

Lena White Badger Therese



**Cruise du Kinque
Second Voyage – Part 2**

The Second Voyage - Part 2

(Cruise du Kinque 2)

**Lena White and Badger
Therese**



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| | | | |
|----|------------------------|------------|----------------------------------|
| 16 | Lab | 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 Hostwives 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 new guests find their decks, cabins, and kinks as the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* leaves the Port of Los Angeles for the *Cruise du Kinque*'s second voyage.

Jerri Magisteria and Dylan Hightower have unwittingly booked simultaneous pre-wedding celebrations for their friends on the Female Sexuality Lab Deck, the Gangbang Deck, and others.

Mia Davis shares a cabin on the Bondage Deck to explore her fascination with ropes, chains, and chastity belts.

Meghan Attweiler returns at Rodney Morrow's invitation as his VIP guest with Zoe Grayson to guide her as she explores all the kinks the *Cruise du Kinque* offers.

And many, many more...

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

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1 - Sinflix Tonight (Staff Meeting)



“Everyone, I’d like to introduce Meghan Attweiler, our VIP for the week,” Zoe Grayson announced to her staff.

Meghan Attweiler—wife, mother, Christian, Freedom Mom, school board member, and warrior against all things unholy, particularly the *Cruise du Kinque*—followed Zoe into the conference room. She was, for the moment, in warrior mode, assuming that everyone around the table was working for Satan, either knowingly or otherwise. Amanda Grayson wasn’t here, she was disappointed to observe. There were no allies in this lion’s den. But she met every pair of eyes directed her way with confidence, if not active aggression.

Zoe went around the table, introducing each staff member by name. When she finished the rounds, she turned to Meghan. “Do you have anything you want to skip? Because we’ve already planned an agenda for you, two decks per day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, then an interview after dinner on the show is what I had in mind.”

“I am here as God’s vessel,” Meghan said. The words just came to her, as she knew they would. Did not Paul preach God’s inspired words to the heathen Romans from prison? And was this floating cesspool of sin not a sort of prison as well?

*They will know you by your words, and your deeds,
Meghan Attweiler.*

“Uh, okay,” Zoe said softly. “I was thinking that my idea of showing you where I spent last week might be a tough place to start. Perhaps something a little less intense for your first visit?”

“The Milking Deck,” Meghan said, calmly but firmly, but she felt her heart skip. The Milking Deck might constitute the core of this ship’s evil, used—as she believed it was—to feed sacrificial babies; but there were memories attached to the deck, still fresh, still profoundly stirring, and carnal.

“Sure, we can start there,” Zoe said. She turned to her assistant director, Alison Beatty. “Do we have a cameraman available? I want to get some B-roll footage on every deck that we can run as a lead into our discussion.”

Alison checked her iPad. “We’ve got two, one male and one female if that matters. Bob Martin and Helene Zimmer.”

“Will I need to be undressed?” Meghan asked, her voice quavering now. Spiritual battles, glorious as they were, required compromise, sacrifice, the setting aside of one’s personal comfort for higher purposes.

“What?” Zoe asked. “No, we don’t need you to be naked as a visitor, Meghan,” she continued while stifling a smile.

“Okay,” Meghan said, blushing slightly. “It’s just ... I was ... I had to be naked last, on the last cruise. All week. So I was ...”

“That might not be a bad idea,” Alison said with a look at Meghan and then at Zoe. “If she’s willing.”

Zoe stared at her assistant director. “Really?”

“Well, she’ll be dressed for the interviews, of course,” Alison continued quickly. “At night, on the set.”

“And will there be ...” Meghan continued, eyes briefly, uncertainly sweeping the table of cruise executives before she looked at Zoe, “will I ... should I expect ... if it’s needed, to be in, um, restraints?”

Zoe looked at Meghan hard. “Would you be willing to be naked and restrained for the visit?”

Meghan laughed nervously, blushing again.

“I think so,” she said. “If ... well, whatever the rules are, for that deck. I only know the Milking Deck. Or mostly that deck. I ...”

“That would make for some awesome B-roll footage,” Alison added with growing enthusiasm. “We could get her being tagged and everything...”

“I’m not sure there’ll be time for all of that,” Zoe cautioned, but not strongly.

Doubt flooded Meghan’s mind for the first time. They were going to push for things that didn’t further her mission, things that served their purposes only, and she needed to be ready for that. Knowing which was which was going to require constant discernment, enough of a challenge without the ship’s constant distractions.

“Tagged?” she queried.

“We could have her talk about it in the interview after we show it happening,” Alison went on.

Zoe looked doubtful.

“What does tagged mean?” Meghan persisted, and her thoughts turned to the ID ring they’d passed through her vaginal lip on the first cruise before her mind conjured darker things. The Mark of the Beast, for example.

“Those little metal tags they stapled to your ear and, uh...” Alison said before she stopped, not understanding how anyone could forget something like what she’d seen in the tape of the first voyage.

“I’d get that again?” Meghan inquired, breath catching slightly. The hole was still there, ready to serve if that was necessary.

“We’ve got fourteen decks to cover in a week,” Zoe cut in. “We can’t expect her to endure everything they have to inflict... I mean, offer.”

“I can ...” Meghan said. “Whatever I, whatever is needed ... for the interviews, at night. I’ll speak from faith. But from knowledge too.”

“See?” Alison exclaimed. “She’s on board.”

Meghan turned to Alison, taking in the woman closely for the first time. She wasn’t elegant, svelte, sexy, like most of the

women here. She was heavysset, in an ill-fitting gray sweatshirt, minimal makeup, and a mousy brown haircut for utility, not style. But her dowdy appearance was probably meant to deceive, the disguise of a woman who remained invisible while she worked out the devil's plans.

Yes, I am on board, physically. I am on this ship. But if you mean by "on board" that I accept the evil here ... No.

2 - The Detective and the Victim



“Knock knock,” said Wedding Crimes Detective Rebeka Charger, poised tentatively at the slightly ajar hospital room door.

“Please come in,” said a pleasant Southern voice, and Rebeka pushed through, coming face to face with the first living victim she’d met in a month on the job.

“Oh my stars, you’re a detective!” exclaimed Diana Entwhistle, raising her hands to her mouth, looking with dismay at the finger pulse oximeter that had just rapped her nose.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Rebeka said, gesturing toward the Los Angeles Police Department badge hanging from her belt, the black ID in stark contrast with her white belt and light blue sundress. “I’m Rebeka. Rebeka Charger, Wedding Crimes Division. May I have a word with you?”

Rebeka stepped up, approached the raised hospital bed where Diana sat upright, a novel in her lap.

“Of course,” Diana said. “But whatever for?”

“Well, first, how are you doing?” Rebeka asked.

“I’m surprisingly well, considering.”

“You told the officer who rescued you ... I think you said malaise.”

“A perfect word,” Diana said. “A general sense of being out of sorts. Weariness, dizziness, upset stomach, a migraine.”

“But you’re well enough to talk?”

“Oh yes, certainly,” Diana said. “What brings you calling?”

“I believe you’ve been the victim of an attempted murder.”

Diana raised her hands to her mouth again.

“That can’t possibly be,” she said. “Who would want to kill me?”

“I do have some theories,” Rebeka said, settling into the chair next to the electronic monitoring equipment. “But first, is now a good time to talk?”

“It’s always a good time to talk where murder is concerned,” Diana replied. “Particularly my murder.”

Diana was petite, with an ironic smile and piercing, dark, close-set eyes that conveyed a curiosity that did not feel to Rebeka entirely benign. Her dark hair hung loose around her shoulders, its patterned waves suggesting it was usually done up, wrapped in a bun or one of those beehive arrangements.

“I’m very glad it wasn’t a successful murder,” Rebeka said, pulling out her notebook. “And one of my goals is to make sure they don’t try again.”

“I have no enemies,” Diana declared. “None.”

“I think you have at least one,” Rebeka countered. “They tried to kill you last night. And they almost succeeded.”

“At least one?” Diana said, voice rising. “I might have more than one?”

“I’m working on that,” Rebeka said. “Right now just one.”

“Who?” Diana demanded.

“Let’s not go there quite yet,” Rebeka said. “First, a little background. How long have you lived in Encino?”

“Ten years in August,” Diana said.

“Where did you move from?”

“The Okefenokee Swamp,” Diana replied, waiting with practiced patience for Rebeka to raise her eyebrows.

“Well, not the swamp proper, but on the edge of it,” Diana said with a chuckle. “Close enough to smell the swamp dander.”

“What brought you to Los Angeles?”

“The weather,” Diana said, prompting another pair of raised eyebrows with her next words: “And lovely people who might be made a little lovelier.”

“Okay.”

“Californians are naturally gracious,” Diana said, “but they all could use a little Southern charm.”

“Sure,” Rebeka said. “So, you’ve made a lot of friends here?”

“Oh yes. It’s what I do.”

“You mean, what you do ... as a profession?”

“More or less,” Diana replied. “I don’t need to work. My family has a smelly bunch of old plantation money.”

“Plantation money?” Rebeka echoed.

“Cotton, indigo, tobacco, rice back then, with the help of our human property. And thank the heavens, General Sherman passed north of us, so we kept at it after the War of Northern Atrocities. And not owning people actually ended up just as beneficial for my four-times-great grandfather, Jebediah. We let a tire company set up shop on part of the land, and now they pay us rent.”

“How do you spend your time?” Rebeka asked. “Hobbies, volunteering?”

“Well, the modern parlance is networking. I network. And when I meet someone wonderful, I hang on to them for dear life.”

“You were entertaining last night.”

“A wedding shower,” Diana said, eyes lighting up. “For eight of my most beautiful friends. The bride is the most gorgeous—”

“Yes, Jerri Magisteria,” Rebeka said, eyes not glowing at all. “Dylan Hightower.”

“Oh, you know them?” Diana said with two little claps.

“Not yet, but I’m planning to meet with both of them this week.”

“I’m not sure you’ll be able to track them down this week,” Diana warned. “Jerri and her girls are meditating on Oahu, and Dylan’s men are doing something, I believe, with alligators in—”

“Did they tell you that?” Rebeka asked.

“Oh yes, last night,” Diana said, grunting as she drew her legs up, struggling to assume the lotus position in her hospital bed. “I do quite a bit of meditation myself, which worked out perfectly for the girls. I did a demonstration for them.”

Diana closed her eyes. “Ohm,” she said twice before she stopped, peered at Rebeka. “But I’m afraid I was hopeless where the men were concerned ... I have no experience in alligator matters.”

Rebeka looked up from her notebook, into which she’d been furiously scribbling. “They didn’t go to Oahu,” she said. “Or Hilton Head.”

Diana said nothing, just studied Rebeka with that same invasive curiosity.

“They’re all on a cruise,” Rebeka said.

“Well, that’s odd,” Diana said.

“The *Cruise du Kinque*,” Rebeka added.

“Oh yes, the sex cruise,” Diana said.

“You’re familiar with it?”

“Of course. It’s fascinating.”

“Any idea why they lied to you?”

Diana looked down, straightened her legs and grunted again with discomfort.

“I think I do,” she said, pausing somberly before she ventured, “They didn’t want to hurt my feelings.”

“Can you explain?”

“I don’t usually bring this up in a first meeting, but I’m completely asexual.”

For a long beat, Rebeka and Diana stared at each other.

“I just ... I’ve never felt it,” Diana explained. “I still don’t know what it was all the other girls were making such a fuss over. Or the boys, of course.”

“Trauma?” Rebeka ventured. “I mean, do you think something might have—”

“Nothing at all,” Diana said. “Charmed upbringing. But just to be sure, I’ve done hypnosis, retrograde therapy, hidden memories, chiropractic. No one found anything until they looked into my head. And then they found it.”

“Found?” Rebeka prompted.

“Or actually, didn’t find it,” Diana said. “There’s a whole knot of brain cells that light up when girls indulge their libidos, and I wasn’t given it.”

“I’m sorry.”

“So you’re glad for yours?” Diana asked.

“My ... my what?”

“Your libido. Your sex drive. Your eagerness to have things done to that female place.”

“I, uh,” Rebeka stammered.

“You must masturbate,” Diana persisted. “I’ve watched endless videos on it, still don’t get the purpose, but I’ve been told it’s almost universal for females.”

“Okay,” Rebeka said, peering at her notes, trying not to blush, holding up her free hand. “Let’s stay on topic. So ... you think the wedding party lied to you because they didn’t want to hurt your feelings? Because they thought if they told you about something related to their sexuality, you’d feel left out?”

“I believe it’s possible,” Diana said.

“Have they withheld information before from you?”
Rebeka asked. “About their sexuality?”

“No, not that I can recall,” Diana replied. “They are all highly sexualized, in their own ways.”

“And they’ve told you this?” Rebeka asked.

“In a manner of speaking,” Diana said. “I am a keen observer. I’ve made a study of human sexuality. And I would argue I am more qualified than someone with sexual proclivities, because I don’t get distracted. I watch pornography without any arousal, just a studious interest.”

“You watch a lot of porn?” Rebeka asked.

“Oh, daily. Don’t you?”

“Okay,” Rebeka said, ignoring the question. “So I understand you don’t have any enemies, but can you think of any reason, any reason at all, why any of the eight members of the wedding party would want you dead?”

“I just can’t, no,” Diana said, shaking her head. “The very idea of it gives me the vapors.”

“The vapors?”

“Akin to malaise.”

“What can you tell me about Grey Fieldman?” Rebeka asked.

“Oh!” Diana said, sitting up and smiling, “he is the most delightful Negro. He’s utterly cultured, does work—”

“Did you say Negro?” Rebeka interrupted.

“Oh yes,” Diana said. “That’s his race.”

“Not Black?”

“Interchangeable terms. I say Negro.”

“Some people find that word derogatory. Most people.”

“I don’t,” Diana said. “I consider it an honorific.”

“Why would Grey want to kill you?” Rebeka asked.

“He wouldn’t,” Diana countered.

“I think he did, and he tried,” Rebeka said.

“He missed, then,” Diana said.

“But he tried. He was in your home all day yesterday.”

“They all were,” Diana countered. “They were preparing the shower party.”

“No,” Rebeka said. “Everyone stopped by at some point earlier in the day, spent a little time there and left until they came back for the party. Except Grey. He was—”

“How do you know all this?”

“Cell phone records. He was there from early afternoon until the party ended.”

“He didn’t try to kill me,” Diana said, smiling indulgently. “No one tried to kill me. They wouldn’t.”

“Working theory,” said Rebeka, for whom dealing with denial was a hazard of the job, “is that Grey Fieldman tampered with your furnace, and left a can of scorpions in your bedroom.”

“A can of scorpions?” Diana nearly shouted.

“On a timer,” Rebeka said. “They were freed sometime after you went to bed. The explosion probably saved your life.”

“It can’t be,” Diana retorted.

Rebeka’s phone rang, and she reached into her purse to retrieve it.

“Rebeka Charger,” she said.

“Hi, yeah,” she said, pressing the phone against her ear so Diana couldn’t hear what was being said. “I’m in her room right now. Whatcha got?”

Rebeka nodded, listened, and her eyebrows went high with surprise.

“Really?” she said. “Okay, sounds like our prime suspect got a lot done while he was out there.”

After a few more words from the caller, Rebeka nodded, hung up, and looked dourly at Diana.

“Grey Fieldman,” she said, “really wanted you dead.”

3 - Mia Gets Fitted



“Here we are,” Belle Gonzales said to Mia Davis. They had just walked from the restaurant, the closest one to their cabin on the Bondage Deck. Belle had suggested when they finished their lunch that the first thing to do would be to get fitted for chastity belts in the Fitting Room, which was what the sign next to the door announced to all the world, a fact that Mia found embarrassing for reasons she couldn’t fathom. She would have to think about it later, maybe after someone had tied her up and she had nothing to do but think.

“Have you ever worn a belt before?” Belle asked as she reached for the door. Mia shook her head but then forced herself to answer verbally – she had already decided she felt comfortable with Belle but that was back in the restaurant, not out here in public which was different, totally different.

“No, ma’am,” she whispered.

“Mia,” Belle said with a disappointed tone, the same kind her mother used even though she was nineteen now and shouldn’t be treated like a child anymore, at least in Mia’s opinion. “I thought we agreed that I’m not old enough to be a ma’am to you.”

“Yes, ma’am,” she said reflexively and didn’t think to correct herself until it was too late. Belle just clucked and pulled the door open. “In you go, young lady,” she added but not in a condescending way, Mia thought.

The room was larger than Mia expected, just like every room she’d been in on the ship so far, from the place where she had registered to the cabin she was to share with Belle, to the restaurant and now this place, the Fitting Room. How many women needed to be fitted for a chastity belt, she wondered. Weren’t some of the women here for other things,

like being tied up but without having their sex locked away and protected like Mia dreamed about?

“Welcome, ladies,” the woman in the room said. “Come on in,” she added as she turned to the woman who was standing naked in front of her. Mia tried not to stare but she had never seen an adult woman naked before, certainly not her mother or anyone else because how would that even happen? “And close the door, please,” the woman added even though the door was already closing on its own but Mia could certainly understand the problem since the woman standing naked could be seen from the corridor if anyone cared to look.

The woman was standing naked. Mia couldn't tear her eyes from the woman if her life depended on it. The woman was older than Mia but not as old as Belle. She had heavy breasts with large nipples and areolas, probably due to breastfeeding, Mia remembered from Biology class or maybe it was Health Ed. Her belly was wrinkled and sagged, more evidence of children having ravaged the poor woman. Her mound was trimmed but dark hair would be visible even after the belt was applied, Mia realized with a start. She'd been so careful, on the advice of the women on the website she consulted, to carefully shave if not remove all hair from her mound so as not to call attention to her vagina locked away beneath the belt the woman would soon be wearing, as would Mia, she realized with another jarring start.

Mia glanced at the other women in the room being fitted, most naked or nearly so, all shapes and sizes, ages and ethnicities, several Asians, most white, one Indian, no blacks. All shapes and sizes of breasts and buttocks, from large to tiny, although none obscenely obese, or morbidly obese, the proper terminology for women who were in the process of killing themselves with food. Unlike Mia, who was, according to her mother, killing herself with a lack of nourishment.

“Take a number and we'll get to you as soon as we can,” said the woman, an older lady than the naked woman but dressed in a blue dress and black shoes but no socks. “It's always a madhouse here on Sunday afternoon,” she added with a shake of her head as if she was disappointed but she

wasn't frowning the way Mia's mother always frowned when Mia disappointed her, which was frequently.

"I wonder if this is where you can get fitted for a Frustrator," Belle said softly to Mia which puzzled her, not that she said it softly but she still didn't understand why anyone would want to be frustrated. Just wearing a belt would be all the frustration Mia could handle seeing as she hadn't gone a day without masturbating for as long as she could remember.

"How does it work?" Mia asked. "The Frustrator?"

"It's a little hard to describe," Belle said without even trying. "I think we'll both get it when we see one." She looked around. "But I don't see any."

Mia looked around and noticed almost a dozen naked women being measured by clothed women, the clothes being some sort of uniform, she decided, because what were the odds that so many women wore exactly the same color and style of dress to work? The belts finally grabbed her attention and she watched, fascinated, as the naked women were shown by clothed women how to step into the contraptions, for what else would you call such a collection of metal straps and hinges but a contraption, an old-fashioned word her mother used often enough but Mia never heard or even read anywhere else in her life.

"This is quite an operation they have going," Belle said to Mia, who nodded readily. "Here's your number." Belle handed Mia a slip of paper like the ones she got at the deli counter at Ralphs when she had to buy sliced turkey for her mother because she didn't like the turkey they sold at Albertsons. "Want to sit?" Belle asked.

She led Mia to a row of chairs where three other women sat waiting their turn, apparently. Mia was happy to wait and watch what was happening so she could prepare herself. She knew the basics around chastity belts—there were a few websites on the internet that gave away some information while locking the vast majority of their treasure troves behind expensive paywalls, but Mia had learned enough to be

intrigued. To be here, she corrected herself. She was here. On the Bondage Deck, where they offered chastity belts for the week and, depending on the cost, to purchase. That was her dream.

Mia watched the uniformed woman help the naked one not more than ten feet away step into the belt she had selected from somewhere, it wasn't clear where. The naked woman put a hand on the uniformed woman's shoulder as she stepped into the ring that was formed by the belt and the loop that went between her thighs. Mia had seen on occasion, mostly on Reddit and Pornhub, belts made of thin strands of what had to be rope or leather straps with metal plates in front. But most common were the type they were using here, metal bands that had some sort of backing to prevent chafing or worse, stiff and unyielding which made for a tighter fit according to the women who wore them. This was what she had hoped for and now that she saw them she was super excited and a little nervous.

"How does it work?" she whispered to Belle without taking her eyes off the woman being fitted.

"How does what work?" Belle asked pleasantly.

"Who decides when you get out?" Mia was familiar with the typical relationship between a woman who was put into chastity and the person, usually a man but not always, who put her into chastity, often known as the Keyholder but sometimes called Master. No one here looked to be ready to perform that role for Mia.

"Watch her," Belle said as she pointed away from the nearest woman getting fitted to another off to the side who was almost done as the uniformed woman was making what looked like final adjustments. "Unless I miss my guess, she's about ready to be locked. I read on the website that they use the same system that was described in the book."

"I didn't read the book" Mia said distractedly.

"I know, honey," Belle said gently. "You told me already."

"Oh, sorry," Mia said softly.

“It’s okay, just watch,” Belle added.

Mia watched as the uniformed woman used a tool to make adjustments at various points on the belt but from what Mia could see, the belt was secure and tight against the naked woman’s generously proportioned body. Mia wondered if she might be too skinny to get as tight a fit and she felt a surge of disappointment similar to when her mother urged her to eat.

When the belt was adjusted to the uniformed woman’s satisfaction, she whispered something Mia couldn’t hear to the naked, now-belted woman, who nodded enthusiastically. The uniformed woman turned to her small work table and opened a small cabinet, from which she pulled a small box. She opened the box and produced a small, keyed padlock—smaller than the locks used to secure a bicycle—the type Mia recognized from the chastity websites. This was the lock that would secure the belted woman, she realized excitedly, but she was also confused. What would become of the key? The belted woman, if she was handed the key, would be able to escape from the belt at her convenience, therefore negating the intent of the belt and the entire point of being here. Mia fought her confusion and watched as the uniformed woman snapped the lock in place but then dropped the key back into the box and closed it. She handed the box to the belted woman, who seemed pleased to take it, which further confused Mia.

“The box is locked,” Belle explained unsolicited. “She’ll go from here to the Day Room and start earning out so she can eventually open the box.”

“The Day Room?”

“It’s a room where...” Belle looked at Mia. “We’ll go there next. It’s easier to show you than explain it.”

Mia watched two more naked women get fitted, belted, and locked, then handed the same type of box as the first. She waited as patiently as she could for her turn and for the excursion to the Day Room for an explanation or tour, perhaps both. Finally, before Belle, her number was called.

“Step up here, dearie,” the uniformed woman assigned to belt Mia told her. “And you can lose the clothes, underwear,

too. You can put it in this bag and take it with you or leave it, either way will work.” Mia stripped off her jeans and shirt with no shame—the room was filled with just women, no men—and spread her legs when so instructed by her fitter. After a brief delay because the first belt wasn’t small enough for Mia’s slight body, she watched excitedly as the lock was applied and the key deposited in her very own box. Which she couldn’t open.

Ahhh. Now she understood that part of things.

Belle had finished her fitting before Mia due to the delay and was ready to lead her to the Day Room for the rest of the explanation as to how things worked. Mia was surprisingly calm as she walked naked, or nearly so, in the corridor that was filled with clothed people, men as well as women, because she was belted and that mattered somehow, more than she would have expected. The belt was not exactly comfortable but it wasn’t painful, just slightly annoying and quite snug, something she hadn’t expected. She found herself looking forward to getting back to the cabin and her bathroom so she could do a thorough examination of just how secure her womanly extremities were.

“Here’s the Day Room,” Belle announced unnecessarily as the sign above the door was not only huge but backlit, probably with embedded LEDs. Belle smiled broadly, clearly enjoying her role as Mia’s guide, and the two nearly naked women passed through the entrance.

Mia was transfixed.

The room was huge, two or three times the size of the restaurant or the fitting room, maybe more. The ocean and other cruise ships still at anchor were visible through the floor-to-ceiling windows at the far side of the room, but between those windows and Mia were dozen and dozens of women, some as young as she but most of them older, some older than Belle even, all naked except for their belts and shoes. There was a seating area that reminded Mia of the cafe where she worked as a server last year, with small tables and narrow chairs, almost all being used by women talking and drinking

coffee or water, all of them naked but for their belts, and perfectly at ease as such.

“That’s the board,” Belle said as she nodded at a big screen TV on the wall between the door and the windows. “Let’s see if they have us posted yet.”

“Posted?” Mia asked.

“See this number?” Belle asked as she pointed to her belly where her belt was locked. Mia bent slightly—the belt pinched her when she bent too far—and nodded. “You’re number 2232 and I’m...” Belle examined her belt and read off the number. “If someone wants to see us together, they’ll make an offer on the board.”

“See us together?” Mia asked, desperately trying to keep up.

“See them?” Belle asked as she pointed toward two women on a sectional couch. The women were kissing and fondling each other as if they were lovers. Mia could feel her face coloring deeply. How could she not notice the women until Belle pointed them out?

“They got an offer, more than likely, and are being paid to be together like that.” Belle beamed at Mia who almost withered under her bright smile. “Do you like girls?”

“I’ve never had sex,” Mia whispered.

“That’s not what I asked you, Mia,” Belle said mostly gently.

“I don’t know,” Mia said truthfully. The idea never occurred to her.

“Well, let’s take a look at your box,” Belle said as she snatched Mia’s box from her loose grasp. “You need to earn \$200 to open the box.” She pointed at the numbers on the front of the box, which Mia hadn’t noticed before.

“What?” Mia asked in a whisper.

“See that line there?” Belle asked with growing frustration as she pointed at the board. “Those two girls, whoever they are, are being offered that amount of money by the members

of the club to be with each other on the Couples Couch over there.” Belle motioned at the women still in the throes of passion to the extent they could be given their restrictive equipment.

Mia looked at the big screen again and was finally able to focus on the numbers Belle was describing. She didn't understand much in the world at large but numbers she got. Numbers were a comfort. Numbers made sense.

“You're looking a little pale, Mia. Even for you,” Belle said softly. “Maybe we should sit at the table and get a coffee or some water at least.”

“That sounds good,” Mia allowed and followed Belle to the cafe area. They went to the counter as no servers attended to the women. Belle poured a cup of coffee while Mia took a bottle of water from the glass door refrigerator stocked with a variety of drinks.

“So,” Belle said after they sat at an empty table. “You have more questions?”

“What is that?” Mia asked of the small array of lenses in the center of the table.

Belle nodded. “The entire room is wired for video to the members of the Bondage Club, according to the book and the website. I'm not sure if this one is connected to the outside world or not. They have clubs just like this at some of the Penthouse Hotels around the world. The members, who can view us when we're in here, can bid on having us get together on the Couples Couches by the windows. They will pay to watch us kissing and fondling each other. That's how you earn enough to unlock your box and remove your belt.”

Mia nodded, her eyes never leaving Belle's. “What if I don't want to remove my belt?”

“Well, the box just opens when you've earned enough. That doesn't mean you're required to unlock your belt. That's entirely up to you. But if you've never worn a belt before, you should be careful. It takes some getting used to.”

“Have you worn one before?” Mia asked.

“Oh, yes. I’ve been to the Bondage Club at the LA Penthouse Hotel a number of times.”

“Then why are you here?”

Belle smiled. “I want to try the Frustrator.”

“Did they have one?”

“No, it’s only available in another fitting room. I decided I’d start with this one.” She touched the lock on her belt.

“What’s your amount?” Mia asked as she looked at Belle’s locked box.

“Same as yours.” Belle showed Mia the readout.

“Is that a lot?”

Belle looked in the direction of the board on the wall of the cafe area. “From the bids I’m seeing, it should only take an hour or so, especially for someone as attractive as you, Mia.”

Mia looked down and blushed hard. She hated being complimented for her appearance, even by a woman. “Why does that matter?”

“Men like to watch pretty girls kissing other pretty girls. It’s one of those things,” Belle said with a laugh. “And the fact that you look embarrassed, well, that won’t go unnoticed.” She motioned to the camera array on the table.

“Can they hear what we’re saying?”

“I’m pretty sure they can, although I’ve never joined the club to find out. It’s rather expensive.”

“Do you get paid the money you earn, or does it just open the box?”

“You get paid,” Belle said. “They’ll credit your account.” She tilted her head and raised an eyebrow. “Why do you ask?”

“So I can earn enough money to buy a belt,” Mia whispered.

“I’m sure that won’t be a problem for you, Mia.” She finished her coffee. “Shall we mingle and see if anyone has noticed us?”

Mia nodded tentatively and stood to walk to the board for a closer look. She was surprised to see her number posted on the bidding section with several others. She looked around as someone touched her shoulder.

“Hi,” the young woman said softly. “I’m Lynette. We’re being paired if you’re interested.” She pointed at the board. Mia looked but said nothing. “What’s your name?”

“Mia,” she whispered and Lynette, a vivacious blonde in her mid-twenties, took her hand to lead her to the Couples Couch. They sat next to each other but Mia felt her face coloring again.

“First time?” Lynette asked gently. “With a woman?”

“Yes,” Mia whispered.

“No worries, we’ll have fun, I promise.” She leaned in and kissed Mia’s cheek, then reached for her nipple and brushed it with the back of one finger. Mia looked down with mixed emotions as her nipple hardened.

“Do you want to kiss me?” Lynette asked with a coy smile. Mia just stared at her, unable to respond. “I’d like it if you kissed me, Mia.” She leaned back and waited but her smile looked genuine and inviting. Mia leaned in and kissed her lips, a light kiss that remained chaste but was pleasurable, she decided. She kissed her again and parted her lips slightly, inviting more but unable to initiate. Lynette seemed to understand and licked Mia’s upper lip with her tongue. Mia smiled shyly but didn’t back away.

“Kiss my breasts,” Lynette said as she closed her eyes. “And then I’ll kiss yours.” Mia bent down, her belt pinching her belly but without much discomfort. She licked Lynette’s hardened nipple then sucked it gently, which produced a moan from the blonde, who really was pretty, Mia decided. She moved to suck her other nipple and reached up to cup her breast with her hand.

“Oh, yeah,” Lynette whispered. “More of that, please.”

Mia complied and was thrilled to do so, which was completely unexpected. She hadn’t understood how this

worked but now it made sense how good it felt to give pleasure to another. She raised her mouth to Lynette's to kiss her deeply, which was wonderful, their tongues intertwining, their hands on each other's breasts, their bodies pressed together to the extent that their belts allowed and it was really, really good, Mia marveled.

Finally, Lynette pushed Mia back on the couch and bent down to suck Mia's nipples. Mia watched, fascinated and thrilled, until she leaned her head back on the cushion and closed her eyes to luxuriate in the warmth and frustration that suddenly overwhelmed her. She wanted out of her belt, she realized with a start, but the fact that she was trapped in it, unable to unlock her womanhood was so intensely frustrating but deliciously so, her helplessness consumed her.

"Oh," Mia whispered as she climaxed without touching herself for the first time in her life.

What in the world...?

4 - Meghan & Zoe



It finally began to dawn on Meghan Attweiler that she wasn't completely sure who she was.

It was the ship-borne stateroom of Rodney Morrow that pushed her mind to this new regard of itself.

Crises of self-awareness are rarely triggered by the things that should provoke them—a poem, a deep, spontaneous thought, a stirring interaction with a fellow human being—and instead are often generated by the banalities of place. Put someone in a new house, neighborhood, Airbnb, and they're suddenly going googly-eyed about their position with regard to the rest of the universe.

Megan had pulled off her sweatshirt and jeans and was leaning against the sliding glass door in just her panties and bra, looking out at the Pacific Ocean.

This man, whoever he was, Rodney Morrow or something, owned all this, his wealth unimaginable by Meghan's standards, this room he never stayed in on a ship he only visited once imbued with an opulence she found foreign but existentially stirring.

It was two rooms, really, a large bedroom with a king-sized bed, a desk, a full-sized bathroom, a walk-in closet, and then a separate living room with a big TV, a sound system, two couches, a wet bar and a balcony through a second pair of sliding glass doors. There was a tasteful nude on the wall, a woman reclining in nothing but a feathered headdress, something from an old Western saloon maybe. There were framed magazine articles on the wall about Rodney Morrow, talking about building his first hotel years ago, and then more recently confessing his thoughts on the *Cruise du Kinque*, a

marketing venture that depended on the dollars of thousands of Americans who were all, as he put it, “degenerates.”

Degenerates. It almost sounded innocent. The king of this empire of iniquity wasn't trying to lead people to Satan, was just trying to take advantage of what was already there, the darkness in people's minds. Or maybe not even darkness. Just ... lust. Lust could be innocent. Or was it even lust? Maybe it was just ... playfulness.

Playfulness.

What am I doing here?

Morrow's stateroom was positioned at the bow of the ship, on one of the middle decks, with a grand view of whatever lay before—which at the moment was mostly ocean, with two container ships at anchor outside the port, waiting to unload their goods.

What does being here make me?

It felt wrong. Not morally wrong. Just, the wrong place. She didn't want this room. She wanted a stall on the Milking Deck, where girls were confined together and did whatever they wanted when the lights went out at bedtime.

Yes, there was sex happening all over this ship. She needed to know about it. She would learn nothing here, in this room.

But who was she, really? Could any other woman be doing this, uncovering the depravities of the *Cruise du Kinque* to shut it down? No, it would take Meghan Attweiler. A vessel of Jesus on a vessel of Satan, but a vessel of Jesus surprisingly comfortable bringing her sexuality to bear, when necessary.

I am a woman of faith. A Christian. And this is my gift: A comfort with my body, in all its divine capacities. I have been called to do this because I am ... playful.

Meghan looked down at herself, at her white bra and her blue panties. Even in this way she was in two places at once, not naked but not clothed either, hovering in some middle place, still deciding who she was.

She wanted to be naked. Just for comfort, not to indulge her sexuality, but she wasn't sure. Did Rodney Morrow hide cameras in his room? Maybe, but then, what harm would it do? Why would he even care that some wife and mother took her clothes off in the stateroom he never used?

She wanted to be naked outside, on the balcony. The idea triggered something in her, a sort of scandalous self-awareness followed microseconds later by a rush of arousal, the near-simultaneous landing of a shocking idea among the neurons and the decision to see it through.

People step away from the precipice all the time at this point, the rational mind breaking through with a third set of ideas, about all the ways this could turn out badly. But was this ship not full of naked people? Wasn't that the whole point? Who on this boat of sexual perversity would tell her to put her clothes back on?

Meghan felt her vagina warm as she reached behind her back to unclasp her bra, and she let it slide down her arms, and she pushed down her panties and tossed everything onto the bed where a millionaire slept—no, a billionaire, he was a billionaire—and unlatched the sliding glass door.

Heart thumping, she slid the door aside, stepped barefoot onto the wooden planking, moved past the chaise lounge, the bistro table and two chairs until she'd reached the railing, and she pressed her belly against it, feeling it against her middle, the wood against her feet, the cool air against all of her, around the curves of her body that were always covered outside, her breasts and back and shoulders, and she leaned forward to look at the deck below, an empty pool and an unoccupied bar. They were still in port, tied to the pier, and she looked there next, at the port and its buildings and its vast parking lot and ant-like people. They could see her, she realized. People who weren't on this cruise might be able to tell she was naked. If they had binoculars and knew where to aim them, they might even be able to see how hard her nipples were. The rational mind finally stepped in, with thoughts of people—people just like her, perhaps—outraged by this obscene cruise and the degenerates on it.

She slipped back into the bedroom, eased the door shut, sat down on the bed to catch her breath and try to calm her shrieking nerves. She looked down, only slightly regretful to see that she'd deposited a damp oval on Rodney Morrow's gold silk bedspread.

Sorry, Mr. Morrow.

No, not sorry.

You're welcome.

She was looking down at herself, trying to decide if she should masturbate, or save her first orgasm of the cruise for something less solitary, when a knock at the door made her start and reach frantically for her panties.

"Yes?" she shouted, certain Morrow was here to reclaim his space, to banish her from the room, if not she ship. And not because she was trying to shut him down or find the sacrificial babies, but only because she'd wetted his bedding.

She stood, pulled her panties on, stared at the cabin door.

Zoe Grayson knocked on the door to Meghan's cabin for the week and waited a beat, then tried the knob. It was unlocked so she opened it and stepped inside, instantly regretting her decision.

"Oh," she said when she saw Meghan, naked but for her slightly-askew panties and looking more than a little embarrassed. "Sorry." She didn't know what else to say so she ignored the obvious. "We should probably get going."

Meghan regrouped. This was Zoe, her guide for the week, not the billionaire. They were going to explore now. Meghan was in charge. This was her stateroom, her ship, her cruise.

And her mission.

"Hey," she said, arching her back casually and fluffing her hair, knowing her breasts were bouncing, and not caring. Did Zoe like girls? Briefly, she allowed herself to imagine being with the woman, but something about the idea didn't work, and she wasn't sure why. Maybe because they were in such different places, a worker of some sort and a cruise VIP. She

didn't mind being seen half naked by this woman. But what did the woman think of seeing her? She actually seemed a little uncomfortable about it.

“So, I was sort of getting ready,” Meghan said. “I wasn't sure, though ...”

Zoe smiled to herself. “Well, I was thinking we should record you showing up on the Milking Deck the same way you did last week, fully clothed and made to strip at the desk. Then we'd record you being tagged and leashed, taken to the milking room or your cage. Are you still lactating, or has that stopped?”

Meghan breathed in, shook her head slightly.

“I ... I was told ... Amanda said I'd be clothed, for interviews,” she said.

“That's right,” Zoe said gently. “At night, when we're on the Sinflix Tonight set, you'll be fully clothed. But for the tour of the various decks during the day, you'll be mostly naked and chained or leashed as the situation dictates.” She waited, then asked, “Isn't that what you wanted?”

Zoe's casual reference to something so demeaning, so personal and invasive, stirred Meghan anew. This ship had a feel, a smell, a way of moving on the water, a sort of soul. But there was also the way the people were here, a culture Meghan's mind had forced her to forget, and now she was back in it. First among her feelings was a deep, incomprehensible arousal. But second was self-protection.

“I can do that,” she said, struggling to control her voice. “Whatever the rules are on the decks, that's what I'll do. But I don't want ... no cameras in my face. Okay? When I'm naked? I mean, if you have it behind me, that's okay. But I don't want ...”

Zoe smiled. “Yeah, we can do that.”

“Okay,” Meghan said, breathing out hard with relief. “So ... I want to go to the Milking Deck. You said the Milking Deck first?”

“That’s where my camera crew is meeting us,” Zoe confirmed.

“And I’m going to ... I don’t want to be milked there. I want to see where the milk goes. I don’t need to be milked. Or maybe, just once while I’m there ... I’m sort of making a little.”

“Whatever you need, just say the word,” Zoe said.

“They’re waiting for us now?” Meghan asked.

“Yes, we’re all set.”

Meghan looked down at her bare breasts, her panties.

“I’m ready,” she said. “So should I ...”

“Yes?”

“I won’t need ... to be wearing anything?”

“If that’s what you want,” Zoe said.

“It was sort of the rule last time,” she said. “And then, could we skip everything else?”

“Everything else?”

“I don’t want cameras there for what they did to me last time. When they tied me up and those people ... you know, in that room.”

“When they processed you?”

“Yes, I guess that’s what it was. I had to undress, and then, there was ... they called it a leash, and I ...” Meghan’s voice trailed off, her mind struggling with memories that, two weeks later, were still both traumatic and arousing.

“We can skip that part if you’d prefer not to go through it again,” Zoe said, trying to hide her disappointment. She’d watched the footage of Meghan being tagged and found it compelling. But she didn’t want to spook the woman, especially while they were still in port.

“Thanks,” Meghan said, looking down at her panties. “But I guess, well ... how do you want me?”

Zoe smiled. “You can take those off.”

Meghan pushed her panties back down, tossed them next to her bra on the bed, confirmed discreetly that the place on the garment between her legs had been thoroughly soaked.

“And the Milking Deck,” Meghan said a little haltingly. “They had rules, sort of. Like, a leash. You’ve seen it, right?”

Zoe pulled her phone out of her pocket and dialed. “Steve? Can you send someone up to Rodney’s cabin with an anal leash? Thanks.”

“Oh, okay,” Megan said. “I guess we need to do that, then.”

5 - Courtney Talks Porn



After choosing her only dress from the paltry selection of clothes Courtney Austen had packed for the cruise, along with her only pair of heels, she only felt slightly underdressed as her husband Ryan walked her into the dining room for dinner. She had packed under the mistaken notion that this cruise would only require casual clothing, an idea that struck her as embarrassingly naive now that the reality of this floating city was made plain to her. The vast majority of the women who had booked passage on the Visual Arts Deck, AKA the Porn Deck, had done so with the express purpose of auditioning for an offer from Sinflix into the industry, not to make a video or two for personal use as Courtney had assumed most passengers, like herself, would be spending the week.

Ryan handled the discussion with the hostess, as she knew he would, but Courtney was dismayed to learn that dinner service was handled differently from the lunch they'd had at a small cafe that offered small tables and privacy. The food was fine if uninteresting at the cafe but that option was not available after 3 pm, they discovered, as they returned to their cabin in the late afternoon. One of the three main dining rooms on the deck was their only option unless they ventured to another deck, something Courtney told her husband she was decidedly *not* willing to do.

At the cafe, they were able to sit alone. Here in Main Dining Room B, all of the tables were laid out with eight place settings, meaning they would have to be sociable, something that normally came fairly easy to Courtney back in the real world. But the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* was not the real world, not even close, especially not the Visual Arts Deck, where they had spent the afternoon visiting various studios that were at their disposal for the week.

As if, Courtney said to herself after she and Ryan had toured just three of the twenty studios on the deck. Now, if she had to guess, she'd be expected to discuss or at least listen to a group discussion of all the studios, something she was not looking forward to, not at all.

"Come on, Court," Ryan had said to her in their cabin when she had voiced her concerns about how their dinner conversations might go. "It might not be as bad as you're making it out."

"You saw those women," she hissed at him as she applied her makeup. The irony wasn't lost on her that she was competing with those women, something she hoped Ryan wouldn't call her on since she had no reasonable explanation for her behavior. "They're all here to audition."

"You don't know that," he had said unconvincingly. "There's got to be a few couples like us who are just interested in making their own videos."

"There weren't enough couples, Ryan," she shot back. "Even you can admit that."

The discussion had ended there.

"Can we at least find a table with one other couple?" Courtney whispered furiously as the hostess walked them through the dining room. Most of the tables were already fully occupied so their options were slim, but the hostess must have heard Courtney as she steered them toward a table with three couples, all young, all dressed to kill, all talking animatedly as Courtney and Ryan approached.

"Will this work?" the hostess asked with a degree of concern that fell short in Courtney's mind, but she didn't see any better options so she smiled and nodded. The hostess left them to seat themselves and Ryan at least had the presence of mind to hold the chair for her as she glanced around the table. The discussions came to an abrupt end as introductions were in order, reeled off quickly and promptly forgotten by all, Courtney assumed. She certainly didn't remember any of the names just proffered.

“We were just talking about how regimented it all seems,” a vivacious redhead with fake lashes and boobs to match said to kick things off. “Why don’t they just chill out?” she asked with a rhetorical flourish and a phony laugh.

“The notion that everyone will want to go to the extremes they seem to have prepared for,” a brassy blonde offered. “It’s ludicrous.” She rolled her overly-done eyes dramatically before looking around for confirmation and validation.

“We’re just here to record our own stuff,” Courtney volunteered in the hope of forestalling any questions directed at her and Ryan.

“Did you check out any of the studios?” the brunette, thin and with strikingly blue eyes and pouty lips painted deep red, asked.

“A few,” Courtney admitted. “We didn’t go very far down the row.”

“It’s kind of brilliant the way they have the studios laid out,” the redhead went on. “The closer you get to the back of the boat, the worse it all gets.” She laughed almost in spite of herself but it still struck Courtney as forced.

“So, you’re not going to use any of the pros?” the blonde asked. Courtney shook her head, embarrassed to admit she had no interest in the men they had met in the few studios they had visited.

“The guys in Studio 3 were hard to miss,” the blonde went on, unprovoked. “I’m looking forward to my appointment there.”

“When are you scheduled?” the redhead asked. “I’m in there tomorrow afternoon.”

“Which one is Studio 3?” the brunette asked. “Blow bang?”

“No,” the redhead said with an exaggerated tone. “That’s way further down at the other end, like fifteen or something. No, Studio 3 is interracial.” She gave Courtney a knowing look that made her blush for no reason she could fathom. “God, those black guys are just...”

“Margie,” her husband, quiet until then, interrupted.
“Please.”

“Oh, you’re just dying to watch me, Tom,” the redhead said with a smarmy smile. “We’re only here because we couldn’t get booked on the Penthouse Deck.”

“What’s that?” the blonde asked.

“Cuckolding,” her husband stage-whispered to her, and the others laughed. All except Courtney and Ryan, who exchanged looks.

“Can you drop in there or on other decks?” the brunette asked. “I’m dying to see what some of the other kinks are like while we’re here.”

“Yeah, someone said the Gangbang Deck is a great hack since the Gangbang Studio filled up so fast,” the redhead added with a knowing smile directed at Courtney again. “You’re really not interested in any of the inhouse talent?” She looked at the blonde. “I’d give anything to ride that stallion who came to the orientation meeting. What was his name? Darnell or something?”

“Damian,” Ryan said, his first words since they sat down. “Damian Marshall.”

Courtney turned to stare at her husband, her mouth hanging open.

“What?” he asked with a confused but sheepish look. “I’ve seen some of his work.”

“He was amazing in *Slave of the New Confederacy*,” the redhead gushed. “If I’d known he was going to be here I would have booked a full month on this boat.” She laughed as if she was insane, Courtney thought.

“Yeah, but I’ll be honest,” the blonde said. “I don’t see the attraction of the Confederacy Deck. You spend the week in a cage, or a stable or something?”

“I think it would be hot,” the redhead countered. “But I get your point. Seems like a lot of downtime and you don’t even get your own cabin. Plus, I heard the food is atrocious.”

“Sometimes they get carried away with the authenticity crap, no question,” the blonde added.

“Getting back to this deck,” the brunette said. “Weren’t you surprised to hear that the woman at the orientation meeting won’t do scenes with men, only women?” She turned to her husband. “I know Steve was heartbroken.” She laughed sympathetically but it was obvious she didn’t mean it. Her husband made a show of looking crestfallen, to the delight of the other women.

Except for Courtney. She glanced at Ryan.

That woman was available, but only for...her?

“What’s wrong?” Ryan whispered as the others continued their conversations across the table. “You look flushed all of a sudden.”

“It’s nothing,” she said quickly. She turned to the blonde. “Are you trying to land a contract with Sinflix?”

“Well,” the woman said with what she probably thought was a shy smile. “I doubt that I have a shot...” She looked at her husband. “But it’s crossed my mind.”

“Do you have any experience with that sort of...work?” Courtney persisted, happy to change the subject at last.

“Me? No, not really. I’ve got an OnlyFans account but it’s tiny.” She almost blushed. A blushing budding porn star, Courtney marveled.

“And you’re okay with...” Courtney asked the blonde’s husband. “Whatever?”

“I think so,” he said unconvincingly. “We’ll see how it goes.”

“What’s the worst that can happen?” the blonde said with a sudden edge in her voice. “They’re only putting it out on their CCTV, so it’s not like it’s going out to the whole world.” She looked at her husband. “Right, Stan?”

“That’s the way I read it,” he said, still sounding less than sure of himself.

“What about the rest of you?” Courtney asked the redhead and the brunette. “Are you auditioning?”

“Not me,” the brunette answered quickly. “Not really,” she added as her husband rolled his eyes. “What?” she asked him with a sharp look.

“Do you really think that’s something you want out there, babe?” he stage-whispered. “There’s no coming back from…”

“They stipulated very clearly in the contract and on the website,” the brunette almost shouted at her husband. “They’re not going to release any of the footage taken on the cruise. It all stays within the Sinflix streaming service, and how big could that be?”

“I heard they’ve already got six million subscribers,” the redhead marveled. “And that’s just after the one movie and the first cruise, like in a couple of months or something.”

“The movie came out late last year,” Ryan jumped in, prompting another look from Courtney. “What? I saw it online.”

“We subscribed to Sinflix?” Courtney asked, her astonishment building on itself. “Since when?”

“Seriously, Court? You’re going to give me shit about a streaming subscription? Considering where we are and what we’re here to do?” He rolled his eyes and laughed but his heart wasn’t in it.

“Did you see any of the first cruise?” the blonde’s husband asked Ryan. “It was, uh, interesting,” he said in a sudden realization that he was being stared at by his wife.

“You watched the first cruise?” she deadpanned. “Without telling me?”

The table cracked up, as much in relief that the tension finally broke and the food arrived. The rest of the meal was spent swapping home towns, professions, and family as everyone seemed content to leave the discussion of their reasons for being on the ship aside for the duration of the meal.

Eventually, the conversations wound down and the server showed up with a busboy to clear the dishes from the table. Coffee was served and dessert for the men; the women all passing on the extra calories. Even Courtney, she noted to herself with chagrin.

But Courtney couldn't get one thought out of her mind. She turned to the blonde, the one of the three women who seemed most intent on taking full advantage of everything the Visual Arts Deck had to offer.

“What was the speciality of the last studio?” she asked quietly. As soon as the question landed, however, the other conversations quieted quickly. The blonde looked around, seemingly relishing the attention and her acknowledged role as the quasi-expert at the table.

“Do you know what ‘gonzo’ is?” she asked Courtney, who gave her a blank look and a shrug. The blonde looked at the other couples and the blank looks and knowing nods were almost split evenly and strictly by gender. Even Ryan admitted to having some familiarity with the genre.

“Well,” the blonde said, as she revved her enthusiasm while lowering her voice. “It’s everything you don’t want to do, see, or even know about. It can go in a few different directions, of course, but here, it will mostly be numbers.”

“What does that mean?” Courtney asked in spite of her reservations.

“A lot of men, one woman, maybe two.”

“How is that different from a gangbang?” the redhead asked.

“Style, intensity, and a few other things that I shouldn’t bring up while we’re still eating.” She raised an eyebrow at the redhead and then went around the table, emphasizing her truncated explanation and all it implied.

“Okay, thanks,” Courtney said curtly. “I’m sorry I asked.”

“No problem, hon,” the blonde said with another smarmy smile. “But if you change your mind about doing a shoot and you need moral support, I’m in Cabin 5280. Just like the mile

high club.” She giggled uncontrollably as Courtney stood up suddenly and almost dragged Ryan away from the table.

“What was that all about?” he asked as they worked their way between the tables toward the exit.

“Nothing,” Courtney told him. She almost believed it herself.

6 - Gallant Gets Settled In



At some point toward the end of the meeting with Dr. Bank, Gallant Fender had decided to just go with it.

She'd been pulled into a very elaborate play, she was starting to realize, where she was the star and the focus was on her vagina. They were saying they wanted to study it, whatever that meant. Dr. Bank, who was obviously just a paid actor and not a doctor, did a pretty good job of explaining that her pussy (he didn't use that word, obviously) was super special and they needed to take a really good, hard look at it. And hard as in someone was supposedly going to put their real cock up her hole because, oh yeah, that's the best way to examine girls' holes.

Oh yeah, totally, I'm sure. So study all you want. This seems like it has the potential to turn me on, and if I cum in your face, that's going to be your problem.

I mean, really cum in your face, because sometimes I squirt.

Still naked, still chained by her wrists and ankles, Gallant was escorted from Dr. Bank's office to a prison type place with like a dozen cells in two rows facing each other, and someone naked in each one. Girl or woman, no guys, but okay. Gallant was the youngest person here, which didn't surprise her, since there was no way they'd let anyone younger than 18 in this kind of place.

Everyone got their own cell, which she quickly learned was called a cage. There was a bed, sink and place to sit with a sort of desk, and a toilet behind a curtain, everything packed into a tiny space. Each cage was separated by a wall of just bars, so she could see everyone here, in all their naked glory.

Gallant's cage was toward the middle, and after she was deposited in it, her chains came off and she took in the rest of

her community.

Perfect.

Not only was she far away from Jerri and the rest of her tiresome wedding court with their weird nervous fake laughs, she was also far away from anything she could identify as normal existence. And that was a good thing right now. Normal existence was becoming increasingly bothersome to her.

But ... shit.

Seriously, Aunt Jerri? This is what you spent a small fortune of your dad's money on? Jerri, Jackie and Munro had better be in amazing parts of the ship to make up for this.

Everyone was acting different here. Some people were just on their beds, reading or drawing in notebooks, ignoring everything else. One was asleep. Two girls at the far end of the room, whose cages were next to each other, were getting to know each other. They were sitting on their beds and talking through the bars about jobs and family stuff and whatever, and one of them had a super-strong New York accent so everything she said was kind of funny, shit like "No, Marvin, you're 7, not 70, take off that hat."

Two more people were playing chess through the bars, sitting on the floor and moving pieces and saying nothing.

The cages were mirrors of each other, so everyone's bed was right next to a bed on the other side of the bars, and every toilet was right next to someone else's toilet. Thank god for the curtains.

The cage with the bed next to Gallant's was one of the few empty spaces here, and the girl in the cage on the other side was on her bed reading with a "don't talk to me" look, so Gallant explored, found a decent collection of toiletries and cosmetics behind the mirror-hairbrush, lipstick and eyeliner, tampons she wouldn't need, hand soap, toothbrush, a few kinds of toothpaste, even a small hair dryer. Next she looked under the bed, found a strange assortment of books, magazines, board games, notebooks, graph paper and colored

pencils. Not all the books were about architecture, but more were than she would have expected. Okay. She grabbed the most interesting looking novel, not a romance but something involving robots apparently, and sat on her bed.

The door to the outside world opened and another prisoner was brought in, naked and chained like Gallant had been, with the most amazing black skin. Just black, everywhere, even ass and tits. Her hair was straight, down to her shoulders, her breasts smallish, maybe B cup, with nipples the same blackness as the rest of her skin. Her face had white features though, narrow nose, cat's eyes, high cheekbones.

Yes, she was being brought to the cage next to Gallant's, so Gallant stared as she was paraded in, kept staring as the cage door was unlocked, she stepped forward and was locked in, turned to have her chains removed.

Where was she from? Would she speak English? Yes, plenty of Americans looked like this, Gallant reminded herself, but it was a rare look, and Gallant quickly convinced herself the black girl (black or Black? A description of her, or her actual race, or both?) was as exotic as this cruise. Maybe she'd been flown in from Africa or whatever place people looked like this, just to get on this ship, because she'd be at home here.

"Okay, thanks!" the woman said in a distinctly southern California way once all her chains were off."And so, we just ..."

"Just wait," the female staff member said. "Someone should be here to give everyone instructions in a few minutes."

"Okay, thanks!" she said again.

The staff member left and the girl turned, taking in her surroundings. When she stood in profile, Gallant could see her thick muff, extending over her mound and the top of her vulva, but the black hair was invisible against her skin otherwise. Had she been marked with those black bar codes they put on everyone? Probably, but it wasn't going to show, not like Gallant's did.

“Oh, hey,” the girl said, her eyes and teeth the only white parts of her, which were now boring into Gallant’s eyes.

“Hi,” Gallant said from the head of her bed, her back against the wall, her legs drawn up, and the novel on her knees and open like she was reading it although she’d probably read like half a paragraph so far.

“Marsha,” the girl said, and she went to her bed, knelt on it and offered her hand through the bars.

“Hey,” Gallant said, accepting the girl’s handshake, a greeting she found strange given the context. “I’m Gallant.”

“Gallant?” Marsha said. “Gallant as in gracious?”

“You could say that.”

“How old are you?” Marsha inquired, dropping to her hams on the bed.

“18.”

“You’re in high school?”

“Just finished. What about you?”

“Just finished college. Why are you here?”

“Bachelorette party,” Gallant said, shrugging her shoulders and setting her novel down on the bed beside her.

Marsha surveyed the cageroom as though she half expected to see a bunch of girls in a nearby cage doing tequila shots.

“We’re all on different decks,” Gallant said. “Why are you here?”

“One-word answer: Learnings.”

“Learnings?” Gallant echoed.

“I work for a company that ... let’s just say some of the practices on this deck would be applicable to how we could do things.”

“You work for a prison?” Gallant said with a laugh.

“I’m not supposed to say, but no,” Marsha replied. “Do you think this is sexy?”

Gallant's mind went into social freefall, no way of knowing what Marsha meant. Is *what* sexy? The way she knelt in her bed, hands on her knees, staring through the bars at Gallant? The color of her skin, which could be a dye or tattoo, or might be natural?

"Yeah," Gallant said, hoping that was the safe answer.

"I sort of do," Marsha said. "I volunteered for this, in case you're wondering."

"Oh, you mean the cruise?" Gallant asked. "Yeah, right. For me, jury's still out."

Marsha laughed, quick and sincere. "I know, I know! I sort of read the book, but that tells you nothing. I'm expecting to be surprised."

"Why did you volunteer?" Gallant asked.

"Just for something different," Marsha replied. "Better than sitting in a cubicle, at least I hope it will be. And when I get back, I'll be part of our best practices team. The CEO comes to some of our meetings."

The door into the hallway opened, its creak drawing the attention of most of the females.

A short chunky woman stepped in, began speaking without any introduction, any attempt to get people's attention beforehand, probably like they did things in prison, Gallant thought.

If you don't hear it and you fuck something up, you're fucked.

Gallant missed the first words, but she went to the bars at the front of her cage to attend the rest of it.

"... everyone in place for the inventory pass, so when we get to your cage, come to the front, arms up, legs apart, you'll be chained, we'll adjust as necessary, and we'll get your chambers probed as soon as possible after that and release you, and then some of you will go to your first assignments, some of you will wait until tomorrow, and you can use your free time to relax and get to know your neighbors."

“What can we do with each other?” someone asked.

“Masturbation?” someone else queried.

“Hold off on all that,” the woman said. “We’ll let you know, but nothing tonight.”

Someone snickered, like whatever it was they were talking about would be happening anyway.

The woman was leaving as two female staffers showed up, younger, in blue coveralls.

Each took a side and worked their way up their row of cages, and it wasn’t until now that Gallant noticed that the front of every cage came equipped with four chains and cuffs, two overhead, two more on either side of the door. The discovery hardly fazed her. Of course they’d have something like this.

The two females in the first two cages stepped up, raised their arms, watched as their wrists were cuffed overhead. They spread their legs and their ankles were bound next, so that each body made an X.

Second cages next, third, and when they got to Gallant’s cage, she was ready, allowing herself to be bound. Play along, she told herself. Say a color and this all ends, but stick with it until it gets scary or offensive or gross. Right now it was just weird, but maybe a little sexy too, like Marsha had said.

After Gallant was chained up, she watched to confirm Marsha was going along, and yes, the very dark-skinned girl let them cuff her without protest.

Secured, Marsha reciprocated Gallant’s curiosity, turning to look at her neighbor, peering and smiling, her white teeth showing to match the whites of her eyes.

The two staffers made quick work of the rest of the females there, getting them all bound in place, like two dozen naked, frozen cheerleaders celebrating a touchdown.

Next came two more staffers, male and female, pushing a narrow cart. Or no, it sort of looked like a vacuum cleaner, a very narrow vacuum cleaner, with two little posts sticking up

in front, sort of like antennas, but whose design and positioning suggested something else, something ... obscene.

Oh fuck, really?

Gallant watched as the cart was rolled up to the girl in the first cage, and she gasped when she saw what happened next. Yeah, it didn't just look obscene, it *was* obscene. They slid the machine through a slot formed into the bars of the cage door, and then the girl grunted, kind of a "uhh, UHHH!"

Gallant couldn't see the two posts going up the girls' holes, but she knew that's what was happening, and she quickly concluded that everyone was going to get the same thing, including herself.

She continued to watch with fascinated horror as the machine was propelled from one bound female to the next. Yes, they were definitely putting the posts up each girl, by pushing down on a handle, and the females were each reacting in their own weird, individual ways, sighs of pleasure or pain, shaking their hips to allow the posts inside, or trying to get away from them.

"Ow," said the girl across from Gallant.

Really? The posts weren't that big, and before they stuck them up you, they covered them with a new pair of condoms, wet with a synthetic lubricant. Afterwards, they threw the condoms away, through a little slot in the back of the machine. They'd be going through a lot of condoms on this cruise, Gallant thought.

As they wheeled the machine up to Gallant's cage door, it occurred to her for the first time that she and Jerri wouldn't be talking about what they'd done to her on the cruise. No way was she going to go into detail about this.

"Ah, yeah," Gallant said as the posts invaded her privacy. It's not that they hurt, or felt good either. It was just surprising that something like that would be done. What was it for?

Everything was being accomplished quickly, efficiently. The things were put up the rest of the prisoners and the machine was wheeled out and the first two staff people, who'd

chained everyone up, came through again and opened everyone's cuffs. No keys required, just a latch.

Gallant went to her toilet, like most of the people did, to wipe, and then back to her bed, where Marsha was waiting for her, on her knees, hands around the bars.

"What was the point?" Gallant asked, sitting up against her pillows, palms together between her thighs.

"Inventory," Marsha said, adding in response to Gallant's blank stare, "It's how they figure out where we should go."

"Like, which lab we should go to?"

"Something like that," Marsha said. "Or what they'll do to us once we get there."

"They made it sound like," Gallant began, looking around, "like I was going to get a dude."

"I think we all will."

"So they're serious?" Gallant said. "They've got boys here?"

"That's my understanding," Marsha replied, nodding a little hungrily.

Okay, Marsha was cool. She was maybe four or five years older than Gallant, but not 10 or 15. Gallant cast her eyes downward briefly, saw between Marsha's legs a pair of dark lips, slightly opened by the thing that had been put inside her, a little more pink flesh visible inside. Another place she wasn't completely black, then. Interesting.

The room was getting louder. More people were talking. It was like having things done with that machine loosened everyone up, verbally. There was laughter, jokes. The esprit infected Gallant to go to a place she usually left unexplored.

"Can I ask a question?" Gallant asked, Marsha's reply a nod and a smile.

"I swear I never ask this," Gallant said, "but I feel like I can with you."

"Yeah?"

“What are you, exactly?”

“Does this have to do with my skin?” Marsha deadpanned.

“Yeah.”

“There’s not really a name for it,” Marsha said, “if you mean what race I am. My brother’s just brown. Medium. But it is a genetic thing. I was born with it. I’ve got some Sri Lankan in me, some Senegalese. This is how they combine in the body sometimes, apparently. Right off, my parents took me to the doctor, she said it was nothing to worry about, and so we didn’t. And ... I sort of like it.”

“It’s beautiful,” Gallant said, mostly sincerely. Would she want skin that black? Probably not. Or, well, maybe for like a week, to try it out and see what happened.

“Gallant?” someone said, and Gallant turned to see a woman at the front of her cage, chain draped over her hand with four cuffs at the end.

“Yeah?” she said.

“Assessment, come to the bars and get chained.”

Gallant offered Marsha an ironic little wave, slid off the bed and tried to get excited. So she was about to be fucked, allegedly. By an actual male person. With the person’s dick. Now this she would tell Aunt Jerri about. Or probably tell her, unless the way it was done got super weird or embarrassing or something. Or then, yeah ... what if the guy was a total dork?

Yellow, Red, Black, Gallant said to herself, remembering the spell. End the scene, get off the deck, get off the cruise. As if by magic.

She went to the bars, watched herself getting chained, didn’t care, thought about getting fucked, didn’t care.

Okay, I’m maxed out, she admitted to herself. I can’t feel the zing because my zing detector is, like, broken, from all the zingy shit I’ve already been through today. And yesterday too. Yesterday counts. Diana Entwhistle. So, numbness. Numbosity. Numbaroni. But still, I’m not letting just any dude get funky in my treasure chest. And especially not a stud. Not

a pretty boy. Some hunky arrogant prick with zero personality who thinks he's god's gift to—

“You're still in high school?” the woman asked as she guided Gallant out of the cageroom.

“Just finished,” Gallant said.

“They found a high school boy for you,” the woman said.

“What do you mean?” Gallant asked.

“To do your assessment.”

“Oh, wow,” Gallant said. “You definitely have them here?”

The woman laughed. “Well, since a few are on the cruise with us, yeah.”

“No, I just meant,” Gallant stammered. “I didn't know, you know, you were getting them from the general population. Are you?”

“I'm not sure I'd call people on this cruise the general population.”

“No,” Gallant said, laughing defensively, “I just thought ... like ... it would be someone who worked for you. Like a gigolo or something. Yeah, a gigolo.”

“We have a few of those,” the woman said, “but plenty of males signed up for the lab deck.”

“Normal guys?” Gallant asked, mind still conjuring a row of over-muscled Mr. Americas.

“Other than that they're here, yes,” the woman said, turning left into a short hall, Gallant ambling after.

“So, when you say high school boy, what does that mean?” Gallant ventured, mind moving to a scene she found even more terrifying than a line of super-studs, a visit from one of those tiny freshmen—they got younger and smaller every year—looking up at her with a mix of hormonal jubilation and virginal panic.

Seriously, Aunt Jerri, did you actually research any of this before you bought my reservation?

“You have to be 18 on this cruise,” the woman said. “No exceptions. And we sort of try to match our lab partners up.”

Reassured only slightly, Gallant studied her surroundings. “Lab C-3,” read the first door she looked at. “Lab C-4. Lab C-5.” She heard a grunt behind the last door, a woman’s voice say, faintly, “Okay, now ...”

“Here you go,” the woman said at Lab C-7, pulling the door wide.

At last Gallant felt a light zing. Either her zingometer was repairing itself, or somewhere in her head she knew she was in for another level of unbelievable weirdness.

Okay, the latter. Fuck.

There were two doctor-types here, presumably not real doctors but dressed the part, male and female, the man in black pants, the woman in a black skirt, both in white doctor coats, both looking at their own standing computers like they were doing sciencey stuff with them, although Gallant suspected they were just checking email or playing solitaire.

But it was the exam chair that got most of Gallant’s attention. It was just like the kind you see at the gyno, raised back, stirrups for your feet, paper sheet, but the main difference was a chain and cuff hanging from each stirrup, a second chain and cuff where her hands would go.

Fuck. Did I mention fuck? Yeah, fuck.

“2-7-6-3-1,” the woman announced, and the man and woman doctors raised their heads and smiled.

That’s right, that was Gallant’s name now, 27631. The marks they’d put on her sort of looked like those numbers, although they were already getting a little smudged.

“Hi, thirty-one, come get in the chair,” said the woman, smiling, and Gallant smiled back as she shuffled forward.

I’m not a doctor, but I play one on a cruise.

Getting into a gyno chair, not something anyone did gracefully, was going to be nearly impossible with her chains on, so Gallant went through the motions, turning and backing

up until her rear reached the cushion, and then allowing the others there to guide her up and onto her back. Simultaneous with the removal of her walking chains, she was fastened to the exam chair, hands bound at her sides, ankles chained with her legs spread obscenely wide, upper body at an incline so she could see everything: her feet, the doctors, her own shaved vulva.

Gallant heard the door to the room close, noticed the woman who had brought her was gone, and the two researchers took their places next to each of her feet.

“So let’s get preliminaries out of the way,” said the man. “I’m Dr. Morrow, this is Dr. Bank, and we’ve had you brought here to do an assessment of your vagina.”

“Okay,” Gallant said, blinking. “Wait, you’re Dr. Bank too?”

“Doug is my husband,” she said.

“And Dr. Morrow,” she said, struggling with a weird sense of *deja vu*. “Like ... the guy who owns this ship? Are you related?”

“Same last name,” Dr. Morrow said. “But Rodney Morrow and I are, at best, distant relatives.”

“Oh, right,” Gallant said. “He’s like, Black.”

“Yes.”

“The most accurate vaginal assessment is done with the penis,” Dr. Bank said, and both researcher-actors looked at Gallant briefly, as though trying to read her mind. They were waiting for her to protest, she realized. Some note must have been passed down about her, that she wasn’t totally in the know about how things worked, and she might call a halt or start shouting out the colors that would bring an end to all this.

Nice of them to be so concerned, she thought.

“The lady who brought me said you found someone in high school for me to do it with,” Gallant said.

“Why did she tell you that?” Dr. Morrow demanded accusingly.

“I don’t know,” Gallant blurted, suddenly nervous. “I guess it just slipped out.”

“Don’t ask about things like that,” Dr. Bank warned.

“I didn’t ask,” Gallant protested. It was the look they gave her in return that instilled a new foreboding about this place. She sensed indifference, injustice, inhumanity. Arguing wouldn’t do you any good. In fact, it could probably make you sorry.

And then the door opened, ending any thoughts of the dangers of this place, because a naked male was being led in by a female worker, and his dick was straight out and bouncing, and yeah, he looked totally like a high school kid, but fortunately not a freshman. Kind of tall, in fact. Lean. Built just fine. Dick still bouncing.

So that thing’s going up me. This is going to be interesting.

But first, it was awkward. The boy was looking everywhere but at her, searching the walls, lowering his gaze to the floor. Even when he was brought to the place between her spread legs, her ankles chained next to his elbows, he barely glanced at her pussy before he found something on the floor to focus on.

No one was saying anything. Shouldn’t someone be talking at this point?

“Hey,” Gallant said.

He looked up. Damn, he looked familiar. But who ... who?

“God, you look just like someone I know,” Gallant said. Okay, not the best icebreaker, but it was true.

He finally looked into her eyes.

“Yeah, that’s who it is,” she said. “This guy named Drake. You could be his twin brother.”

He studied her face, spoke.

“I *am* Drake.”

7 - A High Tech Flogging



Jessica Franklin felt light-headed. All the blood had drained from her face when Mistress Marcy, her wife's substitute Domme, had begun flogging Ellen Toobert's derriere in earnest. Marcy wasn't swinging the flogger particularly hard, Jessica had to admit. The light plastic strips that comprised the business end of the electrically-charged instrument of torture were much lighter than Jessica expected when she was invited to handle it. But the pain inflicted by the current that flowed from the batteries in the handle through some hidden transformer and the tiny wires embedded in the strips were having the desired effect on Ellen. That much was made abundantly clear by her grunts and muffled screams, by the tears that streamed down her cheeks and pooled on the floor, and by the strain in her outstretched arms as her body spasmed and pulled against the chains that held her in place.

"Drop the bit, Ellen," Jessica implored her as she watched in abject horror.

"No talking or you'll have to leave," Mistress Marcy snapped.

Ellen's eyes opened briefly as she looked around for Jessica. The restrained woman shook her head violently when she found her wife. Did that mean Ellen wanted her partner of fifteen years to be quiet or that she wanted the beating to stop, Jessica wondered, although she knew the answer. The bit in her mouth was there so that Ellen could end the session whenever she decided to by simply allowing the bit between her teeth, a piece of wood the size and shape of a grade-school ruler, to fall to the floor. As soon as she let the bit go, Marcy would end the session, but Ellen refused to do so. And now she was telling Jessica, with her eyes, not to interfere.

It was a very tall order.

“Twenty-six,” Marcy said of the latest stroke. The woman, short and nondescript in a plain blue tee shirt and jeans, her mousy brown hair in a loose ponytail, not in any way the Domme Jessica had imagined she would be—she’d seen *Billions*, one of her wife’s favorite shows—for Ellen’s first discipline session. “You’re doing great, Ellen,” she encouraged her, not for the first time, a fact that Jessica found astounding. What was the point of finishing the number of strokes Ellen had asked for when she clearly had no idea just how painful they would be? This was madness, she told herself, and she would not, could not, sit by and watch while the love of her life was brutalized.

That they were here on the Discipline Deck of the SS *Sinflix Loviatar* for a full week at an exorbitant expense was beside the point, proving beyond all doubt that no good deed goes unpunished. It had been Jessica’s idea to book their cabin as a gift to her masochistic partner, but she could not regret her decision more than she did at this moment, she decided.

Drop the bit, she screamed in her head. *Drop it!*

“Give me a sign you’re okay, Ellen,” Marcy said softly. “Lift your right foot for me.”

Ellen raised her right foot immediately, if slowly and only an inch off the floor.

“Good girl,” Marcy said, even though she had to be twenty years younger than Jessica’s wife. “We’ll continue then,” she said just before she reared back and swung the flogger again.

Ellen screamed into the bit but her teeth refused to unclench, much to Jessica’s dismay. Ellen had specified the maximum strokes allowable even though she had not been disciplined in the fifteen years that she and Jessica had known each other. Jessica was not the least bit interested in the BDSM world that Ellen found fascinating as a younger woman. She counted her blessings that Ellen had agreed to give up her kink when they got serious about their relationship, as the small community they lived and worked in made such interests untenable.

Ellen's arms strained against her cuffs and chains, as if to test her endurance and the limits of her ability to persevere to the end of the session. By some convention which Jessica had no knowledge of, Ellen and Marcy had agreed at the outset of the session that 33 strokes with the flogger were called for. With a half dozen strokes to go, Jessica was convinced that number was beyond barbaric. Many fewer strokes, perhaps a dozen, would have been more than sufficient, especially for a first session on a weeklong cruise. How many strokes would be recommended by the end of the voyage? How could Ellen, or Jessica for that matter, survive until the end of the voyage?

"Just a half dozen more, Ellen," Marcy said encouragingly. "You can do it." The unpretentious Domme reached back and swung the flogger gracefully, almost gingerly but with the same agonizing effect. Ellen screamed as loudly as she could while keeping the bit firmly in place as more tears cascaded down her cheeks and added to the salted lakes accumulating on the laminate flooring. Jessica wondered, not for the first time, if she should say something again—if only to get evicted from the room.

No. She would stay and bear witness to her partner's suffering as she had been asked to do. Why Ellen wanted her to witness this barbarous treatment astounded her but she didn't need to understand it, she needed to endure it. Perhaps some unknown understanding would manifest itself at some point, although she couldn't fathom how that might occur.

Three more strokes with mind numbingly similar results followed in unhurried succession. Marcy took the milestone of thirty strokes to announce a small break and invited Jessica to inspect her wife's naked body, as if seeing that she was unharmed by the flogger in the strict sense of the word might make things more acceptable. Against her better judgment, she stood and walked slowly around Ellen's restrained body, ducking underneath the chains that attached her to the walls of the small room.

"Not a mark on her, as you can see," Marcy said as she touched Ellen's buttocks, causing her to flinch and shuffle her unrestrained feet.

“She’s red,” Jessica pointed out. “Why is she so red?”

“Increased blood flow to the affected areas. The body perceives damage even though it’s all an illusion and reacts as it would if I was actually flogging her. The redness will go away in less than fifteen minutes once we’re done.”

Jessica nodded but with no consolation that her wife was not harmed by the diabolical device. What was the point of tricking the body into feeling pain as if the pain wasn’t real? It was real, she screamed to herself. The tears were real, the screams were real, the torture was real. That’s all that mattered. *That was all that fucking mattered.*

“Ellen,” Marcy said even more gently than the last time she spoke to her victim. “Are you good to go on? Do you want to continue? Raise your left foot this time to tell me you’re okay.”

Jessica watched in mute horror as Ellen raised her left foot less than an inch off the floor.

“Good girl, Ellen. That’s a very good girl,” Marcy cooed. The Domme glanced at Jessica but spoke to Ellen. “Remember what we talked about, Ellen? Remember what you told me during our interview?”

Ellen raised her left foot again and nodded her head for good measure. “Do you want me to have Jessica finish your strokes, like you told me during our interview?”

“What?” Jessica asked urgently. “*What?*”

The Domme offered the flogger to Jessica, who recoiled from it. “Ellen asked me to turn this over to you to finish the session, Jessica. She wanted you to finish the session for her. She asked for that specifically. Isn’t that right, Ellen?”

Ellen raised her left foot a full eighteen inches off the floor and held it there.

“See? She wants you to finish the session for her, Jessica. Can you do that for her?”

“No, I couldn’t,” Jessica said, backing away slightly.

Marcy frowned. “If you won’t finish the last three strokes, I told Ellen I’d have to start again at the beginning. Is that what you want?”

Jessica’s head snapped around, her attention fully on Marcy. “What?”

“If you won’t finish the set, something Ellen guaranteed that you would do, I told her in our interview that I would start the set over again at zero and administer the full set of thirty-three strokes myself. She agreed to those terms.” After a beat, Marcy whispered, “She insisted on those terms.”

“That’s fucking *extortion*,” Jessica almost screamed. Ellen lifted her left foot again.

“Yes, that’s exactly what it is. Ellen wants you to finish her session. She does not want to have to endure another 33 strokes, Jessica. Of that you can be sure.” She thrust the handle of the flogger at the cowering woman and held it there. Ellen’s left foot was still elevated.

“This isn’t right,” Jessica said as she stared at the flogger. “It’s not fair, Ellen.” She was standing behind her wife and couldn’t see her face, but when Ellen shook her head, almost violently, she was shocked. And when Ellen stomped her foot and then lifted it again, holding it in place, she was shocked.

“This is what she wants from you, Jessica,” Marcy said gently. “She told me this is exactly what she wants you to do for her.”

“But...”

“No, Jessica,” Marcy interrupted. “Look at her. This is what she’s waited fifteen years for. You know better than anyone how long she’s waited for you to understand her needs. Now it’s time you put her needs ahead of your own.”

Ellen nodded her head and raised her left foot even higher off the floor to silently emphasize the truth of Marcy’s entreaty. “Give her what she wants, Jessica. After fifteen long years, it’s only right that you give Ellen what she wants...for once.”

Jessica stared at the Domme. “You’re a...” She searched for another word but none came. “You’re a bitch, you know that, right?”

Marcy didn’t flinch. “This was all Ellen’s idea, Jessica. I’m just the messenger here.”

Ellen turned to look at Jessica over her shoulder, her chains holding her in place but with enough slack for her to glare at her. “For fuck sake, Jessica, just do it,” she growled through the bit between her teeth. “Just fucking do it.”

“Three quick strokes and we’re done here,” Marcy added. “That’s all it will take from you, Jessica. Three quick strokes.” She motioned once again for Jessica to take the flogger. “Or I start from the beginning. Is that what you want, Jessica? Is that really what you want?”

Jessica’s fury at the woman egging her on boiled up suddenly, uncontrollably, and she grabbed the handle of the flogger. She lashed out at Ellen’s ass with it, three strokes in quick succession, her mind a blur, her emotions blinding her, her anger uncontrollable. Ellen grunted but didn’t scream as the strips landed on her flesh. Had Marcy surreptitiously switched off the power, she wondered. Was it all a ruse, everything, right from the beginning? Was she the fool?

“Good, good,” Marcy said quickly as she took the flogger from Jessica. “That’s good. Excellent, Jessica.”

“Let her go,” Jessica ordered the Domme, who complied and released Ellen from her cuffs with a few swift motions just as Ellen let the bit fall from her teeth. The chains clattered on the hard floor as she turned to clutch at Jessica. The younger woman welcomed her with open arms.

“You did it,” Ellen cried as they wrapped their arms around each other, one naked, the other fully clothed. “You did it,” she whispered as she cried into her wife’s gentle embrace.

“Why?” was all Jessica could say. “Why did you do that to me?”

“Shhh,” Ellen whispered into her neck. “Don’t talk. Just hold me.”

Jessica comforted her wife as Marcy slipped from the room without a word.

“We have to talk about this, Ellen,” Jessica said softly.

“We will, but not right now.” She kissed her cheek. “Just hold me for now.”

For now, Jessica allowed silently.

But this isn't over. Not by a long shot.

8 - The Detective Comes Aboard



Rebeka Charger was on her phone to the Sinflix *Cruise du Kinque*'s reservation line before she'd left the hospital.

She made quick work of the reservation clerk, the reservation clerk's manager, the weekend operations head, telling each of them she was calling on official police business and she needed someone with more authority. The fourth person she spoke to was a woman who answered simply "Security."

"Rebeka Charger, LA Police Department. I need to talk to one of your passengers."

"We'll be back in port next Sunday," the woman said over a line humming with faint static.

"It can't wait until then. You've got a helipad, right?"

"Yes, for emergencies," the woman said. "Mostly."

"This is an emergency," Rebeka asserted coldly. "We'll fly out, you let us land, I go from there."

"What makes this an emergency?"

"Attempted murder," Rebeka said.

"When, where?"

"Encino, lady threw a party, people came, her house blew up in the middle of the night, scorpions on a timer, poison gas on a timer, ceiling beams on a timer, floor beams cut through and loaded up with non-native termites.

"What kind of party?"

"Wedding shower."

"So it's a wedding crime?" the woman asked.

"Yes."

“Can’t this wait until next Sunday?” the cruise security lady pleaded.

“What’s your name?” Rebeka barked.

“Barbara Munger.”

“And you’re the head of cruise security?”

“Kind of like the police chief,” Munger replied. “But my goal is not to be seen and to not interfere with passenger experiences.”

“Your job just got a lot more complicated, sorry,” Rebeka said.

“Are you saying they might try to kill someone on the ship?”

“It’s possible,” Rebeka said. “They almost killed the victim.”

“He’s not dead?”

“She. She’s still alive. In the hospital. But she should be dead.”

“Okay, who’s the perpetrator?” Munger inquired.

“Grey Fieldman,” Rebeka said.

“Let me look him up,” Munger said, continuing after a pause, “okay, found him. Gangbang Deck.”

“Don’t tell him I’m looking for him,” Rebeka said. “He’s not the first person I need to meet with.”

“Who else?” Munger asked.

“First two teenagers. Gallant Fender and Drake Palmer.”

After a short pause, Munger spoke wearily. “Okay, they’re here. How long is all this going to take?”

“It depends on what they tell me.”

“Look,” Munger said. “These people have paid a lot of money for a very special experience. Unless they’re suspects, I really wish you could leave them alone.”

“I can’t. What decks are they on?”

“They’re both on the Lab Deck.”

“What happens there?” Rebeka asked.

“They spend a lot of their time in cages, but when they’re let out, it could be anything. I mean, how much do you know about the cruise?”

“I went to the website, a lot of sex is what I came away with,”

“Yeah, close enough.”

“What are two teenagers doing there?”

“Sex.”

“You said they’re in cages?”

“When they’re not having sex. Or doing a demonstration. Or being tortured.”

“What?”

“A lot happens on the Lab Deck.”

“They’re not doing those things all the time, though,” Rebeka asserted. “Right?”

“I guess.”

“So let me interview them when they’re in their, in their cages or whatever.”

“Not possible,” Munger said. “They’ll be naked. And surrounded by other naked passengers.”

“Then just bring them to a room for a few minutes. This isn’t rocket science.”

“They’ll be naked.”

“I don’t care.”

“You’re okay talking to a naked male teenager?”

“Whatever.”

“He’ll probably have an erection.”

“I’ll be clothed,” Rebeka said.

“Doesn’t matter. He’s 18.”

“I’m coming to the ship, today,” Rebeka said flatly. “I’m going to talk to everyone in the wedding party. How I—”

“Whoa, whoa,” Munger said. “Everyone in the wedding party? What, that’s like a dozen people?”

“No, just eight.”

Munger sighed before she spoke again. “Any idea what decks they’re on?”

“No idea,” Rebeka said. “I was going to ask you. Bride is Jerri Magisteria, groom is Dylan—”

“Okay, stop,” Munger implored. “Tell me their names when you get here. But every deck is different. I can probably figure out how to get you to all of them, eventually. So, uh, starting with Gallant and Drake. Yeah, in fact, they’re supposed to be together at some point today, if the manifest is accurate.”

“What do you mean? Together where?”

“In the lab.”

“The same lab? Together?”

“Yeah.”

“What are they doing there?” Rebeka demanded.

“I don’t know. Lab stuff.”

“No, I mean, did they board together? Are they on the cruise together?”

“No. Males and females are confined separately on that deck.”

“But they’ve found each other there? They’re dating or something?”

“Look,” Munger said, sounding even more despairing, “if you want to know about teen romance, come ask them. I’m sure you’ll get more information than you wanted.”

“When are they going to the lab?”

“I don’t know, maybe they’re already there, or going some time later today, or not today. A lot of the stuff in the manifest is just somebody’s guess.”

“How long are they going to be in the lab together?”
Rebeka asked.

“I don’t know. However long it takes for him to finish fucking her.”

“That’s what they’re doing?”

“I don’t know.”

“Why did you say it then?”

“Say what?”

“That he’s fucking her.”

“Because it’s kind of the default assumption here,” Munger said. “It’s what people do here. Come aboard and you can watch for yourself.”

“I don’t want to watch sex.”

“I didn’t say you did.”

“You implied it,” Rebeka said.

“Yeah, I guess I did,” Munger agreed. “Sorry.”

“Okay, stop, just stop,” Rebeka said. “Let’s back up for a second. I’ve got a victim in a hospital. I think the person who tried to kill her is on your ship. Some of his associates are also on your ship, and they are potentially material witnesses.”

“Okay,” Munger said.

“Okay?”

“Come on out and do your thing. But you need to fly your own ass out.”

“Not a problem. How far out are you?”

“Twenty knots now, another 20 per hour.”

“We can do that, probably,” Rebeka said. “What kind of landing protocol do we need to know?”

“Nothing, just look us up on shiplat, you know how to do that?”

“I can figure it out.”

“Good. Find the ship, then just fly out, land on the target, green circle with an X in the middle. I think the X is black.”

“And someone will come out to greet us?”

“No, just go to the blue door and knock.”

“Seriously?”

“Or if it’s unlocked, just walk in.”

“Okay,” Rebeka said. “I’ll have my badge with me. I wear it on—”

“We’ll know who you are.”

Ninety minutes later, Rebeka Charger was ducking under the whirring rotors of a Los Angeles Police Department transport chopper, wheeling a surprisingly large rolling bag behind her.

She glanced around, spotted the blue door, went to it, pushed it open, found herself in an austere space, all textured metal flooring and stainless steel walls.

“Hello?” she said.

“Hey,” said a voice over a speaker in the ceiling.

“Where are you?” Rebeka asked. “Where do I go?”

“First deck,” Munger replied. “Go straight, then left, find the elevator, come to deck 1, I’ll be there.”

A minute later, Rebeka was on the ship’s lowest deck, looking into the unamused face of the *SS Sinflix Loviatar*’s head of security.

“What’s in your suitcase?” Munger asked, peering dubiously at the bag.

“Dresses, mostly,” Rebeka replied.

“Dresses?” Munger echoed. “How long are you staying?”

“Until I have a confession.”

“How many dresses did you bring?”

“Fifteen.”

“We’re only going to be out seven days.”

“Each dress is so I can fit in at a different kind of wedding,” Rebeka said, following Munger around the corner and down a narrow hallway.

“There are no weddings happening here.”

“It’s just what I always bring, in case there is one. I didn’t have time to repack.”

“How many kinds of weddings are there?”

“Infinite,” Rebeka replied. “But there are some common themes. Traditional, post-modern, artisan, vampire, French provincial, furry—”

“Furry?”

“Furry,” Rebeka confirmed. “Animal costumes.”

“What’s your costume?”

“Owl, with glasses.”

“That’s your spirit animal?”

“No. Owls intimidate people. Furry, post-apocalypse, Roaring Twenties, nudist—”

“Nudist?”

“Yeah,” Rebeka said. “As in, no clothes.”

“What dress do you wear for that?”

“I don’t need one for that.”

Munger ushered Rebeka into an office that would be large if three walls weren’t lined with monitors, half trained on the ship’s exterior, the other half surveilling elevators and hallways.

Rebeka pulled her bag in behind her, took the proffered seat, leaned forward and got to the point. “Drake Palmer, Gallant Fender. How soon can I talk to them?”

“I checked, they’re together now,” Munger said.

“Where?”

“Lab deck.”

“Doing what?”

“We’ve been over this,” Munger said.

“Yes, your assumption was sexual intercourse.”

“Still is.”

“Still an assumption?” Rebeka asked, and she turned to scan each wall of monitors. “Or something you know for a fact?”

“Assumption,” Munger said. “Safe assumption.”

“Why is it called the lab deck then?” Rebeka asked.

They do experiments there.”

“Experiments, and then sex?”

“Sex *is* the experiment,” Munger said. “It’s just—I mean, isn’t it obvious?”

“I need to know specifically what I’m walking into,” Rebeka said. “Just two kids doing it vanilla, or some kind of test tubes, electronic effects, Frankenstein shit, what?”

“It varies,” Munger said. “But think more like gyno, maybe some doctors supervising.”

“Supervising sex?”

“Yeah,” Munger said. “Or so I’ve been told.”

“Okay, let’s go,” Rebeka said, rising. “Can I leave my bag here?”

“Sure.”

9 - A Beginner's Gangbang



Jason McCormack, Male Service Provider, followed behind Munro, the first woman to pick him for a sexual encounter in his life. That she hadn't really picked him—the Selection Room attendant selected Jason and his roommate, Cedrick Stone—mattered to Jason not at all. What mattered was that out of a room filled with men to choose from, he had been chosen. He was going to have sex with this woman and he was getting paid for the privilege. He knew there was a name for male prostitutes but it escaped him. He didn't care. Couldn't care less, in fact. There were so many firsts about to occur, on top of the one that had already happened, his brain was inundated with the sheer fantastical nature of his present situation. His first Black woman; his first threesome; his first taped sex act; the lightning strikes just kept on coming.

He watched without animosity as his roommate chatted up their...what? Guest? Client? Target? Victim? No, that last thought must be banished from his head. What Jason knew about gangbangs he'd learned from porn, like every man on the planet with access to the internet, which by now had to be all of them. But gangbangs in porn were rough; too rough. The rules he had tried to read in their entirety but failed due to boredom and ADHD hammered one point home above all others: VIOLENCE IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED. It was literally written at the top of every page in all caps and large font, just to drive home the point. The gangbangs that he watched incessantly on the tube sites were staged with professionals who did them for a living and in no way represented what was supposed to happen on this deck. Violators would be prosecuted. No exceptions. No second chances.

“Be respectful,” the rulebook had begun. “You are providing a service, a highly intimate service, so act

accordingly.” That it went on in the same vein, page after page, diluted the message but made the point effectively, he had to admit. Don’t fuck this up or there will be consequences. Cameras, not just the ones you see, are everywhere and they are monitored 24/7. Don’t fuck with us. Don’t.

Yeah, okay. I get it, he’d said to himself as his eyes blurred and he stopped reading. Point taken.

For her part, Munro found herself strangely detached from what she believed was about to happen. She was walking with two male prostitutes—gigolos, they called them—who were about to ravish her, but her mind was wandering to all the men who wouldn’t be ravishing her today. There’s been a room full of them, cute, well-built, professional. In her mind, she would be awash in a sea of bodies, hormones, and insistent, invasive cocks. She would be nothing but an object of pleasure there, lost to everything else. No rules, no morals, no civilization, no god.

No shame.

She wanted to be lost.

Jason followed the Black woman—he’d already forgotten her odd name—out of the waiting room and into the corridor that was filled with other passengers on their own journeys and ignorant of his. He watched Cedrick as he tried to draw the girl out—she was younger than he expected but old enough—as they crossed the corridor to a room labeled Public Room 1193, which held no meaning for him. The girl waited for Cedrick to open the door and preceded him inside. Cedrick turned and shot Jason a look before he entered. Jason followed, closed and locked the door.

Given its exotic purpose, Jason found the room surprisingly mundane, just a stripped-down version of a basic, windowless cruise cabin: queen bed, desk and chair, vanity, bathroom, and a few generic pictures on the walls: toucan in a tree, ocean sunset.

“What’s your name again?” he blurted out before he could stop himself.

“I’m ...” she began, then paused. “No one.”

“Munro,” Cedrick said to Jason with a bit of attitude. “Her name is Munro.”

“Thanks,” Jason said to his roommate before he turned back to the girl, who was even prettier than he realized when she first walked into the waiting room. “What’s your deal this week?”

Munro turned, raised an eyebrow before she laughed, urgently, almost hysterically. As quickly as it arrived, her mirth vanished, replaced by something indescribable, animal-like, almost dangerous.

“I’m on a boat,” she said simply.

“We don’t need life stories,” Cedrick said. “Do we?” He glanced at Jason but his focus returned to the girl. “How would you like to do this?”

“Unzip me,” she said, turning her back to Cedrick, kicking off her red pumps.

Jason watched with a smile he couldn’t suppress as the girl offered herself to them not two minutes after seeing them for the first time. Cedrick pulled the zipper down slowly, as if to emphasize what was happening and about to happen. Jason was impressed—his roommate had game.

Not wanting to be ignored, Jason stepped in front of Munro to kiss her. He wasn’t sure if that was something she expected so he cocked an eyebrow and she nodded. He leaned in and touched his lips to hers. He tentatively placed his hand on her hip and pulled her gently to him. Cedrick waited and watched as they kissed.

As soon as their lips met, Munro’s mouth was open, pressing hard against Jason’s, almost devouring him. Let’s not be gentle, please, she was trying to tell him. This is not a date. We aren’t here to make love.

Jason returned her growing passion, his tongue wrapping around hers and he was lost in the moment, his first interracial kiss, a monumental event. When she broke from the kiss as

quickly as she escalated it, he was dismayed. He glanced at Cedrick, who was unbuttoning his shirt. Jason followed suit.

Munro eased back, shaking her arms and her hips, her dress falling to the floor. Her bra and panties were both black, and her eyes flashed a brief annoyance at the nature of women's underthings when she realized she'd have to remove them herself. She put her arms behind her, unclasped her bra, let it fall, pushed her panties down and straightened, arching her back so that the firm, dark brown nipples that tipped her full breasts aimed up, over Jason's head. She'd left her thick black pubic hair natural, wild. It's who she was, today. Maybe always.

"Fuck," Jason said without thinking. He reached for her nipples and stroked them with the back of his fingers when Cedrick reached for Munro, grasped the back of her neck, turned her and pulled her toward him for his own kiss.

Munro issued a soft, unspellable sigh, earthy, sweet, pressing her breasts against Cedrick's chest. It might have been a sound of distress, but in the given context, it was obviously something else. Two men, taking turns preparing her for ...

Jason stepped back as she responded with even more passion to the taller man, and he took the moment to pull his tee shirt over his head, kick off his shoes and remove his jeans and underwear. He looked around the room and noted for the first time the cameras, one near the toucan picture, the other mounted on the wall and aimed at the bed. This was a public room, he remembered. They would be recorded. They were being recorded even now. His stomach clenched and his dick swelled and bounced at the thought of all the strangers who would watch him in his first threesome ever.

Jason waited until Munro broke from kissing Cedrick but as soon as she did he touched her shoulder and turned her gently toward him again. They stood next to the bed and across from the lower camera. He wrapped his arms around her shoulders and she allowed him to. Cedrick was behind her and used his break to lose his shoes and pants. He waited patiently as Jason kissed the naked Black girl deeply,

thoroughly, before letting her go and handing her back to his friend. She was delightfully compliant, Jason thought. He wondered when or if she would get on her knees and...

Munro, eyes closed because she didn't need to see, lowered her left hand to Cedrick's cock, confirming its hardness and its robust size. She could feel Jason's organ behind her, resting against the small of her back, and she reached for that one as well, not quite Cedrick's heft but respectable and thick, and she reveled in both the physical sensation and all the intangibles—cultural, spiritual, moral—of holding a Black cock in one hand, a white one in the other, and knowing both were about to enter her body.

She dropped to her knees—there was no reason for further preamble—opened her mouth and almost swallowed Cedrick, his tip pressing the back of her throat but her gag reflex dormant, yielding the floor to more urgent sensations. She tightened her lips around his shaft, slid back and forward, her tongue caressing the underside of his member.

Somewhere behind her, there was another penis. Attached to a man, possibly, but that didn't matter. She'd let go of the organ when she'd dropped, but now she was in position before Cedrick, she reached up behind her, searching for it, finding it.

Jason watched in complete and utter amazement, his first experience with sex between two other human beings, in real life right before his very eyes. Munro took Cedrick's cock deep into her mouth as he watched, delighted, jealous, waiting for her to do the same with his own but fascinated at the sight of a woman blowing a man in front of him as she regained her hold on his penis while she did so. Unbelievable.

Then she turned to look up at Jason, still on her knees, as she opened her mouth and took him between her lips, her tongue caressing his shaft, his dick disappearing into her throat. He was smaller than Cedrick but she gagged slightly as her lips pressed against his root. The feeling was almost as incredible as the sight of her sucking Cedrick.

Done wetting the organs she'd been given, she stood, eyes half-closed, distant, but her mind clearly still very much there.

She climbed onto the bed and, in a fleeting nod to civility, pulled down the cover before she dropped to her back, spread her thighs and glared at Jason.

“In,” she commanded.

Jason’s eyes went wide with surprise and delight. He would get her first? He knelt between her brown thighs and looked at her pink slit, so wet and inviting, so incredibly sexy. He grasped his dick and aimed the tip at her folds then leaned forward as she reached for him and pulled her to him. The feel was incredible, his first Black girl. He wasn’t sure why that fact kept hammering at his consciousness but it wouldn’t let go. His first Black woman. His first Black cunt.

He erupted, unwanted, unexpected. A disaster. He groaned as he emptied himself in the girl. “Shit, sorry,” he moaned. “Shit.”

Munro felt the pulses, knew what they meant before she sensed the arrival of his semen like touches from a soft finger against her cervix. She shook her pelvis and squeezed, delighting in the arrival of his cream and all it meant—life, lust, the ability of her pussy to force a man’s animal juices out of him and into her.

Jason pulled away, his dick still hard but losing steam fast. “Sorry,” he said again, unable to stop.

Munro, oblivious to his distress, aware only that her vagina was empty, rolled her head until her eyes found Cedrick, standing next to the bed, his cock fully-engorged.

“Hurry,” she urged, widening her legs to make her meaning clear.

Jason slid off the bed and Cedrick took his place, poised over the girl on his knees and one arm while his free hand spread her lips and guided in his tip, Jason’s thick cum oozing out as he pushed all the way in.

“Oh, mmm, ahh,” Munro gasped, each of Cedrick’s thrusts up her sheath provoking a new expression of distress-tinged joy.

Jason watched, amazed and saddened as Cedrick fucked the girl thoroughly, lasting much longer than his own sorry-assed performance. But he was overwhelmed by the sight, sounds, and smell of the Black couple as they coupled, Cedrick's cock pistoning in and out of Munro's pink sheath, stretching it, battering it, filling it utterly, until his friend groaned and spasmed, arched his back and emptied his balls into her. They settled against each other and whispered things Jason wasn't able to hear, almost embarrassed to be in the room with them.

Almost.

Incredibly, for Jason rarely if ever recovered this quickly, his erection reasserted itself as Cedrick lifted himself off of Munro's body, now slick with sweat, her obscenely-gaping pussy dripping with their combined juices, another unbelievable sight in a day filled with them. Jason stroked himself hopefully, his dick still wet, as he watched Munro reach between her legs to finger herself, clearly a goddess of a woman, of that he had no doubt. He scanned her body before focusing on her eyes, closed now as she pleased herself, waiting to be invited into the temple again.

Give me another chance. I promise I won't let you down!

As if on cue, Munro opened her eyes, her hand stilled, she gazed at Jason's erection and tilted her head, barely, in the merest of nods. But her meaning was clear. Jason put his knees on the bed, clambered into position, and the girl reached down to guide him up her hole.

She was outrageously wet now, a triune of male and female liquids rushing out around his base as he thrust back in. Instantly, he was close again, and if he'd wanted to, he could have climaxed now, but his first orgasm had given him the strength to resist, and his bare cock swam in Munro's ocean, her soft walls caressing him, a fresh bath of lubricant coating his shaft. His first thrusts were fast, hard, but just before he exploded again inside her, he slowed, pulling out all but his tip, gliding back in, savoring her firm embrace.

“I’m ready,” she grunted quietly. “Just like that and it will happen ...”

Jason continued to invade the girl’s body, determined to bring her to climax before he came and softened. And this was where Jason transitioned from amateur to professional. Because amateur Jason was ready to orgasm again, and he wanted to, and he needed to, and he would have done so right then, and then let Munro bring herself to completion, or maybe he would have tried to make it happen himself with a little oral work, if it didn’t take too long. But professional Jason had a paying customer writhing around his cock, and she wanted to cum on that, and he needed to deliver. And so he set his needs aside, clenched his jaw and labored mightily to keep stirring the girl’s insides while he withheld his own desperate need for release.

Thankfully, her joy arrived soon thereafter.

“Eeeee,” she squeaked, a high-pitched sound she hadn’t made before, and he could feel her vagina grasping at his rod while her body shook.

“Eeeee!” she said again, louder, angling her pelvis up against Jason, forcing him to hold still while she set a new, desperate pace for his insertions.

“Eee-AHHHH!” she cried out frantically, hips spasming while she pulled him down on top of her and forced their mouths together, devouring his tongue while her lower mouth made a desperate meal of the semen that was, at last, spurting out his tip and into her burning chamber.

They shook together for what felt like an hour, both bodies wracked by the overwhelming orgasms that can sometimes occur when people fuck for no reason other than needing to fuck.

Finally, Jason stilled but for his raspy breath, felt Munro’s lungs heave softly beneath him, and he reveled quietly in his accomplishment.

Redemption.

Jason, you did it, dude.

Total, 100 percent win.

Men in this state of mind normally stand, raise their arms, hug their fellow athletes or soldiers or political allies, and shout with the joy of victory. But no such options were available to Jason at the moment, his body on top of Munro's, his semi-erect cock still inside her slot, her legs still splayed but her body almost still, her mind seeming to need an intermission.

Her head was turned, staring at the vanity but not seeing it, and when he rose up, pulling out of her and moving to the edge of the bed, she barely noticed.

Jason stood, looked down at her, waiting for further instructions, a request, possibly some expression of regret, but she simply lay there, closing her legs slightly, so he turned his attention to Cedrick for the first time since he'd moved to room two with Munro, and was greeted first by his roommate's reanimated penis, as long and full as it had been driving into Munro's body, and second by Cedrick's silent expression of admiration, a nodding, smiling, raised-eyebrow gesture that could mean only one thing: *You did it, man.*

"Hey," the girl said quietly, still on her back, legs still spread, looking at Jason before she focused on Cedrick's hard member.

"Again," she said, lifting her pelvis slightly, raising her entrance in a subtle invitation before she dropped it. "Yeah. Now."

10 - Freedom Mom to the Milking Deck



Meghan Attweiler, naked and waiting for someone to show up and leash her by her anus, was struggling to chat casually with Zoe in Rodney Morrow's premier cabin. But her nerves, her self-consciousness, and a deep arousal had her in a state of agitation that would have been obvious to any observer. She leaned against the wall, thought better of it after half a second and pushed herself away, crossed her arms under her bare breasts, dropped her hands to her sides but couldn't figure out what to do with them and crossed them again, asked Zoe a halting question or two about her background, and when someone rapped on the door, she jerked like she'd been stung.

Zoe walked to the cabin door and opened it. A young man with an anal leash and a small key on a ring walked into the room and handed it all to Zoe even as he couldn't take his eyes off of Meghan. She blushed deeply, at which Zoe had to smile. Just a week in clothes and she was already acclimated to wearing them, she said to herself.

"Bend over," she ordered Meghan as the messenger closed the door on his way into the corridor. "You're used to these, I take it?"

"Yes," Meghan said huskily. "We got put on them all the time on the Milking Deck. Have you ... have you put one in before?"

"No, I'm afraid I haven't," Zoe said while thinking, How hard can it be?

"Yeah, you just push it up there," Meghan said, arching her back, angling her openings up. "It seemed pretty easy for everyone who worked there."

Zoe aimed the plug at Meghan's anus and pushed. It slid in more easily than she'd expected, although Meghan grunted softly as it disappeared into her body.

"Yeah," Meghan said, coughing to hide the shake in her voice. "That's it."

"Do I lead you or do you lead me?" Zoe asked.

"Well, first you have to lock it," Meghan said. "Inside me."

Zoe looked at the part that was still visible outside of Meghan's body and turned the knob that must have been the locking mechanism. She smiled as the clicks sounded from inside Meghan's hole and the woman shifted her feet as the plug expanded inside her. "Do I keep expanding it until it's fully deployed?"

"I'm not sure what they did," Meghan said, adding with a self-conscious laugh, "I couldn't see what was happening back there. But I think you can make it a little bigger."

Zoe expanded the plug further.

"Uhh, wait," Meghan said. "That feels a little full."

"Sorry ..." Zoe said. "I can't turn it back, it's locked."

"Did they give you a key?" Meghan asked.

"Oh, right," Zoe said, fumbling to get the key into the little hole, inserting and turning it, and the device clicked again.

"Okay, now it's completely unlocked," Meghan said.

"Let me try again," Zoe said, turning the knob slowly. "Let me know when it's big enough."

"Okay," Meghan said, her pelvis moving on its own, toes curling. "Okay, almost there ... almost there. Okay, stop. Uhhh."

"Does it hurt?" Zoe asked.

"No, just feels a little strange," Meghan said. "They never asked us how much to expand it. I guess they just sort of knew. That's a little bigger than usual, but it's supposed to be tight, to stay in. So it's fine."

Zoe gave leash a tug. “Seems secure to me.”

“Uhhrr,” Meghan agreed with a grunt. “Wow . . . yeah.”

“So, from the front okay?” She bent down, passed the leash between Meghan’s thighs and grabbed it with her other hand. Then she stood and tugged the leash again. This was interesting, Zoe thought. “I can see why these leashes are used all over the ship. We sold a bunch in the gift shop after the end of the maiden voyage, I was told.”

Meghan, eyes half-closed as she moved to the next level of arousal and ascended to a new focus on herself, agreed with an absent grunt while she grabbed the leash and pulled it upward, the rubber coating pressing infuriatingly against her vaginal opening, her vulva, her swelling clitoris.

“Ahhhh,” she said, longing to yank it upwards, tug it rhythmically, orgasm. She sensed someone else’s presence, remembered Zoe was still there, and enough of her conscious kicked in to prevent—at least for now—a rank display of sexuality.

“Okay, yeah,” she said, letting go of the leash and fumbling for an excuse for what she’d almost done. “You have to . . . you have to sort of get it set . . . once it’s in.”

Zoe smiled. “I guess I should have requested handcuffs, too.”

Meghan gasped, raised her eyebrows. “They did that sometimes too, or chained us, in some ways. When we were getting milked. Or other times, I guess. So if you . . . if you need to do that . . . just for . . . it’s okay.”

“I’m sure I can get some on the Milking Deck. You’ll be okay without them until we get down there?”

“Oh, sure . . . I just want to do whatever, whatever the rules are.”

“Uh huh,” Zoe said with a knowing smile.

“And for who’s in front, it should probably be you,” Meghan said, “since you know where you’re going. And you

can hold it, you can kind of pull the leash up if you want. Just to ...”

Zoe smiled again, led Meghan to the door and opened it, made sure it would lock upon closing and walked the naked VIP into the corridor. The two women walked as a couple might toward the elevators, getting glances from the other passengers they passed but no comments.

“Have you seen what they do in the milking room?” Meghan asked, her mind jumping to next things, to what she wanted to do, to being seen by this woman, Zoe, this stranger.

“I have,” Zoe said. “I watched a lot of your footage from last week. Do you think you need to be milked before we explore the rest of the deck?” she asked in an almost-sarcastic tone.

“You only saw recordings of it?” Meghan asked. “Maybe, since we’re looking at everything, we should start there. So you can see it in person, being done to someone. To me.”

When they arrived at the elevators, Zoe pushed the call button and a car opened immediately. She led Meghan inside and pushed the button for Deck 4 - Milking on the display. The doors closed and the elevator moved without stopping until they arrived at their destination. Zoe led Meghan out of the car and into the reception area of the Milking Deck. She looked for the camera crew she’d told to meet them and found a producer and a cameraman she didn’t know waiting for them at the reception desk. She introduced Meghan but didn’t ask the names of the crew. The less they interacted with the VIP the better, she’d already decided.

“We’re going to the Milking Room first, as she needs to be...” She laughed at her reluctance to actually verbalize what was going to take place. “They’re going to milk her.”

“You’re coming with us?” Meghan asked, looking at the two men. Mid-30s. About her age. The producer was in business casual, the camera man in cargo shorts, like any pair of professional TV reporters she’d seen covering a school district event or school board meeting. They weren’t leering, ogling, eyeing her up and down. They were like Zoe, just here

to do a job. They were like Meghan. On a mission. If they needed to record some things, about how the milking room worked, that was okay. Necessary. It could be used to help the next mom who signed up. Meghan would do everything they asked. Like it was normal. Because right now, it was, sort of. Her clitoris was on fire, her vagina coating the leash with lubricant.

“We need some footage to run before our interview tonight,” Zoe explained. “We can keep your face hidden if that’s a problem.”

“Okay,” Meghan agreed quietly. This seemed like something she’d said she didn’t want to do. She was pretty sure there’d been a conversation about this. But now that she was here, dealing with the situation as it unfolded ... okay. It made sense. She wanted to be watched, at least by these three people, all virtual strangers. It would help them, if she cooperated. And they wouldn’t show her face. Just her body. Her breasts. Her middle places ...

“Do you have a pair of handcuffs I can use?” Zoe asked the girl behind the reception desk. Without a pause, the girl, a very young, pretty woman, opened a drawer and produced a standard pair of metal cuffs, which Zoe took and showed to Meghan. Meghan turned and offered her hands behind her back for Zoe to apply the cuffs as the producer took the leash from Zoe, while the cameraman recorded.

“Go on ahead and we’ll get a shot of me leading her into the hallway and then into the Milking Room, okay?” Zoe said.

She wasn’t really asking and the producer nodded before handing the leash back to Zoe and then leading the way. Zoe led Meghan down the corridor and through the door labeled “Milking Room B.”

“Wow,” Zoe said in spite of herself when she walked into the room. More than half of the stations were in use and women were in various stages of being restrained, being milked, being fucked. Six or seven young naked men were either walking around on their own form of leashes, or squatting down to talk to the restrained women, or utilizing the

women's bodies fore or aft as technicians watched. The footage she'd seen of this room did not do the reality justice, not even close, she realized. "Can you get a panorama of this?" she asked the cameraman.

"So this is the milking room," Meghan said unnecessarily, more to herself, her voice quavering. "I, we, we went six times a day. And I really got used to it. So, my experience ... I don't think any of them here, anyone getting milked in here right now, were with me on the last cruise. So I sort of, well, I might be the one you could show ... being milked. Since I did it for ... those days. Um, seven days. Seven days. If you want to do that."

Zoe waved one of the monitors over. "Can you set her up on the end, there?" she said, motioning toward the last empty station in the row. "Less distracting, right?" she asked the producer.

"Yeah, I agree," the producer said with a nod.

Zoe removed Meghan's handcuffs and handed the leash to the technician, who walked Meghan to the empty station and motioned for her to get on all fours as the cameraman recorded the procedure. The tech, a middle-aged brunette in a nondescript uniform, wrapped the shackles around her wrists and ankles, then she locked a collar around Meghan's neck. Lastly, she attached the nozzles to her breasts.

Meghan shook as the suction began, extending her nipples. The first sprays of milk emerged, not as much as she'd produced for the last cruise, but she wasn't dry yet. After another gasp, she looked around the room again, to the extent her restraints allowed.

"There are boys here," she said to the woman who'd set her up.

"There are boys here," she repeated, looking up at Zoe.

"You want one?" Zoe asked, knowing that was exactly what Meghan had wanted all along. She glanced at the tech and nodded. "You can make that happen, right?"

“You wanted to see how it worked, right?” Meghan said, struggling to force the words out.

“Absolutely,” Zoe agreed immediately. The tech went off to find a free, so to speak, male.

“It’s done on both ends,” Meghan said, again unnecessarily, because some of the women were already being tended to at one or the other end. “But they, they also put a thing behind you, that you can use.”

Zoe looked at the woman locked in the station across from Meghan. “She’s right, there’s a post back here.” Zoe grabbed another technician, a young blonde. “Can we get one of those for her?” She nodded at Meghan. The young woman agreed with a nod and returned with a post and a dildo, adjusting it to the height of Meghan’s vagina.

“Just to show you everything,” Meghan said with a nervous, self-conscious laugh. “How it all works.”

“Of course,” Zoe said with another knowing smile.

“So ... should I start now?” Meghan asked.

“All yours,” Zoe said.

“You just, you just have to go back like this,” Meghan said, easing back until the toy found her lips. She didn’t need to keep talking. She knew she could just demonstrate. But talking made this easier, more normal, maintained the pretext that Meghan was narrating something important, that needed a narrator.

“And then you ... uhh, wow . . . and then you just, you let it inside. You keep going until ... oh god, oh god ... until it’s as far in as you want. Ohhh, ohhhh.”

The first tech arrived with a male on a leash. “Is she just going to use the post?” The tech asked Zoe, who shook her head.

“Meghan, you wanted a boy, too. Right?” she said to her charge. “For your mouth?” The male wasted no time before he knelt in front of Meghan, his member inches from her mouth.

A small crowd was now gathered around the woman, Zoe realized. Would she be overwhelmed? Would it matter at all?

“Uhhh?” Meghan replied. She’d dropped her head and closed her eyes as the dildo worked its magic, but someone had spoken her name, and she looked up to see one of the boys crouched before her, lean and muscled and erect and leashed by his testicles.

“Yeah, yeah,” she said urgently, opening her mouth and waiting before she remembered herself.

“This ... we do this too. It’s what we do. To make more milk. That’s what they told us. To make milk, you have to ... sex. So it’s in me, from behind. And then, now, his ... his ... I should ... I won’t be able to talk, though. Is that okay? Okay, okay, now.”

Zoe smiled as she watched the spectacle unfold before her and the camera. This was going to be great television, she said to herself.

The boy angled forward, and Meghan slid forward as well, taking the penis deep into her mouth while her vagina was suddenly empty.

Meghan clamped her lips tightly around the base of the boy’s shaft and dug her teeth in just enough to convey her desires, and he walked forward on his knees, forcing Meghan back until the dildo had returned to her sheath and was completely embedded.

“Uhh,” she grunted, pelvis shaking, rattling the post against its metal floor brace. “Uhhh uhhhh uhh ohhhhh OHHHHH UHHHHHH!”

Meghan shook, writhed, sucked, spasmed and climaxed, her screams of distress reduced to animal-like groans by the penis that remained lodged in her mouth and throat.

“UHHHHH! UHHHH!”

“Tell me you’re getting this,” Zoe whispered to the cameraman.

“Oh, yeah.” he said. “I got it.”

“Great.”

Meghan worked through all the phases of climax as the crew around her observed and the boy stayed in place, looking down, panting slightly and sliding just an inch or two of his penis in and out of Meghan’s mouth. Post-orgasm, she seemed to be doing something with her tongue, even as the rest of her body calmed and stilled, only the spreading and contracting of her ribs to evidence what she’d just endured.

At last, she backed up and the penis slipped from her mouth, and she returned to her role as narrator, dazed as she now was.

“So that’s ...” she said, pausing to draw in a breath, and she looked up at Zoe, eyes not quite focusing on the woman, or anything else. “So ... you have to do that. But then ... okay ... other things too.”

She dropped her head, looked down between her legs, still impaled on the toy behind her, struggling to catch her breath.

Zoe knelt down and whispered in Meghan’s ear. “You did great, Meghan. Really great.”

“You mean, I’m done?” Meghan said, looking at Zoe with a vague concern in her eyes. “I wasn’t ...”

“Would you like to go again?” Zoe asked, mildly astonished.

Meghan looked up at the boy, still fully erect, squatting, smiling.

“I don’t know,” Meghan said. “There’s just ... there’s another thing we do, that we’re sort of supposed to do, with the boys. With the boy. Where he ... well, wait.”

Meghan looked into the boy’s eyes.

“Did you ... did it come out? Of you?”

“You mean, did I cum?” the boy asked.

“Yeah.”

“No,” he said.

“Okay,” Meghan said, looking at Zoe again. “They should. The boy should have his, his, you know, his orgasm. And then ... they like to do it in the girl’s, you know, in her vagina. Or that’s one place. There. Where they can do it. ‘Cuz they’re supposed to.”

“Would you like him to fuck your ass, Meghan?” Zoe asked gently. “Would you like him to cum in your ass?”

Meghan bit her lip and her eyes went half-closed with another climb up a ladder of arousal she was already dangerously high on.

“Vagina,” she said, her voice barely a whisper. “Then both. Because, because ... so you should, you need to see it all. Right? How it’s done, right? Yeah. Him ... take out the thing ... the thing I’m on, and he can go in there. And then, and then, what you said. Maybe another boy. For that. Or maybe him. Both.”

11 - Mia Gets Tied Up



Mia and Belle exited the Day Room together. Mia's mind was swirling with all the firsts she'd just experienced—her first lesbian kiss, her first touchless orgasm, her first foray into exhibitionism. Each had been enough to send her reeling but she felt fine. Invigorated, even. She was ready for more, she decided and turned to Belle.

“Can we find a bondage place?” she asked in a too-loud voice, which turned heads in the corridor.

“Of course, dear,” Belle said with a smile that was mostly kind but almost condescending. “But try to keep your voice down,” she added in a stage-whisper.

Mia ducked her head as they walked. “Sorry.”

“No worries, Mia,” Belle added. “You're fine. I think all of the Bondage Rooms are this way.” She pointed in the same direction they were already walking and it suddenly occurred to Mia they were a long way from their cabin. She had already earned out the amount necessary to open the lockbox that contained the key to her chastity belt, which she left unlocked but closed. After years of dreaming about wearing a belt, she was in no rush to remove it. She had asked her friend in the Day Room—Lynette, the woman she had first kissed—if she could wear the belt while visiting a Bondage Room and was delighted and more than a little nervous to find out that was perfectly acceptable if that's what she wanted to do.

Mia couldn't imagine doing it any other way.

“Will you be joining me?” she asked Belle.

“No, I'm going to swap this out for a Frustrator if I can find the right Fitting Room,” Belle said as she tapped the front of her own belt. Belle had earned out her required amount in the Day Room as well, to Mia's surprise although she said

nothing. Belle was not particularly attractive but perhaps that wasn't part of the equation, she decided. Why men would pay to see women kiss and pet each other was beyond her but it was fun, she had to admit that, especially the part where she was paid to perform. Real money, she'd been told, that she could eventually use to purchase the belt and bring it home with her.

"I'll see you back at the room, then?" Mia asked and Belle nodded.

"Yes, and we'll go to dinner," her roommate said as she waved and wandered off in the opposite direction.

Mia turned to study the map she'd taken of the Bondage Deck from the Day Room. She was trying to get her bearings when another woman wearing nothing but a chastity belt and shoes looked at her.

"Are you lost?" the woman asked.

Mia looked up and scanned the woman. She was easily as old as Belle, perhaps as old as Mia's mother, which didn't bother her but she did take note. So many of the passengers on this deck were older than Mia had expected.

"I'm trying to find the bondage section," she said as she pointed at the map. The woman, an attractive redhead with small breasts and girlish nipples, looked at the map with her.

"I'm heading there myself," she said as she scanned the map. "I think it's that way," she said as she pointed in the direction Mia had already been walking.

"This boat is huge," the woman said with wide eyes. Mia resisted the urge to correct her new companion. She'd been told this was a ship because it carried boats—lifeboats to be precise.

"It is," Mia said agreeably. "Much bigger than I expected."

"What are you looking for, bondage-wise?" the woman asked. "I'm Dolores, by the way." She held out her hand and Mia shook it.

"Mia."

“Pleased to make your acquaintance,” Dolores said with a warm smile.

“Bondage-wise?” Mia asked with a sudden twinge. “There are choices?”

“Oh, yes,” Dolores said as she became even more animated and a bit off-putting. “Didn’t you read the book?”

“I didn’t,” Mia admitted while wondering why she felt she’d let Dolores down. “Did they explain the choices?”

“Well, not explained so much as gave examples,” Dolores said as she scanned ahead of them in the corridor. “Where are all these people going?” she asked which puzzled Mia.

“Sightseeing?” Mia offered and Dolores laughed unexpectedly. She was being serious, but she often caused people to laugh without trying to.

“Well, we are a sight,” Dolores said as she eyed Mia’s body and then her own. “Why don’t I mind, I wonder.”

Mia understood the question but could offer no answers. She had felt empowered when she and Belle left the fitting room, more than half naked but somehow protected by their chastity belts, even as they walked the corridor of the Bondage Deck amid clothed and even male passengers. The belt and her inability to unlock it at that point made her feel, if not invincible, perhaps unassailable, even if that was demonstrably untrue. Still, she wasn’t put off by her exposed breasts, an unexpected turn of events that she would think about later.

“Here we are,” Dolores said as she pointed at a sign by a doorway. “Bondage Room 1A,” the sign read with no additional explanation or description. Mia looked at the map in her hand for some kind of key or description but as before, found nothing useful.

“I guess we can just go inside?” Mia offered and Dolores nodded. Mia tried the door and it opened. They walked into the room.

A room that, as all of the others had, surprised Mia with its size but in the opposite way. It was tiny. Not even as large as Mia’s small cabin. A woman in a uniform—Mia recognized the

design immediately from the Fitting Room—sat behind a small desk. She had looked up when Mia and Dolores entered and when they stayed, she stood up with a tablet in her hand. She looked at the tablet before she spoke.

“Fran Drummond?” the woman asked.

“No,” Dolores said. “Dolores Allen and Mia...” She turned to Mia for her last name.

“Davis. Mia Davis.”

“Do you have a reservation?” the woman asked.

“No, I’m afraid we don’t,” Dolores said sadly. “Do we need one?”

“It’s highly recommended,” the woman said without being too condescending. “But if Fran doesn’t show up in the next five minutes, then I should be able to slot you both in.”

Mia blinked. “Really? Both of us?” She wasn’t sure she was ready to share the experience of being tied up by another person for the first time in her life with a near-stranger she’d just met.

“If you like,” the woman said more helpfully. “I’m Anka, by the way.”

“Pleased to make your acquaintance,” Dolores said as she stepped forward to shake the woman’s hand. Mia followed suit but remained silent. “What’s your specialty, by the way?” Dolores asked with a broad smile. Mia was astonished at the woman’s obvious glee, which Mia felt not at all.

“Everyone in Section A offers pretty much the same ties,” Anka explained. “All of them are pretty basic. Hogties, box ties, frog, crab, shrimp, and captive. If you want something a little more involved,” she went on as she went back to her desk for a sheet of paper. “Further down is the Suspension in Section B, Predicaments in Section C, Confinements in Section D, and Stress in Section E. If you’re new to Bondage generally, you should probably start here.”

Mia didn’t say but she wasn’t new to bondage, just new to being tied by someone other than herself. She was fine with

starting here and she liked Anka. The woman was young and lithe which very much appealed to Mia—the last thing she wanted was a stout, older woman applying the ropes to her body.

“I’ll stay,” Mia said. “Can you do a hogtie?”

“Sure,” Anka said, then she turned to Dolores. “Do you want to stay as well?”

“Do you mind, Mia?” she asked which Mia appreciated so much that she didn’t tell her she did mind.

“That’s fine,” Mia whispered.

“Are you sure?” Dolores persisted and Mia simply nodded.

“Well, why don’t you start with her, at least,” Dolores said to Anka.

“No problem,” she said as she walked to the large wooden cabinet against the back wall of the room. She opened the twin doors and both Mia and Dolores gasped when they saw the contents contained within—coils of rope of various colors and lengths, metal chains, handcuffs, shackles, and some items Mia was unfamiliar with, such as a large silver hook with a ball on one end and an eyelet at the other end.

“One simple hogtie, coming up,” Anka said in a cheerful tone as she grabbed two coils of what Mia recognized as bondage rope, so designated due to its soft feel and bright colors. The woman unwound the coils before Mia could stop her.

“Do you have any jute?” she asked in a small voice.

Anka looked at her, eyes wide. “Are you sure? Cotton is much easier on your skin.”

“What’s jute?” Dolores asked.

“This,” Anka said as she grabbed a coil of brown rope and held it up for the woman to see. “It’s a different material and if you’re not used to it...”

“I’m used to it,” Mia interrupted. Anka smiled and shrugged.

“Suit yourself.” She tossed the colored rope back into the cabinet and unwound the brown rope. “Lie down on the mat there,” she said as she motioned toward the floor. Mia knelt and then went prone on the mat. She was practically vibrating with excitement.

“Ever been hogtied before?” Anka asked as she lifted Mia’s right arm and began to wrap her wrist.

“No, I’ve only self-tied, so…”

“Got it,” Anka said as she wrapped Mia’s other wrist. “Left leg,” she said and Mia raised her calf. Soon, both of her legs were wrapped and tied to her wrists, leaving her helpless. Mia was impressed with how quickly and efficiently Anka worked, no hesitation or wasted motion in her ties.

“What’s your pleasure?” Anka asked Dolores or so Mia assumed. She could no longer see either woman as she faced the floor away from where they stood.

“Uh, same as her, I guess,” Dolores said softly.

“Lie face down next to her,” Anka said and Mia heard her walk to the cabinet for more rope. “You want jute, too?”

“You said cotton is softer?” Dolores replied.

“Much. If you’ve never been tied, I’d highly recommend we do it with this.” Mia turned her head to look but couldn’t turn it far enough to see what color rope Anka was offering to use on Dolores. She felt a surge of frustration followed immediately by a feeling of stunned excitement. She truly was helpless, she realized in a sudden flash of calm acceptance. Helpless in a way that was so much more than when she tied herself up, always careful to make sure she could untie herself to prevent discovery and unspeakable humiliation.

“Left leg,” Anka said to Dolores and Mia arched her neck to watch as the technician wrapped the woman’s ankles and tied them to her wrists, already tied with bright purple rope. “Good?” She asked as she stood up and looked at Dolores, then at Mia.

“Yes,” Dolores said softly. “How long will we be like this?” she asked as Anka walked back toward the rope cabinet.

Mia could almost see her as she closed the doors.

“I’ve got another reservation at 3, so I can leave you here for almost an hour and a half if that’s what you want.” Mia heard but couldn’t see Anka. She wondered if the woman stood behind them specifically for the purpose of remaining out of sight or if it was just serendipitous.

“Anka?” Mia said hopefully.

“Yes, Mia?”

“Was that an anal hook I saw in your cabinet?” Mia was looking at Dolores lying next to her on her mat but facing away. Suddenly, Dolores swung her head around to look at Mia, her eyes wide with surprise. Or perhaps, alarm.

“Would you like me to use it?”

“If it’s not too much trouble,” Mia whispered.

“No trouble at all. Do you want me to tie it to your hair or would you prefer a harness?”

“A harness, please.” Mia tried to control her excitement but she was almost sure she was visibly vibrating. Dolores kept watching her but gave no indication that Mia was almost beside herself with anticipation.

“Ball gag, too?” Anka asked.

“Oh, yes,” Mia said. “Please.”

Mia listened as the cabinet door was unlatched and swung open. She was still unable to see Anka work but she didn’t need to see. She knew from her explorations on the internet what was in store for her.

“Sorry, but I only have one hook, Dolores,” Anka said as she came around to kneel beside Mia’s prone body.

“Oh, that’s fine,” Dolores said quickly. “I’m good as is.”

“Okay, don’t tense up,” Anka said as she slid the ball on the end of the hook Mia could only see in her mind’s eye. The ball was cold and hard but adequately lubricated and slid into her rectum through the hole in her chastity belt that made

insertions possible. She felt Anka lay the base of the hook on her back as she slipped the leather harness around her face.

“Open,” Anka ordered her and she complied willingly, grasping the orange rubber ball between her teeth until it settled back into her mouth but forcing her jaws apart. “I used a two-inch ballgag, Mia.” That she didn’t ask or wait for confirmation that Mia’s jaw could accommodate that size ball sent a tiny shiver of degradation coursing through Mia’s body.

Anka buckled the harness behind Mia’s head and pulled gently but firmly until Mia’s head was raised and held in place. She felt Anka lift the hook and secure it to the harness. Mia was fascinated by the interplay between her head and her bowels—lean forward and the hook embedded itself more deeply into her body. Arch her head back to relieve the pressure and her neck complained, not too loudly but enough to take note.

“Do you want me to use a pulley to tighten the harness and the hook, Mia? Tap your leg once for yes and twice for no.”

Mia tapped her leg once.

Anka went back to the cabinet and Mia listened as she opened it, took something out and closed it again. Mia had lost all ability to swivel her head so she had no choice but to stare at the wall in front of her. Even Dolores was impossible to see. She listened carefully as Anka attached the rope to whatever was holding her harness to the hook. After a time—she had little sense how long it took—the pressure increased slightly between the harness and the hook, pulling her head back and the hook deeper into her body.

“Tap your hand once if that’s good, twice if it’s too much, Mia,” Anka instructed her. Mia waited as long as she could before she tapped her leg, once only.

“Are you sure?” Anka asked. “I’m going to leave you like this, Mia. It’s not too much?”

Mia tapped her leg once.

“Okay, I’m giving each of you a failsafe button to hold onto,” Anka said and Mia felt something like a car remote in

her hand. “Touch the button for me, Mia.” She did and she heard a buzz as long as she held the button down. “I’ll be nearby so if you need help, lay on the button and I’ll get here or send someone as fast as possible. Otherwise, I’ll see you both in about ninety minutes.”

Mia listened as the door to the small room opened and closed.

She sighed contentedly and closed her eyes.

12 - An Unexpected Rendezvous



For a long moment, Drake Palmer and Gallant Fender simply regarded each other, their silence a function of peculiar circumstances.

Young they were, both having just gotten done with high school. Too young for this, their places on the *Cruise du Kinque's* Lab Deck, funded by a bride and groom who had no idea what they were actually buying for their court.

And neither of them were supposed to be here—the bridesmaids all said they were going to a meditation retreat on Oahu. The groomsmen were headed to swampland called Hilton Head. At least, that's what everyone had been saying to each other.

But now, a naked and very erect Drake was standing between the legs of a naked and very restrained Gallant. The tip of his penis, in fact, was through no fault of his own hovering inches from the entrance to Gallant's vagina.

Maybe it made sense that they would be brought together, two 18-year-olds, probably the two youngest passengers on a deck dedicated to sexual research. But it didn't make sense to either of them. They'd gotten as far as establishing Drake's name. More needed to be worked out. Much more.

"You're Drake, seriously?" Gallant asked, peering at the boy from the exam chair she'd been chained to hand and foot. "Dylan's nephew Drake? We were at the shower together? Last night?"

"Yeah," he said, his tone equally stunned. "Gallant?"

"Yeah," she said, shifting in the exam chair, her breasts swinging. "What are you doing here?"

"Hmm," Drake said, looking at the ceiling. "It's sort of a secret."

“What’s a secret?” she asked.

“That we’re here.”

“We?” she said. “Who’s we?”

Drake had been avoiding Gallant’s eyes, but now he looked into them, then very briefly down at her hard nipples, then back into her eyes.

“You won’t tell anyone, right?”

“No,” Gallant said. “Or probably not. It depends on what you’re going to tell me.”

“We’re all here,” he said. “Me, Dylan, Heck, Grey.”

“On this deck?” Gallant asked, her voice suddenly filled with panic.

“No, I’m the only one on this deck,” Drake said. “Is Jerri here?”

“No, they’re doing different decks too.”

“But they’re all on this ship?”

“Yeah.”

“You said you were going to that island place,” Drake said.

“We were going here,” Gallant said. “Jerri lied.”

“Yeah,” Drake said.

“You said you were going to a swamp,” Gallant noted.

“Dylan lied too.”

“Did you ask for me?” Gallant asked.

“Ask for you?” Drake echoed, completely lost.

“Well, in here,” Gallant said, and she tried to raise her hand to gesture around the room, but the chain held, and she laughed and looked at herself, raised a foot off the stirrup and clinked that.

“Can you believe this?” she said.

“It’s different,” Drake said. “But, um, no, I didn’t ask for you. I didn’t know you were here. Or that you could ask for

someone.”

“Okay,” Gallant said. “But things are supposed to, like, be done in here.”

“Yeah,” Drake said, and this time his gaze flickered to Gallant’s shaved mound and pink vulva, and then to his erection, still poised just outside her chamber.

“This is weird,” she said quietly, first to Drake.

“This is weird,” she announced more loudly to the two researchers, who had returned to their standup PC’s as though writing reports on them or something, but most likely just holding back and listening briefly while the two passengers sorted things out.

“So you two know each other?” Dr. Bank asked, stepping away from her computer, smiling a little nervously.

“Yeah,” Gallant said. “My aunt’s marrying his uncle. We’re in the wedding party of both ... of them both, I mean. One wedding.”

“We really need your vagina assessed,” the researcher said, stepping closer. Dr. Morrow joined his colleague, nodding and looking hopeful.

“Whatever,” Gallant said. “I mean, do what you gotta do.”

Dr. Bank took her place next to Gallant’s right hip. Dr. Morrow took his at her left. Dr. Bank reached down to Gallant’s vulva and spread her lips, exposing the wet, pink entrance to her inner sanctum.

“Go ahead,” Dr. Bank said to Drake.

Drake went ahead, and both teens’ eyes went wide as flesh met flesh, as Gallant’s inexperienced vagina stretched to accommodate Drake’s penis, which was also a relative novice in such matters.

“Let’s get you all the way in,” Dr. Bank said. “And then hold it there for a bit.”

Drake proved a quick study, pushing forward, plumbing the girl’s body and staying there, his eyes focused on the place of

union while Gallant closed her eyes and dropped her head back, content to focus on the sensations and ignore any reminders of their peculiar context. At the moment, it should be noted, she was smiling.

“Drake, first impressions?” Dr. Morrow asked with an interest that seemed entirely professional.

“Yeah?” Drake said vaguely, eyes focused downward.

“Can you share your first thoughts with us?” Dr. Bank urged.

“I like it,” Drake said.

“What stands out for you?” Dr. Morrow asked.

“Huh?”

“What do you like?” asked Dr. Bank.

“Oh,” Drake said, pulling out about halfway before he slid back into Gallant’s body. “Sex. I like sex.”

“Okay,” said Dr. Bank patiently. “But can you share some insights with us about her vagina? About 31?”

“Thirty-one?” Drake said, glancing briefly at Dr. Bank in a half-hearted attempt to comprehend the incomprehensible.

“That’s her name,” Dr. Morrow said, pointing to the black barcode stamped into Gallant’s hip.

“Uhh,” Drake agreed.

Something changed. Suddenly the boy was moving diligently inside the girl, thrusting deep into her before he pulled back, paused, then went in for another insertion.

“Oh my god,” Gallant said, her head popping up, her eyes fixed on Drake’s. “I mean, seriously.”

Drake continued to plunge within, machine-like, while Gallant varied her reception, chains ringing as she raised her pelvis, angled it forward and backwards, lifted her feet off the stirrups and returned them. But after she found a posture that worked for her, she held it with statue-like certainty. She’d tilted her hole upward, the purpose obvious to even the most

casual observer: with her sheath turned up like this, her front wall and all its sensory flesh was raked with every invasion of Drake's penis.

And so it continued for a time, the researchers content to gather data in silence, the only sound in the room a female's quiet gasps of recurring surprise and the soft "slick-slick-slick" of a wet vagina's rhythmic penetration. And then, without, clearly, the benefit of any pre-planning or forethought, the two reached paradise together, the boy grunting and pushing in and out while the girl rolled her head back, shouted at the ceiling and shook her pelvis.

Gallant spent enough time groaning and writhing that one might wonder if she were suffering through a parade of orgasms, led from one to the next by Drake's sturdy organ and solid work ethic, for the boy continued to drive into the girl well after he'd released, the proof of his climax running in a thick stream from the lower edge of Gallant's hole across her anus and onto the paper that protected the exam chair.

The experiment ended slowly, with Gallant's body going limp, Drake's shoulders slumping, his penis bending and slipping out of its erstwhile home, the semen continuing to drain.

"Ohhh," Gallant said quietly to no one.

It fell to Dr. Morrow to transition from raw sex to the ostensible purpose here.

"Well done, Drake," he said. "Very good, 31. So, first impressions?"

"Of what?" Gallant said. "It tickles."

Drake looked at the girl in a puzzled way, but Dr. Bank seemed to understand, producing a wipe, leaning forward and pressing it against Gallant's vulva and anus.

"Thanks," Gallant said. "First impressions of what?"

Drake had been reduced to a passive observer at this point, still standing naked between Gallant's legs and looking at the girl, her face and her parts, as though trying to understand

what he'd just done with them. His penis hung down, completely soft, and wet.

"Drake was here to assess you," Dr. Morrow said. "So we're looking first for how you felt. If you were—"

"Really good," Drake blurted before the girl could answer.

"Was her lubrication satisfactory?" Dr. Bank inquired, turning her attention to the boy.

"What's that?" Drake asked.

"Her vaginal wetness," Dr. Morrow said. "It's what gives her sheath its pleasing smoothness. Was it adequate?"

"I felt it, yeah," Drake said.

"What about her tone?" "Dr. Bank asked.

"What's that?" Drake replied.

"Her tightness. How she felt around your penis."

"So good," Drake said, nodding and looking at Gallant's face. "I mean, did you know this was gonna happen?"

"Not at all," Gallant said with a laugh. "I still can't believe you just, you're here, when you were supposed to not be."

"You're supposed to be concentrating," Drake said.

"Meditating."

"Yeah, meditating."

"Are you gonna tell?" Gallant asked.

"Tell what?"

"That we're here and not on Oahu."

"No way," Drake promised.

"But then, your Uncle Dylan's here," she said. "What if he runs into Aunt Jerri?"

"That could happen," Drake agreed, adding by reflex, "I reckon."

The door opened. Neither of them looked at it. Instead, Gallant nodded toward the researchers before she refocused on

Drake.

“Was I good?” she asked. “They want to know.”

“You mean you?” Drake said, looking surprised by the question, but he peered at the ceiling and made his first sincere attempt at a true assessment. “I can’t think of how it could have been any better.”

“Excuse me,” said a woman at the open door, wearing a light blue sundress and what looked like a police badge hanging from her white belt. She was followed by a husky woman in jeans and a sweatshirt. “Excuse me.”

Gallant turned to look, two pairs of female eyes meeting, two pairs of female eyebrows lifting as they regarded each other.

“Are you a cop?” Gallant asked.

“Yes, LAPD.”

“Oh my god, is she dead?” Gallant nearly shouted.

“Is *who* dead?” the woman asked sharply.

Gallant’s face went white as she stared at the woman, mouth half open, eyes unblinking, until she found her voice.

“I don’t know,” Gallant said with an exaggerated shrug. “Just, I mean ... people.”

13 - Courtney's First Scene



“Wow,” Ryan said when Courtney walked into the studio. “Holy shit, Court.”

She had just spent over an hour in the prep room, which was available to all of the passengers on the Visual Arts Deck. Two very pleasant women of indeterminate ages and ethnicities had worked diligently in that time to dress her, do her hair and nails, but mostly they worked magic with makeup. Smoky eyes, heavy mascara, ridiculously fake eyelashes and three shades of lipstick plus lip liner had transformed her to the point she barely recognized herself in the mirror just before she left the room.

“You like?” she asked her husband unnecessarily but with relish just the same. “You don’t think it’s too much?”

“Oh, it’s way too much,” he said without irony. “But isn’t this precisely the time and place to, pardon the pun, go overboard?” He laughed and Courtney smiled politely. What is it about middle aged men and their penchant for puns, she wondered before she set the thought aside. This wasn’t the time or place, to quote the man, for nitpicking and pet peeing. She was about to let Ryan have his way with her, on camera, with a director looking on and, who knows? Maybe even directing? She couldn’t imagine what purpose the man might serve, but he was mildly personable and somewhat attractive in a smarmy, lascivious way she couldn’t quite put her finger on, but wasn’t that in keeping with the theme of this strange trip, a week making pornos for their private use on the SS *Sinflix Loviatar*?

Ryan, on the other hand, looked like he maybe combed his thinning hair and not much else to prepare for their debut professional porn shoot, such as it was. He wore the same clothes he’d worn to breakfast, another meal taken in the

communal dining room, much to Courtney's dismay. She'd endured more than enjoyed last night's dinner with three other couples but had, mercifully, not run into any of them again so far today. Now, after her long but delightful preparation to be recorded doing god-knows-what by the cruise line's employees who purported to be experienced in producing pornography, she was reminded of Potter Stewart, the long-dead SCOTUS associate justice who famously said that although he couldn't define pornography, he knew it when he saw it.

Courtney felt the same way except with appreciation for the genre.

"You two ready to do some blocking?" the director, Tony, asked.

"Blocking?" Ryan asked. Courtney was almost certain she knew what Tony meant but she let him answer so as not to upset the already precarious balance of male egos and libidos in the room. The crew was all male, something she chided herself for not expecting and being disappointed upon hearing. That she would be the object of their indirect lust could be a turn on if she let it but she felt no inclination at this point in the proceedings to go there.

"Yeah, we need to get you positioned so we get what we need from the cameras and the lights," Tony mansplained to Ryan with a condescending tone. One man treating another man with disdain—it was something Courtney hadn't seen before. She decided she liked it even if it *had* been directed at her husband.

The director turned to Courtney and lifted an eyebrow. "You understand, right?" he asked casually for which she could have kissed him but that would have spoiled her freshly applied makeup.

"Of course," she responded instead with a wry smile and a nod. "Where do you want us?"

"Over here," Tony said as he pointed to the bed and the door. "We'll have you do an entrance and you can just go from there."

“Improvise?” Ryan asked with a note of terror in his voice. Courtney walked to him.

“It’s fine, babe,” she whispered. “Whatever you do will be fine. It’s just for us, remember?”

“Oh, yeah,” he said as he looked at his feet and nodded.

“Are you sure you don’t want someone on our acquisition team to look at what we do today?” Tony said mostly to Courtney. “It’s free and it could lead to something.”

“Lead to what?” Ryan asked, and Courtney had to restrain herself from hitting him.

“What do you think?” she said acerbically. “They’re doing auditions all up and down the corridor.”

“Well, why not?” Ryan asked with his eyebrows raised. “It’s not like they can release it without our permission, right?” He turned to Tony, who nodded a bit too enthusiastically, Courtney thought.

“I don’t want to go there,” she said to her husband wondering why she had to. “I just don’t,” she reiterated when he opened his mouth to rebut her.

“Okay, so...” Tony launched into a detailed explanation of what his vision for the scene was, an exercise in overkill to Courtney’s mind. After a couple of wasted minutes not listening, she was ready to call it quits.

“Can we just fuck?” she asked in desperation. “I’m down to fuck, as the kids say.”

“Sure,” Tony said with the tone of a man who wasn’t going to dispute the superfluous nature of his position. “You do you,” he added sarcastically.

“Thanks,” Ryan said, not reading the room as usual. Courtney gave him a look but he was lost in his head and she didn’t want to make more of a fuss than she had. She was already on the brink of exiting and that would make even less sense than going through with what they had paid an exorbitant price to make happen, so she gritted her teeth and persevered.

“I walk in through that door?” she asked Tony and he nodded enough to come back to her. Meet me halfway, she said to the man in her head. *That’s all I ask.*

“Okay, so you’re on this mark,” Tony said to Ryan and one cameraman swung his ostentatiously large camera to focus on her husband’s body.

“Quiet on the set, please,” Tony said with an in-charge intonation, and when he pointed at Ryan he added, “Action.”

It was all Courtney could do not to laugh. *Okay, we’ll go with it. Why not?*

Ryan looked at her with a fair approximation of lust in his eyes. She opened and closed the door just to give the impression she had entered the room as the camera was on Ryan. When it swung around to her, she stepped toward her husband with an exaggerated sway in her hips and a lascivious smile on her lips.

“You ready for me, big fella?” she asked in her most sultry, seductive tone. He just stood there, mesmerized as she approached and draped her arms around his neck. “I’m more than ready for you.”

“Yeah, I’m all set,” he said with a catch in his voice. Courtney smiled for real—there was no way he’s a good enough actor to produce that catch in any way other than naturally. She leaned in and kissed him, gently, teasingly, her lips nibbling at his, her tongue slipping out but not penetrating his mouth. He was hard when she leaned fully into his body.

“Shall I undress you?” she said loud enough for the mic on the camera to pick up her words, she hoped. With no comment from the director, she forged ahead and unbuttoned his shirt. At least he’d worn something she could work with in that regard. She worked her way down to his belt buckle and went to her knees as his trousers fell open, then she planted a kiss on the head of his erection and licked the precum leaking from his hole. The cameraman crowded in as Courtney forced herself to keep her eyes on Ryan’s and ignore the other people and equipment in the room.

“You taste good,” she said, comically, she imagined before she took his dick into her mouth and swirled her tongue around the head. She held his balls in one hand and stroked his shaft with the other as she sucked and licked just the head for a few minutes, then she shifted on her knees and let go of him. She made a show of reaching back for her heels and hoped he got the idea that it was time for him to take control by grabbing her hair.

He didn't get it.

“Can we try that again?” Courtney asked as she broke from the scene.

“Cut,” the director said. “What's wrong?”

She sighed. “He should have taken over when I grabbed my shoes. I was giving him license to take over.”

“Yeah, okay,” Tony the director said with a bit of attitude. “You got that, Ryan?”

“Uh, sure,” he said unconvincingly. “It's just that she usually doesn't like it when I grab her head.”

“We're porn stars, Ryan,” Courtney said, not hiding her exasperation at all. “I'm trying to go with the flow and you should as well.” *

“Should we start from the beginning?” Ryan asked but Courtney demurred.

“No, let's just change the camera angle and I'll let go of him again,” she said to the director, dissing her husband slightly but he deserved it, she decided. “Take charge, Ryan. Do what you want with me, okay?” She looked up at him, still on her knees as the cameraman repositioned himself.

“Okay, action,” the director said without enthusiasm and Courtney wondered briefly if he was already losing interest. But when she let go of Ryan's manhood for the second take, he grabbed her head and a fistful of her hair with alacrity and proceeded to fuck her mouth aggressively.

Quite aggressively.

She gagged and leaned back but he stepped forward and retained his vice-like grip on her hair as he battered the back of her throat again and again. He eased off just enough to allow her to breathe but in no way was this anything like what she'd experienced with him in all their years of sleeping together, before or after they married. She realized suddenly that her eyes were closed when he ordered her to open them.

“Keep your eyes on mine, bitch,” he growled convincingly and when she looked at his face, she would have blanched if she wasn't gasping for breath. She watched his face and was impressed at how convincingly he showed his disdain for her, her well-being, or her pleasure. He was using her, plain and simple, just as she had told him to.

After several improbable minutes, he let go of her head and she collapsed back onto her bottom on the floor, drool dripping from her chin onto her breasts and thighs. She caught her breath properly—finally—before she looked up at him again. He stood over her, his hands on his hips as he surveyed the wreckage he had wrought, a tight smile on his otherwise hard mouth.

The sight of him like that made Courtney's belly clench in spite of herself.

“On the bed, bitch,” he ordered her, slightly less convincing but still respectable and she scrambled to her feet on wobbly legs and her ridiculous shoes. She thought about removing them but before she could even make a move to do so, Ryan grabbed her hair again and dragged her on her hip towards the bed.

“Oww,” she moaned as she reached to grab his wrist and relieve the pain he was inflicting. *Where the fuck did this come from?* she wondered. Never in all the time she'd known him had Ryan shown the slightest interest in being a douchebag. Was it possible to hide it so effectively and completely, or was this his retribution for her earlier disdain?

“I said, get on the fucking bed, bitch!” he screamed in her face as he held her hair. When he tossed her head like a bocce ball at the mattress she almost lost it. Enough is enough, she

thought as she turned to retaliate but the director—where the fuck had he been until now—stepped in and yelled ‘cut’.

“Great action, but let’s move to another angle for the approach,” he said quickly when Courtney turned towards him.

“What the fuck?” she asked the room.

“This is great stuff, you two,” the director said with unexpected intensity. “Great stuff.” He turned to the cameraman to reposition him, leaving Courtney to glare at Ryan.

“What?” he asked, now back to his normal demeanor. “Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“Not quite that rough, okay?”

He gave her a look. “Make up your mind.” He arched an eyebrow and didn’t smile.

Courtney gave Ryan a look right back. “Seriously? You want to be like that?”

“Yeah, I think I do,” he whispered, his voice catching.

All this time, the cameraman and the sound guy were getting them as they discussed the scene. When she finally realized what was happening, she looked at the director. “What the fuck, Tony?” she blurted out.

“We can cut it, but it’s great behind the scenes footage, you know?”

“Let the man do his job,” Ryan growled, back in character, suddenly. Courtney looked at him. Should she put a stop to this bullshit or just go with it, as she had told him to do a few minutes ago, she wondered.

“Okay,” she said simply. She leaned back and spread her legs. Ryan shifted forward so his dick was within striking distance of her wet pussy. Her very wet pussy.

“You want me to fuck you, bitch?” he growled.

“I want you to do whatever you want with me,” Courtney said in a submissive tone that didn’t come naturally but

seemed appropriate.

“What I want to do is fuck you,” Ryan said and she almost rolled her eyes but kept them on his instead. He didn’t smile. She didn’t either.

“Then fuck me,” she said in a soft tone and refrained from adding, What the fuck are you waiting for?

Ryan shuffled his knees to get closer and eased his dick into her vagina. “You are wet for him, you know that?”

She nodded.

“I think you like it when I’m rough with you.”

Courtney thought about it for a second but then she smiled and nodded again. He leaned in and inserted his shaft further into her. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the pillows. Then she moaned. Not because it felt good, because it did. Not because it was expected of her, because it was. And not because she couldn’t control herself, because if there was anything Courtney was fully capable of, it was that. She was always in control.

So why not try something different?

“Fuck me like a whore,” she whispered. “Fuck me like a goddamn whore, please. I want you to use me, Ryan. Just fucking use me.”

Her husband fell forward but caught his weight on his elbows before he landed on her body. She wrapped her arms around his neck and her stiletto-clad feet around his thighs and pulled him tight to her, kissing his mouth ferociously and ruining her makeup but that’s what it was for, wasn’t it? That’s exactly what it was for.

Ryan wasted no time pumping his dick into her as aggressively as she ever remembered. She egged him on with her heels and her lips and her tongue. His tempo increased but he didn’t swell inside her. She wasn’t close to an orgasm but she didn’t care. This wasn’t going to be about her, she decided.

Then she decided something else. Something out there. Way out there.

“I think you need to fuck my ass, Ryan,” she said in a voice loud enough for the mic to pick up. “I think it’s time, don’t you?” He’d pushed her years ago to give him her anal virginity but it had never happened. She told him it was because she didn’t think it would be a pleasant feeling, which was true, but she never told him the real reason for denying him access to her dark passage. She barely admitted it to herself.

It was too degrading.

“Seriously?” he asked as he swelled slightly in her pussy but slowed his tempo to a near stop.

“Yeah, if that’s what you want,” she whispered in his ear.

He withdrew from her womanhood and sat back on his haunches, looking uncertain as to how the act was best implemented. She picked up on his indecision immediately and spun her feet around carefully so as not to wound him. He took the hint and retreated enough for her to get on her hands and knees. She rarely and barely tolerated this position for vaginal penetration, never referring to it with the standard term for it, also degrading.

So, degrading.

Which suddenly felt thrilling.

What the fuck?

She looked back at him over her shoulder. “Fuck my cunt first, Ryan. But I want you in my ass. I want you to fuck my ass and shoot your load deep into my bowels,” she said to the room, playing to the camera, the director, the crew, and to her husband. “Fuck my ass, Ryan, if that’s what you want to do.”

Ryan scooted forward on his knees and positioned his dick at her slick vagina. She moaned as he plunged into her fully. She reveled in the shame she felt at being used this way and in front of strangers and recorded for all posterity to boot. She was close to climaxing at the thought and realized in that moment that she would indeed allow the director to submit this scene to the audition board or whatever the fuck he called it.

“Okay,” she said between grunts, played up for everyone’s benefit including her own. “Okay, now. *Fuck my ass!* NOW!” She hoped he wouldn’t tear her apart but in that moment she was willing to risk it. She caught her breath as he withdrew from her dripping pussy and positioned his dick at her virgin opening. She’d read that she should push out as if she was trying to expel and he eased into her more easily but not easily, fuck no, it wasn’t easy at all but not as bad as she feared until her sphincter was stretched to the breaking point but then his head slid into her, fully, and the pain eased. It didn’t dissipate completely but it eased, thank god. Thank god.

“Oh, fuck,” she moaned. “Oh, fuck, you’re in my ass, Ryan. I can’t believe you’re in my fucking ass.”

“You like that, bitch?” he growled as he sunk into her slowly, judiciously, which she hated but it had to be that way. It simply had to be that way.

“Deeper,” she whispered, her eyes closed, the crew a distant memory now, all of her attention on the penis in her dark passage, her bowels, her depths. It was so disgusting, so vile, so deliciously demeaning. How could she possibly want this? How? Why?

What?

The?

Fuck?

“God, your ass is so fucking tight,” Ryan said, almost in his normal voice, full of wonder, all cruelty dissipated. “Oh, my fucking god, Courtney. You are so fucking tight.”

“I know,” she whispered. “And you’re so fucking big, Ryan. So fucking big.”

He buried himself to the hilt and then slowly withdrew until his head caught on the rim of her sphincter. He pressed forward and slid fully into her and she moaned. God, it hurt but, god, it felt good. *How could it be both?* she wondered. How?

Ryan fucked her ass slowly, never increasing his tempo even though she wished he would. He just kept slowly fucking

her ass for the first time anyone ever had. She felt him burrow into her again and again and it felt incredible.

Finally, he slowed to where he was barely pumping in her at all, and then he came to a complete standstill. She turned her head to look back at him over her shoulder.

“Finger yourself, Courtney. Make yourself cum for me.”

She reached beneath her body and touched her clit. The feeling was one of the most satisfyingly erotic moments in memory, perhaps the ultimate one as she leapt to the edge of a shattering orgasm before she could back away. She embraced the inevitable and moaned the most guttural moan as she came hard, almost to the point of losing consciousness.

“I’m cumming,” she said over and over as she came over and over. Then she came again as Ryan swelled inside her and she felt his essence flood a place she’d never felt it before, so different, so thoroughly satisfying, so desperately degrading. He collapsed on top of her and she grunted again, as did he, and they both panted furiously but she had to struggle under the weight of him which was also incredibly demeaning.

“I can’t breathe,” she finally managed to squeak out.

“Good,” he replied.

14 - Freedom Mom Looks for Babies



Meghan Attweiler—wife, mother, Christian, Freedom Mom—recovered with impressive speed from being penetrated by two males in three places while simultaneously being milked.

But Meghan Attweiler—sexual being, whipsawed denizen of a patriarchal culture with a matriarchal overlay (or vice versa, depending on one’s where and when), was right on schedule.

She was done having the orgasms she needed. She’d served as the destination for two ejaculations, vaginal and anal, although both had received preparatory oral stimulation.

And now she was ready to continue her mission, a calling ordained by God, a search for the children who received the milk extracted on this deck so they could be sustained until their Satanic sacrifice.

She was naked, because that was one of the rules of this place. She’d suffered the intimacy of two boys she did not know—their penises applied to her body orally, vaginally, anally—because that was another of the rules here. You couldn’t find out where the milk went until you’d survived the ordeal.

Or so she kept telling herself.

It wasn’t saying “Open Sesame” that got one access. It wasn’t a certain gesture, a handshake, a password. It was a series of actions—Meghan truly believed this—that were required to get one into the inner sanctum. And Meghan had performed that series of action faithfully. Or maybe even enthusiastically.

But should not service to God always be enthusiastic?

She'd let them chain her to the floor: wrists, ankles, neck. She'd let them cup her nipples, because that's where the milk came from. And she'd let them bring her males, because—or so the theory went—sexual stimulation improved the production of her breasts.

And thereby, she'd established her belonging, something she would need here, to do what God had sent her to do.

Was she leaking? Well, her anus was holding its own, but the opening of her vagina was thick with cream. Several strings of it had dropped from her doorway to the floor she was chained to and collared to, and more was poised between her lips, staying in place for the time being.

Whatever became of it, she didn't care now, because she had earned her next station, and she was moving toward it with admirable speed. The two clear lines running from her breasts were empty, all the milk she had in them gone now, to some other place.

“Okay,” she said, looking up at Zoe, her *Cruise du Kinque* escort. “I'm ready.”

Zoe glanced at her producer and raised an eyebrow. Then she crouched down to talk softly to her charge, who was clearly a little dick-drunk. She put her hand on Meghan's shoulder and asked, “Ready to go down to the Confederacy Deck to see where I spent my week on the first cruise?”

Meghan shook her head. “I need to see where the milk goes.”

“Oh, okay,” Zoe said with a slight smile. “Can you get her out of those...?” she asked one of the technicians as she pointed at the collar around Meghan's neck and the restraints on her wrists and ankles. “And who has the anal leash?” she asked no one in particular.

Her producer held up the device with obvious distaste. “Do we need to clean it?”

“I don't know,” Zoe said, then she turned to the tech, who was already working on Meghan's collar. “What's the protocol

on that?”

He shrugged. “If it’s the same one she was brought in on, no.”

The tech let Meghan’s collar fall to the floor, rose and took the leash from the producer, turned and pushed it up Meghan’s rear and locked it, ignoring Meghan’s grunt, the whole operation taking no more than a few seconds. Next he freed Meghan’s limbs with practiced efficiency, each of her four cuffs falling to the floor with a dull thud.

Meghan stood a little unsteadily, blinked. “Okay,” she said, smiling self-deprecatingly at Zoe. “So ... you got to see that.”

Meghan looked at the floor, where the collection cups that had been fixed to her nipples were lying unoccupied, the clear plastic lines snaking across the room to join with the others and vanish into a port set low in the far wall. “Can we start with the other side of that wall?” she asked.

Zoe looked at her producer and then at the tech. “How do we get to the other side of that wall?” she asked in her most commanding tone.

“Knock on the door there,” he said, pointing. “If anyone’s in there, they’ll let you in.”

Zoe held out her hand to help Meghan stand up on shaky legs. She took the other end of her leash from the technician and slipped it between Meghan’s legs to lead her from in front, then walked her toward the door, making sure the camera man was getting it all.

Without thinking, Meghan grabbed the leash with one hand, spread her lips with the other and pulled the restraint taut, lodging it against her vulva. It was pure reflex, she realized as soon as she’d noticed what she’d done, a mildly pleasurable habit she and the other girls had learned quickly during the first cruise.

Zoe flashed a look at her producer and mouthed, “Did you get that?” The producer checked with the cameraman and he smiled, nodding.

Self conscious again now that two orgasms had eased the most urgent of her needs, Meghan sensed the unspoken conversation happening around her, considered asking them to include her in the exchange, decided against it. What she needed to know lay behind that nondescript, unmarked door. If they wanted to talk about her behind her back, fine. The show was over, the sex just a wet memory, and her exercise with the leash was just that, a passing stimulation to keep her sharp, not a prelude to more sex.

Zoe led her little group to the door and knocked. It was a few seconds before she heard footsteps and the door was pulled open. “Yes?” the female tech in the same uniform type asked without stepping aside to let them enter.

“We’d like to look around,” Zoe said, turning back to Meghan and the camera crew.

“That won’t be possible,” she said, eyes going to Megan and the chain between her legs, and she eased backward and pushed the door closed.

Zoe knocked again as she pulled her phone out of her pocket. She dialed the head of the Milking Deck as she waited. “Barbara? Zoe Grayson here. Can you talk to one of your people for me? We need access, like I mentioned to you yesterday. Thanks.”

Meghan crossed her arms with a sense of vindication. If her search ended here with a locked door no one was allowed through, that was proof enough of something nefarious.

But the door opened again, the annoyed tech peering out, looking suspiciously at the phone Zoe offered her. She accepted it reluctantly while Zoe waited for the very brief conversation to be concluded.

“Yeah, sure,” the tech said, clearly flustered. “Okay, I didn’t know that. No one told us about—yeah, okay, okay. Thanks. Bye.”

The tech handed the phone back to Zoe, scowled through the crack in the door.

“So, yeah, they said I gotta let you in. But this whole room is hygiene level 5, okay?”

“We’ll be careful,” Zoe said as she led Meghan by her leash into the room.

“You just got milked?” she asked Meghan suspiciously.

“Yes,” Meghan replied.

“She wants to see where the milk goes,” Zoe told the tech.

“Okay, sure,” the tech said, peering at Zoe, ignoring Meghan. “But she represents a huge biohazard here. Did anything else happen in there?”

“You mean sexually?” Zoe asked.

The tech bit her lip, glanced away, clearly embarrassed.

“Yeah,” she said, “anything that, that could raise her biohazard profile.”

“Uh, yeah,” Zoe admitted. “She was...boosted.”

“Can you be more specific?”

Zoe eyed the girl hard. She decided to just go for it. “They fucked her in all three holes.”

“She only has two holes,” the tech retorted, verifying her assertion with a quick glance at Meghan’s lower half.

“Seriously?” Zoe said with a sarcastic tone.

“Wait, you mean mouth too?”

“Yes,” Zoe said simply. “Will that be a problem or can we get on with the tour?”

“Yes, but I can’t let you in until I’ve assessed your biological threat level.”

“What will that entail?” Zoe asked. “The assessment?”

“Did she receive any contaminants?”

“You mean, did they cum inside her? Yeah, two of them did.”

“Which, um, holes?”

“Ass and cunt,” Zoe said.

The tech shrugged with what looked like despair, threw the door wide, grabbed a container of wipes off the counter, held them out.

“Everyone needs to use these on her hands, and she needs everywhere else wiped too ... where the contaminants were ... where they ended up.”

Zoe took the can of wipes from the tech, pulled one out, stepped toward Meghan and lowered the leash to wipe the vagina and that part of the leash thoroughly before she looked at the tech. “Do you have a receptacle for this?”

“There,” the tech replied, pointing to a small waste can with a lid and a red biohazard symbol on the top

“Should we take my plug out?” Meghan asked. “So we can clean my ... that?”

“No, please!” the tech almost shouted. “Just leave it in, but wipe around it.”

Meghan turned and bent expectantly.

Zoe pulled another wipe from the can and worked it around the plug base and cable that stuck out of Meghan’s rear.

More wipes were applied, to everyone’s hands and then, for good measure, to Meghan’s nipples.

“Okay, tourtime, we can get this done quickly,” the tech announced, annoyance still obvious, and she pointed to a thrumming gray box with a row of knobs and gauges on the top.

“All the lines feed into this,” she said. “It’s a rhythmic vacuum withdrawal system, it’s temperature-controlled, and it’s got purification and Pasteurization modules. It measures and weighs everything before it sends it to the main collection tub.”

“Where is that?” Meghan asked. “The tub?”

“See the hose?” the tech replied, pointing to a thick line carrying milk from the module to another port in the wall.

“The hose goes to it, and if you want to, you can go through that door.”

“Where are the babies?” Meghan asked, eyes going suddenly hard.

“What?” the tech asked, eyebrows arching, looking less like a cornered henchwoman in a baby sacrificing enterprise and more like someone who was very confused. Or maybe even a little frightened.

Zoe rolled her eyes. *This again?* “There are no babies, Meghan,” she said without trying to hide her exasperation.

“I want to see where the milk goes next,” Meghan replied firmly.

“Right through that door,” the tech said, perhaps a little too eagerly. But one might sympathize with her desire to get everyone out of her realm.

“Can we go in there?” Zoe asked the tech.

“It’s unlocked.”

Zoe walked Meghan by her leash to the door and pushed it open.

“Should I ...” Meghan said, grabbing the leash, and she turned back to the tech. “It’s usually ... my um, restraint, it’s, I keep it against me ... but is that okay?”

“Yeah, whatever,” the tech replied with a dismissive wave. “Just please don’t put your hands on anything if you have to touch it.”

Meghan parted her lips and returned the leash to its place between them.

They walked into a hallway and looked around but it was confusing to Zoe. “Where does this go?”

“Just follow the line,” the tech said, pointing.

Zoe walked Meghan by her leash to follow the line down the twisting corridor.

“Zoe?” someone shouted from behind them. “Hey, Zoe?”

Zoe turned and accidentally tugged on Meghan's leash, eliciting a grunt from the woman.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Hey, Zoe, I'm Rob from Ellen's office," said a young man in business casual, appearing around the last corner, breathing heavily. "She wanted to let you know about something."

"What?" Zoe asked impatiently.

"It's kind of confidential," Rob said, eyeing Meghan warily before he lowered his voice to a half whisper and put his mouth close to Zoe's ear.

"We've got a cop on board, LA cop, investigating a murder," he murmured. "Flew in half an hour ago, insists on talking to passengers. Ellen just wants you to know in case you hear something or you run into her."

"A murder? On the ship?" Zoe hissed furiously.

"No, I don't think so," Rob said, still catching his breath. "Somewhere in Los Angeles maybe. But they think one of our passengers did it so she's making the rounds."

"Where is she now?" Zoe asked.

"Lab Deck, doing some interrogation in one of the clinic rooms."

"Okay, thanks" Zoe whispered, getting control again.

Rob turned and vanished as quickly as he'd appeared.

"What was that about?" Meghan demanded.

"It's nothing that concerns you, Meghan," Zoe said.

Meghan crossed her arms and stared. This was exactly what she was expecting. The closer she got to what was really going on, the more resistance there would be.

Zoe turned to her producer. "We might have to wrap this up now."

"No," Meghan said, looking accusingly at Zoe and her crew. "What are you trying to cover up? Why can't I see where the line goes?"

“Pardon?” Zoe asked Meghan.

“Are we getting too close to the truth?” Meghan asked, pointing to the line.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Zoe muttered. “What do you want from me, Meghan? What?”

“He told you not to take me any further, didn’t he?” Meghan said, gesturing down the hall.

“No, it was totally unrelated to this,” Zoe hissed. “And for the last time, there are no babies!”

“What was it then? Why was he whispering to you?”

“There’s a cop on board, investigating something,” Zoe said.

“A cop?” Meghan said. “What kind of cop?”

“LA Police,” Zoe said.

“He just got here?” Meghan said.

“She.”

“She just got here?”

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“Investigating something one of our passengers might have done,” Zoe said. “Before they got on board. Nothing happened on the ship.”

“I want to talk to her,” Meghan said.

Zoe turned to her producer with her eyes wide. “Can we go to the Lab Deck? All of us?”

“But first I want to see where the line goes,” Meghan said.

Zoe rolled her eyes. “Okay, we’ll follow that line.” She walked Meghan by her leash down the corridor and around a corner, tugging on it more than she needed to. She was beyond caring. Her mind drifted back to the Discipline Room on the Confederacy Deck and she had visions of Meghan secured to a

wall and whipped with that infernal electric flogger. She smiled unabashedly to herself.

“Ow ...” Meghan protested before she trotted forward, breasts bouncing, the rest of the crew hustling after.

Around the next corner, a second line joined with the first, and around one more bend, two more lines appeared, each line coming from one of the ship’s four milking rooms, all running through a large port in the wall, an unmarked door beside it.

“They all go in there,” Meghan said uncertainly, staring at the door, certain it would either be irrevocably locked or it would open to reveal a ship’s worth of satanic horrors. She turned to Zoe for the next move.

Zoe reached for the door and pushed it open, then led Meghan and her crew into the room. She was confronted by another of the ship’s tech crew, a man with long, straggly hair tied into a ponytail that looked rather unsanitary, but she said nothing about it.

“Welcome, wow,” he said, peering at them all through round, rose-tinted glasses from a beanbag in the corner. “To what do I owe the pleasure?” He’d been reading a magazine (Cannabis Monthly? Meghan wasn’t sure), but he set it down behind the beanbag and stood.

“I’m Zoe Grayson and we’re doing a tour of this deck for my show, *Sinflix Tonight*.” She glanced at the operation behind the hippy. “Care to explain for my viewers what’s going on here?”

“You’ve brought one of our production girls with you,” he said, ogling Meghan approvingly. “Hey, Sweetie.”

“Hey,” Meghan said back curtly. Once again, this wasn’t what she’d expected to find.

“Yeah, we just took her off the production line,” Zoe explained. “She’s not a passenger on this deck this week, though.” Zoe wondered if she should explain further but decided against it.

“Well, I’m Barry,” he said. “Nice to have you all here.”

He turned to the camera, smiled.

“Hi, I’m Barry Zeman, collection engineer. Which is a fancy way of saying all the milk comes to my room, I cool it down, keg it up, put a sticker on it and put it out for shipment.”

“Where do you ship it?” Zoe asked, slipping naturally into her role as a reporter.

“Chopper takes the kegs away twice a day. After that it’s anyone’s guess. Labs, daycare, hospitals, Africa sometimes I’ve heard. Wanna see me fill a keg?”

“Sure, why not?” Zoe shrugged.

“It’s time for it anyway,” Barry said, turning to a shelf stacked with metal containers about the size of beer kegs. He grabbed an empty one and stepped over to a humming machine, a bigger version of the collection machine they’d see in the first room. He slid the container into the slot reserved for it, hit two buttons, and the hiss of liquid indicated that milk was being transferred.

“The machine cools the milk down, and it stays at 40 degrees in these keggers for a good day or two under normal conditions.”

He looked at Meghan.

“When were you last milked?”

“About ... I guess 15 minutes ago.”

“Some of yours is in this one then,” he said.

The machine beeped, Barry hit a few more buttons, pulled the full keg out, grunting with the effort, slapped a blank label on it, marked the date and time and rolled it next to a pair of kegs already waiting by a door marked “SHIP OUT”.

“And just to be clear, Barry,” Zoe said with a glance at Meghan. “All of the milk goes into these kegs, right?”

“Yup. Not a spill since we set sail for the first cruise.”

“Don’t you save a little for the babies?” Meghan blurted.

“Uh, what?” Barry said, raising his glasses and looking at Meghan with a new appreciation.

“The babies on the ship,” Meghan said. She was taking a different tack this time, smiling as if she and Barry were both in on the same obscene joke.

“Jesus,” Zoe muttered. She side-eyed her producer and sighed.

“It all goes into the cans, man,” Barry said, pointing, and then he laughed. “I mean, if junior can figure out how to tip that thing up and open the spout, more power to ‘im. But I haven’t seen it happen.”

“Where’s junior?” Meghan asked.

“Huh?” said Barry.

“Junior,” Meghan said. “You said junior is on the ship.”

“A turn of phrase,” Barry said.

“Where are the babies?” Meghan demanded. She wasn’t smiling anymore.

“Waiting for the parents to come home,” Barry said with a laugh.

“Are we done here?” Zoe asked Meghan. “Are you satisfied?”

“Lab deck,” Meghan said curtly. “I want to meet the police officer.” She looked at Barry. “Thank you.”

“Hey, come back anytime,” he said.

15 - An Unexpected Match



Weird how something you'd never imagined could end up being a turn on, Heck Southward thought to himself.

As soon as he'd reached the Breeding Deck, a woman had told him to strip.

Okay, that was a known turn on. He'd had dreams about it, literal naked dreams that started that way. And being ordered to strip, occasionally he'd masturbated to that.

But then things went to a new place, starting with the same woman locking a ring of metal around his factory delictus, his dual outboard engines, his Empire State Scrotum.

SPROING!!!!

Up went the Sword of Destiny, before she'd barely got her hands around his B1 bomber and fighter escorts.

But then, the shit she started saying, forget it ...

Ooh, you're a lot bigger than I expected

I'm gonna have to see if I've got collar that will fit you

Okay, had to hit the top drawer for this pair of manhoods

So turns out that was a thing that hit Heck Southward right in the goddamned sexual wheelhouse. By the time she'd gotten that thing locked on him, he was at defcon double sproing.

Lady, if you even look at my personal hydroelectrics funny, I'm gonna serve you up a jizz casserole for the ages, and just pray your mouth ain't open, 'cuz there goes your damn diet.

And she wasn't even that cute. Asian. Well, someone would think she was cute, but Heck wasn't into Asian.

But damn, this was way beyond cute. This was like, some kinda shit from, like, the edge. The edge of the edge. She could look like, literally a dude even and Heck would be just all the way into Sproingville. The mayor of Sproingville.

She put a leash on his new ring, and she I shit you not walked him to this fucking prison where these other naked dudes were just chilling with rings around their beef chow mein and half of them are like, taking up lodging in the House of Sproing but Heck was totally cool about it and checked back to half a sproing while he made time with the other male dudes who were all here for one reason which was to completely jizzify as many jizzholes as they could get their hydraulic packing equipment into and WHAT THE EVERLIVIN HELL DYLAN HIGHTOWER DID YOU ACTUALLY KNOW THIS IS WHAT YOU WERE RESERVING FOR YOUR BEST MAN???

And then they came for him, this other girl woman person who puts that leash on him and lets him out of his like prison cell or whatever and tells him he's going to breed with his first match and he's walking after her and it's an atomic five-alarm sproing situation and then they go into this room where there's just this one girl in there naked and chained to the wall, like legs spread and arms stretched on either side and you gotta take it all in piece by piece so it's a nice thick black bush, I mean natural, and just the best tits, and damn seriously, universe, I get to stick my wienergeschnitzen into that 'cuz she's hot as fuck and yeah oh yeah she looks just like my fucking best fucking friend's fucking fiancée and okay yeah that's her.

Yeah, that's fucking Jerri Magisteria.

Well, damn.

“Hey, Jer-Jer.”

She looked just the littlest bit surprised as her eyes flickered with recognition.

“Hey, Heck,” she said. “I thought you were heading to a swamp.”

“Naw,” Heck said. “I’m here. I thought you’d be meditating by now.”

“We did this instead,” Jerri replied.

“So, change of plans?” Heck asked as the worker used his leash to draw him toward the female.

“No, we were going to do this the whole time.”

“So were we,” Heck confessed. “You wanna get pregnant?”

“Yup,” she said.

“By me?”

“If you can do it, yeah,” she said.

“Why?” Heck asked, as the worker locked the end of the chain to the wall between Jerri’s legs.

“I guess you matched,” Jerri said.

“Matched what?” Heck asked.

“Take as much time as you can,” the female who’d escorted Heck advised. “We want a lot of semen, and a female orgasm to maximize conception chances.”

Heck Southward, whose sproing level was now approaching cosmic event status, e.g. supernova shit or something, spread his feet and bent his knees to lower himself, grabbed his penis at the base, raised it and eased it up Jerri’s surprisingly wet slot.

“Can you stay awhile?” Jerri asked, voice suddenly a little rushed.

“I intend to,” Heck replied, grunting for emphasis.

“Matched what?”

“Oh, yeah,” Jerri said. “My breeder profile.”

“What’s that?” Heck asked, he eased out and, just before his tip left Jerri’s body, he pushed back in, forcing a gasp of surprise from the bound female.

“We had to UHH! fill it out if we wanted to actually UHH! get pregnant.”

“What did yours say?”

“I wanted a regular man,” Jerri replied. “Not too smart, not too dumb. A little tech school, but no degrees after high school.”

“Sounds like me,” Heck said, forcing his penis all the way up Jerri’s sheath and holding it there, hips shaking slightly to make sure she knew where it was.

“Oww, damn,” she said.

“You really can’t stop me?” Heck asked.

“Uh, no, I’m chained,” Jerri said, shaking her hands to make her restraints rattle and reinforce her point.

“I mean, they’re real?”

“Feel real to me.”

“Is this a cop thing?” Heck asked, thrusting steadily.

“What do you UH! mean?”

“Cop fantasy?” Heck said. “You got arrested?”

“No, Heck, this is breeding,” Jerri said, scowling. It was something she did a lot in response to the dumb things he said, and there was no reason to stop now just because he was fucking her.

“I know that,” he said. “I just don’t get, well, why are you chained up?”

“It’s how we’re bred,” she said. “They want to make sure all of it gets inside us.”

“You really want this?” he asked. “I was a hell raiser. Any boy of mine will be too.”

“It might be a girl,” she said.

“Even worse,” Heck said, looking into her eyes and shaking his head, his expression a combination of fear, pleasure and deep apprehension. “Boy hellraiser’s will give you gray hair. Girl hellraisers leave ya bald.”

“I’ll deal with it,” she said. “Are you close?”

“I could cum now,” Heck said. “But I don’t want to. What about you?”

“Nowhere near,” she said. “Is Dylan here?”

“On the boat?” Heck asked.

“Yeah.”

“Yeah, he’s here.”

“This deck?”

“No, not this one. One of the other ones. I’m not sure which. I mean, I could probably think of it if I wasn’t doing this.”

“So he’s fucking?” Jerri asked.

“If he’s on one of the fucking decks, yeah,” Heck confirmed.

“They’re all fucking decks,” Jerri said, adding, “Oooh.”

“I guess he is then,” Heck said. “But I can’t confirm it, since I’m here. Doing this.”

“Are you getting close?” Jerri asked. “It feels like you’re getting close.”

“I’m warming up,” Heck said, slowing his thrusts. “But I’m all about going slow and giving you a lot. And you’re supposed to cum too, if I heard them correctly.”

“Yeah, after you do,” Jerri said.

“What do you need?” Jerri asked.

“A little faster, harder.”

“Why did you want me?” Heck asked, who for now was thrusting at a more sedate pace.

“I didn’t want you,” Jerri said.

“Well, I’m here.”

“I wanted someone like you,” Jerri said.

“Why?”

“Blank slate,” Jerri replied.

“What’s that mean?”

“I want a kid I can mold into who I want,” she explained. “Too smart and they go their own way.”

“I’m not book smart,” Heck said with a particularly confident thrust. “But I’m not dumb.”

“Ooh,” Jerri agreed. “Okay, yeah, getting closer. I didn’t say you were dumb. You’re in the middle. That’s what I asked for.”

“And if I actually get you pregnant?” Heck queried. “You don’t see a problem with that?”

“We’ve been trying for six months,” Jerri said. “It’s why we’re getting married. We want a baby.”

“Yeah,” Heck agreed, slowing his insertions slightly as he pondered. “But baby’s gonna look like me. Dylan’s gonna know.”

“Not unless you tell him,” Jerri said. “He thinks I’m on Oahu.”

“Thought,” Heck corrected. “You’re here.”

“He doesn’t know that.”

“He’ll find out,” Heck said.

“How?”

Heck shrugged, both his shoulders and his knees, which were beginning to ache a little due to the bending required to get his landing gear up Jerri’s control tower.

“If you don’t tell him, he’ll never know,” Jerri said, tightening her hole enough to make Heck gasp.

“He’s my best friend,” Heck said after he’d caught his breath. “How’m I not gonna tell?”

“You don’t have to tell if he doesn’t ask,” Jerri said. “And he’s not gonna ask.”

“Wait,” Heck said, brow furrowed in concentration, hands up in a stop-everything pose, even his thrusts slowing. “Who else is on the boat with you?”

“Everyone,” Jerri said.

“All four of you?”

“Yup.”

“Same with our side,” Heck noted. “Which decks?”

Jerri closed her eyes to remember.

“Okay, Munro, Gangbang. Gallant, Lab, Jackie—”

“You brought Gallant?” Heck said.

“Yeah,” Jerri said. “She’s one of my bridesmaids.”

“You brought a teenager to a fuck boat?”

“She’s 18,” Jerri said. “She’s a woman. I’m sure she’s not getting fucked for the first time. And you brought Drake, right?”

“I didn’t bring him,” Heck said. “Dylan did.”

“But you stood by,” Jerri said. “You didn’t try to stop him. You aided and abet—OW GOD!”

After he’d shut the girl up with a particularly hard thrust, Heck turned his eyes to the ceiling and pontificated. “You need to view it from a family perspective, Jer-Jer,” he said. “If an uncle . . . if an aunt or an uncle, either one, apply a reasonable jurisprudence in, uh, in the procuring of a younger family member onto, uh, a ship of, shall we say, a ship of procuring things, then that’s on that aunt, or that uncle. So, now, let me bring it home . . . It was up to you and Dylan. So it’s on you. And I’m just gonna say your little niece is a lot more innocent than Dylan’s nephew. I know this for a fact. I mean, that boy has got some dark thoughts. You could just tell, driving to the port this morning. Dark thoughts.”

“Yeah, Gallant was in a place too,” Jerri said. “Kids these days.”

“Yeah,” Heck said, returning his focus to sliding in and out of Jerri’s reproductive organ.

“So where are your guys?” she asked, voice going tight again.

“Can’t remember,” Heck grunted. “Not while I’m doing this.”

“Finish then,” Jerri said. “But go in kinda fast, and as deep as you can, so I can have OH FUCK!”

Talk of family ebbed while Heck applied no small skill to engineering a successful finish. Knees bent and straining to hold up his considerable weight, he pressed himself against Jerri, pushed himself into her garden of delight, listened to her cries of distress, and within two minutes his power tool was swelling with the first load of contractor grade baby formula, and he lost himself and groaned and pushed and shouted once or twice when Jerri’s own orgasmic spasms forced a tightening throughout her nether regions, from her female entrance up her chute to her cervix and then inside her fertile uterus as well, the checkered flag yanking the wriggling sperm by the millions to the end zone.

Finishing, the couple breathed together, both still upright, all four of Jerri’s limbs chained to the wall, Heck’s scrotum leashed between her legs.

Jerri was the first to find her voice.

“So where is everyone?” she asked.

“Well, I’m in breeding,” he replied.

“I know that, Heck,” Jerri said in a contemptuous monotone. “You just finished fucking me.”

“Please be patient,” Heck said. “I’m using a technique of mine. Start with the easy one first, work your way up. So I’m doing breeding. And Dylan, Dylan. No, okay, Drake. Lab. Drake’s doing the lab. And then Grey. Okay, yeah, Grey. Gangbang. They charge less for Black dudes. Can you believe that? It got racist written all over it. So, yeah. Gangbang.”

“Fuck,” Jerri said.

Heck looked at the girl, noticed a pellet of semen had fallen from her hole and landed on the chain that secured his genitals to the wall.

“There’s still plenty up you,” he said.

“That’s not why I’m saying fuck,” Jerri corrected.
“Munro’s on the Gangbang Deck, so is Grey. Gallant and Drake are in the lab. Good chance someone is going to bump into someone.”

“Could happen,” Heck said. “For example, you and me just now.”

“Yeah, but we’re not gonna talk,” Jerri said. “Right?”

“Nope,” Heck agreed. “Not until a baby Heck pops out of you and Dylan wants to know why his baby looks like such a stud.”

“It’s the last thing he’ll suspect,” Jerri said. “Where’s Dylan?”

“Now that I can’t tell you,” Heck said. “All I remember is it was the most boring one of all. Where’s Jackie?”

“Adult Product Testing,” Jerri said.

“Hmmm,” Heck noted.

“Is that the deck Dylan’s on?”

“Could be,” Heck said. “It sure sounds boring. But I’m drawing a blank on the specifics.”

“If Dyland finds out I was on this deck,” Jerry said, “we never saw each other, and all I did was drink tea and watch videos about successfully conceiving a baby.”

“I can back you up on that,” Heck assured.

“No you can’t, you never saw me here,” Jerri corrected.

“Right, right.”

“How are we doing?” a female cruise staffer asked, stepping up, putting her hand on Heck’s shoulder.

“Hey, Miss,” Heck said. “Good, I guess.”

The girl crouched to examine Jerri’s opening. “Very nice deposit,” she said, reaching up to spread Jerri’s lips. “Did you orgasm?”

“Yes,” Heck said.

“She’s talking to me, Heck,” Jerri said. “Yes I did.”

“Just once?”

“Yes,” Jerri said.

“Okay,” the girl said, and she turned to a cabinet with a bunch of things in it and grabbed one out that sort of looked like something you’d wear around your middle region but with a whole toolshed’s worth of hardware for the female land of opportunity, including this dildo looking thing, and the girl squeezed in between Heck and Jerri and put the belt around the girl’s waist and positioned something right up against her pussy and when Jerri groaned Heck knew the dildo was achieving its action plan which was going into Jerri’s actual pussy and then the thing started humming and the staff girl walked away and Heck looked up at Jerri to check in except that Jerri was seeing nothing, just staring off into space, her whole body like super-tight, hands in fists, wrist chains pulled tight, feet curled, eyes just wide open and staring and she’s not saying anything. Was she getting shocked? Like, electrocuted? Because Heck had seen it happen to a guy once, 50 milliamps into his hand and out through his foot, him just staring until someone hit the breaker, didn’t kill the dude, fortunately but for awhile he looked just like this.

“Hey, Jer-Jer, you okay?” Heck asked. “Everything good? Jer-Jer?”

“Ahhhhh-AHHHHH!” Jerri screamed with her head tilted back, her pelvis pivoting forward and backward, a little like twerking but in chains and not as a dance move but as, what, the real thing? Was Jerri cumming again?

Yeah, Jerri was cumming again. Damn.

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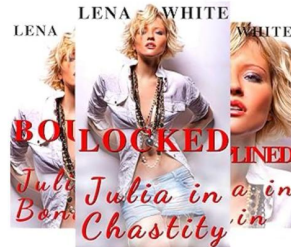
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Thank you so much!

Cruise du Kinque

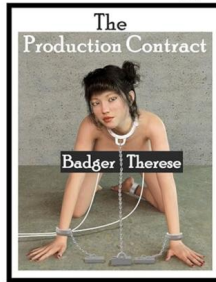
Decks and Their Inspirations:

Deck 3 - Bondage Deck



[Club-sub series](#)

Deck 4 - Milking Deck



[The Production Contract](#)

Deck 5 - Visual Arts Deck



[First Time Hotwife series](#)

Deck 6 - Breeding Deck



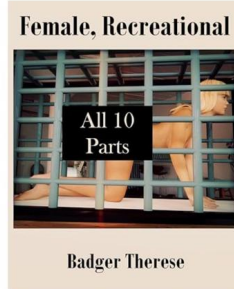
[The Debt Proxy - Mirabilis](#)

Deck 7 - Buckhorn Club Deck



[Reluctant Cuckold series](#)

Deck 8 - Domestic Slave Deck



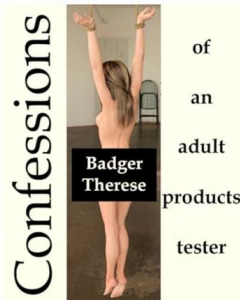
[Female, Recreational](#)

Deck 9 - Penthouse Room Deck



[The Whore Hotel series](#)

Deck 10 - Adult Products Tester Deck



[Adult Product Testing](#)

Deck 11 - Gangbang Deck



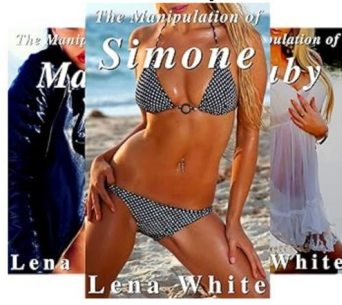
[Black Bulls Club series](#)

Deck 12 - Prison Deck



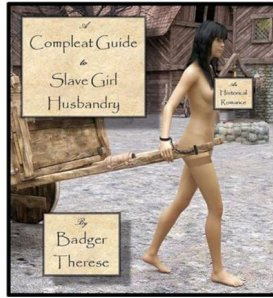
[2024](#)

Deck 13 - Discipline Deck



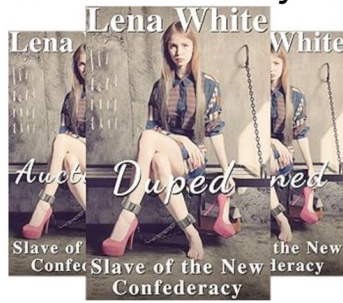
[Black Bulls and Hotwives series](#)

Deck 14 - Medieval Slavery Deck



[Slave Girl Husbandry](#)

Deck 15 - Confederacy Deck



[New Confederacy series](#)

Deck 16 - Female Anatomy Lab Deck



[The Debt Proxy Series](#)