning, the last full day of the cruise, and Meghan was the first of the four females in her pair of stalls to awaken. She'd slept on the bottom bunk, where she'd collapsed with exhaustion next to Gabby after the two had enjoyed another night of coupling. Meghan's arm was draped over Gabby's belly, her thigh against the sleeping girl's hip. She needed to pee, but she didn't want to wake her lover, so she held still and breathed in and stared at Gabby's milkless breasts and imagined life after this was done. Tomorrow.

She couldn't just go back to her normal life, could she?

Maybe something would happen today that would help her make sense of it all, help her process, help her ... decompress. And get close to God. Or closer to God. She was still close to God. She was here for God.

Gabby opened her eyes, smiled, gave Meghan a groggy kiss, and another day had begun, another day starting with the strange things from a book that were feeling increasingly normal to Meghan, from the kisses she gave her neighbors, Tommie and Andie, through the bars, to the showers they took at the end of the stallroom while cuffed by their ankles, to the deluxe breakfasts they were served, quiche and sausage and a small waffle with syrup and real butter, and they all sat and enjoyed in the nude, knees touching through the bars.

Only after breakfast did the familiar cease for Meghan, when a Black girl she didn't recognize arrived at the bars.

"Meghan," she said.

It was early for milking, but Meghan reported obediently to the bars, turned and bent when she noticed the anal leash, and she waved to Gabby and the other girls and walked willingly with the girl until they reached a door she had not passed through since the preceding Sunday, a door that led back to the rest of the deck, to the elevators, to the world. Was it time? Was this what Meghan had been waiting for?

"Where are we going?" Meghan asked, pausing.

"Buckhorn," the girl said.

"What's that?"

“Interracial cuckolding deck,” the girl said, opening the door before them and giving Meghan’s leash a tug.

Yes, the sensation of having something pushed into her rectum a dozen times a day was also going to have to be worked through, after she got home.

“What am I doing there?” Meghan asked.

“Milk dispenser.”

Meghan breathed in, followed the worker through an unmarked hall, around a corner, down another hall before they arrived at a bank of elevators. As she had more than once before on this cruise, Meghan was trying to guess at the meaning behind the words. There was a book everyone but she had read, and people would keep uttering concepts and phrases from it and she wouldn’t understand, even when they were brought up multiple times, and she’d be too embarrassed to ask what people meant.

So, milk dispenser? What were people talking about? She was wishing she’d asked. Is there a chance it had something to do with babies?

The girl guiding Meghan tapped the up button. So they were going up. She spotted a number 4 stamped into the side of the elevator door, remembered vaguely that her deck was the fourth on this ship. The door opened and Meghan followed the girl on, watching as she hit the button for the ninth floor.

“The nursery’s up here?” Meghan asked rusedly. She was trying to sound casual. You’re more likely to get confirmation if you act like you already know, she told herself.

“The nursery?” the girl said, sounding a little like she was feigning ignorance.

“Babies,” Meghan said nodding, trying hard to look like someone already in the know.

“Did someone tell you that?” the girl asked, looking startled.

“No,” Meghan said with a sudden sense that this might be dangerous knowledge. What would happen to Gabby if they

thought she's revealed a dark secret Meghan wasn't meant to know? "No," Meghan repeated. "I just thought, because ..."

The elevator beeped through the last floor and the doors parted, and Meghan's voice trailed off, because she was in a different world now, an opposite world. Clothed women. Clothed men. Walking side by side, like married couples. It was a wide hall, probably one of the main thoroughfares on this deck, dozens of people passing by in either direction. After six days on the spartan Milking Deck, what she found here seemed like impossible luxury. Floor to ceiling windows looking out on a blue-green ocean. Carpet so plush it made her soles feel electric. And the people here, all adults, all clothed. A man stared at her, looking her up and down, and for the first time in days, Meghan felt truly naked again, and she raised a forearm to her nipples and dropped a hand to the hair over her mound. There was nothing she could do about the greatest humiliation of all, the chain running from her anus, so she simply prayed no one would notice it while she followed her keeper.

After an eternity of steps, they reached a coffee stand, a small but well-appointed fixture operated by a single blonde barista.

"Cappuccino, Latte, Pour Over, Batch Brew," declared the gold lettering above the counter. "Viennese Roast. Nigerian Blend. South American Gold."

The Black girl was slowing, so Meghan continued to read:

"Twenty three flavors, including vanillin, caramel ice, dark chocolate, half & half and (upon availability) fresh human breastmilk."

*Oh no. Oh God no.*

*Lord Jesus, please take this cup from me.*

But this was out of her hands now, or God's.

"Hey Tanza," the blonde girl said, steam rising as she textured the milk at the top of a cappuccino.

"Hey, Gwen," said Tanza. "This is Meghan."

“Oh, yay,” Gwen said. “People have been asking. Hi, Meghan.”

Meghan said nothing, just stared at the floor.

“Okay, let’s get you racked up,” Tanza said, leading Meghan to the far end of the stand, where her worst fears were confirmed, for here awaited a metal framework as severe as anything she’d seen in the punishment room, a fanciful stand of black wrought iron designed for the complete immobilization of the female body, restraints for all four limbs and her neck as well, all set up for the express purpose of ... being expressed.

“Stand here,” Tanza said, and Meghan moved like a robot to the place within the framework. Senses dulled by horror, she barely noticed the fixing of her anal leash to a catch just behind her, the cuffing of both her ankles, the chaining of her wrists at her sides and, finally, the collaring of her neck.

The final indignity was the raising and positioning of a little stimulation apparatus between Meghan’s legs, a short rod with its sharpened tip poised just outside her vagina, the feathery clitoral stimulator waiting to deliver its maddening pleasure.

“Drop down, let me make sure I’ve got it set right,” Tanza said, and Meghan bent her knees and felt her female chamber entered, her clitoris pressed, but she had no interest in this pleasure and as soon as Tanza said “Okay, all set,” Meghan rose and grimaced and looked out at the growing collection of the clothed and curious, some of whom were merely staring, some of whom had joined a line of coffee patrons that had grown from five people to two dozen as soon as Meghan arrived.

Tanza walked up to a board mounted near Meghan but out of her view, wrote something on it with a marker, and when she was done she turned to the throng.

“We’ve got Meagin today,” she announced to Meghan’s unrelenting horror.

But really, did anyone care? She was just another source of flavoring, like a pitcher of cream or a cinnamon shaker.

Meghan looked up to confirm her suspicion of general apathy, expecting to see lots of faces in profile, eyes aimed at the menu, the options, the barista, the—

*Oh, sweet Jesus, of course they care. Every pair of eyes is staring back, at my face, my body, my mound and, of course, my breasts.*

Meghan looked down, away from the invasive stares, studied the wrought iron scaffolding with which she'd been made one, confirmed its diabolical design as not just a practical breastmilk dispensing fixture, but also as a female body displayer. Her legs were forced apart by her chains and stimulator. Her breasts were right there, at the ideal height for both milking and examining. There had been no attempt at defending her modesty, not even with a simple little shield over her lower treasures.

“Hi there,” Tanza was saying. Meghan looked up to see her first two customers, a middle-aged white woman and a young Black man, each holding a steaming cup of black coffee. A mom and her adopted son, Meghan thought. But what kind of woman would bring her Black adopted son on a cruise like this?

Meghan studied the faces. The woman's expression was notably non-committal, while the man's was curious, eyebrows arched as he regarded Meghan's breasts.

“Have either of you dispensed before?” Tanza asked.

“We have not,” the woman said dourly. “And I'm not planning to today.”

“I'll give it a whirl,” the man said, smiling at Meghan. “But it will be a first for me.”

“Would you like to sample her first?” Tanza asked.

“Sample?” the man echoed.

Tanza reached over to cup Meghan's left breast, raised it, aiming the shamefully erect nipple at the Black man's face.

“Oh,” he said, eyebrows arching even higher, and he looked at the woman he was with, and she looked back with a tight smile and a shrug, so the man bent forward, wrapped his lips around the nipple and sucked, latching on just long enough to pull out a drop or two, after which he looked at the ceiling, connoisseur-like, drawing a sudden laugh from his ... no, she couldn’t be his mother, could she?

“Sure, I’ll take some,” he said, holding up his cup.

“Just a sec,” said Tanza, raising a disinfectant wipe to clean off the nipple, its coolness provoking the flesh to even more scandalous heights of erection. “Okay, just grab, pull and squeeze, it’s kind of an art.”

The man did as he was instructed, but he was pulling too hard, pinching too hard before the milk finally came out in meager dribble. Meghan watched his coffee lighten for the same reason one watches anything horrible, such as a dumpster fire, because she couldn’t look elsewhere. So she didn’t notice the short balding man until his thumb and forefinger were tugging on her right nipple, his practiced manipulations forcing a spray into his cup.

“This guy knows what he’s doing,” the Black man said, nodding at him with admiration.

“Two cups a day since the first day of the cruise,” the man quipped with a smile and a thick New York accent. “For my health, of course.”

The woman laughed again. What amused her and what repulsed her were mysteries to Meghan.

The Black man seemed to get the hang of it, pulling a second, much more voluminous squirt into his mug, and he blew on the surface and sipped and smiled.

“Thank you,” he said, squinting at the sign, “uh, Meagin.”

Meghan smiled weakly.

“Step right up,” Tanza said to the growing throng of people holding mugs of black coffee, and she pointed to a stainless steel bucket on the counter. “Tips gladly accepted.”

“Oh,” the Black man said, stepping back and reaching into his pocket, and he pulled out a 20 dollar bill and dropped it into the bucket. The balding man dropped in a five.

Another mixed-race couple stepped up to one breast, a single woman to the other, each exhibiting experience as they tugged on Meghan’s nipples. Then came a man who needed some guidance, and a woman who couldn’t get the milk out no matter what she tried, meaning Tanza had to do it for her.

It hurt. It felt like assault.

Meghan Attweiler, Freedom Mom, had been reduced to an object, a fixture, a piece of equipment. And not for some noble cause, not for God, for Jesus, for her steadfast faith, but simply to add a little flavor to a fleeting morning beverage.

Some of these people, after they’d poured from Meghan’s bounty, were going to the tray with the other flavorings, adding cinnamon, vanilla and—insult to injury—half & half to their coffee. She wasn’t even the main dairy flavoring for some people.

*Fools. Why?*

“Are you going to drop on your toy?” someone asked, forcing Meghan’s attention from her inward hell to the eyes of a young man, looking at her hungrily. What was he talking about?

“Excuse me?” said Tanza, as though the man had asked her.

“Just curious,” the man said defensively. “Isn’t she supposed to use it?”

“She might or might not,” Tanza said. “But that’s a private decision each dispenser keeps to herself.”

“Okay,” the man said, holding his arms wide in apology. “I just—”

“Yes,” Tanza said. “She’s doing her best to make your coffee taste good. If she feels she needs stimulation to make that happen, she’ll be discreet about it. She’s not putting on a show.”

“Sorry, yeah,” the man said, stepping back, and he raised his mug to Meghan. “Thanks for the milk.”

Tanza looked at Meghan, rolled her eyes. “Sorry about that. We’ve had a few problems this week.”

Meghan nodded, looked down, eyed the plug positioned just beneath her female entrance, and she allowed herself to speculate on the kinds of problems that might have arisen. The rude man was gone, so she dropped down on the spike quickly, discreetly, surprised at how easily it went in. So she was wet. Of course. Her vagina was not a Christian, had no sense of propriety, or shame.

As she was drained, the bucket on the counter filled up, life-giving milk redeemed with inert currency, a loose pile, like dry leaves, fives and tens and twenties and ... yes, a one hundred dollar bill. Right there at the top, Benjamin Franklin leering out at her—

“So tell me about the milking deck,” someone said, a smiling blonde woman raising the Meghan-infused coffee to her lips.

“Pardon me?” Meghan said.

“It says I should ask you about the Milking Deck.”

“I’m sorry?” Meghan said, doing her best to be polite, to be immemorable, to be forgotten as soon as this spectacle had ended.

“It says to ask you about the Milking Deck,” the woman said again, gesturing at the sign.

“It does?” Meghan said. “I can’t see it.”

The woman unhooked the sign from the post, turned it and held it up for Meghan’s perusal:

**Dispenser du Jour:**

***Meagin***

**Ask me about the Milking Deck!**

“Okay,” Meghan said, frowning at the misspelling of her name before she remembered it was probably for the best.

“I’m on there. Yeah.”

“They milk you there?” the woman asked, returning the sign to its hook.

“Yes. Six times a day.”

“Like this?”

“No,” Meghan said. “It’s done by a machine.”

“What’s it like?” the blonde asked.

“Well ... it’s sort of ...” Meghan stammered. Where would she begin? “Have you read the book?”

“What book?”

“The book about the ... the book they used for the deck. That the deck is based on.”

“Oh, right,” said the woman. “I guess they have a book for every deck. Do you know what the title is?”

“No,” Meghan said. “But the author ... it’s no one you probably ever heard of. Banjo, I think. Banjo something. Banjo, um, Torso. Or something.”

The throng at the Buckhorn Club coffee stand thinned, minutes passing between customers. Meghan breathed in slowly and wondered when this was going to end. Her breasts seemed to have no trouble keeping up with the demand. But demand was dwindling, and she longed for the relative freedom of her stall, and the relative comfort of Gabby’s presence.

Another mixed-race couple approached, clearly experienced here, both of them grabbing a breast, getting their milk and departing. People passed, some glancing but no one else ordering coffee, and Meghan stopped paying attention to anything but her own sordid condition until she noticed out of the corner of her eye a nude woman walking beside a dressed man. Nude, except for her chains, her plump, middle-aged body reminding her that this cruise welcomed everyone. But who was she, what was she doing here, why was she chained? And chained like *that*, her wrists bound, her ankles bound, her neck too, her body bent by the restraints?

And leashed? She was leashed, by her ... rear. Just like Meghan. But that was the only thing they had in common. She wasn't from the Milking Deck, was she?

Meghan stared at the couple, trying to piece together their story with too little information. The man locked eyes with her and she looked down, and her emotions were decidedly mixed as he led the restrained woman over.

## 19 - Meghan, Sid & Stephanie



“Are you looking forward to getting back to your normal existence?” Sid Greene asked Stephanie, the slave he had purchased for his wife, Nadine, on the Confederacy Deck several days ago. They were strolling through the long corridor of the Buckhorn Club Deck, killing time while Nadine entertained another liaison in her room, their sole reason for booking a deluxe cabin on the deck dedicated to interracial cuckolding.

“I guess so,” Stephanie said in a quiet voice without looking up. “It’s going to be an adjustment,” she added.

“For all of us, I imagine. It’s always tough when a vacation is over. This one more than most.” Sid glanced down at the woman. “Did Nadine flog your breasts again this morning?”

“Yes, sir.”

“She’s really developed a taste for that, hasn’t she?” he asked rhetorically. “You never should have said I deserved all three of those choices she offered me.”

“No, sir.”

“Are you getting used to any of this, or will you be glad to see it end?” He hadn’t been able to draw the woman out and now his time with her was coming to an end. He still felt a pang of guilt about ruining her week living as a slave, but not enough to sell her.

“I’ll never get used to this,” Stephanie said without looking up.

That Nadine hadn’t asked him to sell the woman before now continued to astound Sid. Nadine’s initial reaction was so negative when he surprised her with the naked, collared and chained woman, a wife and mother of three from Bakersfield who had paid to be a slave for a week. When Nadine didn’t insist Sid bring Stephanie back to the Confederacy Deck to

resell her at auction, he was thrilled to have the companionship while his wife was busy, but he was also fascinated by Stephanie's willingness to endure Nadine's abuse, something she could have ended by employing her safeword but chose not to do.

"Will you come back for another cruise?" Sid asked.

"Probably not, sir."

"Sorry you never got fucked, Stephanie. I know you were looking forward to that."

"It's fine, sir."

They walked, unhurried, down the long corridor crowded with passengers, mostly from the Buckhorn Deck—interracial couples, some white couples, and single white men—but also with other guests intent on exploring different areas of the ship before the cruise ended.

Sid and Stephanie, him in jeans and a polo shirt and sneakers, she in manacles, shackles and barefoot, drew looks and even stares from passersby as they walked. Stephanie was also leashed as slaves were required to be when out in a public area. That the leash was anchored in her anus by an electric butt plug had lost none of its allure for Sid. He was fully intent on enjoying his remaining time within this intensely strange environment.

"What's that?" he asked as they rounded a bend in the corridor and he noticed another naked woman in the sea of clothed couples and uniformed staff members. The woman was restrained, but unlike Stephanie, she was immobilized by her restraints, which were mounted on a wrought iron scaffold of some sort.

"What the...?" Sid asked under his breath as they approached the woman, whose head hung down until she looked up and took them in.

Sid walked Stephanie up to the woman and the three of them stared at each other in silence, each of them exhibiting surprise bordering on shock at their respective situations. Sid glanced at the chalkboard sign and the rest of the structure,

which he realized with a shock of recognition was a mobile coffee cart. Another handwritten sign indicated the barista would return in ten minutes, he noted.

“Your name is Meagin?” he asked her, an attractive woman, younger than himself and Stephanie although looking a little worn out by her predicament. She eyed him for a few seconds before she responded.

“Meghan. My name is Meghan.”

“And you’re a dispenser?” he asked, unsure but suspicious of what that meant. “From the Milking Deck?”

“Yes, that’s right.” The ‘dispenser’ turned her attention to Stephanie, as if demanding to know her situation now that she had divulged so much of her own.

“This is Stephanie,” Sid explained almost in spite of himself. “I got her for the week on the Confederacy Deck.”

“Why is she... like that?” Meghan asked.

“She’s my slave,” Sid said, wincing slightly as the words left his mouth. He felt compelled to explain further. “For the week, until the cruise is over.”

“I’m only here today,” Meghan said, looking down at her breasts. “Until I run out, I guess, or the stand closes for the day.”

“Are you as uncomfortable as you look?” Sid asked with a cocked eyebrow.

Meghan smiled. It was the first time in her role as dispenser that anyone had suggested she was more than an object for the flavoring of coffee.

“I’m okay,” she said. “But thanks for asking.” She paused. “I guess everything hurts a little.”

“Yeah, I imagine so,” Sid said. “So, the milking floor. I heard there’s a book...”

“There is,” Meghan said, nodding so vigorously the chain running to her collar rattled. “Everyone’s read it but me.”

“You signed up for a week without having read the book?” Sid didn’t try to hide his surprise. “Why’s that?”

“I’m ... it’s sort of something ...” Meghan stammered, uncertain again about how much to share. Different deck, new people. At this point, she just wanted to get off the ship alive tomorrow, and she knew she could still get into trouble. And yet, should she deny her calling? “Let’s just say it’s sort of a church thing,” she finally confessed.

“Hey, I didn’t mean to pry.” Sid looked at Stephanie and wondered what he could say to explain her presence, not knowing what a milking deck on the *Cruise du Kinque* could possibly have to do with religion. Of course, being a Reformed Jew and not a practicing one at that left him at sea when it came to most religions these days, no pun intended, he thought to himself.

“That’s okay,” Meghan said. “Let’s say it’s sort of a calling. A mission. But what about you? What deck have you been on?”

“This one,” Sid said, trying to fight back the urge to be defensive. “It’s also a book but by a different author, I think.” Finally, he decided to just go ahead and own it. All of it. “My wife is in our cabin with one of the Black crew members right now.” He looked down involuntarily.

“What’s she doing?” Meghan asked in complete innocence.

Sid looked at Stephanie. “They’re having sex.” He glanced back at Meghan and was not surprised to see her eyebrows rise almost to her hairline.

“Oh ...” Meghan began, trying to cover her mouth with her hands, remembering too late they were chained at her sides. What should she say? What should she feel? Scandal? Sympathy? Affront?

*No. Play along.*

“And you got the slave girl,” Meghan said. “Maybe that’s better?”

Sid felt the color rise in his neck. “Well, no, actually. I got Stephanie on the world’s ultimate spur-of-the-moment,

impulse purchase ever. And I don't have sex with her. My wife allowed me to keep her on that ironclad condition. I don't have sex with anyone, except my wife." He waited for Meghan to process all the weirdness he was throwing at her, this woman who was chained to a scaffold to lighten coffee for strangers.

Meghan looked at him blankly. All week, she had been trying to understand why someone would agree to be chained, punished, caged and milked, and it was starting to make sense to her. At least, there were aspects of it that could be fun. But this? Being cuckolded?

"Why are you doing this?" Meghan demanded, her bluntness surprising herself. Maybe she wasn't here to find babies after all. Maybe God had put her on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* to peer into the darkest corners of the human soul. And here was something that seemed worth investigating. Why?

"When I read the books about the Buckhorn Club, we didn't know it was real. That places like this existed. But we'd been talking about it for so long that this just seemed too good to pass up. So we booked a cabin. I had no idea about the Confederacy Deck where I bought Stephanie. That was just serendipity." He gave her a crooked grin, as if to say, 'What else could I do?'

"Are you jealous, though?" Meghan asked.

"No, see, that's the thing. I don't get jealous so it doesn't bother me like that. It's tough in other ways, though. I guess I enjoy the pain, to be honest." He turned to his slave, who had been waiting and listening patiently. "Stephaine gets that, I think. Ever since I bought her, Nadine—that's my wife's name, by the way—has been flogging her, mostly her breasts. Hurts like hell, doesn't it, Steph?"

"Yes, sir," the woman whispered with her eyes lowered.

"Not sure why she puts up with that, but I think it's kind of the same thing for me," Sid added.

"It happens to us on the Milking Deck too," Meghan said, finding an unexpected commonality. Pain is of God. Self-

flagellation is holy. And if you could find someone else to do the work for you, wasn't that just as sacred? "I think suffering can be ... good for people."

"Exactly," Sid agreed. "And we all choose to suffer in our own way."

"It gets me closer to God," Meghan blurted. Witnessing. She was witnessing now. Paul preached from prison, delivered sermons in chains, wrote his inspired epistles in Roman captivity. Now here was Meghan Attweiler, speaking the Word. She looked at Stephanie, wondering if she might be not depraved at all, not another victim of Satan's latest machinations, but a sister in Christ, here on her own pilgrimage. She looked at Stephanie, asking the first half of a question she didn't know how to finish. "Does it ever ...?"

"Stephanie," Sid interjected. "Why are you here?"

The woman looked up at him, then at Meghan. "I told you, sir. I wanted to not be in control."

"Yes, but why?" Sid asked.

She sighed and looked down. "When I first read the books, I was horrified at what happened to Grace. It made me so angry. But I couldn't stop thinking about it, either. And I became a little obsessed with losing all personal autonomy. And I started masturbating, late at night, thinking about Grace being chained and taken." She didn't look up as she talked. "All those men, who did whatever they wanted with her, to her. So many..." Suddenly, she looked up at Sid and then at Meghan. "Anyway, when I heard about the cruise, I took some of the money I inherited from my mother and went to see for myself what it would be like to be owned like Grace was."

"And you got stuck with me, instead," Sid said quietly. "Again, I'm sorry."

"No, it's fine. It's part of the... Whatever this is," she waved at the cart, or the corridor, or perhaps the ship itself. "It's out of my hands."

"Hey, how's everyone doing?" asked a female voice. Meghan looked up, saw that the barista had returned, was

leaning across the counter to smile at them. “Anyone want to place an order?”

Sid looked up at the menu. “I’ll just take a venti, black.”

Gwen withdrew into her stand, the sounds of a fresh cup of coffee emerging from therein, a mug appearing moments later.

Sid picked up the mug and looked at Meghan. “I’m, uh, not exactly sure how this works...”

Meghan looked at him, knew she was blushing with a sense of embarrassment as deep as any she’d felt that day, maybe deeper. Because in the end, even with someone she’d been chatting to as a new friend, she was still just an object. Just a dispenser. But ... okay.

“You just sort of squeeze it,” she said.

Sid reached tentatively for Meghan’s right nipple.

“Uh ... could you pull from the left?” Meghan said. “It feels a little fuller.”

Sid studied her breasts and decided it didn’t matter that he could see no difference between them, that she was undoubtedly more knowledgeable about her own anatomy than he was as he pondered the best technique for extracting milk from a human breast. Even though he’d been married to Nadine for twenty years and was as familiar with her anatomy as he was with his own, he wasn’t sure he could do this.

But he was determined to try. He pinched her between his thumb and middle finger as he held his mug right under her nub, which seemed larger and more open than he was used to, but nothing happened. He squeezed again to no effect, except for a slight noise that emanated from the woman chained to the scaffold. He looked helplessly at Meghan and then at Stephanie.

“Um, Gwen?” Meghan said.

“Yeah?” the barista replied, leaning over the counter again.

“Do you know where the girl went, that was helping out?” Meghan asked. “Tanza?”

“She always leaves after the rush is over,” Gwen said. “She won’t come back until I tell you’re done.”

Sid slid the leash from his wrist as he looked at his slave. “You’ve had kids, right?” he said as he held her leash in the same hand as the mug of steaming coffee, the leash that had at its other terminus an electric butt plug tucked securely in her anus. “Can you give me a hand here?”

Stephanie looked at him and then shuffled forward but her chains kept her hands pinned close to her body and below the level of Meghan’s breasts. “Sorry,” she said, although she didn’t sound it.

“Okay, fine,” Sid said with a clenched smile. “I’ll make it work.” He gripped Meghan’s breast behind the nipple and slid his fingers down toward the nub. He sensed Meghan’s discomfort, wasn’t sure whether its origin was pain or embarrassment. He tried to ignore either possibility and gave her another squeeze until a few drops of precious white fluid dripped into his mug, turning the liquid from pitch black to... nothing much different. He took the win and raised the mug to his lips, sipped the coffee and pronounced it delicious.

“It was nice talking with you, Meghan,” he said as he pulled Stephanie’s leash a bit too aggressively. “Good luck.”

“Yes,” Meghan said, sorry to see the couple leave, strange as their presence had been. “You too.”

# 20 - Epilogue 1: Malcolm Explains All



“We ended up with 20 hours of usable video,” Malcolm said as soon as June Wayman sat down in his office.

“I don’t remember getting fucked and beaten that much,” June retorted. She was dressed now, the first *Cruise du Kinque* was over, the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* returned to its berth at the Port of Los Angeles, its thousands of passengers disembarking and, each in their own way, wondering how they were going to return to normal existence after what they’d seen, done, had done to them.

“Can you set aside the snark, Peaches?” Malcolm pleaded.

“Can you stop calling me Peaches, Dickhead?” June replied.

Malcolm howled with laughter. It was just the two of them in his shipborne lair, his laptop off, none of his board joining remotely, his programmers and engineers and artists all finding other things to do; his lawyer, his Nobel Prize winners otherwise occupied.

“We’ll be using a minimum of your entertainment footage,” he said. “What we really like—”

“Entertainment footage?”

“That’s what we call our best stuff.”

“A euphemism for rape and torture then,” June said.

“Okay,” Malcolm said, smiling. “That people pay for. You got paid.”

“That does not ...” June said, breathing in slowly, “make it okay.”

“Let’s move on, shall we?” Malcolm said, still smiling. “Your reporting was better than we expected, your reactions to things were spot on, and you were damned sexy. Marketing, promotion, staff training, maybe even a miniseries ... and now we’re talking about a passenger training video, something we’ll make everyone watch before they put on the goggles. Really, we should have done that for the first cruise.”

“Okay, great,” June said, “but I need to know what—”

“Don’t you want to know what that’s worth?” Malcolm said.

“Zero dollars to billions,” June said with a shrug. “But look, I really want to know—”

“Billions,” Malcolm said. “And you get ten thousand.”

“Dollars?”

“Shares,” Malcolm said. “Options.”

“Options?” June said.

“You can buy up to 10,000 at 20 dollars each. Good for a year after IPO.”

“Okay, if I come up with two hundred thou to blow, I’ll call you,” June said.

“Shares are going to hit \$80 on launch day, that’s our best guess,” Malcolm said. “Two hundred in six weeks with any luck. Then we split and now you’ve got 20,000 shares at one hundred each, do the math for me.”

“Two million,” June said.

“Bingo. In six weeks. Thousand percent return.”

“But I don’t have two hundred thousand,” June repeated.

“You really don’t know how this works?”

“No, I don’t,” June confessed.

“Buy ten shares, turn them in, use the proceeds to buy 50 more, sell those, then you buy a thousand, and so forth. But please sit on a few, Hun. The fools that sold all their Apple forty years ago are still kicking themselves.”

June nodded, speechless for once. But imagining a series of financial trades to make a million still seemed both less urgent and less interesting than what was top of mind for her.

“What was going on?” June asked.

“I’ll tell you because I know you can keep a secret.”

“Great.”

“We made the characters on that deck human,” Malcolm said. “Too human.”

“Okay,” June agreed.

“We kind of let them grow themselves,” Malcolm said. “We kind of let them evolve. Since it worked in the books.”

“I didn’t read the books,” June said. “And I thought there was only one.”

“There were a few,” Malcolm said, waving his hand dismissively. “But you don’t have to read them to see where this is headed.”

“Where what’s headed?”

“This conversation,” Malcolm said. “You don’t know what happens next? When you create a bunch of virtual humans?”

“Well ...” June began, pondering. “No.”

“They get ...” Malcolm said, leaning forward and raising his eyebrows dramatically, “religion.”

“Yeah?” June said. Of course they get religion. They’re medieval.

“We gave them nothing to go on,” Malcolm said.

June’s face remained blank, and Malcolm was starting to look frustrated.

“No Bibles, no scriptures, no prophets, no supernatural events. We gave them all memories, but nothing interesting, nothing supernatural. We didn’t even think about it as a potential problem. And then the buggers start creating hokum by the yard, one gets an idea and shares it over a campfire and now three are nodding their heads and adding to it and one of

them gets named a prophet or a high priest and they start doodling all this bollocks down into books and they—”

“Brian Kirkwood,” June interrupted, Malcolm’s face fell and she felt stupid. He was trying to tell her something amazing and she was worried about a highschool crush. But no, they were connected.

“Sorry, I hear you, what you’re saying is amazing,” June said. “That you created a world where you could watch religion happen, that’s amazing. I think, I think you should really think about letting someone study it. Like, a theologian or anthropologist or something. There’s a lot to ...”

“No I’m not going to let anyone do that,” Malcolm said, still looking misunderstood. “There’s no money in it, and it’ll just piss people off.”

“Okay, fine,” June said. “But where did Brian Kirkwood come from?”

“This is another stack of secrets, deeper than the first stack,” Malcolm warned, pausing. “We gave them access to the world, just a little, curated and filtered. I mean, the real world. Our world. And... they found your face. God knows it’s out there. And they matched it up with that bloke’s. Did it on their own. Found a picture of the two of you at a bar somewhere, and figured out who he was, they needed him and, poof, there he was.”

“What do you mean they needed him?” June asked.

“We can’t create everyone in that world,” Malcolm said, “so we developed some shortcuts. If enough people wanted someone, you know, a certain role, they’d generate it, with enough group memory, built on the fly, so it didn’t seem odd. We thought they’d be making smiths, maids, farmers, wagon wrights, maybe a scholar or two, but damned if they didn’t want them all to be priests and prophets. So this Brian fellow, he popped in within an hour of you showing up, and they all listened to his bullshit like he was the second coming, and by they time we’d hitched you to the cart, they’d turned you into a fucking messiah.”

June looked up at the ceiling. She was still sore from the hours of raw lovemaking with Brian, and her heart was a little touched too. Finding out it was all the product of soulless computers and inorganic machinery ... that was going to take a new reckoning, and it wasn't going to be painless.

"So he was a sweetheart of yours?" Malcolm asked with a surprising sympathy.

"He wasn't," June said. "But I had a crush on him. Years ago."

"Would you like another crack at him?" Malcolm asked.

"Which one?" June asked. "Oh, you mean the fake one, right?"

"The one in Humber, yes," Malcolm said. "And he's not fake. In some ways, he's as real as you and me."

"I'm not sure I need to see Brian again," June said. "And I'm not sure his religion could handle it. But I'd go back again."

"Whatcha wanna be this time?" Malcolm laughed. "Yeoman's wife? Lady of the castle?"

"No," June said. "Hambeth's slave."

## 21 - Epilogue 2: Meghan & Amanda



Meghan Attweiler sat on the bench beside the Port of Los Angeles terminal building, waiting for a ride from her church, and for an explanation from Jesus.

The ID tag they'd hung from her vaginal lip was gone. So was the tag they'd put in her ear. She was dressed again, for the first time in seven days, and the rolling suitcase they'd taken from her had been restored, and was now sitting against her left knee. They'd milked just the producing females one more time this morning, an unexpected nod to the women's comfort, but her breasts still felt heavy, her nipples tingling, and her anus felt strange too, a sensitivity there, a sort of ache perhaps, after it had been leashed repeatedly, day after day, every time she'd gone to the milking room or been brought back.

But these were all secondary concerns to the torment in Meghan's mind. First among her thoughts was the fact she'd been ... preempted.

She hadn't been the only one determined to reveal the debauchery of the *Cruise du Kinque*.

In fact, at least one other group, with better organization and more money, was already making noise at the port, their large display impossible for Meghan to miss after she'd made her way off the ship.

"One-World Mission of Second-Coming Redemption," read the sign they'd hoisted above their impromptu stage. They'd also brought two Jesuses, each twice life size and hoisted on long posts, one being crucified, one returned to the earth in judgmental glory. Both Jesuses appeared to have been made from plaster, surfaces a little rough, faces lacking definition, eyes a bit overlarge, heavily-outlined and looking

startled. The latter Jesus wore a flowing purple robe and a gold crown, one hand holding a list. But Meghan's eyes lingered on the crucified Jesus, who was naked except for the merest scrap of fabric, just enough to circle his hips and cover his genitals, even his rear exposed. And the artist who'd created him had given him the pure white skin of a northern European, along with six pack abs and well-defined ribs. Meghan took in the sight, and her mind went despite her best intentions to the naked torture she'd herself endured on the cruise, and from there to the beautiful boys she'd yielded to.

"The Cruise du Kinky is an abomination of everything good and holy!" a pale woman with a red beehive hairdo shrieked through a megaphone as she paced beneath the sign. "It is proof that the End-Times are upon us ... Sir, Sir, were you on that ship?"

The man looked at her, shook his head and kept walking.

Two local news cameras were aimed at the woman, giving her the publicity Meghan had imagined would be hers alone.

"Ma'am," the red-headed speaker continued, gesturing toward a blonde woman as she rolled her suitcase behind her. "Were you on that cruise, the kink cruise, the kinky cruise?"

"I was," the blonde woman said, stopping and looking at the beehive woman before she turned to gaze into the local news cameras.

"And was it full of sin?" beehive asked, smiling and nodding her head.

"I guess it depends on how you define sin."

"Sex slavery?" beehive urged. "Fornication? Adultery? Pornography?"

"Oh yeah," the blonde said, smiling, and she looked into the cameras. "Like, it was ... so a lot."

"Would you go again?"

"Yes," said the blonde. "In a heartbeat."

"You are a lost child!" declared beehive. "Come, pray with me, restore your soul."

Beehive reached for the blonde, but the blonde pulled her hand away. “We believe different things,” she said, “and I gotta get home.”

Beehive watched her go for a moment before she returned to her primary script. “The Cruise of Kinky is an abomination ...”

Meghan turned away as well, not interested in being part of this spectacle, not interested in being part of any spectacle, really, and she’d settled on the bench waiting for the church van to show up, to reunite her with Keith and Candy, to somehow return to her normal life and, maybe, to expose the rot within the SS *Sinflix Loviatar*—or maybe not, because that seemed to be in other hands.

Amanda Matthews was standing at the end of the entrance to the Port of Los Angeles terminal building, talking to passengers who had just completed their cruise to gauge their enjoyment of the experience and to get suggestions for how the company might improve things for the next voyage. She’d been promoted a few days before by the Sinflix’s owner, Rodney Morrow, from the producer of Sinflix Tonight, a daily news show on the new streaming service, to head of programming, which technically had no direct line of authority to the cruise line but was inexorably intertwined with its success. Rodney explained that the raw footage they had shot during the eight days at sea was the raw material for countless hours of content for the service, and it was Amanda’s job to turn it into a viable product to drive subscriptions.

The problem for Amanda was that she had no idea how she was going to tackle such a huge task. Her experience was in producing TV shows that straddled the line between news and entertainment. To call what had taken place on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* the past week ‘news’ was patently ludicrous, but it was undeniably entertaining to the right audience. She needed to find out how and why so they could tailor the product to be irresistible, if not addictive.

She noticed a woman sitting on a bench with her suitcase against her knee. She didn’t look like the typical passenger on the cruise, which intrigued the freshly minted streaming

executive. She walked toward her and when the woman looked up, Amanda smiled and waved.

“Do you have a few minutes to talk?” Amanda asked as she approached.

Meghan Attweiler looked up. Someone seemed to be speaking to her.

“Pardon me?”

Amanda smiled. “I said, do you have a few minutes?”

“Oh ... sure.”

“Were you a passenger on the *Cruise du Kinque*?”

Meghan, offered a half-smile. “Does it show?”

“Actually, no. You don’t strike me as the type, to be honest.”

It wasn’t what Meghan wanted to hear. She’d spent a week trying to fit in with something she’d believed to be evil. Why? To further her misguided mission? Or because she just wanted to belong? But belonging ... that had ended up mattering to her, far more than she’d expected.

“Well, I was on the cruise,” Meghan agreed. “But it was sort of all new to me.”

“What deck were you on?”

“The Milking Deck.”

“How did you like it?”

Meghan laughed, leaned forward and put her face in her hands, leaned back and breathed out before she looked up at Amanda, smiling dazedly.

“I’m not sure,” she said.

“Did we do a good job of creating an environment that replicated the books and fulfilled your expectations?”

“Wait,” Meghan said. “Who ... uh ... you’re with the cruise?”

“Actually, I’m with the streaming service that videotaped everything.” She went on quickly, “My name is Amanda Matthews. And you are...?”

“I’m ... well, I’m Meghan. Hi.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Meghan.”

“So, you work with the people who did this cruise?”

“Indirectly. I’m in charge of the video production we’ll offer. Is that something you’d be interested in seeing? To relive your experience this week?”

“Wait,” Meghan blurted. “What are you saying? What video?”

“Every room on every deck was wired for video and sound. Mostly to protect everyone in case we had to step in, but also to record and stream live what was happening. Have you heard of Sinflix Entertainment?”

“You filmed the milking room?”

“Of course. We needed to keep an eye on everything that went on, for your protection.”

“The stalls?”

“I’m not familiar with every deck but I do know there were cameras and microphones in every room.” Amanda tilted her head. “Didn’t you read the paperwork when you signed up? Everything was disclosed beforehand. Everyone signed the same release.”

Meghan’s horror landed all in one exquisite package on her brain, her belly, the visceral, universe-shifting arrival of a new awareness. This was bad, bad by orders of magnitude beyond anything that had gone before. It was one thing to be chained, leashed, pierced, milked, made love to by a girl, and to commit adultery ... yes, that’s what it was, adultery.

It was entirely another thing to be seen doing it.

*Damage control, Meghan Attweiler. Damage control ...*

“Can you see faces?” she asked, voice weak.

Amanda hesitated. “Yes, of course. You can see everything.” She waited but then added, “You didn’t realize...?”

“I don’t want to see it,” Meghan said. “I don’t want anyone else to see it.”

“Anyone who buys a subscription can see it,” Amanda said softly, realizing what was really happening here. “I’m sure we made that clear in the release you signed.”

“I didn’t read it,” Meghan stammered. “I just signed up. I wanted ... I was ... it was a mission, for my church.”

Amanda was stumped. “A mission? On the Milking Deck?” She watched the woman as she melted down.

“On the plus side, there were thousands of passengers on the cruise and you were just one of them.”

Meghan looked down at her lap and made fists. The best defense was a good offense. She knew that. This might yet be God’s way. The utter depravity of these people ... But she still had the upper hand, by virtue of both the Savior who stood always behind her, and the divine revelation she’d been given. And now, this woman, this agent of her tormenters, had been virtually handed to her.

*Strike back, Meghan Attweiler. Strike back now. Hard.*

“I know about the babies,” she said, looking up, her countenance changed, frightened before, now gleaming viciously.

Amanda frowned. “I’m sorry, what?”

“Child sacrifice,” Meghan said simply. “God sent me ... and I know.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You used my milk to feed the babies you’re sacrificing to Satan,” Meghan almost spat, turning to look at the SS *Sinflix Loviatar*, bobbing at its berth. “On that ship.”

Oh no. Spoken out loud, said to another person who wasn’t her husband, didn’t attend First Pentecostal Church of

Anaheim, wasn't a true believer, it sounded ... ridiculous.

"There weren't any babies or children on the ship, Meghan," Amanda said gently. "It was a sex cruise. Everyone was naked, and having sex. There wouldn't be any children on board."

Students of the mind have noticed that people routinely maintain two or more contradictory versions of reality, pulled up to serve their various purposes and then set aside until they were needed again.

Meghan perceived with one part of her mind the absolute truth of what Amanda said. Of course there were no babies on board.

And yet ... the presence of infants fit with other things, hints and rumors and, foremost, her devout faith.

*Regroup, Meghan Attweiler. This fight is not yet done.*

"I'll find them," she said. "Next time."

## 22 - Epilogue 3: Athena, Delilah & Hannah Meet for Dinner



“First drinks are on Amy,” Amy Nielson announced, reveling in the recovered right to say her own name, and slapping her credit card on the thick mahogany table at High Rise in downtown LA.

It was Tuesday night. Amy, Sandra Morales and Max Pascale had spent the last two days recovering from being, respectively, Hannah, Athena and Delilah, on the *Cruise du Kinqe*, and now they were enjoying life again, and enjoying their money, which rolled into their bank accounts first thing Monday morning. Regular pay, bonuses, profit sharing, the works.

“How much did you get?” Sandra asked.

“You think I’m going to slip and tell you one of these times,” Amy said, holding up a finger to signal the waitress they were ready to order.

Sandra looked disappointed. Max looked at his phone. Amy glowed. On the cruise, Amy’s Hannah had been subservient to Sandra’s Athena, and they’d both played their parts to the hilt, Athena turning to insult, pettiness, bossiness as part of her role. And she’d played it well. Amy could admire Sandra’s skill and forget the cruelty of her performance. But here, Amy was on top, the undisputed star, resting between performances.

“It was a lot, okay?” Amy said. “But I never worked harder for it.”

“You’re going back, right?” Sandra said.

“Of course,” Amy replied. “I’m in long term. What about you, Max?”

Max looked startled as he eyed his dinner companions and pocketed his phone. “What?”

“Are you going back Sunday?” Amy asked. “You’ve signed up for another week, right?”

Max splayed his right hand and lowered his head into the arc between his thumb and forefinger. “I kept waiting for someone to shoot me and put me out of my misery,” he said to his lap, “but they never showed up.”

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes.”

“Gin and tonic, Monkey 47,” Amy said to the server.

“Manhattan, Buffalo Trace,” said Sandra.

“Whatever you have on tap,” Max said with a shrug. “Is anyone planning a hookup?”

“You mean, with someone from the cruise?” Sandra asked.

“Yes.”

“Well we know you are, or you wouldn’t have asked,” Sandra asserted.

“Of course,” Max agreed. “It was literally the best sex of my life, so we’re getting together Thursday and see if the magic’s still there. What about you?”

“Maybe,” Sandra said. “We had a good time ... a great time ... and worked through some stuff, so we ended up trading phone numbers. But would it be the same now he’s not a slave?”

Max and Sandra turned to Amy, who was studying her menu and saying nothing.

“Amy?” Sandra said. “What about you?”

“It still hurts,” Amy replied without looking up from the main course selections.

“That’s not an answer,” Sandra protested.

“They told me not to take the week off,” Amy said, gazing up now, tragedy in her eyes.

“What does that mean?” Max asked.

“Okay, I need to be blunt,” Amy said. “They told me to do it at least every other day during my week off, or the first time back on the ship I’ll be screaming.”

“They’re going to be lining up for you,” Max exulted.

“Wait, seriously?” Sandra said. “You have to do it every other day?”

“At least.”

“You were fucked Sunday, right?” Sandra inquired. “Sunday morning? The guy we put you with Saturday night got another crack at you first thing?”

“Yes,” Amy agreed.

“So that means you were supposed to do it today,” Sandra said. “You better get busy. You’re already a day late.”

Amy nodded and returned her attention to her menu.

“Oh my god,” Max said. “Look at her.”

“What?” Sandra asked.

“She didn’t wait,” Max said. “It’s as obvious as that beautiful blonde hair.”

“What are you talking about?” Sandra asked, still not getting it.

“She’s already taken care of it today,” Max said. “I can tell just by looking at her.”

“No,” Sandra gasped. “Really?”

Amy looked up, offered a half-smile. The drinks arrived and the topic was set aside for a moment while they cheered employment, new friends, and money.

“Who?” Sandra hissed as soon as they’d set down their drinks. “Someone from the cruise?”

“Yes,” Amy replied. “But not a passenger. One of the guys on the Cuckold Deck.”

“How’d you find him?” Sandra asked, sounding almost jealous.

“The cruise put us together,” Amy said. “We both needed a partner on our off week.”

“Wait,” Sandra said, holding up her hands. “No way. This is too much, even for this job.”

“Why?” Amy asked.

“It’s just ... I mean, c’mon,” Sandra said, looking scandalized. “I mean, you agreed to this?”

“It made sense,” Amy said. “I told them I’d give it a try.”

“And it worked!” Max almost shouted, laughing.

“Did it work?” Sandra inquired.

“It hurt,” Amy said. “But he was super gentle. He did everything I wanted.”

“What did he do?” Sandra asked.

“Yeah, Amy, give us the blow-by blow,” Max implored, laughing at his own joke.

“It wasn’t sexy at all,” Amy warned. “It was more like therapy.”

“Go on,” Sandra demanded.

“I got on my back, I rubbed a little to get my juice flowing, and yeah, that hurt. And then he got over me, and he ... and I look down, and ... let’s just say he was built for therapy.”

“Oh god, oh god,” Sandra sighed.

“He touched me with it, I said go in a little, he did, I said a little more, he did, and I’m practically crying so I just said get it over with and he pushed it all the way in, and I screamed into his shoulder so my, so no one would hear, and he kept it there until I said move, and I just soaked him, and that really helped, how wet I was, and I said now and he lost it a little, pushed it up a little faster than I was ready for, and I was crying on his shoulder again and then ... then I could feel it

coming out, a lot, and it got easy again and then he was done and out and sitting on the bed next to me, stroking my hair.”

“Where did you do this?” Sandra asked.

“At home,” Amy replied.

“In your bedroom?”

“Yes. In my bed. My trapeze is in the shop.”

Max howled.

“Wait,” Sandra said, eyes narrowing. “Don’t you live with your parents?”

“Yes.”

“Was anyone home?”

“Yes,” Amy replied. “My mom.”

“Did she know what was going on?” Max asked, voice still breaking with mirth.

“Well, that’s a whole thing,” Amy confessed.

The server returned with drinks, took their dinner orders, and for a time they all gazed out at the LA skyline and the setting sun.

“My parents took me here for my bat mitzvah,” Sandra said.

“I’ve never been,” Amy admitted. “I always wanted to go.”

The two girls looked at Max.

“Yes,” he said. “More than once. Successful gay men who want to impress the twink they just found love this place. And the city’s crawling with them.”

“Okay, back to the main topic,” Sandra said. “What happened with your mom?”

“Someone sent her pictures from the first day of the cruise,” Amy said. “I don’t know who, and it doesn’t matter. But it was when I was walking around naked with those chains on in the waiting room. So when I got home I just had it out with her. ‘Yeah, Mom, this is what I’m doing now, and you

didn't like it when I was just a part-time hostess, so this is my job now, and the pay is killer and I'm a star, so if you want me to move out, say it and I'm gone, I can afford my own place now.' And she cried a little, which sort of pissed me off, like, 'I'm not a failure, dammit, this job fucking rocks,' and so she just said okay, and asked me about my schedule and we reached an understanding, I guess."

"Wow," said Sandra, nodding. "Well done."

"And then I told her about Maurice."

"Who's Maurice?" Max asked.

"My ... well, I'm calling him my training partner," Amy said. "The boy who came over to help me ... stay in shape."

"Oh, fuck," Sandra said.

"Exactly," Amy said. "It was another conversation. Some real back & forth."

"You said he's from the Cuckold Deck?" Sandra said. "Isn't that where the dudes just slam these married ladies all day?"

"Yeah," Sandra said.

"So basically, you're telling your mom a gigolo is coming over to do you in your bedroom," Sandra said, awestruck.

"More or less."

"What did he look like?" Max inquired. "Silk shirt open to the navel, gold chains, purple beret, red pants, goatee, white alligator shoes, male-pattern baldness?"

"Max," Sandra said sadly. "No gigolo in history ever looked like that, except maybe in your dreams."

"Sandra," Max countered, even more sadly. "Do you want me to introduce you to three of them as soon as we're done with dinner?"

"Okay, maybe gay gigolos," Sandra said. "But no woman would want a man that looked like that."

“The ones I know work both sides of the aisle,” Max said. “And they always dress the same.”

“I’m sure they’re real popular on Halloween, then,” Sandra retorted.

While they’d been arguing, Amy had been tapping on her phone, and now she held it out for her friends’ inspection: a man in a yellow golf shirt, full head of close-cropped hair, his coffee-brown skin glowing, his chest sizeable but not ridiculous, his smile confident, radiant, endearing.

“Maurice,” Amy said. “Publicity shot from the cruise. Look him up, there are more pictures, full bio.”

“Oh. My. God,” Max said, biting his napkin.

“Okay, I get it,” Sandra said a little breathlessly. “But still, your mom.”

“I was scared, yeah,” Amy confessed. “I’d never met him, just seen his pictures. And my mom says she has to meet him, if he’s coming into the house to ... do that. So she’s sitting right by the front door, and I’m dying. Waiting, and—”

“Is your mom racist?” Max asked.

“Not at all,” Amy said. “Very cool. But I’ve thrown a lot at her through the years, shit she never expected. So then he gets there, pulls up in a beat up Toyota, which didn’t hurt, and he knocks on the door, almost so lightly you couldn’t hear it, which didn’t hurt, and—”

“Let me in, I got a white bitch to fuck,” Max growled, voice an octave deeper.

Amy and Sandra turned as one and stared dourly at Max, who shrank from their glares, hands raised defensively.

“I’m not saying that happened,” Max protested. “I’m saying that’s the *opposite* of what happened. Because—”

“Why would you go there?” Sandra asked coldly.

“Because you said you were worried,” Max said, looking at Amy. “What if he—”

“I was worried my mom wouldn’t like him,” Amy said. “I wasn’t worried that—”

“That he was going to conform to some centuries-old racist stereotype,” Sandra said. “I mean, not one Black man has said that in the history of the universe.”

“You obviously haven’t heard about what happens on the Confederacy Deck,” Max said. “So just think about it. What if that’s what your mom was expecting? Like, maybe she was sort of thinking that? Or it’s sort of funny to think if she was ...”

“You’re just digging your hole deeper,” Sandra noted.

“So, to continue,” Amy said. “My mom gets the door, and Maurice just ... played her.”

Sandra and Max were both holding their breath, so Amy continued.

“He shook her hand and said she must be Amy, and she said ‘Oh no, Amy’s my daughter, she’s right there,’ but he already had her right where he wanted her, I could tell. And he looked sort of disappointed, like he wanted Mom, and she—”

“Stop,” Max pleaded. “If this story ends with a threesome, you needed to warn us.”

“What are you talking about?” Amy said.

“A threesome,” Max repeated. “You, Maurice, your mom?”

“You mean sex?”

“Of course I mean sex,” Max said. “Isn’t that where this is headed? He meets your mom and decides he wants a double cheeseburger?”

“God no,” Amy said. “I mean, what? Why would you even say that?”

“Double cheeseburger?” Sandra said, eyebrows elevated to their limit. “Like Amy and her mom are meat on a bun? Is this another racist thing? Like, Black men consider white women to be cooked ground beef?”

“It’s a metaphor,” Max said flatly. “Forget I said anything. Amy, please continue with your story.”

“Okay,” Amy said. “So Maurice, he just charmed her. He wasn’t even looking at me. He sees a painting on the wall, he recognized the artist, it’s a local guy, he says ‘Isn’t that a del Gado?’ and Mom is saying yeah, yeah, she bought it last year from his stall at LA Love, and so then they’re talking art because it turns out he’s into that and she’s smiling and at that point she’d let him do anything.”

“I still don’t see where this is headed,” Max said, “other than Maurice fucking your mom’s brains out.”

Amy and Sandra both laughed.

“Wait, that’s funny?” Max said. “Why is that funny when everything else I’ve said is—”

“And then I figured it out,” Amy continued. “This is what he does. He goes to bed with people like my mom. Married women. That’s what the Cuckold Deck is all about. It’s—”

“Interracial Cuckold Deck,” Max interjected, wincing like he was expecting another scolding.

“That’s why he’s Black, duh,” Sandra said.

Max put his hands together and looked up, as though praying for deliverance.

“And then, Maurice let my mom introduce me,” Amy said. “That was part of it too. She introduces me, and he walks up and puts one arm around me and kisses me, like we’re boyfriend-girlfriend. And Mom ... you know what she was saying by then?”

“Okay, Maurice, I’m first, Amy gets sloppy seconds, how do you want me?” Max ventured.

“My god, you just never quit, do you?” Sandra asked.

“It’s not racist,” Max said.

“You’re talking about a girl’s mom,” Sandra said. “Can you observe some dignity, maybe?”

“I left all my dignity somewhere on the Pacific Ocean last week,” Max said.

“You need to know what my mom said,” Amy said.

“Yeah?”

“She said, ‘Okay, you two do what you need to do. Nice to meet you, Maurice.’”

“Nice,” Sandra said.

“And afterwards, she invited him for dinner,” Amy said. “The next time he comes over, she said he should stay.”

“How will that go over with your dad?” Sandra asked.

“Mom will talk to him, I guess,” Amy said. “He’s cool too.”

## 23 - Epilogue 4: Rodney Morrow, Decider



“She said what?” Rodney Morrow asked Amanda Matthews in the boardroom of the LA headquarters of Sinflux Enterprises. He had gathered the executives of the streaming service and the managers of each of the decks on the cruise ship for a daylong meeting to discuss what went right on the *Cruise du Kinque*’s maiden voyage, and what could be improved. Getting anything done that needed fixing by the time the second voyage left the dock would be challenging, but Morrow had built his empire by confounding expectations.

“She was convinced we had infants onboard for some sort of human sacrifice,” Amanda, Morrow’s newly-appointed head of Sinflux programming, repeated. “It’s why she booked passage in the first place, to find the babies and expose us to the world. She never even read any of the books, apparently.”

“Seriously?” Emily Randall, the Buckhorn Deck manager, asked rhetorically, “And I thought *we* had some nut cases,” she said with a subtle eye-roll.

“Should we put out some kind of statement?” Kyle Bannister, the PR director offered in a hopeful tone.

“And say what?” Amanda snapped. “Denying something that is not only untrue but absurd on its face? We’ll just be inviting *all* of the lunatics to crawl out of the woodwork and pile on.”

“Like we need more of those demonstrators that showed up on Sunday,” Eli Compton, Operations Director, sneered. “Why the fuck weren’t they in church if they’re all so goddamn religious?”

“We need to take this seriously, though,” Amanda persisted. “If they turn us into another Pizzagate

conspiracy...” She looked around the table with one eyebrow raised.

The silence around the room was deafening.

“We should lean into it,” Rodney said at last.

Amanda turned to meet his gaze. “Really?”

“Absolutely. Did you get her name?”

“I don’t remember if she gave me her last name,” Amanda answered somewhat truthfully. It would be easy enough to find her, but did she really want to, she wondered for a second. *No, of course not.*

“She was on the Milking Deck, right?” Morrow asked, clearly warming to the idea. “Shouldn’t be too hard to figure out who she is.” He looked at Compton and then back at Amanda.

“Why do you want to know?” Amanda asked, almost wincing. She hadn’t known Morrow for very long but what she’d seen of him so far—not to mention dreaming up the *Cruise du Kinque* in the first place—was all she needed to see to know where he was going with this.

“We should bring her back, find a spot for her on the second voyage and invite the press to interview her after the fact.” He looked at Compton again. “We can create a whole new category for her, but not just for her. We’ll offer VIP staterooms and some sort of roving ambassador status, where you get a weeklong guided tour of the whole ship.” He seemed to be talking more to himself than to the dozens of employees seated around the table and lining the walls of the conference room. “All for a premium price and with their own PR flack to guide them, right Kyle?” He looked at Bannister, who was smiling but not in a good way, Amanda thought.

“Do we have that kind of space available on such short notice?” Amanda asked as she tried desperately to find a way to shut down this demonstrably awful idea.

“No, not for this Sunday’s launch, not for a completely new class of passengers. But we’ll put your baby-hunter in my cabin and make a big deal out of her newly elevated status,

which will generate a ton of publicity if we handle it right.” He looked at his PR chief again, who looked to Amanda to be on the verge of melting down. “You can see to her needs personally, right, Kyle?”

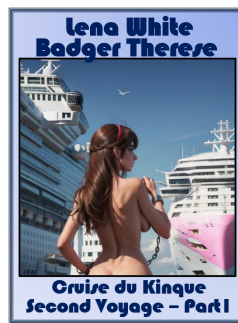
“Of course, sir.”

## Acknowledgements

Many thanks to Robert Jackson, who has a knack for catching errors, so the reader doesn’t have to see them.

Click [here](#) to pre-order

[The Second Voyage \(Part 1\) \(Cruise du Kinque Book 5\)](#)



*Release Date July 20, 2024*

The reviews are finally in and they couldn’t be better!

- “Amazing,” said a passenger who spent an unreal week on the Domestic Slavery Deck.
- “Incredible!” raved a fan of that interracial cuckolding paradise, The Buckhorn Club Deck.
- “That can’t be legal!” gushed one ‘barbecued’ inmate on the Prison Deck.
- “I’ll go broke before I’m done,” babbled a male devotee of the Penthouse Club Deck.
- “I have to go back, when can I go back?” cried one hysterical enthusiast of the Milking Deck.

After the huge success of the *Cruise du Kinque's Maiden Voyage*, the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* is setting sail for another fetish-filled week with new passengers, a bigger crew, and some exciting new kinks!

What's in store for the next batch of merry perverts on the Bondage Deck, the Visual Arts Deck, the Gangbang Deck, and the Discipline Deck? Only Rodney Morrow and his diabolically wicked crew know for sure.

What's happening on the Adult Products Testing Deck, the Breeding Deck, and the Female Sexuality Lab Deck? Read this book (and its sequels) to find out.

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Please leave a **review**! Or even just a **rating**!

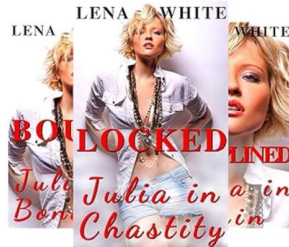
*(They really, really help us out!)*

*Thank you so much!*

# Cruise du Kinque

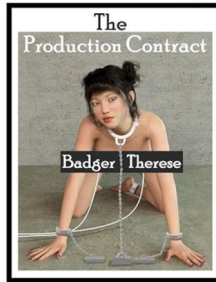
## Decks and Their Inspirations:

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### [Club-sub series](#)

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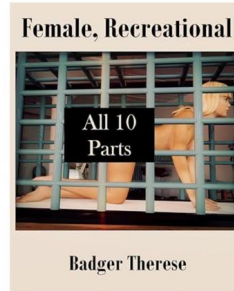
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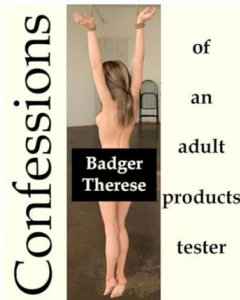
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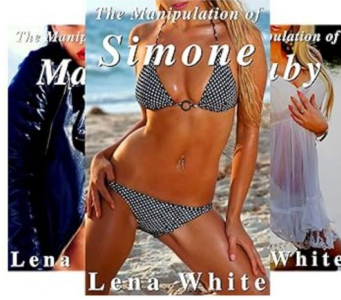
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### Deck 12 - Prison Deck



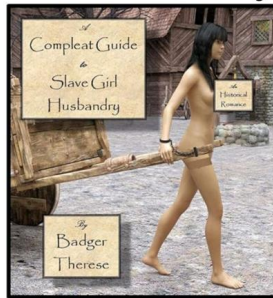
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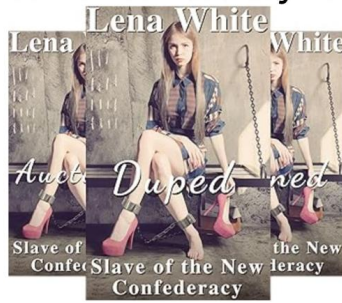
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