

In Silver

The fourth novel in the 'Domains' series...

**By
Miss Irene Clearmont**

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First Edition

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Dedicated to Charlie H who pushed and teased, was patient as the Domains reached their climax. Our climax. A perfect editor, a faithful companion on a wild trip into a world of fetish heaven.

Behind every silver lining, there's a cloud.

Glenn Gould

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Author's Note:

In the previous volume of this series, 'In Roan', the novel reached a climax in 2038. This fourth part of the Domains series overlaps that timing and begins two years earlier, in 2036. Roughly synchronous with 'In Crimson', the second part of the series at the beginning before moving to the election year of 2040.

In Silver

By
Miss Irene Clearmont

Part One - Jan 2036

In Pink

By popular demand, we now offer all of our clients the service that until now has only been offered to our 'Gold' clients.

If you have a *special* partner that could benefit from our training and education as well as the various modifications that we offer, then we would be delighted to make *your* vacation dreams come true. From the introduction of your chosen partner to our regime, to the aftercare and accommodation, we will supply it all seamlessly as a complete service.

Our staff are at your service to create the perfect pet or plaything for your amusement, just ask them what the options are, and you will be amazed at the endless possibilities. Why just rely on our imagination to make your fantasy reality when you could be the one to decide on every facet of your pleasure and gratification?

The costs are high, but then so are the rewards!

Domains Brochure
July 2035

Mistress Ellyn Underwood languished on the chaise-lounge, her hand smoothing her stockings with a languorous, sensuous motion. The nylon under her fingertips smooth, the naked skin of her thighs tingling as fingertips passed from nylon to skin.

Standing by her side was the sissy that came with the small villa in her vacation heaven. Primped in pink flounces with that cute little cock in its cage dangling between the maid's thighs.

She sighed in contentment, this was what she was born for, the life that she relished with a shortness of breath and a rising sense of excitement. A glass in one hand, the other sliding between the slickness of her thighs. She looked up at the girly maid standing to attention and the thrill of it all almost overwhelmed her. Smooth baby-

like skin where the white stockings ended just above the knees, those cute pink stilettos and the emotionless gaze into the distance as eyes fluttered under long lashes.

All hers, to do with whatever she could imagine. All hers, a slut that would please her at the crook of a finger or the touch at her control bracelet.

Her hand reached to between the soft legs of the mannikin that served and touched the steel where it ringed those little balls. A slight click, and the metal fell into her hands, heavy and still warm with the body heat of the slave. Ellyn allowed it to drop to the floor and stoked the freed cock with a fingernail. The response was gratifying, a slow tumescence, a hardening and swelling as she teased and enjoyed her victim's struggle to stay still as she played. Fingers cupped the balls and then slid between thighs to tap on the jewel that plugged her perfect sissy.

"I think that there could be a little reward for you, my dear," she said in a slow tone. "Would you like that?"

An almost imperceptible nod of the head, so slight that she almost imagined it as her nails slid the length of the now rigid organ to the tip where a ring had been embedded in the bulging tip.

There was no answer, how could there be?

The maid made a small noise in her throat, almost a whine and Mistress Ellyn smiled in the intimacy of the moment. Anything was possible at her whim. That long cock could push into her, it could come at a touch of the bracelet, it could wait forever whilst she pleased herself or perhaps, she could have it or those cute smooth balls removed with a single word. Anything was possible, she had paid for it...

"I think that you are going to be rewarded for the last week's service," she whispered. "How long since you last..?"

The maid could not speak, but she signalled by parting her fingers. Three fingers held up...

Three weeks, three months or three years?

Who knew how long since she had been permitted to spill her slime?

Mistress Ellyn chuckled.

Who cared how long? All that counted was the complete obedience of the slut at her beck and call.

"Mmm, perhaps or perhaps not?"

That was the beauty of the Pink Domain. Everything was possible as long as a mistress allowed it to be. Her palm closed on the cock and swept up and down a few times in a imitation of intimacy. The poor little mannequin could only come when she permitted it with a touch of the bracelet.

Complete control bought and paid for.

Another slight moan and she slapped the cock, making it sway from side to side. The skin on the maid's balls crawled and smoothed as she dipped a finger into herself and felt an almost electric compulsion to bring herself to a peak.

A touch here, a touch there.

A stroke here and a flick of the finger there.

The mistress held herself back, there was a correct moment that she had planned, and it had not arrived yet.

"In a moment you will discover how generous I can be if you are obedient," she said as her soaking fingers came to rest on her milky thighs. "I have someone that I want you to meet..."

Mistress Ellyn relaxed and enjoyed the sight of her delicious body on the soft velvet of the sofa. The unblemished red heels that rested, the long nylon clad legs that stretched from her naked ass. The silk corset that pulled in her waist and her round breasts, white tipped in baby pink nipples. Almost naked, almost dressed, almost ready, prolonging the excitement of a moment that could only happen once.

The door opened.

Another maid in attendance who led the man that had been her husband on a leash. Had been her husband? Was still her husband! The distinction was difficult to discern. Now he was her bitch to play with, a role that he had been prepared for. This was the moment of her triumph, as the senior maid led in the crawling husband and proffered Mistress Ellyn the leash.

"What a pretty little whore," she said as she wrapped the leash around her wrist. "We make such a matching couple now..."

He was dressed as her, or was she dressed as him? From the red stilettos to the basque that pulled in his waist, from the short bob of black hair to the make-up that adorned that face. Only the tears running down cheeks showed the difference in status, even the smooth breasts were the twins of hers.

"That will be all," she said to the senior maid.

A low curtsy, a few steps on her ballet heels and the door closed to leave the three of them alone in the room.

"Kneel..."

The man that had been (or was) her husband obediently kneeled and Mistress Ellyn cooed to see that her every demand had been met. The breasts were perfect, the skin pale and smooth like her own. Long nails adorned fingertips, manicured in red to match the shoes. But, she could not help her eyes being drawn to between the sissy's thighs.

Where once low hanging balls had hung, now there was nothing to be seen. Merely smooth skin that made a soft bulge where the vast cock hung, displaying its glory, a vast pleasure-toy that was ready for her use.

"You are almost as sexy as me," she breathed to herself. "I will have to congratulate the Domains on their efforts..."

A single tear tracked and then hung from the sissy's chin.

"Don't you like my little fantasy?" she asked softly.

The lips tried to smile, tried to please her, and then there was a small nod.

"You never were much of a husband dear," she said. "Now you can become the perfect wife. A slut that concentrates on my amusement and gratification and entertains me whenever I feel like it!"

Mistress Ellyn found herself almost holding her breath as her whimsy became reality. What a delightful caprice, to fuck herself. To have a slave that was a mirror of her own splendour! Her hand reached and stroked the cock that hung and enjoyed its response. From being a flaccid cylinder of weak male flesh, it took on a new aspect that was almost magnificent. Hardening to her touch, lifting in rigidity with each touch of her fingers. Straining to arise and stand pointing at her with an eager craving. Now she could feel all of the studs that bulged beneath the silky skin, the bumps and swellings that promised such intimate fucks as she played. She cooed at the feel of it and slid her hand to where once those balls had hung.

Silky smoothness.

Sensitive flesh that led to the valley of an ass that begged to be fucked.

"Of course you will fuck me," she chuckled. "Show me what you have learned in training... But first," she continued. "There is something that I have longed to see!"

Her hand lifted from the stiffness below to the soft wet cheeks.

"Don't cry, darling, you will spoil my little game."

Her nail traced the course of that tear to eyes and then she patted the head of her slave as an indulgent smile creased her lips.

"I foolishly promised my maid that she could come for the first time in ages," said Mistress Ellyn. "And I have to keep a promise like that!"

Fingers dropped to closed lips and tapped them.

“Open wide, darling, open wide for me...”

Another tear coursed down and Mistress Ellyn tutted.

“It would be a shame if our new-found relationship caused me to have to punish you,” she said.

Lips parted a little and she smiled.

“Nice and wide and let me see...”

Trembling, unwilling but enforced by training and conditioning, the lips opened wide to allow the wife to admire the tongue that she had decided would be suitable for her husband. A discrete row of studs that ran from tip into the darkness, the entrance surrounded by plump lips that invited violation and a small metal trigger deep to one side.

Mistress Ellyn popped her finger inside and pressed to be rewarded by a click that would ensure that the opening remained wide. So much better than a gag or some elaborate device, a simple mechanism that ensured the opening was fully usable.

“There, that’s better,” she said as her hand moved and wandered to stroke her breasts. “Now that we have such an agreeable sissy pussy, we need something to fill it...”

There was a short pause as if Mistress Ellyn was considering her options.

“Of course!”

She clapped her hands in delight as if an idea had just come to her.

“Let’s see if it works like it should?”

She looked up at the maid that had stood still for the whole of the one-sided conversation and could see that she was breathing heavily in anticipation. Her long cock stood like a pole, wagging in eagerness, the callouses of the restraint at the base, the tip bulging with purple smoothness.

A single drip hung from the tip, fell stretching a skein of liquid precum as her hand stroked it. Mistress Ellyn turned back to her new slave and smiled.

"Is this what you want?"

A slight nod.

"Oh, oh, that's so good that we have both had the same idea, you look just like me and now you even think like me!"

She waited, but the tableau held.

"Come along, darling, make the nice maid come for me..."

The face that looked like hers turned, the open mouth inches from the dripping cock. Eyes turned to hers under their heavy lashes and then to the cock that awaited attention.

"My cute little maid might look like a sissy slut," said Mistress Ellyn as she looked at the small balls that dangled, "but she is more of a man than you, than you ever will be... ever was..."

Lips and cock.

The flicker of a studded tongue and then the former husband slid over the cock as though his mouth was made to please it. For a moment, a studded tongue that lapped as the face closed on silk-skinned groin and then a slow cadence to milk the cock that had not spilled for three years.

"Good girl," said the wife as she enjoyed the moment. "You are such a hungry slut, you can suck all of the maids dry if you are a good little girl!"

Movement and stasis.

The maid could not come until she decided, the husband moving rhythmically, breasts surging at every swallow, throat bulging as cock filled it. Mistress Ellyn stroked herself and gasped as she peaked, the

fat cock deep inside her slave, the maid's breasts heaving with the effort to come.

"Well done, girls, a most enjoyable little fuck," she said.

The maid pulled free, her long wet cock poised at the opening as if awaiting further orders, but Mistress Ellyn simply touched the bracelet delicately and laughed as it spilled in a fountain into the open mouth that begged to be filled. Her hand moved to place a fingertip under the chin of her bitch and the head lifted to allow the slime to be swallowed.

"Oh my God," she exclaimed. "I really hope that you are as good at pleasing my ass as you are at sucking off cock!"

As she spoke, Mistress Ellyn leaned back on the long sofa and slide her heels to touch her thighs. Displayed, was the ivory skin of her ass, parted wide with the streaming cunt poised under her finger tips.

"Now you can show me what that tongue is for," she gasped.

Langley - USA

...in Korea. The implanted chip is a five-nanometre fab that broadcasts a 13.56 MHz frequency modulated signal. The power is taken directly from body chemistry and is estimated to be in the range of 10mA to 12mA with a potential range of ten metres at a 100kB output. Interpreted and unencrypted signals monitor a wide variety of bodily functions. Systolic and non-systolic heart function, nerve activity as well as variable like blood fluidity are all accessible. Encrypted signals include the identification of person and linked accounts. There is no concrete evidence for non-passive intervention by the chip, but the capacitance capability suggests that this could be a possibility. Attempts to reverse engineer have so far been unsuccessful, the extremely small size of the circuits being the main obstacle as well as the programmable options that seem to be available, but not yet coded...

...Extreme caution must be taken in this matter as the involvement of various political figures is linked to the manufacture of these chips. Design comes from the designers in a corporation based in Brazil, die-photolithography in the U.S. by a company owned by Sen Barrington Rossi and the final stamping in Korea by a number of local companies...

Extract from D.A.R.P.A brief - Jul 2035

"The assignment is expected to last around one to two years!"

"Ma'am, is that all you're giving me to go on, to make the decision?"

"That's it, that's your lot, Jimmy. If you undertake it, then comes the rest of the information."

"Must be pretty high up the scale..."

"I'd say, this one is important. In fact, possibly more than merely important, *crucial* might be a better word. The risks are high. Personal and for us; so, what do you say?"

"It would be an honour," said Jimmy to his boss. "As for the risk, I'd dare say that I have seen worse!"

"Sign here and here..."

A slate slid over the desk and he signed the release document with a small flourish. It disappeared and the interviewer sat back in her seat and steeped her fingers.

"Missing persons!"

"Sir? Are we doing the job of the local Sheriffs now?" he smiled.

A short laugh to acknowledge the joke and then a serious frown.

"If we were talking about one or two civilians going missing, then you would be right. In this case, we are talking tens of people. All walks of life, from whores to secretaries, men and women, a couple of wealthy individuals as well as one or two in Federal posts."

"Ransom?"

"Nothing, Jimmy! Just a pattern that is emerging from the general noise of abductions and missing persons. If we are right, there is an organisation behind all this, and it's big! Let's just say that it is so big that we have to keep it from the normal law-enforcement channels."

"Commonalities?"

"Some, but I think that the best idea is that you prepare for the briefing by going through the files yourself first. Maybe you'll see something that we missed in the analysis..."

"So, what you need is, for me to join the missing?"

"That's right! Somehow, we need to get you in as a victim and then trace it back to the people who are involved."

"It all sounds rather vague..."

"And that's why we chose you! Some one that can get the evidence... You get a new identity, re-chipped and covered by a solid history. Then you place yourself and we follow every move."

James Bush shrugged. This was how it always started, officialdom deciding that the agents were kept in the dark, then would come the revelation and the realisation that it was all far worse than he had ever imagined.

"This could take years..."

"I've nothing else to do, Ma'am!"

"Good. The files are accessible on your station. You have a week to look them through and then we'll meet up again with the committee and decide strategy..."

Jimmy nodded as if this was a normal assignment, but he could feel a cold sweat on the nape of his neck. If the lowly agent was taking part in the strategy decisions, this had to be because there was a total lack of ideas...

"You have been assigned a safe apartment..."

More and more, thought James. Not even allowed to leave the headquarters buildings! He made as if to stand.

"One more thing..."

"Ma'am?"

"You have been assigned a partner for this one."

"A partner?"

"That's right, you'll meet up with her tomorrow when we bring her in. When you look at the files you'll realise why! We don't need you as a

couple, but she will be the key to the door, so keep her sweet and don't let her in on the details..."

"A civilian, Sir?"

"A lawyer..."

"Jeez! Lowest of the fucking low!"

Gillian's car stopped at the gate as the system read the chip embedded in her. The light that changed to green had no significance; it was not as though she was controlling the vehicle anyway. The barrier lifted, another meaningless symbol for the people that entered Langley through the front entrance. The car slid forward, and she watched the approaching buildings with unease. Here she was, the lawyer that was a thorn in the side of government, the rights-crusader that was hindered at every turn, the media maven who stood against the tide of manipulation. Now in cahoots with the state that she fought at every turn!

She wondered which of her causes or cases was responsible for this turn of events and her hand went to her belly where a small silicon blip labelled her and followed her every movement. Inescapable! Impossible to get medical insurance without it. Impossible to use a bank without it. Impossible to gain entry to secure areas like the courts and offices of the government without it! She wondered how many Americans were chipped now and realised that the question was meaningless. There were millions who were chipped, the others who were not would all succumb in the end. Parents had their new-borns added to the roster, universities demanded it for entry, even just getting a ride or paying the rent required that small lump of silicon to be implanted.

The ride pulled up in an assigned spot and two men in suits were there to greet her. They acknowledged her presence with a nod and one of them did that thing that was a replacement for greeting and meeting. He flicked a reader as if to assure himself that the gate control had not made a mistake and then gestured for her to follow.

Not a word spoken!

What was the point?

They knew it all!

Gillian calmed her breathing and followed. Into the vast lobby, over the floor embellished with the symbols of an organisation that had long since surpassed its mission to protect and serve. Service was now obedience and protection was a stifling blanket of control; at least that was the way that Gillian saw it all. Others argued that crime was now a thing of the past, that there was no escape from the law, that all were equal in the databases that followed and tracked the citizens of this democracy.

A long corridor, seldom passing others, guided into an office and offered a coffee before taking her place at the desk. The woman behind the desk smiled, raised from her seat and leaned to offer a hand.

"It's all a bit cold and colourless in this place," she acknowledged by way of introduction. "I'm Janice Long, one of the operations directors in the field."

"You know who I am," said Gillian with a wry smile. "In fact, probably better than I do in this surveillance state..."

Janice showed no irritation at the jab and smiled.

"That's true," she said. "Very true... but, we are not here to discuss the morals and laws, systems and rights and wrongs."

"So?"

"Cut to the chase, Miss Klein? Good! I have little time for pleasantries. We have called you into discuss a worrisome problem... Your problem, actually!"

Gillian raised an eyebrow and wondered who was watching the interview. A discrete camera, clearly noted, a threatening presence in the room.

"And this problem is?"

Janice sat back and tapped her desk.

"A risk that we have identified!"

"The only risks that I have to cope with are those presented by this federal government," said Gillian. "Just look at this place. The endless surveillance that breaks most of the constitutional rights of citizens. The gathering of 'evidence' in illegal and secretive ways. Without warrants, without due diligence and oversight, without respect for privacy... the constitution."

"Yes, yes, all of that! You fight the good fight, stand up for the oppressed and battle with authority! If I disagree with your point of view, it is of no matter, if I believe in the greater good, that is my concern, all I know is that we are allies... temporarily. What you are here to discuss is the risks that you are taking..."

"My risks are my affair!"

"As you like, Gillian, if I may address you by your Christian name? We may not agree about your views, but we do actually have your best interests at heart. You are here because we believe that you are at risk from a deep criminal conspiracy that places you in considerable danger. In particular, the case that you are pursuing in Boston... Kevin Underwood?"

Gillian nodded.

A minor case that she had taken on over a year ago. Kevin Underwood, a fellow attorney, abducted two years before, a woman who had disappeared just a day into a trial that had promised to be a sensation in Boston. With him and the evidence missing, there had been no case to answer and Gillian had taken on the case to trace the path of the investments and laundering to little avail. The case had stood still for a year now and was just a folder that she had not cleared because something stank, something niggled her sense of right and wrong.

"It's not moving is it?" asked Janice. "The trail stopped at the wife?"

Gillian nodded.

Somehow, the wife had been involved, but the connections were all so vague and slippery. Ellyn, the wife... Then there had been that stud of a lover of hers, the vague associations with some South American outfit that seemingly left no trace and her connections with two senators that hinted at misuse of federal databases that she longed to expose.

"You got as far as you ever will?"

"Probably," admitted Gillian with a shrug. "Misuse of information, illegal access to files, probable money laundering and some connections south of Panama. A typical case of political misuse of private information..."

Her hand tapped her belly and she pulled a wry smile.

"It happens all the time, it always did, and it always will," said Janice.

"Yes, but there was never so much information on offer..." replied Gillian.

"We have a lead for you to follow up!"

The offer caused Gillian to start. Was this really happening? That the reason that she was here was to be given information?

"So, what's the deal?"

"There's no deal on offer," said Janice. "We are offering you a choice, it's as simple as that!"

As she spoke, she pushed a piece of paper over the desk to Gillian's waiting hand.

"Paper?"

"Better this way. Best not to have this sort of thing on some database that could be compromised! You can follow this up or not as you decide, but there is a condition..."

"I thought that you said, 'no deal'," said Gillian as she scanned the lists of names on the sheet.

"No, you misunderstand, Gillian. You can take it or leave it. What we are offering is some protection if you decide to follow this one through! As you like."

"What sort of protection?"

"Someone to look after you and make sure that you are safe. A body-guard assigned solely to ensure your safety! Take it or leave it, it's up to you. We are making enquiries about this whole affair, but we need someone to chase it up and keep the pressure on."

"A patsy?"

"Not at all, but it helps if the wasp's nest is poked with a stick. It will expose the players in this game. There's a quid-pro-quo. If we use you as a smoke screen, then we offer some protection."

"And, if I don't take it on?"

"Then you don't!"

There was a pregnant silence. On the small monitor tucked in the desk, Janice could see the signs that Gillian was wrestling with the idea. But, would she go for it? Did that increase in heart rate and systolic pressure indicate fear or fearless intention?

"But, I have to take this man of yours?"

"Who said that it's a man?"

Gillian shrugged.

“Actually, it is, Miss Pierce! One of the best that we have. You won't even notice his presence by your side. He will watch every move and leave you to pursue your case to expose those in that list...”

“How do I know that this is not some political game?”

“You don't, Gillian. You don't! Just believe me when I say that we actually both want the same thing here! We want to find Kevin Underwood, if he is still alive. Indict those on that list and place the results in your hand. We both benefit and afterwards we can argue the morals of the modern state until the cows come home!”

“I'll let you know.”

“I need to know now...”

Gillian scanned the list, noting a few well-known names and a few that had never come into her view. Clearly this was a difficult one.

“I'll take it...”

“Good, thought that you would. You will meet your bodyguard and saviour shortly. Now, I will need that paper back...”

“I'll keep it,” said Gillian.

Janice shrugged.

“As you like...”

Gillian folded the paper and stuck it into her jeans' pocket. It seemed to Gillian that Janice was not bothered, and she waited in vain for an insistent demand. The door to the room opened on cue and a man walked in.

“This is Jimmy,” said Janice with a smile as Gillian and the young man shook hands.

“You don't look like a bodyguard,” said Gillian.

"And, you don't look like a crusading lawyer," he smiled. "Actually, I don't work for the agency," he replied. "I've been hired by them to keep an eye on you and keep you safe... With any luck, you won't even notice that I'm there!"

"Oh, so you're not in reality a CIA agent?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"He's the best, so you need have no worries. Just follow up on the case and ignore him if you spot him from the corner of your eye," said Janice. "I wanted you to meet him, so that you know who the good guys are!"

Jimmy shrugged and smiled.

"I'll be close by..."

They chatted for a minute or two and Gillian found herself dismissed. There was a pit in her stomach. If the agency felt that she would need protection, then there was probably more to this than seemed on the surface, she thought as she was led back to her ride. Another thing to get to the bottom of! Her anxieties diminished as she left Langley and she realised that this was a case that would prove interesting.

Deep in the bowels of the Agency, Janice and Jimmy laid out their plans.

"You know that I hate to operate under my own name," he said as soon as the lawyer had left the room.

"Makes no difference, James," said Janice with a small smile. "Your job is not to be abducted with her, but to get a line on them when they make their move."

"You don't want me to stop them?"

"Counterproductive," chuckled Janice. "You are entirely passive until we know the details, then we will find a way to insert you..."

Jimmy shrugged. The last few missions had proved that they knew what they were doing, this would be no different.

“And, the duration?”

“Probably a few months and no more... maybe!”

“It's just that I had planned a vacation in October.”

“Book it up! By then it'll all be over.”

“I'll start the prep then.”

“Keep me posted!”

Courting Danger

Investigations by the N10 department of the FBI have been ongoing for five years, covering the possible penetration of crime syndicates of the higher levels of State and Federal judiciary. At this point, there is no need for alarm and few signs that there is any penetration of elected and unelected magistrates or law enforcement organisations. This view is based on statistical, investigatory and other means. We suggest that the investigation not be terminated, but rather that it be reduced to a 'watching' passive level that would trigger a renewed investigation should the evidence before the Senate Committee warrant its renewal.

Extract from the Senate Committee on Organised crime.

Jan 2036

The judge ran through the tickets in short order. Delays to gather evidence, renewals of bail, sentencing hearings to be put on the calendar and other such small business. Lawyers in the public seats with clients, prosecutors chatted quietly at the back while Judge Jessica Harriman sat and ruled on each case with a peremptory tap of the gavel at each decision.

Seated on the rearmost row of seats, Jimmy watched his client nervously flicking through the papers in a thin briefcase and referring to her phone as each case was settled. In suit and tie, he felt uncomfortable and ran his finger around his collar. The woman on the bench was rather senior for this duty and the court room had a close pensive atmosphere as the defence lawyers argued their cases by the bench. Jimmy found himself almost losing interest but managed to focus on the female judge who ruled with a rod of iron. Dismissing some with a snort of contempt, others listened to carefully and warrants examined.

It seemed that Gillian had managed to sort her briefs at last and she composed herself and waited for her moment. Just a few seats away, two smartly dressed women who were representing the Boston Bank

of Credit and Commerce watched her like a hawk. They were the opposition, decided Jimmy. Young, dressed starkly to impress, they waited and watched.

It had taken three months to get this far, a request for banking information on Mrs Ellyn Underwood with an accompanying warrant. Just the tip of the iceberg, it could be another couple of months before they made their move.

"Case AGD4543-Y," announced the court official as the previous petitioners retreated from the bench. "Request by Klein for documentation of her client's financials from the BBCC, warrant signed by Judge Last. Opposing and arguing continuance, the representatives of the Boston Bank of Credit and Commerce."

"Approach the bench, please," announced Judge Harriman with a crook of her finger.

Jimmy watched as Gillian and the two other lawyers approached the bench and focussed on the lawyers that he had just spent a week investigating. Both from Darran, Frome and Partners, a firm that was the regular representative of the bank. Unlikely that they would be involved in some illegal plot. He had decided. Both attractive in their tight skirts and heels, it seemed that the firm had sent a couple of juniors to oversee this small matter. Gillian presented the copy of the warrant to the judge and there was a whispered argument that seemed, to Jimmy, to be going against the Bank. Judge Harriman was asking questions that seemed to fluster the two opposing lawyers and gave back the warrant to Gillian's hand.

For a moment, it seemed that the judge was hesitating before she waved away plaintiff and lawyers and made her ruling.

"In the case of Mr. Kevin Underwood versus the BBCC, case number AGD4543-Y," said the judge in a clear voice. "The plaintiff bearing the warrant will return in three days with the documented proof that she acts for him. In the case that the documentation is satisfactory, the petition will be granted. The bank is warned that they should gather all of the requested documentation for presentation without fail." Gillian stepped forward.

"Your honour, I am acting in the interests of a client who cannot be present..."

"I am well aware of that, Miss Klein," said Judge Harriman. "Nevertheless, the warrant declares that Mr Underwood must be your client for you to act in his interest..."

"A word? May I make a representation?"

The two other lawyers were waved back from the bench and Gillian presented the judge with a folded paper which the judge read slowly before passing it back to Gillian.

"A serious charge, Miss Klein! On Monday we shall discuss this further in my chambers before the presentation of your credentials. I shall rule on it then... Monday... the time will be issued after this session."

She tapped her gavel and the court functionary called out the next case. Gillian retreated from the bench and Jimmy watched her walk by him without noticing his presence. He stood from the hard bench and followed her out into the vast antechamber of the courts just in time to see her hurrying through, onto the street.

Jimmy quickened his pace and saw her pull her phone from her bag to hail a ride and did likewise. Clearly, the crusading lawyer was in a hurry as she waited for a car to pull up and slid into the back seat. He did likewise and used his card to override the destination matrix to follow her. The two cars moved into the light traffic and he settled back to see where his client was going. Her ride headed in the direction of her apartment and he relaxed and thought about the court session.

Finally, the flag was up, from now on it would get serious. Perhaps the forces that Gillian had stirred would wait until Monday, perhaps even longer, but from now on the risk factors were multiplying. He would no longer be able to drop the surveillance operation and have to focus on Gillian twenty-four-seven.

He sighed.

Gillian's ride moved from the freeway at the junction that led to her suburban apartment, while Jimmy's car moved discretely in tandem with every movement. With the override in operation, every other vehicle on the road would be moved to allow a clear sight of the grey car in front and Jimmy smiled as he thought of all the training that he had been through to trail a suspect unseen. All of that was gone now, the traffic system and each vehicle were centrally controlled, shadowing had become totally automatic.

The grey car in front moved down a leafy lane with low apartment blocks to either side. Fifty meters behind, Jimmy's ride followed as they approached Gillian's destination. An area that Jimmy now knew well. The Agency had hired an apartment just over the road in sight of her front door and he braced in expectation of the halt.

The car in front passed the front of Gillian's apartment and continued.

Now he was close enough to see that there was movement. The woman in the back of the grey car seemed to move frantically and Jimmy sat up in his seat to watch. It seemed that the abduction was in progress!

Now he could see Gillian's face, her mouth open as she pulled at the doors as the car sped up as it headed towards some other destination than she had chosen. Jimmy opened the control screen in his own ride and issued a command to drop back.

Discretion... It would not do to arrive just as the passenger was extracted!

He moved to the front seats and knelt on them to see forwards over their backs. The phone in his hand recorded the scene of the car in front bearing a frantic passenger back to the freeway while Jimmy sent the code that signalled that the abduction was in progress. He had never seen it done like this, though the advantages were obvious! It took real power to override a transit ride and he watched in interest as the passenger finally realised that there was no escape.

Thirty miles of freeway, then off.

Jimmy dropped back a little more, he did not have to see the halt that was coming. In fact better not to. By now a team would be in Gillian's apartment taking it to pieces for clues whilst he could be lucky enough to see the actual capture. A mile behind the grey car, Jimmy still filmed. Who knew if there were clues that could be deciphered by Langley?

His car slowed.

That could only mean that the quarry had halted and Jimmy patted his ankle as if to assure him that his pistol was still there. The comforting hardness of the steel under his hand comforted as the grey car came into view in the distance. Pulled up on the verge, doors open, Gillian's transit car was already emptied. Another car came in the other direction and shot by and for a moment, Jimmy caught the face of Gillian pressed against the window.

Then it was gone, and Jimmy pulled up by abandoned vehicle.

The grey car was switched off, something that only the company could do, immobile and no longer connected to the traffic control system. Jimmy checked the area to see the tracks of the other car that had been waiting to meet it. A shoe lay in the wet grass, Gillian's phone crushed by its side. He called central to report and waited until the crew arrived.

No worries, that other car would leave a trace, the chips in the abductors registered and identified. Soon it would be time to begin the second phase of his mission.

Ride To Hell

The East Coast Kidnappings.

... as yet there are no requests for ransoms, no sign of the missing abductees and seemingly no discernible patterns that would lead to a task force being effective...

... the details of our summary of victims, circumstances and possible motives have been passed to a higher level for reaction...

Extracts of New York State Dept. report. Feb 2035

Gillian fought, kicked and lost her shoe, but the two women that had her in their grip simply used their prods to leave her limp and helpless as they bundled her into the second car. A moment to toss her phone and stamp on it, another to climb in and the second part of her kidnap proceeded with an almost casual brutality.

Face pressed to the window, her limbs weak and jerking after the shock, she struggled, but the cuffs that pinned her wrists behind her back rendered her helpless. She caught a glimpse of another car for a second passing in the other direction the windows went black and all sight of the outside world was cut out.

Not a word had been spoken, the two women who were busy immobilising Gillian with straps and fetters worked together before pulling her from the window and seating her opposite them on the front bench seat. She recognised neither of them and decided that perhaps she could reason with her abductors.

"I'm a lawyer," she started. "You'll never get away with this..."

"Miss Gillian Klein," said the redhead with a chuckle. "Three four seven, Aspen Drive, apartment five, lately poking her nose into business that does not concern her!"

"What do you want?" asked Gillian.

The whole scenario seemed so unreal, but one thought calmed her. How could they possibly know that the CIA were involved? By now, Jimmy would be on his way, this car would be under observation from above and she would be rescued from the two smiling bitches that sat easily on the seat facing her.

"Just you," said the redhead.

"You have a long ride ahead, so settle down and stop asking questions..." said the blonde.

Gillian inspected the two young women that sat in front of her. She pulled at the fetters on her wrists and they tightened; causing her to relax on the seat and wonder if she could learn anything that could be useful when she was rescued.

One thing was for sure...

Anyone that could reroute her transit car was not a trivial opponent. Was it the bank? Some other force at work? Mrs Underwood, the woman who was not exactly missing her husband, Kevin? That was the first point to get clear... who was it that had abducted her?

"Ellyn?" she guessed.

The woman had the money, the motive and was clearly the primary suspect.

"I said, no questions," said the blonde. "Time to learn a little obedience, you'll need it where you are going!"

"Where are we going?"

"Oh dear," said the redhead with a leer. "I really think that the slut doesn't want to know where she is headed..."

The two women started to laugh as if a joke had been made and the redhead put her arm around her companion.

"We have hours before we get there, Katie," said the blonde. "perhaps Gillian here could amuse us to pass the time?"

"Sounds like a plan," said Katie as she kissed the blonde on the lips. "Better get her ready for what's coming..."

"Mmm, a little play on the way?"

"Why not? These jobs always make me so horny!"

Gillian pressed herself back into the seat and felt a surge of terror at the two attractive women that were mocking her. They seemed almost to be flirting with one another in a mockingly coy way and Gillian bit back any comment or question.

"Laura," said Katie. "Let's see what we have here..."

The redhead smiled wickedly and reached into the pocket of her jeans. A switchblade was displayed, and Gillian could not help herself but to utter a scream of panic. The hand with the blade moved and she writhed on the soft seat as it approached.

"Doesn't like foreplay!" laughed Katie as she brushed her long red hair from her face. "That will be corrected! Stay still, bitch!"

Gillian was trapped in the corner between seat and door and she lifted her feet to have Laura put a stilettoed foot to pin the fetters to the floor of the cab. The blade moved, Gillian flinched and then it hooked the hem of her skirt and ripped upwards. She dared not move, dared not recoil for fear of that steel edge as Katie cut away her clothes. Skirt, pantyhose, blouse and jacket. They all yielded like paper to the razor edge of the switchblade in the redhead's hand while Laura pinned her and pulled away the scraps of cloth with sudden jerks of her hand.

"There, that's better," laughed Katie as she folded the blade away. "Our turn now!"

Inside the lit cube of the vehicle, the two abductors shed jeans and jackets. Each one slowly undressing the other with small pecks in between. Zippers slid from waist to back and the denim fell away. Studs popped to reveal corsets underneath as they laughed and kissed with obvious relish.

"I thought that she'd be begging by now," laughed Laura between kisses.

"She will!" said Katie as she picked up the prod from the floor of the cab and made as if to use it.

Gillian cried out as a spark jumped from the tip to the naked flesh of her thigh and jerked at the command of the shock. Rendered helpless and quivering, the two kidnappers loosened her ankles and pulled her legs wide. Each ankle was strapped to a harness point on the floor and Gillian started to cry in anguish.

It seemed that her breakdown amused her captors and they sat back to admire their handiwork as Gillian's naked breasts were flushed with shame.

"This one will end up in Silver, if I know Veronica," laughed Laura. "She'll make a perfect pet..."

"My bet's on Crimson," said Katie.

Gillian wondered what they meant; through her tears she did not understand any of the meaning. Silver and Crimson? What were the two sadistic beauties laughing about?

"Lessons have to be learned," said Laura as she reached to put a hand on Gillian's knee. "Meddling in the affairs of our clients inevitably leads to punishment and training!"

The hand slid up a quivering thigh, slid between her legs and touched Gillian lightly on the lips of her pussy.

"Not at all enjoying our foreplay," commented Laura. "Now let's see..."

Gillian twisted on the seat to try to deny the fingers that were between her thighs from moving, but her legs were so wide that she could not evade the finger that pressed and stroked her slowly. They massaged and fondled, the leering face of Laura smiling and locking

eyes with her victim. The hand pulled free and was raised to the pouting lips that then tasted.

"Please, please," wailed Gillian, unable to resist the urge to entreat the redhead from violating her.

"That's better, slut. I like it when you beg!"

Gillian shook her head to clear the tears and screamed as she saw the prod moving between her thighs. In Katie's hand it slid slowly, the coldness of the contacts pressing her quaking flesh.

"Good girls do as they are told," laughed Katie.

"Oh, God, yes, please tell me..."

"That's better," soothed Laura. "Katie can easily get offended; she likes to get her way all the time..."

"That's why I always go first," said Katie with a grin.

The blonde reached with her other hand to grab Gillian's hair and pulled her slowly forward as the prod slid into contact with the lips of Gillian's pussy.

"Don't upset me, bitch," said Katie as Gillian slowly tipped forward from the seat. "I would have to fuck you and my finger could slip and give you another taste of electricity..."

Gillian's ankles were wide, her ass left the seat and she was pulled to her knees whilst the prod slid from her thigh to glide to her breasts. Katie was seated opposite, her hands pulled as she opened her own legs. Laura chuckled and moved to kiss her lover as Gillian's face was pulled inexorably down to the soft pussy that waited for her lips and tongue.

"That's right, pet, this is where the fun really begins..."

Katie opened her legs a little wider just as Gillian's knees slid to the floor. The lips of her cunt wet with her demand for attention, the clitoris swelling. Gillian felt her chin on the seat, the soft flesh close around

her, the imperative was clear as she came into contact to hear a sigh from far above and a hand moving to fondle the nipples of her hanging breasts.

"Learning fast," came a breathless voice from above.

The other captor moved from her seat and stepped one foot over the helpless Gillian. Moved to sit behind her and slapped her ass lightly.

"Nice ass," came Laura's voice. "Now let's see..."

Hands slid over Gillian's ass, parted the cheeks and pushed her forwards. Slapped at the vulnerable flesh, slid to find the wetness that trickled from Gillian and then teased before pressing deep.

"I just love these business trips," chuckled Laura.

Katie moaned in reply as lips were pressed to hers and her clitoris rubbed on a tongue that was just starting to learn what it was for.

"She'll make a perfect pet!"

Planning

Investigation - File No. SAXW 000345 C.I.A. 347 Central

...and should be kept strictly under 'need to know' basis. Resources are to be sourced from the Ghent178 account to avoid leaks and materials supplied direct from 347 resources and tasked by 347 personnel of the highest level. A suitable Agent has been briefed and prepped; we expect a speedy resolution that can then be passed to the F.B.I. at the highest level to complete the legal side of the investigation.

Extract from:

Intelligence Brief 347-SAXW under level red. Dec 2036

"There's no other way?" asked Jimmy.

Janice shook her head.

"We lost the trail! Somehow, the sensor was set passive and a mile down the road we lost contact!"

"At least we know who the kidnappers were," sighed Jimmy. "The only way to take a ride is by being chipped!"

"We did a trace, of course we did," replied Janice with a wry smile. "The two signatures are bogus! The holders of the accounts died last year and were not cleared from the system! Forensic examination gives unknown to all of the DNA apart from previous rides. They are off grid..."

"Fuck," said Jimmy. "I thought everyone was registered by now... How could they escape?"

"We are tracing camera traps and so on," said Jimmy's boss. "Not much luck so far, but it all has to be checked manually. No DNA? Then there's certainly no face recog. We'll get there, but the labs say it will take a couple of weeks!"

"So that takes us back to what I do next..."

"It has to be, Jimmy, and you're probably the only one that can manage it..."

"I volunteered to infiltrate, not to be added to the list of victims," said Jimmy. "No way, no way at all that I'm going for this..."

"It's easy," said Janice. "This time we intervene and stop it on the spot. When we pull you out, we will have the two women that kidnapped Miss Klein and we can hold them in isolation. Then you can do what you volunteered for!"

"Fuck, fuck and fuck again," he sighed. "OK, what do I have to do?"

"You go Monday to the court, present the evidence that we have put together and use the copy of the list to make sure that it happens. Just be a lawyer for the day and by the evening we'll have them in a cell in Langley. It's as simple as that!"

"They know that she works alone!"

"They can't risk it, can they? We'll use the tracker on your chip, we can't lose you!"

"You'd better!"

"You almost sound as if you don't trust me," said Janice with a shake of the head. "In just minutes we'll have you out, we plan to put up a couple of drones as well..."

"Like you should have today!"

"Costs are important," laughed Janice. "For one of our own..."

"Two days to get up on the role I have to play, then," he replied.

"Don't worry. You'll be briefed word for word. Anyway, we are speaking to the judge now to make sure that she handles the operation from her end."

"Is that wise? The fewer that know the better."

"We've done our due diligence, Jimmy. Judge Harriman is on our side in this! She'll make sure that she rules in our favour and then the kidnap will be guaranteed."

"They might resort to harsher action..."

"What, kill you? I doubt it! Statistically there has not been a single murder, not once Not as far as we are aware..."

"Maybe it happened afterwards!"

"Stats don't lie, Jimmy. It has to be you, you know the method. You are the only one that has the IT knowledge to bring home the bacon. With the kidnappers held in quarantine there's no risk of recognition. Anyway, it cost a bomb to build a new profile for you, and that can't be wasted. There's no room in the budget!"

"And, it *all* comes down to the money..."

Janice shrugged.

"If the truth be told. Then there's another option... we let it all happen and you penetrate from the inside. As a victim!"

"No way..."

"Not my decision, Jimmy. It would come from higher up. There are eyes following this operation from as far as the big house in DC. That means that there's a medal in it for sure!"

"The President?"

Janice pulled a wry smile.

"Could be! Maybe not quite that level, but not heard from my lips, Jimmy. Listen, we need you in there, one way or another. I agree with your approach, far more control, but all I'm saying is that there are two ways to do this!"

"I can't step away, can I?"

She shook her head.

"I'll have you going on that vacation of yours, that I promise, and I never break my promises."

"Months away!"

"Where you off to in October?" she asked.

Jimmy shook his head.

"It's sort of a secret," he said. "A friend in encryption is going as well. Some place in Brazil that should be a real blast."

"Sounds great, jimmy. Don't worry, you'll get to Brazil, and that's a promise!"

Insertion

Each vehicle is self-monitoring as well as joined to the network. The vehicle is linked by an encrypted network that prevents the occupant's destination being controlled from without, but diversions are possible due to road conditions. Updates of traffic congestion, road works and other hindrances are uploaded in real time. Now that there are only ten per cent of the vehicles on the road not self-guiding, there is little to prevent a date being set for the banning of all human-guided vehicles.

White Paper - How the roads belong to data.
Aug 2031

All the effort, all the prep that it must have taken. Subverting the traffic system, the use of illegal personal chips, the planning and timing. Jimmy could not believe that after all of that, they picked the same spot to transfer him from his ride to their vehicle. If he had even thought that this would have happened, there would have been a team waiting for their arrival.

The tyre marks from last Friday's events still on the wet verge. Stunned by the expected prod, Jimmy saw them pass under his eyes as the two women almost threw him into their ride. For a moment he remembered Gillian's face up against the window, just like his. Then the glass went privacy-black and the cuffs pulled his wrists together.

For good measure, it seemed, they stunned him again and he passed out.

When Jimmy came around, there was a confused moment. First thought, even if he was only out for a minute, the team should have been in control by now! Instead he was kneeling, hunched with his arms pulled hard upwards. His mouth was dry, a sour taste, eyes caked almost closed. Every muscle ached, his legs were numb, and he tried to shift and opened his eyes.

Caged in a truck... The wire bars just an inch from his face, the red stilettos of a blonde presenting their heels.

"Ah, coming around at last," said a female voice.

The struggle to move caused Jimmy to feel as though his shoulders were about to be dislocated, pins and needles in his limbs caused a wave of agony. Kneeling crouched on the hard floor of the cage, there was no movement to be had.

"Don't worry," chuckled the voice of the woman whose spiked heels were almost in his face. "We're nearly there..."

"Where am I?"

"No need to bother your little head about it, boy," said the blonde. "You'll find out soon enough!"

Jimmy's eyes came into focus to look beyond the worn soles and heels of the red shoes. Long stockinged legs stretched to the young woman sitting chuckling at him. A round face, pouting pink lips, she could have been as young as eighteen, as old as thirty, but attractive in a girlish way. Next to her sat another woman who was intently scanning the screen of her phone. Red hair a miasma of curls and wisps, perhaps older, perhaps not...

He tried to turn his head, but the limit was just a few degrees. All he could make out was that he was in a van fitted with several cages at the back and luxurious seating facing from the front. The windows were blacked out, not merely darkened, but totally black.

"You drugged me..."

"Clever boy," said the blonde with a small shrug. "Can't have you whining and begging the whole trip! Now then, no more from you until we arrive..."

The road noise of the van was a mere whisper, a smooth ride that seemed to indicate that they were on a freeway.

But where... And, if he had been out for hours, where was the intervention?

Jimmy calmed his breathing and tried to rationalize. Right now, there would be a drone following this vehicle, perhaps they were just waiting for the arrival? Thoughts rattled in his head, moving from one scenario to the other. If they were holding back, then what about the plan to isolate the abductors and squeeze them dry? He pushed that thinking to the back of his mind and concentrated on the two young women that were seated comfortably in front of him.

Both were attractive and gave the impression of two young women out on a day trip. The blonde watching him, the tip of her tongue running over her lips, the redhead still intently on her phone. Both eminently fuckable, both eye-catching and composed.

He tested the limits of his fetters. A discrete pull of the arms that were bound together over his back revealing the thin wire bars of the cage. A strap around his thighs that allowed no movement, especially with the weight of him on his knees and calves. Moving his head revealed some sort of collar that was also anchored to the sides of the cage and he looked down at his folded knees to realise that he was naked. It was difficult to see himself, but it was clear that he had been stripped, moving his feet a little rasped his skin on the steel floor of the cage.

"There's no point," said the blonde with a chuckle. "I have the keys!"

Her hand lifted and stroked her ankle and now Jimmy could see the thin chain around her ankle with a single small key that moved under her fingertips.

The redhead angled the screen of her phone a little to show her companion and she said: "These ones? I think that I'll buy them."

The blonde turned her attention to the screen and shook her head.

"Nice, but I prefer the others... let me show you."

The blonde took the phone and her finger swiped on the screen and the redhead laughed.

"Fucking hell, they would be murder to wear..."

"But perfect, Laura, perfect with the rest of the outfit!" she replied as she handed back the phone.

Laura nodded and inspected her lover's choice.

"Perfect for our upcoming trip," she commented. "I'll order both!"

Jimmy felt as though he was in a dream. Caged and aching, he could feel a cramp coming on in his legs and could do nothing to relieve the distress. Meanwhile, the two bitches that had him in a cage were discussing trivia and fashion.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked.

"Tsk, ts, little boy, said Laura. "No questions. Katie asked you *nicely* to be quiet..."

There was an intense dislike in her eyes as she looked down at the caged agent. Like a personal hatred, Jimmy decided. Her legs stretched luxuriously as if to contrast her comfort with his discomfort and now he had two pairs of stiletto heels in his face.

Laura turned back to the blonde.

"It's so fucking tiresome doing these runs," she said. "Fine when it was just a couple of times a week, now it's nearly every day! I'm so glad that we are getting down to the Domains in a week's time, Katie."

"Mistress Veronica warned us," shrugged Katie. "It's hotting up, in a couple of years it will be nonstop."

Laura sighed.

"Not much play-time for us, though!"

Katie laughed.

"Darling," she said. "You're only moaning because most of them are men, if all the livestock were all female you'd be in heaven!"

Laura frowned petulantly and Katie planted a small kiss on her lips.

"How long before we get there?" asked Laura.

"Now you sound just like this bitch," said Katie as she looked at her watch. "An hour, maybe more if the crossings are busy..."

Jimmy calculated.

If he had been out for three hours, if there were crossings where there was heavy traffic, if it was an hour to go... His mind played over a map of the East Coast and he decided that the only possibility for the destination was Long Island. He put the knowledge in the back of his mind and tried to be patient to gather more information. That they were so careless with data was a sign of self-confidence, he thought of the drone that was following them and tried hard not to smile.

"Plenty of time," said Laura in a coy tone.

The two women kissed and folded their arms around each other. Jimmy felt a twinge of excitement that he tried hard to suppress as she watched hands move intimately and their bodies turn towards one another in a sensuous clasp. The heels and soles of their stilettos turned and moved and Laura gasped as Katie teased a nipple and chuckled.

"It's all you ever want," she breathed in Laura's ear. "To be fucked!"

"Fuck me..."

"Forever!"

The caged agent watched limbs entwine, hands explore, and lips press in long kisses. The whole scene was ever more dream-like. Trapped naked in a cage while two women made love tenderly in front of his gaze. Laura, large breasted, the more mature of the two; Katie, like a girlish slut teasing and laughing at each touch that aroused her lover. He could feel his own reaction, despite being

almost numb and in agony from his position, despite the last dregs of the drug draining from his system.

After the first round of lovemaking, Laura was breathing heavily as Katie's hands petted her naked breasts. She lazily pulled her phone out again and showed her lover the screen.

"I think that our captive is all aroused by us," she smiled, looking down at the lifted face of Jimmy. "Look, he's at one-forty!"

"Ooh, naughty little boy, getting all excited..."

"Shall, we show him?"

Katie took the phone from her lover's hand and flicked at the screen.

"There, I set it, let's see if he can control himself!"

Jimmy looked down at the soles of the shoes and closed his eyes.

He could feel his erection dying between his closed thighs and controlled his breathing. What she had said was true, he was stimulated by the two bitches and he coughed as he regulated his breathing.

"Down to one-twenty and falling," said Laura. That's the sweet point to set it at."

"Done!" replied Katie. "Now we can have some more fun."

Jimmy watched them through the slits of half-closed eyes. The two temptresses were kissing again. Katie's hand wending its way down between Laura's thighs, sliding into the open zipper and exploring while the redhead's breathing became a series of gasps.

He could not help himself.

Between Jimmy's thighs, the erection had hardened. His eyes were rivetted to the two women who were provoking him and it became difficult to stop his breath rasping in his dry throat.

The hand that was exploring pushed in further and Laura gasped, her thighs opening reflexively to accept the invasion. Katie had a small smile on her face as she looked down at the caged captive and blew him a small kiss. It was then that there was a jolt, sudden internal piercing agony that caused Jimmy to cry out in shock. From deep within, overwhelming and unstoppable, a pain that lanced inside, punishing him for his thrill.

As Jimmy cried out in shock, Laura climaxed at the sound. Gasping and quivering in Katie's arms as fingers probed, as the sound of Jimmy's cries filled the inside of the van. The soles of two stilettos pressed hard on the cage, as Laura's thighs quivered and flexed, a spiked heel pushing through the narrow openings in front of Jimmy's face.

The caged agent could not understand the agony that was pulsing inside himself. All he could see was the heel that almost touched his face. The worn edges, frayed by concrete, the scratched soles, black patches on cream smoothness.

"Kiss it, bitch," said Katie as she pressed hard between Laura's thighs with her hand. "Make the agony stop..."

Jimmy resisted, gasped and whined as the heel pressed hard, the sole of the stiletto bending the wire bars of the cage inwards, just half an inch from his dry lips. In his vision, over the pointed toes of Laura's shoes he could see Katie smiling as she blew a kiss and repeated the command.

"Suck..."

He strained forward, impelled by the agony that the two lesbians were inflicting with his cravings and his lips were scored by the edges of the worn heels. In his sight, that smile, between his lips the heels of her lover.

"Is he?" asked a gasping Laura.

"Passionately..." said Katie.

Laura climaxed a second time, thrusting her feet against the bars of the cage, imagining the lips of the captive suckling on her stilettos as she cried out in bliss. Legs relaxed, but the heel was still rasping Jimmy's lips. He could see the look of pleasure in Laura's now open eyes as she watched him.

"Good little boy," she breathed. "Don't stop... we can make the pain come back at any time!"

There was just the mere shadow of that piercing agony now. A dull throb that was the residue of the punishment. Jimmy's mazed brain had registered that it came from within.

Deep inside him, unstoppable...

Katie slipped her fingers free and licked them lasciviously.

"You see, my dear little man, you can do nothing but serve us now!" she said.

"How?"

The agony returned, a jolt that was triggered by a finger stroking the screen of Laura's phone. He cried out, felt tears well in his eyes and his muscles bunched and fought the straps that held him fast.

"Not a word," said Katie like a schoolteacher. "Not unless answering a command. That's the rule now, make sure that you take it in!"

Jimmy could feel the hard heel between his lips, and he kissed it in supplication.

"Learns fast," commented Laura.

"They all do, babes," came the answer. "Men are so easily trained..."

It was Laura that answered Jimmy's question. Speaking slowly as if to a child, she took pleasure in divulging the little secret that caused Jimmy to realise the depths of the conspiracy that was revealed.

"Three years' service in the military," she said. "A little implant that nearly all have deep inside. The one that you approved and voted for! A little traitor that puts you in our power..."

Katie's smile broadened as she watched his face.

"You see," said Laura, "there is more to it than just chipping you, knowing who you are, knowing all your dirty little secrets. What you spend, when you fuck. Where you fuck, who you fuck! Knowing where you are, where you have been, who you are with and what readings can be taken from you!"

Jimmy's lips opened in outrage.

"Keep Laura happy," interrupted Katie as his lips parted from the heel of her lover's shoe. "Show her a little respect..."

Jimmy pressed forward.

"That's better, now listen carefully..." said Katie.

"You see, we control that chip, and through it, we control you and all the rest. We can make you do anything for us, there is no escape..."

Jimmy's eyes widened as he took in the vast implications of the victorious speech. So many millions were already chipped, so many more waiting for the insertion. The chip that now was the only identity and document in the country. The chip that held them all in the palm of the government's hand. The chip that could administer punishment at the stroke of a finger.

"Let's have a look at our little captive! What have we here?" said Katie. "What secrets does the pretend down-town Boston lawyer have to reveal?"

She hefted the phone and touched here and there whilst Laura looked smilingly at the screen.

"Military service," muttered Katie. "A year in the Rangers and then seconded to Fort Lauderdale... Mmm. What's this? A block on the record? One sec..."

Her fingers danced on the unseen surface of the screen.

"Well, that's a first," she said questioningly. "No records after thirty-three... Where's the law school and all the rest of it?"

"Defective chip?" asked Laura.

"Perhaps! We'll have to let them sort it out in the Institute! Can't access the records in DC."

Jimmy swallowed.

For a moment he had believed that the two bitches could access his full records. Placing the mission in danger, exposing him, dooming him for sure...

"We're almost there, babes," said Katie.

The only thing that was a comfort was that now he knew what his bosses in DC *had* to know. The awful secret that was the guiding compass for a new reality.

An appalling truth that he had now to risk *all* to expose.

A burden of duty that was terrifying in its weight.

And, Jimmy was imprisoned, in their power.

How could he possibly know the truth?

That drone had never launched.

Inserted

Why is 7G different?

...the biggest change in communication since the introduction of the smart phone. Suddenly there is a signal everywhere, suddenly vast torrents of data are no longer terrestrial, they are all around us. All the time! Imagine, a wi-fi system that permeates every corner of the globe! When all 18,357 satellites are in play the benefits will be immense, but until next year only the East Coast of the U.S.A. is covered. I for one am so envious that I might just move to New jersey just to get on this heavenly network...

© Wired Magazine Issue Feb 2036

"How do we play this?" asked Janice. "It's all my fault!"

The director of internal operations on the East Coast, Jason Brawne, looked at the woman who was his junior and felt a wavering set of emotions that twisted him this way and that. On the one hand, the agent that had vanished from the surveillance operation that was now in the hands of the very people that they sought. On the other the mature woman who sat on his naked torso, his come still dripping from her thighs.

In his office!

Hers was the entire blame for this farrago, he thought, but he knew that just was not true. One drone still on the runway, the other circling uselessly over the point of abduction. The three cars that were still poised for action and had nowhere to go.

"Jeez, what a mess," he muttered. "Fuck it, Janice! How could you allow them to slip through our fingers like this?"

She smiled coyly.

"It happens," she breathed. "Does this mean that we move to plan B?"

"There is no plan B," he sighed. "You know as well as I do that with no contact to the agent, there *is* no plan B! The beacon that he carried stopped broadcasting just a minute after he was taken. By now he will be fully retired, it's been three hours now... and we have no idea of where he is!"

Miss Janice Long looked down at the man that lay between her folded legs. A weakling, when all was said and done, she thought to herself. Posturing and a pretence of leadership combined with almost no saving graces. More scared of his assertive wife and her social pretensions than even the risks that he would take for her! She decided that it was time to soften him up a little more and her hand dropped behind her back to fondle his flaccid cock to semi-hardness. Nails pulling at the soft skin of his balls, fingers sliding and cupping them and closing as if to prove her sway.

"I screwed up," she breathed and leaned a little forward to allow her face to hang over his face. "What happens now?"

Jason groaned a little and shifted his hips.

"I am supposed to launch an investigation," he said.

"Will you?"

His mind rationalised the events of the last hours and sought a way out of his responsibility. If he instigated that probe, then it was all over! All of it! Would the unpredictable Janice spill the beans? What would his wife do when she found out about their affair? Why had he not been in the very centre, in personal command of an operation that was so critical? The thought sent a shiver down his spine that his lover seemed to interpret as a response to her teasing.

He was naked, she was fully clothed. Her stocking tops and the clips that held them in place rasping at his hips, her panties pushed to one side, his come running from her to drench his pubes and her thighs. Somehow, emblematic of their whole affair. As if he were just a disembodied cock that was occasionally permitted entry...

"OK, plan B," he said at last.

As if rewarding him for the comment, the hand loosed his balls and turned its attention to the hard stalk that now stood in the valley of her ass. It slid fingers the length of him, cupping the tip in a wet palm.

"But, you said..."

"I know, I know what I said," he replied. "But... there *could* be a plan B!"

"You mean that we would pretend?" she said as if shocked.

He looked up at her face and wondered if he really understood this woman. Devious, scheming and so cunning at one moment and then naïve the next. Jason decided to take the words at face value, simpler that way.

"Exaggerate perhaps," he replied. "There is a possibility..."

"Of what?"

The hand was more insistent now. It fucked the wet cock slowly, mazing his lines of thought, giving an urgency to every word. Would she lift and then settle on him, milking him of the last dregs of his need?

He prayed that it would.

"Just a project under development!"

Janice felt her mind suddenly focussing on a singularity of concentration. He knew something that she needed to know, something important, and her heart fluttered with excitement. What project?

"So, we *could* find Jimmy, I mean it could work?"

"Perhaps, I need to speak to a couple of people that I know..."

"Thank God for that," she breathed as she lifted her hips and straightened. "He would be inside, and we would have the location where they took him. There would be no need for an investigation..."

The tip of his cock was poised parting the soft lips of her cunt. Opening the lips of her sex, nestling in the warmth as her hand guided it for the moment that she would drop and impale herself on him. The moment stretched to seconds and Jason groaned with expectation.

Something was needed to conclude his craving and he moved his hips as if to remind Janice of what he wanted. What he desired. A whine from his throat came involuntarily, but she simply fondled him, teasing him to an unbearable height of yearning. Anything to feel her slide onto him, take him in and fuck him...

"Perhaps we can trace that chip of his..."

The words had scarcely slipped from his lips when her cunt swallowed his cock with a single fluid motion. Skewering the wetness of her as she slid down the pole and danced for him. Twitched her hips and lifted, slid once more down and braced her hands on his chest. Each stroke was delayed by a second of hesitation, each swallowing of his erection more than he had hoped for.

As Janice fucked, her mind closed on his words, searching for the meaning, considering the possibilities. From a few paces; yes, the chip could be read, could be controlled, uploaded and reprogrammed. From further than that, the signal was too weak.

What did Jason know?

That she and the Domains did not?

She slowed the fuck, paced it, controlled it and found that, despite herself, she was climaxing with her contemptible lover. Was it the root of him against her or the thought that she had him in her grip that caused the waves of elation?

His eyes were closed.

Janice gasped and settled hard on him.

Squeezed tight and then pulled her nails over his chest.

Too hard, too fierce! Crimson lines stretched from each nail on the skin.

Jason gasped and thrust upwards and Janice rode his climax like she was swaying in the saddle of her favourite pony. Moved with him to lessen its impact and take the control from her chosen mount. For a few moments, she was back in Roan, a crop in her hand as her chosen stallion ran with the sweat of its efforts to service her. The image in her head caused her to laugh out loud and she finally brought her weight to bear to force every drop from his sore cock. Her climax rolled over her like a wave and his caused him to whine piteously as he came deep inside her.

"I guess that it's plan B after all, then?" she asked.

Brought back to earth with her words he tried to nod.

Janice shrugged and dismounted from her exhausted steed and squatted over him while her fingers moved over the bloody scratches on his chest. She lifted a finger and tasted the blood on the tip of her tongue and his head lifted to look at the four grooves that oozed red.

"Shit," he said at the sight. "Fuck..."

"It happens," she said lightly.

His hands moved to stop hers and then he propped himself on his elbows to inspect the damage.

"They'll heal in a couple of days," she continued as she moved a little to allow him to see his come dripping from the lips of her pussy. "Wifey will never know!"

He glanced up between her thighs and shook his head.

"This is crazy," he said. "In the fucking office..."

"Door's locked," she smiled. "What's the problem?"

He started to slither from under her and she allowed him to go. It was always the same! Lust, need, craving, fucking, coming and then regret! How laughable he was! Thinking that there would not be a

high price for his little pleasures. It was just that the price was paid without ever realising what he had lost, she thought.

"Tell me what happens next," she asked.

"I will speak to those people," he sighed. "DARPA has a little project that could solve the problem, but it's under wraps at the moment. Need to know and all that!"

Now he was on his feet, pulling on his clothes with a fumbling haste. Janice passed his tie to him as he buttoned his shirt and then moved to pick up his pants.

"DARPA?" she asked innocently.

"I really shouldn't mention it," he muttered as he pulled his belt tight.

"But you will," she insisted. "I think that I have the clearance for things like this..."

"I don't," he said. "So, you definitely don't!"

"I can keep a secret," she said with a chuckle. "This little affair proves it!"

Was that a threat? he wondered. Blackmail? He looked at her and shrugged. Soon it would be common knowledge in the firm anyway, so why not? Once again, he rationalised in his own interests. He looked at the face that was close to his and realised that they had never kissed. Fucked, sucked and fondled, but never kissed! He moved slightly and she moved away.

"The concept is simple. Each chip works at a frequency that..." Janice could not help her face betraying her interest and he hesitated as if suddenly realising that what he had been about to say was a something that would be a bombshell. Politically and militarily.

"You were about to say?" she asked.

Her ass moved to rest on his desk and her legs were wide, stiletto heels planted on the carpet, the hem of her summer dress barely covering

her stocking tops. Her hand lifted the hem an inch and her boss's eyes were transfixed by the almost casual flutter of her fingers.

How had she acquired this power over him? he thought as he watched the reveal. It was not by threats or blackmail. Janice had never even hinted that she expected any quid-pro-quo for their fucks. Never used it against him as far as he could see. In fact she was almost artless in her attitude, no demands on his time out of the office, no insistence on supplanting Belinda, his wife. Just a controlled fuck here and there and her utter sexual hungers.

Stocking tops, wet with come, creamy thighs that led to...

"...can be picked up by the seven G network..." he said. "They can't see every chip all at once, but a single one could be located to a couple of blocks... If what I heard was true," he finished lamely.

The look on her face morphed, for a moment her eyes looked right through him and then her naïve smile reappeared, and the hem lifted to show him herself in all her glory. The tiny ring that pierced her clitoris, the swollen lips of her cunt, the drip of her mingling with his emissions.

"So, we can trace Jimmy?" she said triumphantly.

"Possibly," he said. "It's a possibility and that's all..."

She looked at him staring at her sex and suppressed a grin. The implications were endless, and so very dangerous! By now, Jimmy would be in the Long Island Institute and if the area was covered by seven G, the everything could be compromised.

"Well, Jason. You speak to them and I'll mobilise a search. If they can find him, then we can cover it all up."

"It'll take a day and he could be retired by now..."

Retired? she thought. Just like in the movies, these men just could not shake off their silly pretensions and euphemisms. Pathetic! Her hand allowed the hem to drop and she stood free of his desk. Her fingers almost twitched with the need to communicate the information that she had and a desperate need to get back to her office.

"I'll get on to it," he muttered. "Save your ass!"

"My ass does not need saving, Jason," she retorted. "My ass needs kissing!"

He watched her unlock the door and pause at the opening.

"One word to anyone," he said threateningly.

"Not to anyone," she said with a finger at her lips and the door closed.

Transfer

The Institute

...a centre of excellence for medical and therapeutic care. We specialise in direct intervention as well as a passive education. Private to the point of secretive, nothing need ever disturb your recovery from trauma. Our trained staff, their expert and sympathetic care will make every day a day where you move just a little closer to being the person that you wish to be, need to be...

Company Statement

Jan 2022

Obscured under a tarpaulin tied tight. The cage was teased from the open doors of the vehicle and on to a dolly. Inside and under the cover, Jimmy suffered at each lurch, his arms pulled as his body swayed. He could not help himself and groaned as the cage rocked and then straightened and then moved up a ramp that put more strain on his cramped legs.

He heard chatter around him. Female voices saying inconsequential things as they parked the dolly and stood and chatted. His impression was that this was an everyday occurrence, the only one suffering the nightmare as others passed the time of day and discussed trivialities. The urge to scream was suppressed with difficulty as the dolly was impelled into movement once more. The squeak of the castors, the click of the heels of the woman pushing, the rattle of a padlock that tap, tap, tapped on the cage in time with each step.

They parked him and left him.

The echoes of their heels suggested a bare room, the clicks of metal on ceramic told of the tiled floor. Jimmy tried to move, pulled at the straps that held him in place and then gave up. There was no flex at all and he could not relieve the discomfort of his crouch.

Lost in his thoughts, his hopes slowly fading to black, Jimmy felt a tear make its way from eye to jaw. Soon, it had to happen soon, he prayed. Right now the forces of the Agency would be gathering to

net all of them in one go. He imagined the SWAT teams in balaclavas and laden with their equipment, the vans waiting for the word. Jason Brawne giving the order, the dust from the wheels, the drone circling overhead...

But, the dream was fading as he waited in his cage.

His thoughts turned to the betrayer buried deep inside. Not himself, not the agent that knew what he knew, but the sliver of silicon that punished at the will of its controller. He imagined the soldiers that could be controlled and immobilised at the touch of a button, the police and law enforcement officers at the mercy of organised criminals, the state brought to its knees by the very forces that they had unleashed, and his thoughts turned to Gillian. The crusader and lawyer that he had taken to be some sort of fantasist. She had been right after all, and the thought made him almost queasy.

Where was she now?

Jimmy could not even imagine what was going to happen to either of them. Or for that matter, all the others that had disappeared. Not now that he was one of the victims...

The click of heels approached, and the cover was pulled from the cage as if it were part of a magic act. He rolled his eyes upwards to see a woman dressed in nurse's whites looking down at him with a small smile.

"Time to get you ready for transport," she said. "You're going on a little trip tomorrow and we need to get you all packed up and ready."

"To where?" he asked.

She shrugged and made no move to punish him for his question.

"You don't need to know," she replied. "Our job is to prepare you, so make it easy and do as you're told. That way we will make sure that you are ready for transit without having to punish you more than is strictly necessary!"

He made as if to speak again, but the nurse held her finger at her lips and he fell silent. She walked around the cage and took the handle

of the dolly it rested on. Out of the white tiled room and down a long corridor. The lights passed overhead, and they passed through a gate at the far end where several other cages were already stacked in a neat row. Each one held a single naked man or woman, all of them bound in their cage in the same fashion as Jimmy. Arms behind back and pulled to the top of the narrow cage, straps ensuring a kneeling position and a broad collar on their necks.

Two other nurses worked under the supervision of a middle-aged woman who moved to inspect Jimmy in his cage and produced a small bunch of keys to open the front.

"Collar it up and then we can get the livestock ready," she ordered. "The shipment has to be ready to be loaded at six to meet the flight, so we need to get going."

Unreal! The scene was like a drug induced nightmare, half fetish movie, half medical hallucination. Nurses in white, parodies of their medical counterparts. Stiletto mules and latex stockings. Little tight dresses so tight that every movement stretched and rippled over muscles and breasts. Little caps, each perched on plaited hair that wound tight around their heads. But, the frightening aspect were the masks. Red lips where the smooth white latex broke over their mouths, long lashes where the eyes looked through the holes and otherwise a smooth visage that held no emotion.

Hands extended and fastened the ordered collar on his neck. From shoulders to chin, a posture collar that required one buckle after the other to be pulled tight until the little movement that had been possible was purged.

The nurse's eyes looked into his as she worked under the supervision of the Madame that directed the operation and she pouted as she tightened the buckles.

"Start with this one," said the Madame as she pointed at Jimmy's cage with a manicured nail. "No slip-ups, we don't want them to arrive damaged!"

A lock snicked, a chain rattled and Jimmy cried out in pain. His arms had been released and the agony in his shoulders caused him to cry out in agony as they dropped to his back.

“Gag it!”

The frightening nurse turned from the cage and Jimmy got a look at the cages that faced his. Frightened eyes, gagged lips, straps and chains.

The middle-aged woman whose breasts were circled with a soft leather crisscross of straps was weeping silently as she looked at Jimmy as if pleading with him. As though he could help her! He could see the heaving of her chest, the rings that pierced her nipples and the rolls of her stomach and hips where the tight straps pulled in tight.

He looked at the next and shuddered.

A young man. Drool dripped from the gag in his lips. Marks of punishment criss-crossed his skin, welts and stripes, yellowing bruises and recent purple ridges where the can had been used. The young man moved his head a little and Jimmy saw the short black cock that jutted from his gag in profile. Veined and smooth matte ebony, it caused Jimmy to yelp in shock.

Then the view was cut off as the nurse returned to attend to him. In her hands was a similar gag and he clamped his jaws tight.

“Open!”

It was more than an order, it was a command that he could not resist! The nurse proffered the gag whilst the madame stood behind, a small dingle in her hand, a finger poised at the single button. Jimmy remembered the savage pain of disobedience and relaxed his jaw and opened his mouth.

The nurse slipped the blunt wide cock into his open mouth and pulled a strap tight. He could feel the intruder in all its awfulness. The bulging head and the small depression that represented the hole at the tip of the rubber prick. He made a sound in his throat and received a casual slap from the nurse.

Gagged and collared, Jimmy was released from the cage. Straps and locks were unfastened and the floor of the cage slid free to

present him. Pins and needles assailed him, cramps as his thighs moved, the feeling returning to him as shackles were fastened to ankles and wrists. By the time that he had recovered enough to attempt resistance, he was once more fettered. He was crouched on the floor, at the feet of the woman who supervised the nurses with curt commands.

"Travel insertions," she said.

Jimmy rolled his eyes upwards to look up at her and he shivered in terror. Like some sort of evil headmistress, she stood with feet wide, her stockinged legs disappearing into the darkness of her tight skirt. She glanced down at him and raised an eyebrow.

"How dare you," she spat and her hand closed on the dongle.

Jimmy expected a wave of agony from within, but instead there was a short jolt from the collar at his neck. It caused stars in his eyes and a nauseous feeling that almost caused him to empty his stomach.

"This will go quicker if we make an example of this one," she said. "Pass me the crop..."

One of the nurses arrived in Jimmy's sight with a short riding crop resting on her open hands. She curtsied as she presented it to her Mistress and Jimmy cried out as the short latex mini-shirt revealed the tiny cock and balls that hung between the nurse's legs. His eyes looked up and saw the vast breasts that moved under their skin of white latex and he felt almost choked by his reaction to the exposure.

Mistress took the crop and gave it an experimental swing before moving to the rear of Jimmy. Out of sight was not out of mind. The first cut of the crop causing him to yelp and cry out through the gag.

"Silence!"

The second blow laid on the first and tears stung Jimmy's eyes, but he managed to choke back the whimper.

"That's better," said the voice behind him as the third cut caused him to start. "Respect and obedience!"

The tick of her heels on the tiled floor signalled her moving and Jimmy blinked back the tears in his eyes as she walked past him and took up a position where she could supervise the work. Standing with her feet wide, the skirt stretched over her thighs, she tapped the crop in her hands.

It seemed that there was no need for the Madame to give orders. A routine came into effect and the white-masked nurses began their work. A slap on his ass and then a strange cool feeling that dribbled cold down the crack of his ass was followed by an intimate touch. Jimmy gasped as a nurse's fingers probed and then started to shave. The feel of the razor moving over his skin caused him to freeze while another nurse appeared with sheets of wood and laid them to each side of the one that he was kneeling on.

He was being crated and could do nothing about it!

The whole procedure was done silently, not a word spoken, each of the nurses doing their part. The cleaning and shaving took just a minute and more cool liquid was drizzled before another intimate touch signalled a fresh assault on his behind. Jimmy whimpered as fingers probed and then took his semi-erect cock and rubbed it. Slithered over the tip, rubbed the liquid the length of him and then held him steady before something was inserted into him.

All the time that he was being prepared, the Madame stood before him tapping the crop in her hands, a threatening presence, her feet wide, the shapely ankles and calves just a foot or two from his eyes. Deep inside he could feel the catheter wending its way. Abruptly it passed some critical point and he felt himself drain involuntarily through the tube. A hand on his thigh strapped something there and then that finger pressed into his ass. The feeling was intimate, a momentary stimulation before it withdrew, and something pressed at him. Broader than the gloved finger, it was pressed home and then swelled with a hiss to plug Jimmy's ass, filling him and making him gasp.

A slap on one cheek of his ass signalled the next phase of his incarceration. He could not see what the nurse was doing, but the cold metal shackles that were added to his thighs just above his knees closed with a click. The rattle of a chain pulled between the cheeks of

his ass that was pulled tight to the collar to hold his head high, more straps, more fetters as wrists and torso were added to the restraints. Pads were placed under hands and knees and then the wooden sides of the crate were lifted, abruptly closing his view of the room.

Now the agent was enclosed, and a wide tube was added as a final touch. From the gag it wound out of sight, and Jimmy found that it allowed him to breathe easily as the first of the packing was poured into his crate. Inch by inch the granules passed his wrists, his elbows and his legs. A covering for his eyes that took his sight of the nurse's pouting crimson lips and more of the granules were poured into the crate. The level submerged the crated Jimmy until at last he was covered and the lid was crewed tight to the crate.

As it was forced down, the packing material seemed to press from all sides, holding him in a soft grip. His breathing was loud in his ears, a sighing at each breath, a whistling that was the only sound in the darkness.

Jimmy suddenly felt the claustrophobia hit him, it caused him to cry out in the darkness. A blend of terror and dread, a closing in of the world, a soft prison that allowed no movement, no control, no power over his own fate.

His stomach tightened, and he felt a stream that released his bladder. A relief accompanied by a sigh that hissed in the breathing tube.

With an effort of self-control, he stemmed the tide of fear and then a subtle sensation became noticeable. A vibration that came from behind, a throbbing from deep inside, a gathering erection that filled him with dismay. It emphasised his helplessness, underscored his vulnerability, welling from within and without, causing him to gasp, whine in his throat, suck on the gag that filled his mouth as the plug that filled his ass swelled and moved within him. Teasing and violating his helpless body.

He tried to move, but there was no give in the soft pressure from all sides as his cock swelled. Pulsed in the grip of the packing granules as the violating plug relaxed and became still. Wild thoughts filled his mind, panic threatened to overwhelm him and then the cycle began again and Jimmy started to weep.

Part Two – Feb 2037

In Crimson

As a material, latex is either of two separate parts of the process in the creation of rubber. The first meaning is the sticky white sap of the Hevia tree that is collected for processing. It is also a colloquial term for one of the finished products of this sap that has particularly elastic properties, especially when drawn into thin sheets for the creation of clothing and other wearable items.

Worn next to the skin, latex is fully impermeable to water, and thus sweat as well as the shedding of epidermal skin cells. It is not healthy to have latex covering large portions of skin for prolonged periods. We suggest that clothes are worn no longer than a week at a time, even in temperature-controlled conditions after which a period of around a quarter of the time is required for skin to recover from the event. Normal Domains procedure is to strip and recover livestock in permeable clothing (e.g. Spandex) unless it is decided that the livestock are committed to a parlour where longer periods of wear are required.

The intimate and close feeling of Latex is a requisite of the training programs as well as to amuse and arouse the clients. It is recommended to clients that corporal punishment should not be carried out on a latex clad area as the level of damage can be difficult to estimate without...

Domains Mistress Introductory Seminar
'Punishment & Fetish'
Level I
Jan 2030

Jimmy was no longer Jimmy!

Perhaps in his head he was still James Bush, freelancer for the agency, the man destined to penetrate the Domains. But, to those who had him under their wing for the last ten months, Jimmy had a plethora of names depending on the client he was assigned to or the Mistress that was his personal guardian.

The haze of his former life was like a dream after waking. Just there, a thing that could be seen, but not touched. A meaningless series of disconnected events and incidents disconnected from the reality of his here-and-now.

Uncomfortable, always in discomfort...

The seeming credo of Crimson that wore a slave down by infinitesimal degrees, broke him to the routines and surprises that drifted by in helpless succession. Time was something that there was no accounting for, marked by cage-bars, chains and fetters. Suits and punishments, invasions and reliefs that seemed almost random in sequence.

His mission... What mission?

Hope had long deserted him, all that remained was a desperation to fulfil the wishes of his owners and keep that small kernel that was James Bush deep inside his skull.

What did Jimmy know?

He knew that he was in a place called 'Crimson' and that he had been in a place named 'White'. He knew that he was a mere toy for the women that passed through his days, a paid for sexual slave, a whore and a slut. He knew fear of punishment and he knew indulgence of occasional reward, but one thing filled his head, his every waking thought, his meaning...

Sex!

In a thousand demented forms, a hundred fetishes, the entire purpose of his being was to please and obey. Suffer and become ever more channelled by the whips and goads that urged him to greater efforts.

He moved.

A single bar extended from the wall, locked tight to the steel loop of a collar that held him in position, ready for use. From the corners of his eyes he could see those that were lined to either side of him. All alike, all indistinguishable from him in their red latex coverings, all ready to

be taken at a moment's notice and presented to the clients. With his arms pulled behind his back and elbows forced together, his feet in their excruciating ballet boots fixed to the hard floor and his legs wide making every breath a struggle to allay the discomfort.

Jimmy was no more than an object in storage, awaiting his next assignment. Every hole in his body plugged, no sounds penetrated, the only sensory participation was the steady pulse of the penetration in his rear and the calisthenic pulses that ensured muscle tone and pulmonary exercise. A bout had just ended and the sweat inside his latex suit found its way to drip from the opening at his groin and ass, a welcome feeling that gave respite.

There was no telling how long he waited, there was nothing to mark the time in a meaningful way. Except for the occasional change of costume that gave a break from the clench of the latex, no larger events imposed themselves except the bouts of service that seemed endless until the monotony of storage reassumed their endless hours.

His mind wandered to the last event... or was it the one before?

The coos of the three women that used him for their amusement and then punished him for their idle pleasure. Kneeling below a single heavy pane of glass, a human table on which porcelain rested whilst they took their ease and enjoyed a pleasant afternoon sipping tea and discussing their lives. Hours of staying so still that limbs were numb and cramps assailed him in thighs and arms.

The afternoon spent in their company said more about their sadism than any whipping or fucking. He was simply ignored, part of the furniture to match the décor. The foot of one of the women, unseen and sitting at the end of the table that was held aloft by the slave teased his balls with her stilettos as she spoke and the others had laughed at the reaction that had come despite his efforts. The erection that came and stood for hours until his groin was cramped, until his balls were aching from a need to discharge. But, even that was at their pleasure and the three mistresses had no inclination to allow him relief and simply chuckled at his need.

The thought of that service flooded his mind as he stood to attention with the others that awaited use and abuse. Now he could feel the

rising and tension of stiffness in his cock again and it moved into the edge of his vision. Bobbing and straining to touch something, to at least have an iota of friction. Almost hypnotised by his reaction, Jimmy mewed through the gag that plugged his lips and knew that he would be punished even for this small delict.

But, he could not help himself...

So intent was he on the plum tip of his cock, its swaying search for contact, his thoughts of the sole of the shoe on his balls, that it was only when the mistress moved full into his vision that he was torn from his reverie.

She pursed her lips as she contemplated the giant erection that stood from the latex of his tight suit and then looked into his eyes. Her hands reached to the side of his head and fiddled to allow Jimmy to hear her words.

"Naughty slut!" she said to herself with a smile.

He looked at her face and knew fear and adoration for the mistress who had never revealed even her name to him. She could not be described as beautiful, but she was attractive beyond Jimmy's wildest dreams. A proud beak of a nose, rich full crimson lips, bare breasted with merely a short tartan skirt hiding the treasure between her thighs. The breasts hung a little, but were all the more attractive for that imperfection. The two plaits in white moved around her shoulders as she looked down and then back into his eyes. Her voice was like silk, a slight Midwest accent, a lilting sound of sexuality.

The mistress' hand reached, and she tapped the collar where his stock-number was displayed.

"My, my," she smiled. "Ten months now, one of the longest on probation..."

Her hand dropped and touched his quivering organ briefly, an almost affectionate stroke that caused Jimmy's body to buck in his fetters. It moved to touch his face and he felt a rush of air in his mouth as the plug was withdrawn from the gag.

"I think that it is about time that you were placed where you can respond best to stimuli," she said.

Her voice became almost wistful as she patted him on his head.

"But, there is a question first that will determine your place in Crimson..." she continued. "Make sure that you answer honestly!"

Her other hand appeared holding what might have been a mobile phone and she tapped the screen a couple of times before continuing. Jimmy knew better than to interrupt the young woman, any unsolicited reaction would result in punishment.

"I have three things on my list," she said as if her victim were in a therapeutic session. "Each of them might be the central stimulus, our job is to discover which is primal and which are incidental. In reverse order..."

She moved a step nearer and pressed herself against him.

"Being held rigid and helpless?"

It seemed to be a question, but Jimmy had no idea what form the answer should take. He remained as still as possible, even holding his breath in his rigidity.

"Of course not," she cooed as she inspected the screen of her device. "I knew it because that's what happens here and you would be aroused all of the time. Still, had to ask..."

She stepped back.

"Next on the list, babes," she said. "The situation as a piece of furniture?"

Now he knew what the perfect mistress was looking for! She wanted to know what had passed in his mind and caused his arousal. His mind recalled the agonising hours with heels bound to thighs and hands to shoulders as the heavy glass rested on his back and some of his arousal slipped away.

It seemed as if this answer was satisfactory and she smiled brightly.

"Forniphilia would be rare," she said with a twist of her lips. "That brings us to the third possibility."

The mistress laughed in amusement and stooped down before arising with one of her white stilettos in her hand. For a moment she turned it in her hand in his view and then proffered the heel to his lips. He could see it, he could almost touch it, perhaps reach with his tongue...

"You may," she smiled.

He dared and flicked the rough heel with the tip of his tongue. Her eyes were on the screen and then she stepped back to admire the magnificent size of his quivering cock.

"Very good, slut! I think that we have it..."

He gasped as she lowered her hand and rubbed the sole of her stiletto on the tip of his weeping cock. Her eyes were fixed to his, her triumphant smile filled his vision.

"That wasn't so bad was it?"

He tried to shake his head, perhaps she noticed.

"Oh dear me," she laughed. "This will be heaven for you my little shoe-bitch! Such a shame that it took so long, but then rewards are all the better for being delayed..."

He moaned and her face dissolved as tears began to fill his eyes.

"So many clients want to trample their slaves underfoot," she said as she pressed harder at his organ with her stiletto. "Make their chosen slut come with their slender metal heels fucking a big cock and watch the slime seep over their boots." She paused a moment and licked her lips. "You have chosen what you will be, now perhaps a small reward?"

He gasped and the mistress popped the plug back into the gag.

"I can't have you upsetting all of the others," she laughed as she moved a little closer.

Jimmy could feel her grasp him with her free hand, hold his cock steady and he whined as she looked down and stroked him to the point of distraction. He could not climax, but the arousal was enough to make him sag in his fetters. The mistress pursed her lips in irritation and Jimmy straightened and tried to lock his knees.

"Better, slut. Now then, what happens next?"

What happened next caused Jimmy to jerk despite his attempts to remain still. He felt the touch of her shoe on the tip of his cock and then it slowly entered him. Pressed through the small opening as her hand guided it.

"Fucked by my heels, bitch," she cooed. "Can you feel me taking you?"

A whimper from his throat.

A thwarted cry blocked by the plug pressed between his lips.

It moved deep, it retreated and moved deep again. In and out as she guided him with a satisfied look on her face. His mind was filled by the vision that was denied his eyes. His imagination swamped as he saw in his mind's eye the sliver of heel fucking the cock that strained to fill her hands. The heel filling him, swelling him as it pushed home.

"That's right, slut," she whispered. "You will learn to love to have these big balls trampled under the weight of the women that fuck you. Long to feel the soles of their stilettos on your cock, yearn to have them fuck that tender ass with their heels and have you lick their soles clean if you permitted to come! You are on your way to becoming a shoe-dolly, fixated and consumed by a need to feel patent leather at your lips and women's spurs on your flanks..."

The heel slipped from him.

"Now you can have your reward..."

No touch, no smile, no suggestion of contact. She slipped on her shoe and stepped back fastidiously as she compelled her victim to fountain. A grip deep inside Jimmy, a vibration, a pulse of electricity, a valve that opened, a permission given.

And it was over, almost as it began.

Before he could empty, spout to completion, the mistress closed off the climax with a jolt and laughed at the dismay in the eyes of her bitch.

She sighed.

"That's all there will ever be, shoe-slut! A beginning with no ending, an inception with no completion, I am afraid that it will be automatically controlled by the system, babes! This is not for your pleasure, it is for whatever client wants a helpless dolly to tend to her heels!"

The mistress shrugged and stepped back to allow Jimmy to see her in full. The white heels and tight cream socks on her calves. The tartan skirt that barely covered her pussy and the breasts that heaved in the aftermath of her games.

"Never mind, just be glad that you are of use!"

Jimmy watched his dream girl go. A slight swing of narrow hips, sexual youth radiated from her every motion. The click of her heels on the tiles, the focus of his attention.

At last he had a future...

On Vacation

Arriving	Phoenix - Boa Vista	Arr	20:37	AA210
Arriving	Miami - Boa Vista	Arr	20:50	AA136
Depart	Boa Vista - Phoenix	Dep	21:10	AA211
Depart	Boa Vista - Miami	Dep	23:05	AA137

Arr/Dep Board Boa Vista Central - Feb 14th 2037

A gentle warm breeze moved softly and rustled the sweet-smelling blossom of the tree that shaded the veranda. Overlooking a distant forest, small pink villas below, two women stood enjoying the view under the shade of a parasol held by a maid in pastel pink. Leaning on the balustrade they took in the view silently and enjoyed the late afternoon zephyr and the silence that was only broken by the twitter of some concealed song-bird.

Both women wore gold filigree collars and otherwise, only bikinis and stilettos. Tanned and athletic, they stood as if posing for some elegant holiday brochure, at ease and relaxed.

"I so love coming out here," said Janice as she watched tiny figures moving below with their leashed pets in tow. "I'm not looking forward to going back at all..."

"Paradise on earth," said the other woman with a smile. "A place where we are goddesses and every whim is catered for!"

"Just the way it should be," chuckled Janice. "Uncomplicated, everyone knows their place in the scheme of things and runs to cater to every whim..."

Janice glanced at the maid and smiled.

"They are happy to serve," said the other woman as she too inspected the maid. "Aren't you dear?"

The maid nodded ever so slightly and the attention of the two women turned back to the glorious view. Far below, two Mistresses were

engaged in a conversation, their pets sitting patiently by their feet. Janice watched as they laughed at some comment and then turned to continue their afternoon stroll whilst a small carriage passed them. The clapping of the stallion's hooves just about audible across the distance.

"We've come so far," said Janice. "Just ten years ago all of this was empty land at the far reaches of nowhere, now thousands of women get to enjoy the delights of the resort."

She glanced at her companion and felt a twinge of envy. Latino and shapely, Mistress Consuela was tanned magnificence. A rounded figure matched with strength and intelligence. Ruthless and controlling, she almost emanated an aura of strength matched with femininity.

"There's still far to go," said Mistress Consuela idly. "Pink, Crimson and Roan are fully operational, but there is so much still to do. White needs to become a full domain, Silver really needs shaking up to get it right and then there's Blue..."

Janice shrugged.

"I was here for the planning," she said. "We break the ground in just a couple of months..."

Consuela turned to Janice with a frown.

"How's it going at your end?"

"Oh, the usual, one crisis after the next!"

"I heard that you were on that special congressional committee..."

"Which one," laughed Janice.

"The corruption one," said Mistress Consuela. "Expenses and project funding..."

"I got my word in," said Janice. "But, the decision was based on first amendment issues rather than anything else. Touch the constitution

and they are all in an uproar. That's what got the project closed down, not the fact that the spending was too high... the project to use the phone system to trace chipped citizens has been closed down."

"Just as well," said Consuela with a sigh. "It caused quite a panic here amongst the seniors. We can't have the government using the system that we created against us!"

"It's just a pause," said Janice with a grimace. "There will be more, we need to stay on top of it! The latest problem is that there are questions being raised as to why it is not an American producer that manufactures the chips. National security and all that!"

"It is an American company! Barrington Rossi's corporation owns the majority of the company."

"Ah, but the production plants are in Korea and that really hurts. In the end it comes down to price and the markets are on our side. Anyway, now that the German, Korean and British governments are buying from us and the Chinese are moving that way, the prices should drop again and there will be no other option but to buy from us."

"What about the security of the chips?"

"The next generation are next to impossible to reverse-engineer," said Janice. "We are already rolling it out nationwide and now that the banks won't accept any but the new chips for payments, there is a rush to get them implanted."

"You are an essential part of the Domains' strategy now," said Mistress Consuela as she changed the subject. "In charge of appointing and hiring agents means that we have a chance to infiltrate the Agency..."

"Human resources!" laughed Janice. "The job that *no one* aspires to. When I get back to Langley to take up the appointment, I will make sure that all the right people get promoted. Of course, the policy will be an equal opportunities program! More women are needed in key positions and all that!"

"Our policy here!" laughed Mistress Consuela. "A liberal agenda fully realised!"

Janice smiled and winked.

"Once Blue is up and running," she said, "the trap will be open..."

"The pieces are falling into place," said Mistress Consuela, brushing her hair from her face.

The sun was poised on the horizon and a chill came into the breeze.

"I need to get ready for the gala tonight," said the Latino Mistress. "Should be interesting... I can get you an invite if you like."

Janice shook her head.

"Last night before I fly back," she said. "I have a few things to attend to..."

Mistress Consuela glanced at the maid and shrugged.

"Maybe next time?"

"Of course."

The two women retreated from the balustrade, followed by the maid even though the shade was no longer required. They entered the lounge that opened onto the veranda and Mistress Consuela glanced around the luxurious room.

"This was always the villa that I used," she said. "The playroom, is it still as it was?"

Janice nodded.

"I haven't changed a thing," she laughed. "I love Roan, but in the end Silver always pulls me back!"

"Enjoy your last evening."

"I will..."

Gloria's Pleasures

...strange to say, there are no brochures, no advertising, no hint of the resort in any place. But, a resort it must be, and exclusive to the point of a

singularity! I attempted to board the hypersonic flight to Boa Vista and discovered that no amount of money or pleading would get me on the American Airways flight 210. So, I watched those who arrived and tried to interview them. Strange to say, all female, all seemingly well-heeled, all passing without a word of comment. The same went for the return flight. All women, all dressed to the nines...

...to that end, I would like to put in a formal request for funds to carry through this investigation. This is something that will fascinate and excite our readers and I am sure that there is a greater story behind the private flights to Brazil that are scheduled five times a day from various places in the U.S.

N.Y.T. Reporter request for funds. Kelly Broage. Travel Dept. Chief Editor - Travel and leisure.

Passed to the Phoenix Sherriff's Dept after his sudden disappearance.

Stamped - No action necessary.

Outside the darkness had fallen. Inside, a soft light lit the lounge where three Mistresses sat relaxing after their meal. Glasses in hand, the ever-present maid standing in the shadows ready to answer any call for a drop or two of wine while the two guests and Janice enjoyed the anticipation of their entertainment for the night.

Janice had already chosen their play-pets for the evening and felt a thrill of eagerness that she tried hard to suppress. Tonight was the night when she would inform her latest possession all about his future... There was nothing so exhilarating as having the power to do just as she liked! Better yet, it was exquisite that her latest acquisition was a man that knew her from the outside world. It gave that extra little thrill to have the victim of her pleasure suffer. Tonight's little amusements would be both poignant and entertaining for her chosen guests.

"What have you planned?" asked the woman sitting facing Janice.
"Something special?"

"I don't want to spoil the surprise," said Janice, almost bursting to tell. "But, I managed to get one from Pink that is in for a surprise!"

The woman smiled and ran her finger around the glass in her hand to make a throbbing tone.

"I take it that this one is special?"

"They are all special..." said Janice.

Mistress Jessica was one of those that had *that* look of indeterminate age. She could have been anywhere between thirty and forty, the rejuve-smoothness of skin and perfection of her figure the result of endless treatment to keep her in her youth. There was always a look, a particular air of those that had frozen their aging. The figure, the features, the skin and the vigour tempered by experience that could somehow not be masked. So far, Janice had not entered the program in White, even though, as a Gold, she was entitled. Somehow, going under the knife and putting herself through the endless treatments was not to her taste. Give it a few more years, she thought to herself, and I will put a stop to the aging and join all the others who would live forever...

"Mmm, not a surprise at all," laughed Mistress Jessica. "They come to my courtroom in their hundreds..."

"Well, you've had plenty pass by," said Janice. "I doubt that you'll remember this one!"

"I visit my ex in Roan every time," said the other woman with a smile. "The first time was such fun! I was there to hold his halter the first time that he discovered what it means to be a mare."

She flicked her ringlets back and laughed. In her mid-twenties, Mistress Gloria was slim and pretty. Pert lips and almond eyes, her Chinese and Italian parentage giving her an innocent look that concealed her heartless nature.

"You should have seen the terror on his face when he realised that he was presenting for the stallions that were lined up for service! I think that the fact that I was there to enjoy his fucking was the worst part of

it for him. Babbling and pleading while I told him what was in store and *then* the first was led for relief and my little pony discovered what was in store."

The Mistress' pretty round face lit as she recalled the moment and took a sip from her glass.

"It's the best," said Mistress Jessica. "I love it when they beg... being part of that special moment is such a thrill."

"This time I spent a whole day with my little mare," said Mistress Gloria. "A last little outing for us both."

"The last time?" asked Janice.

"Oh, yes! I forgot to say that I had it moved to the parlour last night. It was time for me to clear the way for my new interests and anyway it's for the best. Can't live in the past, I think that he realised that I need to move on in my life!"

"So, what's next?" asked Mistress Jessica.

"Pink, of course!" laughed Mistress Gloria. "I love all of the colours, but Pink is the new passion in my life. I never thought that I'd be so hooked by the sissies and sluts there, but a couple of months ago I spent a week there with a lover and fell in love with the place!"

"I get it, I really do," said Janice. "It was Pink that hooked me, Crimson that showed me what was possible, but Silver, that is the place that I love!"

"Roan for me every time," said Mistress Jessica. "But, if I had to choose something else, it would be Silver. In the end, all of the Domains are perfect, it's just a question of mood."

She held up her glass and the maid stepped forward to fill it.

"So, tell us all about what happened when you took him out for that last run, Gloria," said Janice, eager to hear the details from her friend. "I want all of the juicy stuff..."

Mistress Gloria's lips twitched, and she sipped at her glass.

"You know all about Jeremy of course," said Mistress Gloria. "Rich, successful and perfect for me, but such a fucking bore. Anyway, when I had him brought here, he ended up in Roan. The thought of my ex as a mare was such a perfect turn-on. You should have heard it cry when he was covered... Anyway, that was a year ago and I decided that it was time to part ways. I had everything all arranged to make the day special for me. Whenever I am in Roan I pop in to see the mares, this time I had him brought out and hitched up. Of course, it was a shock for my little pony to see me there with the crop in my hand waiting for my ride."

"Did you tell him before you set off then?" asked Mistress Jessica.

Mistress Gloria shook her head.

"No, no, the whole idea was that we would go out on a little run and then I would say that I had managed to get him moved out of the mares' stable, and that's exactly the way that it happened. We got to the spot that I had picked for a picnic and I stroked my sobbing mare and sympathised and teased him."

"I thought that they had them docked as mares," said Mistress Jessica.

"Oh, he's been snipped," said Mistress Gloria. "Balls off, but arousal is possible once the restraint is off. He didn't have much beforehand anyway, so they left his little cock intact. Well, I was so understanding and explained that when we got back, he would be released from the stables. Oh, it was so delicious, he just couldn't do enough for me and I even allowed a last little fuck." Mistress Gloria paused and licked her lips, "The fact that a mare can't possibly climax made it last forever and ever!"

"You are so wicked," said Janice with a grin.

"I know, I am, but I just can't resist having a little joke!" replied Mistress Gloria with a flutter of her slim fingers. "He was sobbing his little heart out, so convinced that I had bought him and was taking him out. That I wanted him back! Can you believe that he actually thought that I

would want him back after a year being fucked by all those stallions? Ugh, I mean, really?"

"So, you got back to the stables. What happened next?" asked Janice.

Clearly, Mistress Gloria was enjoying the little story, her face a little flushed and a sparkle in her eyes.

"We clip-clopped back into the yard and he was so excited when the harness came off. I stood there and held his hand and he squeezed it with tears streaming down his face, not telling him the joke! I gave him a sugar lump from the palm of my hand and patted him. Then the stable hands sluiced him down, Mistress Isabella arrived, and we had a nice little chat and finally the moment had come. When the fetters went on, he looked at me as though he could not believe it, when they started to pull him towards the parlour, well he went crazy... I never knew that he had that much fight in him! Of course all he got was a thrashing until he was obedient. I really just can't believe that he hates it all that much!"

Mistress Gloria face was a mask, but her hands fluttered as she mimicked the distress of her mare.

"It took a prod to finally settle him down and they dragged him to his new stall. He fought again all the way, trying to kick, and screaming and wailing like the weakling that he is. Jesus, you'd think it was the end of the world, these men just don't appreciate everything that we do for them, just no thanks to me for looking after him and giving him a place where he can serve properly!"

"Men are selfish, it's as simple as that," remarked Mistress Jessica trying to keep a straight face. "Gloria, sometimes I really think that you have no empathy at all."

"Well, he was a disappointment as a husband and as a mare he was blubbering all the time," said Gloria, not understanding the irony in Mistress Jessica's voice. "Ungrateful bitch! He thought that a wife was just there to suck his slimy cock!" She paused a moment and then asked, "Anyway, where was I?"

"The fight that he was putting up," said Janice with a chuckle.

"Oh yes. So, they strapped him into his stall on his back, first on the right-hand row. Ankles by his shoulders and all that. No point in a milking rig, there's nothing there anyway. I had to do the set-up for the machine... A real chore!" She looked up at the clock on the wall and smiled. "In just half an hour, they will be leading in the stallions and farm livestock, so he will be in for a lot of use. Now he has to learn that *not* being satisfactory has a price. He should be glad that he managed to entertain me a little at least!"

"What settings did you choose for your ex, then?" asked Janice.

She watched the face of her friend. The young woman was a sadist, but so totally self-involved in her own needs that it was almost casual. No empathy at all, she saw *everything* from her own unique and self-centred standpoint. As if the tale that she had just told was an amusing anecdote for all concerned.

"Oh, nothing special. I just turned the punishment up to the limit. No sense in bothering to work out some complicated routine, is there? It makes no difference to me anyway and he has no choice in the matter! I didn't have time to think about complicated things like that."

Janice agreed with her with a nod and Mistress Jessica just raised an eyebrow and smiled.

There was something so naïve and devastating about the young woman who sipped at her glass. Attractive physically, coy and cute, but a complete thoughtless sadist, nevertheless. The ideal modern woman for the new world that we are building, thought the judge as she watched Mistress Gloria who was now listening to Janice. Women who would only focus on their own gratification... Not suitable for power, but the ideal citizens, perfect as Golds.

It was Janice that had sponsored Gloria for the Gold collar. A friend that she had first met in Roan, it was difficult for Mistress Jessica to decide exactly *why* they were so close. Gloria, years younger, in intelligence Janice was far beyond, in experience also. Perhaps it was just having someone by her side that brought them together.

Then there was the physical attraction.

No doubt about it, thought Mistress Jessica. Gloria was stunning. Asian and Italian, a mixture that could have turned out so wrong, but in Gloria, it was so right. Petite and slim, those glorious curls, the almond eyes of her Asian heritage and the full lips of the Italian. Her face a pretty smooth mask that showed little emotion, her hands expressive and the window to her thoughts. But, Mistress Consuela had told Mistress Jessica that Janice was important and, despite her age and inexperience, her friend had been collared Gold.

"Enough anyways, it's what he deserved," said Mistress Gloria. "I have other things to think about..."

Mistress Gloria clapped her hands, but there was no smile, her eyes concentrated on her friend as she asked the next question.

"And? When do we get to play?"

"Now if you like," laughed Janice, "Have you seen the playroom?"

"I didn't dare," said Mistress Gloria. "I didn't want to spoil the surprise." She cast a sly look at Mistress Jessica and asked, "Are you playing as well?"

"Oh no, not this time! I wouldn't want to disturb you two. I just came along to decide if it was the right decision to collar you Gold!"

Janice raised an eyebrow and Mistress Gloria was suddenly still. She had had no idea that Janice's other friend was anything other than just another friend. Her eyes shifted from Janice to Mistress Jessica and back again and then she said coyly: "And?"

"And, you have passed," said Mistress Jessica with a laugh.

"What happens to those that you do not approve?" asked Mistress Gloria quietly.

"Oh, *they* stay here as well," said Mistress Jessica. "Don't worry; you are perfect as a Gold!"

“I know that I am!”

Play Room

Among the most common uniforms in uniform fetish are those of a doctor, schoolgirl, police officer, nurse, French maid, sports player, waitress, cheerleader and Playboy Bunny. Some people also regard nuns' habits or even aprons as uniforms. Sometimes, a uniform may be used appropriate to what is being done...

Wikipedia Extract.

"You didn't tell me that she was a senior," said Mistress Gloria accusingly once Mistress Jessica had left.

"I know you, Gloria," said Janice. "You would have been all over her..."

"Not at all," said the young woman. "I know that I'm on probation in Silver and would have been extra careful!"

"Don't worry about it, darling. You deserve it!"

"I'm glad that she's gone, anyway, she'd just be a drag..."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, how old is she?"

Janice started to laugh and stroked Mistress Gloria's cheek affectionately.

"I'm glad that she's gone as well," said Janice. "Now I can have you all to myself! I think that she actually fancies you!"

"Oh," said Mistress Gloria and she looked pleased that her friend thought so. "Really?"

"Absolutely!"

Janice moved towards her bedroom door and opened it.

"Let's get ready..."

The vast bedroom had an elegant modern bed in the centre and two other exits as well as a vast area of windows that almost filled one wall.

"The costume that I picked is hanging in my wardrobe," said Janice. "All ready, should I get the maid?"

The look from Mistress Gloria almost made Janice burst into laughter. As *if* a woman would have to dress herself. Clearly the maid was required, and Janice signalled her over.

"You are at Mistress Gloria's service," said Janice casually. "Please lay out both costumes."

The maid curtsied and opened one of the doors to reveal a dressing room where rails of clothes hung in profusion and shoes were neatly stacked from floor to ceiling. She returned with the shoes first and then carefully laid out all of the items requested in two groups.

On the one hand was what Janice had chosen for herself, on the other side of the bed the elaborate costume that she had decided for her friend. Like always, when it came to costumes and fashion, Gloria was meticulous and spent time choosing carefully, Janice hoped that she would not be upset... An outfit that would match the ambience, Janice had decided that her friend would have to blend into the background of the scene that she was creating and generate confusion and fear amongst the others.

In contrast, to her friend, Janice wore a simple business suit and high heels as if she were at her office. Her victim in mind, her image had to be just right to enhance the humiliation and terror that she intended to sow.

The maid applied Mistress Gloria's make up as she impatiently failed to stay still. Glowering at the maid, Mistress Gloria slapped her sharply.

"Stupid slut. Just get on with it..."

Janice watched as her friend's hand burrowed under the short skirt and petticoats whilst the maid endeavoured to use the lipstick brush to create the Japanese Geisha look that Mistress Gloria had decided upon. The threat of the long-manicured claws seemed to have the desired effect and the maid started on the lashes.

At last they were ready.

Janice posed with her petite friend with an arm around her waist and they admired themselves in a full-length mirror. The maid stood in the background with her hands clasped behind her back.

"Be careful that I don't mix you up with the other toys," laughed Janice.

Mistress Gloria just smiled and posed with her hips at a slant, nestling into her friend. With her curly hair in bunches and her head tipped to one side, she looked a perfect little girl. Her small breasts standing under a loose blouse that allowed a sideways peep, the little tartan skirt on her hips, the bare legs with their little white socks. Like a schoolgirl, the pale white of her frilly-topped socks contrasting with the ruby red stilettos. One thing only separated her from being mistaken for a plaything. That gold filigree collar on her throat! Janice on the other hand, was a complete contrast. Severe in her suit, kitten heels, the seams of her black stockings prominent, hair pulled into a bun and the large glasses that perched on her nose.

"I think that we're ready to go," said Mistress Gloria.

"Not yet," said Janice. "Do up your blouse and cover up that collar!"

Gloria's hands went to her throat and buttoned the collar.

"That's better, dear. Every detail has to be right!"

Janice clasped her friend's waist with her draped arm and signalled to the maid.

"Open..."

The maid moved to the other door and opened it wide to allow her owners to enter the playroom.

An old-fashioned school room, four desks in a square facing the blackboard. A bin of assorted canes, most of which had hooked handles and a teacher's desk with an apple perched at the front. Mistress Gloria stopped and looked at Janice.

"Oh my God, it's so perfect," she breathed. "All we need are a couple of pupils to teach and we are away!"

The two women stood in the centre of the room and Janice could feel an excitement building as she noted chains and straps that were just waiting for use.

"Each suite in Silver has a theme," said Janice. "Even when they are the same theme, they are subtly different. This one is known as the 'Remedial Classroom'..."

Mistress Gloria moved and sat at one of the desks. The chair was high, and her feet swung freely as she looked at the blackboard.

"So, what else have you tried?" asked Mistress Gloria in a girly tone. "I want to learn!"

Janice moved and sat behind the teacher's desk.

"Last time, I used one of the crèche playrooms," she said, "all teddy bears and dollies. That was fun! The first time I was Gold, I stayed a couple of days in an office suite and ruled my minions with a rod of iron. In two months' time, I have actually managed to book the petting zoo, there are just five of them and they are always booked up."

The girly girl at the desk tipped her head to one side and tried to look coy.

"The petting zoo, Miss?"
Janice started to laugh.

"I am starting to think that you would be an *ideal* pupil in my class," she giggled at the sight of Mistress Gloria opening her thighs wide to show her naked pussy. "What do you want to learn?"

"Mith!" said her friend. "Can I pleeeeeease know when I can go to see the little pets?"

Janice laughed and hardened her voice to sound like the perfect strict school ma'am.

"Perhaps, little Gloria, if you are good, you can get to see one later."

Unable to hold back her mirth, Mistress Gloria started to giggle and Janice joined in.

"What we are going to do is pretend that you are one of the pupils, dear," she said. "Then we'll see how it goes."

"I'm up for it, sniggered Mistress Gloria. "All we need now are the pupils.

Janice stood from her desk and moved to the desk where her companion was sitting. She patted Mistress Gloria on the head and then passed by to the cupboard door at the back of the classroom.

"*This* playroom is the girl's school," she said. "So, you'll fit in perfectly in class!"

Mistress Gloria craned around to watch what Janice was doing.

"Look to the front, girl!" commanded Janice with a chuckle.

Gloria did as ordered, heard the door behind her open. The click of metal on metal and then her friend's voice.

"A desk each," said Janice and Mistress Gloria heard the rustle of lace and the click of heels on the worn wooden floor.

She was sitting at the front and cast a sly look at the pupil that took a place beside her. Dressed just like her, a pretty little girl in tartan and blouse. Her hands were enclosed in mittens with the wrists joined by a

short chain, a gag opened her mouth wide with plump lips circling the opening.

Gloria heard the chairs behind her move and settle into place as Janice took her place behind her desk.

"Roll call," announced Janice.

She looked at the four upturned faces and suppressed a smile. Her friend was smiling, the other three looked nervously at the woman who was now their teacher.

"Cindy, Miss! Barbie, Miss! Kylie, Miss!"

There was a brief hesitation and then, "Gloria, Miss!"

Janice could feel a wetness between her thighs. A warm trickle that caused her to choke back a swallow as she settled and announced the next formality.

"As this is your first day," said Janice as she looked down. "You will each come forward for inspection and then present yourself to the class. Barbie first."

Mistress Gloria heard a chair scrape behind her and then the pupil stepped up to the desk. It dwarfed her, the teacher looking down through her spectacles as she nervously made a little curtsy.

"Name?" asked the teacher.

"Slut Barbie," said the pupil in a high tone.

"You will present to the class and then tell us all about yourself!"

The pupil turned to face the class and her mittened hands moved to the little tartan skirt. She lifted it to show a cute tiny cocklet behind which were her neat miniature balls. Mistress Gloria could see a flush on her cheeks as she dropped the hem and choked back a sob.

"I am here because I was a naughty little girl," she began. "I was not good enough for my owner and she sent me here to learn how to be a perfect little dolly..."

Her face crumpled and a tear made its way down her cheek.

"Speak up, Barbie," said Janice in a stern voice. "Tell the class what you do best..."

"Miss," wailed the forlorn girl with a high whine. "Do I have to?"

"Tell them..."

Lips opened and the tip of a tongue appeared. It slowly peeped forth, showing the stud that pierced its tip. Then it extended, moving like a snake until a full three inches wagged from between her lips.

"I can't hear you!" said Janice.

"Please Miss, I have learned how to please an owner's ass!"

"That's better. It's nothing to be ashamed of, dear! It's such a special skill. You can show the class later just how good you are. Next, Kylie!"

Barbie moved back to her place and Kylie came to the desk. She was the girl that was seated next to Mistress Gloria. She stood and moved to the desk, made a pretty curtsy, and faced her teacher, her mittened hands in her lap. Gloria looked at the plump lips and the gag that kept them wide and wondered how this was going to go.

"Slut Kylie was a naughty girly in the last class. Show them what happens to naughty girls who don't satisfy teacher..."

The pupil turned to face her teacher and bent down. The tartan mini skirt moved up to reveal the stripes from a caning. Between plump smooth thighs her cock was enclosed in a narrow tube that allowed the purple tip to swell at the end.

"Naughty girls get caned, class! If they are really disobedient and play with themselves like this one, then teacher makes sure that it will never happen again..."

Kylie curtsied again and stood facing the class with a hanging head.

"You are all here to learn obedience and respect," said the teacher. "Don't end up like Kylie..."

A dismissive move of the hand and Kylie moved back to her desk.

"Gloria..."

Almost surprised to hear her name called out, Mistress Gloria stood and moved to the front of the class. There was an excitement that she had never imagined welling over her. Being the pupil and not the teacher gave her a thrill and she was smiling as she made a clumsy curtsy before her friend.

"Gloria, I am not impressed at all by your comportment," said Janice harshly. "Haven't you learned *anything* in class?"

"Sorry, Miss," said Gloria with a smirk that she could not help surfacing.

"Tell the class about yourself..."

"Please, Miss, I am slut Gloria," she lisped in a high voice. "I love to be in class, because I am a real little girl!"

She lifted the hem of her skirt and the other three pupils looked in surprise.

"I want to be just like teacher," she announced.

"Very good, Gloria, "you can sit down now. That just leaves Cindy..."

Cindy came forward and curtsied primly. Her large breasts pressed her blouse tight, she gave the impression of being conceited and self-confident.

"Name?"

"Slut Cindy," said the pupil.

"Very good, now tell us why you are here," said Janice with a smile.

Cindy did not speak, she just lifted the hem of her short skirt slowly, revealing her massive cock. It hung slightly curved, the heavy balls behind dangling in their steel collar. A slight smile crossed her features and her mittened hands lifted her breasts through the blouse. As the pupils watched, it hardened and stood like a rod from the plump thighs and a look of hunger crossed her face. Her eyes scanned the pupils staring at her and then locked with Gloria's and the tip of her tongue showed between her over-plump lips.

"And... why are you here, slut Cindy?"

"To amuse teacher!"

"Very good, Cindy. I have to decide now which of you is going to become the prefect for class."

Cindy slowly lowered her skirt, but the material just hung on the erection that stood from her. She looked down at Mistress Gloria who felt a sudden tension. Who would the teacher choose? It had to be her, but she had to admit that she would have chosen Cindy every time! It seemed that Janice was in no hurry as Cindy was waved back to her desk and Gloria felt a shiver run down her spine.

What if her friend picked another?

What would happen?

Cindy passed her and sat as Janice stood and moved to stand before the desks of her pupils. She had taken a cane from the bin by her desk and bent it in her hands.

"Today, Gloria will be prefect," she finally announced.

"Thank you, Miss," said Gloria, half in relief, half in excitement. The teacher rested herself on the edge of the desk and pointed the cane in her hand at Cindy.

"The lesson for today is punishment and gratification," she said. "Cindy, tell me what is meant by punishment and gratification?"

"Miss," said Cindy. "Punishment is what naughty girlies deserve, gratification is what you deserve..."

"Good answer, Cindy."

The cane in Janice's hand pointed at Barbie.

"Come to the front for the class," said the teacher. "Barbie is going to show the class her particular skill. Now then, who would like to volunteer to help her?"

All of the other three pupils lifted their hands and Janice pointed the tip of the cane one by one at all of them.

"Very good! I think that all of you can be a part of this," she said.

Janice passed Gloria the long cane with a wink.

"Gloria will be in charge of the punishment," she said. "I expect *strict* attention..."

Janice's hands rolled the skirt high to reveal the tops of her stockings and the creamy flesh of her thighs. Janice moved her feet a little and took Barbie's bunches in her hand.

"What do you say?"

"Please may I, Miss?"

With the slut kneeling behind her, Janice moved back to trap her head between ass and her desk and sighed as the face of her pupil was pressed into the rounded valley of her ass. She felt lips close on her, a gentle touch and then the rounded point of the stud massaging her sensitive opening.

The other three sat at their desks while she basked in the delicious feel of lips and the first touches of the exploratory tongue.

"I hope that you are all learning what I want from you," she gasped as Barbie teased and then penetrated her from behind. "Try a little harder..."

Her hand crooked and Gloria stood to approach the front.

"Now for the punishment!" gasped the teacher.

Gloria looked down at the kneeling school-girl buried in the backside of her friend and whipped the cane in a high arc to meet the naked skin of her thighs with a loud smack. A groan of bliss came from Janice's open lips, her thighs opened wide.

"Again, Gloria!"

Gloria felt her excitement rising and she could not resist reaching down to fondle the adorable little cock. It twitched in her hand as though it was trying to evade her touch and then, once more, she stood back and delivered a cutting swipe of the cane. Between her thighs, Mistress Gloria could feel the temperature rising. The gasp of her own breath, the sight of her friend in the throes of an orgasm.

She longed for her own moment.

Yearned to be the one...

Janice gasped and slid her fingers down to the cleft triangle that wept for attention. She could feel Barbie's insistent penetration and the soaring emotion that heralded her climax. The sight of Mistress Gloria's hand raised, the cane high, the slim figure twisted, the smile on that otherwise emotionless face.

The touch of her fingers.

The staring and frightened eyes of the other pupils.

And then it crashed through her resistance and flowered in her mind like a black blossom of bliss. Her breath sighed through her lips, her breasts rose and fell, her thighs twitched and the tongue that pressed in so deep, a temptation to continue and savour it all over again.

The teacher stepped forward, leaving the kneeling Barbie with the tip of her tongue still twitching, the blunted spike of the stud touching her upper lip as it flicked inside.

"Very good, Gloria!" said Janice with a tremor in her voice.

She allowed the narrow skirt to drop and took the long-hooked cane from the prefect's hand.

"Punishment and gratification!" she pointed the tip of the cane at Cindy. "Tell me what you have learned..."

A look of self-importance filled the slut's face as she stood and declaimed.

"Only a Mistress deserves gratification, slaves deserve punishment!"

"And, what about those that are obedient?"

Cindy's face blushed and she looked confused.

"I'm waiting, girl!"

"If the Mistress decides, then they are permitted..."

"If the Mistress decides," said Janice. "If the Mistress decides..."

"Yes, Miss," said Barbie in a coy tone.

Janice reached out her hand and placed a finger under Gloria's chin. The slight hint of a wink, the slight turning upwards of the lips.

"Gloria, do you deserve it?"

Taken by the fantasy of being the teacher's favourite, the teacher's pet, Gloria, she felt a giddy passion that overwhelmed her.

"Miss, if you decide..."

The finger stayed in place and Janice knew that this sadist was ready to taste a little of her authority. It would be interesting to see how she reacted...

The urge was almost overwhelming, and she knew that there would be a settlement from her friend. But, this was the here and now, this

was the game that they played, this was the understanding that drove the fantasy.

"Cindy, here!"

The hand that was poised to hold Gloria's chin high moved and slid to the rear of her head. Pulled her close while Janice's feet moved to part those of her teacher's pet.

"A little fuck?" she whispered in Gloria's ear.

There was no answer, but the slight bending of the slim body in her arm's encirclement. An assent that was unspoken, a lust that shone in those almond eyes.

Cindy waited for the word of command, her short skirt lifted by her erection, her face flushed with hope. A slight grin turned her lips as she looked down at the neat ass that was being presented, but she knew that a mistake would cost her this moment and did not stir.

"I think that prefect needs a slow fuck," said Janice with a smile. "You are not permitted relief unless I decide it!"

"Mistress," lisped Cindy.

Her hands lifted the hem of the tartan mini-skirt and she looked down at the neat ass with pure lust. So many asses, so many throats fucked at the command of her owners. Each one a joy, each one the height of her captivity. Disciplined to be the instrument of others' punishments, it was rare to have a liquid cunt to violate and the deep breaths that lifted her vast breasts signalled her longing to take this bitch.

"You may give pleasure," said Janice.

No indication of focus, Cindy chose and moved slowly to give Mistress time to correct her. When no word came, the tip of her weeping cock parted the slender lips of that cunt and she sighed and shuffled forward. The teacher and her prefect were in a clasp, the face of Gloria looking up as Janice closed her lips on those of her prefect.

As the immense cock slid into her, a sigh, a satiated moan and Janice slid her tongue deep while the skilled Cindy fucked the woman in her arms. A slow pumping, a cadence that was so measured and exact, rounded hips moving, hands behind back, just the cock that reamed a needy Gloria.

"Gloria is permitted to climax," said Janice as she watched Cindy service her friend. "You are not..."

Cindy's eyes closed, her hips swayed and rocked, the junction of hard cock on slippery flesh showing the bumps that enhanced the slut. Adding sensation, tantalizing feelings of pleasure that overwhelmed Gloria as Janice smothered her in kisses. Every thrust a wave of bliss.

"Come now!" whispered Janice, "Come for me... bitch!"

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck..."

The response from Mistress Gloria a murmur that was almost inaudible and then Janice felt her weight, held her tight as the orgasm took her.

Cindy froze, her objective achieved. Buried deep inside the tightness of Gloria, she waited for the hoped-for command. The permission to release, the command to complete.

"Withdraw and prepare for punishment..."

Slowly, ever so slowly, the cock slid from its sheath. Gloria gasping as it finally came free and Cindy took the position required.

"Show the slut why you are prefect," said Janice with a small giggle.

Slim hand fumbled at her blouse, popped the button and she turned to reveal the gold filigree of her collar resting on her skin. Mistress Gloria stood on trembling legs and took the cane from the hands of the teacher.

"Now the lessons can start in earnest," she said.

In Blue

blackmail
/'blakmeɪl/
noun

An action, treated as a criminal offence, of demanding benefit from someone in return for not revealing compromising or damaging information about them.

"The senator was filmed and blackmailed."

synonyms: extortion, demanding power with menaces, exaction, intimidation.

A mature woman stood at the brink of the vast hole that was the foundation of her latest domain. Deep, far beneath her feet she could see the slaves working for her. Preparing the casements that would soon be filled with concrete. To build a Domain that would crown the triumphs that she had achieved so far.

A consummation dressed in blue.

Inside there was a warm feeling of achievement, this was what she had envisaged from the start, this was the plan come to fruition before her eyes. The vast trap that would give her the power to fulfil her dream. In six months, the fabric would be complete, and she would select the woman who would act as Mistress for a place that would be the final statement in her quest for power.

The clopping of hooves caused her to break her reverie.

A carriage drawn by two magnificent stallions, each with black plumes nodding in the breeze, their erections before them, permanent signals of their captivity. From the carriage stepped a woman who was her right hand, a woman with no compassion, the ideal companion for a sadist of the clearest water.

"Tomorrow it begins," commented Veronica as she joined her Mistress and stood to look at the toiling slaves that worked under their owner's eyes. "Would you like a ceremony?"

"No," said the Mistress of the Domains with a small smile. "The ceremony comes in three and a half years."

Veronica nodded.

She was one of the few that was privy to the secrets of her Mistress' mind. One of the very limited cadre of women who knew the whole scope of the plan that was now in full progress.

"There's much to do, this is just setting the scene."

Veronica glanced down again at the workers and shrugged.

"Everything is in place, Miss," said Veronica. "All that remains is to play out the script to the end and then take the final curtain."

"There is much that can go wrong!"

"That applies to every step of the plan," said Veronica with a nod. "Once we have all those men hooked in Blue there will be no escape."

The Mistress of the Domains nodded and raised an eyebrow.

"Mistress Consuela, or should it be you?"

Veronica nodded.

"I am not suited for that task," said Veronica. "Mistress Consuela is exactly the Mistress that Blue needs. I am happy to be free of that weight..."

"They will all need to be taken in by this. There will be doubt amongst the Golds and Silvers..."

"That's why Mistress Consuela is ideal. Sharpen her wits by giving her Silver. Let her shake it up to the place that creates all of the Golds that we will need to take up the reins."

A nod in reply.

"There are a lot of forces to align," said the Mistress. "We need to get the Koreans on board to ensure control of the supply of chips. Then there is President Perez... At some point we will need her to act for us."

"And Barrington Rossi?" asked Veronica.

"He can only see that Blue will give him what he wants! As long as Mistress Perez plays her part, he is under control."

The two women cast a last glance into the foundations and then moved back to the carriage. The stallion stood rigid in the heat, sweat running over their impressive thighs, their continual excitement on show for their owners.

"I have to be back at the Institute by tomorrow. The flight is arranged?"

"Yes, Miss," said Veronica.

She watched her Mistress step on the crouching slave and noted the signs of aging in her Mistress' every movement. For some reason, she had never undergone any rejuve and Veronica wondered why that could be. Soon she would be unable to go back to more than forty if she left it longer. She mounted the back of the crouching man at her feet and took up the reins.

"Pink?" she asked.

A slight nod of assent.

The stallions eased into a trot and the carriage wended its way towards the hillock of pink villas that lay just a short ride away. Scarcely a word was spoken, the two women enjoying the ride in comfort as the livestock laboured to make their ride smooth and comfortable. The hoods that masked their heads forced them to rely on the whip and reins in Veronica's hands, but they remained in perfect synchrony, lifting knees high at every step.

In miniature, the Domains were the ideal.

The germ of what would spread far and wide.

An incubator for the future of female domination.

The stallions drew up, and Veronica offered a hand to her Mistress. Waiting in the shade of a parasol borne by a sissified slut was the pet that accompanied the sadistic Mistress whenever she was in Pink. Lace and bows, waiting on all fours with an erection that would never be relieved. Looking up with longing eyes that longed to be by her owner's side, the pet mewed and purred at the small touch at her head and then followed obediently behind the heels of the woman that punished and rewarded according to whim.

"An hour to say goodbye to my darling kitten," laughed the Dark Widow, "then call me..."

Veronica watched her Mistress crook a finger at her pet and then turn to make her way through the pretty villas that lined the pathway by the park. The crawling plaything at her ankles, almost joyous at being with Mistress, so looking forward to being played with. Foreshortened limbs, bells that chimed at every step, lace flouncing and ribbons in showy bows. A pet that had been a man, a man that craved to be abused and punished for a woman's pleasure.

She watched the two disappear and smiled in satisfaction.

Soon, so soon, this would be mere routine. A new feminine civilisation created for women's pleasure and gratification. An evolution that had no end. A world that she helped to create.

Part Three – Jun 2038

In White

In European cultures, white symbolizes purity, elegance, peace, and stark cleanliness; brides traditionally wear white dresses at their weddings. Nurses wear white to emphasise spotlessness and care. But in China, Korea, and some other far Eastern countries white represents death, mourning, and bad luck, and is traditionally worn at funerals.

He had longed for this, and yet his terror knew no bounds.

It was all that he wanted, but the sum of all of his fears.

He longed for it, dreaded it, needed it, was terrified of it...

Strapped to the gurney that would be his particular ending and the start of what he had always wanted to be. In a bright corridor, the masked nurse leaning over him as she pushed him to the place where he would be transformed. Heart pounding in time to the passing lights that starkly lit the corridor, the breasts in their tight costume hanging over his face bobbing at every step, ever click of a heel.

Mesmerised by his strange elation, he could imagine those ankle boots, the high arched heels, the instep in parallel to heel and toes pressed deep. The ankle straps with dangling locks the tight laces from toe to the top. The lights hypnotised, but the vision of the nurse's stark white heels filled his brain and he could not shake off his excitement at what was to come.

How he longed to serve her perfect feet...

A sharp turn, the gurney opened the loose doors at a push and now he had come to a stop.

"The room is prepped Mistress," said a female voice to his left.

It was answered from the right. "We are behind, three to do before the ones from Roan."

There was a click of heels and a woman stooped over the man strapped to the gurney. A green loose robe enclosed her white latex. Laced loosely the gown revealed her at every movement. A white paper mask was lifted high on her forehead as she inspected her patient and he inspected her.

"Marker, please," she said.

A hand came from the side and she took the proffered pen and scrutinised the supine fettered victim with a professional air.

"Read the card to me," she said as she took the top from the marker.

"No allergies, no reactions to anaesthetic. All physical measures at roughly mean. Routine..."

"Mmm, several procedures and a new chip-implant, I see..." said the woman as she moved around the patient. "Mark the theatre as an hour in use and start prepping the next."

He watched the hand and held his breath.

It moved, the marker held lightly as her other hand moved over him, making his flesh crawl in terror. Pressing and feeling muscles and tendons, moving the length of his arm from wrist to shoulder.

At last, contact.

A lightly dotted line on his naked flesh, a chosen point of sundering that she decided by experience and innate skill. A guide for what was to come, the tip of the marker scratched the skin as it went describing a line that could have described the limits of a T-shirt sleeve.

She stood in contemplation and then stroked his chest before describing a line with the marker that curved under his chest. Twice, each one where the blade would enter.

"Requested size?" she asked as her fingers tapped his chest.

There was a moment's pause and then the answer: "Five!"

"A five? That would be around a G on this one. A little large in my opinion, but no real problem. Same down here?"

Her fingers wrapped themselves around his swelling cock.

"Also, a five..."

The surgeon laughed and plied her marker pen.

"My, well-endowed will not be the right word, we have lift off! Sure this one isn't for Silver?" she laughed as she stroked the cock and imagined how large it would be when enhanced.

There was general laughter. Four or five voices?

"Not for Silver actually, this is to be a shoe slut for Crimson, it says here..."

"OK fine, the requests are clear enough. Get the anaesthetist in here and get it prepped-up and swabbed. Ten minutes to the off..."

A hand appeared and a light mask was strapped to his face. The nurse that adjusted it settled it tight and proceeded to add a tube to the mask before moving out of sight.

There was a bittersweet tang in his mouth, and he tried to hold his breath. The nurse reappeared and looked down at him. Smooth white face, the mask opening only for lips and eyes, denatured and impassive. Emotionless and impassive.

The lips moved.

"When you done here, you will be perfect," said the lips quietly. "You really impressed one of our *best* clients it seems... this is all especially for her!"

He could feel the strain on his chest and knew that he could not help himself. Hands pressed a plug into his rear and turned it to swell and fill him.

"You are so lucky to be a 'special' for just one dominant woman... She was really quite taken with you! A nice rack and a bigger cock was what she requested... She must really love playing with you to pay for all of this!"

In his mind he could see the woman.

He knew who it was...

It *had* to be her, taking him at every vacation in Crimson, entranced by the helplessness of a man that worshipped her heels, responded eagerly to her every demand. Middle-aged, but still attractive, strutting in her heels, taking him and even occasionally permitting him to enter her in a mockery of fucking. He so wanted to please her, his personal Goddess, the dark Norn with his fate at her feet.

The client that it now seemed owned him fully... was paying to have him perfected.

He gasped and the bitter air filled his lungs.

"Mistress will just love her new pet!" said the nurse. "A helpless kitty to attend to her feet and wait for each visit with bated breath."

As the face faded, he caught a last few words from one of the other nurses.

"I am so jealous," said the voice plaintively. "I would love to own a shoe-dolly of my own... Soon I will find the right man... or buy him!"

Reality faded.

Interlude

Since 1868, no candidate of a party other than the Republicans or democrats has ever become President of the United States.

"Change Can Happen"
Published 2025, NY Press.

The parasol opened with a rustle of lace and satin. Small bows hung from the wide brim, shading the two women that stepped from the shade to the small cobbled path between the villas. As they moved, the parasol over their heads stayed in perfect time with their steps.

Pink Domain was empty of inhabitants for the first time since its inception. The cobbles empty of the pretty sissies and proud madams. Even the service slaves were not in evidence, just the three who now stood in the centre of the piazza and discussed what no other was permitted to know.

"It's so quiet," said Mistress Isabella. "Almost strange!"

Mistress Diana, her companion, wore white that dazzled in the sun. A gauzy confection that was almost a mist around her as she walked with the Superior Mistress.

"After thirteen years, it was time to do a little serious work," said Mistress Isabella with a wan smile. "So much has changed in that time, we almost can't keep up!"

"The Domains are so beautiful, my perfect place..." said Mistress Diana.

"You see it for the first time, it needs to evolve."

They strolled for a minute without speaking.

"A first visit?" asked Mistress Isabella at last.

"In a sense," said Mistress Diana cryptically. "Though it is as if I was here often."

Mistress Isabella shrugged. If Veronica had asked her to escort this new Mistress on a tour, then Mistress Diana must be someone of importance to the Domains.

Strange though...

That she had never met her before, or even heard the name.

The two pretty sluts that held the women's parasols high, moved to shade their owners from the sun and posed prettily as a brief halt was made.

"This place is what I have always dreamed of," said Mistress Diana as if solving her last obscure comment.

The two women found themselves at the small park at the base of the hillock. Mistress Diana looking up at the pink villas that stepped upwards to the peak.

"A villa at the peak... that would be perfect..."

"I shall speak to Veronica," said Mistress Isabella cautiously.

Mistress Diana did not answer immediately, but took in the ambience, savoured the atmosphere and shook her long blonde hair to fall over her shoulders.

"I shall speak to her myself..."

Part Four – Nov 2039

White & Blue

At the core is a powerful bank of static-memory Digital Video Recorders linked to a gateway (DVR) or Network Video Recorder (NVR) that can store days, weeks, or even years of security footage. IK27 rated vandal proof cameras, pan-tilt-zoom (PTZ) cameras, and listen-in audio cameras are concealed and fitted in every part of the Domain. Every setting duplicated and mirrored to enable central control to decide the visibility of live and recorded action. Faults can be tripped on the sub-system as required and every chipped person can be automatically monitored without need for intervention. Control systems are implicit and are duplicated with an override from central should it be required. Full integration with the VR3.84 standard is guaranteed.

Introduction to the manual issued by Chasity Micro
Systems for the Blue Domain network supervisors.
Ver 4.023 Oct 2037.

"Online and all sweet."

"Only camera two-three-nine-seven has a loss of sound, no other problems. The technician has noted the issue. Ticket issued..."

"Main backup complete for the day..."

Mistress Consuela sat at the rear of the control room and scanned the screens. The chatter of the women at the controls going into one ear and out the other. Some screens showed the actual scenes in Blue, others showed how the AI was dealing with the slaves' and guests' activities. Monitoring passively and intervening when required.

This was her domain in every way.

She watched one of the maids moving around in a guest's suite and could not help suppressing a slight shudder, even though the last year had largely inoculated her against the distaste that it caused! Not the sight of the maid as she cleaned and dusted, not the fact that the

owner of the suite was on the point of arriving and using her. Not even the brief sight of the bathroom where another shaven-headed slave waited to be used...

No!

It was the fact that everything was upside down, turned on its head, deviant, abnormal and so very wrong. The guests were what turned her stomach! All men, all living out their demented dreams in a world of sexual plenty. A cornucopia of male lust. Embedded in the female-led Domains that she loved, they were an abscess, a cancer at the heart of all that she stood for.

Mistress Consuela was in charge.

Feeding those men their wishes, encouraging their perverted depravity, watching as the world was inverted, making it so... She wondered for a moment if the women that ran the technical side of the Blue Domain were affected by the barrage of sights and sounds, but then, that fell under her duties as well. Rotating them daily, making sure that their intimate needs were satisfied, ensuring that they were unaffected by the monstrous perverts that treated women as sexual objects.

Therapy and training...

There was a constant chatter in the background between the controllers of the Domain. Comments and laughter at the antics exposed and revealed by the surveillance. Indrawn breaths and shock occasionally, but mostly the women that coordinated the Blue Domain simply seemed to shake off their revulsion and took the mental sacrifices in their stride.

It was nearing the end of the day. Well after midnight, the male guests were drifting one-by-one to their suites and rooms, satisfied with another day spent in a sexual paradise where fucking was just the start of it.

Mistress Consuela focussed on just two screens. One showed the maid finishing a final few small tasks and taking her position. The other showed the slightly drunk owner of the room, in the corridor, almost at

his door. Soon one would juxtapose with the other and the maid would be on her knees.

The AI predicted it, as shown on the monitoring of both of the participants of the show. The chip embedded in the guest revealing the start of his sexual arousal, both physical and mental. The one carried by the maid revealing a raised heartbeat and blood-pressure as she anticipated his arrival.

Consuela sighed and focussed on the screen that showed the suite. The bathroom door was closed now, the bed perfectly made and the preparations and selections that the maid had made to please her guest were all laid out in a neat row at the end of the bed.

The door opened, and the man entered the room.

Now the tenting of his pants showed his intentions clearly and the maid stood where she had positioned herself, self-locked to the wall, waiting for the possibility of use. The monitor showed her heartbeat reaching well over a hundred and fifty, the pressure almost as high. The AI reacted smoothly and brought her down to a lower level and her breathing slowed to just twenty-five per cent over normal. The man's rates were even higher, but the passive chip that he was fitted with did not allow direct control.

Only through his pensive slave.

The woman monitoring the images watched the screens without making adjustments. It was scarcely ever necessary to override the artificial intelligence of the system, not in the last year or so, as the algorithms had been tweaked so perfectly over millions of 'transactions'. The Mistress at the monitor cast a glance back at her mistress who sat with crossed ankles watching the screens.

"Just a BJ," she commented with a giggle. "I think that he's too drunk to want much more..."

Mistress Consuela nodded and turned her eyes back to the screen.

"Pathetic!"

Her lips moved and the words were scarcely even breathed aloud. The woman at the console giggled and turned back to her work. She turned on the sound in the room and his words came into the control room for all to hear, then her hands moved to the keyboard, but only in case something unexpected happened.

“Still here?” laughed the man at the maid. “I’ll bet that you’re ready for a little fun?”

“Master!” she replied. “I need your cock!”

“You always do, bitch. On your knees...”

Mistress Consuela’s voice grated over the sound of his steps.

“Sound off, I really don’t think that we need to hear it as well...”

The operative flicked the speaker-sound off and pulled on her headset.

Now his lips moved silently, giving some order to which the maid complied with an emotionless smile. Like most of the slaves in the Blue Domain, she was a ‘B’ class slave. A helplessly eager slut programmed and prepared in White for male use. Surface thoughts flitted through her vacant mind, memories fleeting, disconnected from any former life.

Better that way.

A flicker of blue showed on the monitoring part of the screen to the right. An indicator that the AI had decided that a response was appropriate. Capillary blood-flow to her pussy, lubrication and stimulation levels were boosted in preparedness while sensitivity of the limbic lobe of her brain was heightened by increased oxygen supply.

Mistress Consuela watched impassively as the guest took up the long flexible cane that had been laid on the bed for him and turned to his pleasure. It seemed that the woman in charge of the console had guessed correctly. Though tipsy, an impressive stiff cock was now protruding from his pants and he stood with his feet apart as the maid kneeled to service him.

The guest's lips moved in command and the maid lifted the hem of her dress at the back to allow her master to use the cane. Now Mistress Consuela could see the jutting, rounded ass that was ready to be caned while her lips closed over the monster that she had to service. Skilful hands, open bee-stung lips, eyes rolled to look up at him as trained.

Everything that he could want...

At the first hard blow of the cane, Mistress Consuela sighed. No sound, but she could hear it in her head and almost shivered with distaste. Not that she had never been the one with a helpless slave buried between her strong thighs... The aversion was because it should have been the maid squatting on his face, extracting every ounce of gratification...

"Show me the dossier..." ordered Mistress Consuela. "Now!"

The screen changed as slim fingers tapped the keyboard. Now, instead of the scene that was still being played out, the details of the guest were revealed. The woman at the controls giggled and pouted before scaling up the screen so that it could be read from the back of the room.

'Rev. Hardy Harries Jackman,' read the text at the top of the screen.

Mistress Consuela knew the name well. In the news, on social media, occasionally mentioned in the news, he was a minor player, but still important because he was one of the largest single contributors to the right-wing parties. Especially Barrington's primaries. Media pastor, married man, a shouter from the pulpit, a man who screamed gospel-morality and pushed his greasy cock into any one of his three almost-underaged girlfriends whenever there was a chance. He was one of those men in Barrington Rossi's shadowy world of yelling party gatherings where Confederate flags were unfurled, and the audiences screamed for ever more control over the morals of the nation.

A man with no morals preaching Gospel trash.

A hypocrite, like all of them!

Consuela smiled...

A facilitator, a deviant and a perfect catch! Facilitator because he wanted what the Domains wanted. Control! Deviant, because he just could not control his urge to support the man who made his dreams come true. A perfect catch because this one little vacation placed him in Mistress Veronica's pocket with all of the rest.

"I've seen enough," announced Mistress Consuela as she stood. "Good work, make sure that the bimbo comes when he does... as a reward..."

"Mistress!" replied the operative and switched back to the view of the caning that was about to reach a climax. "Good night."

Her hands brushed the tight skirt over her thighs, Mistress Consuela could feel the old-fashioned stocking fasteners through the leather and felt a resurgence of her appetite. A visit to the monitoring room buried deep in the heart of White always had the effect of lowering her libido and she wondered again how her operatives could shake it off so easily when they suffered day after day of the awfulness of the Blue Domain in intimate detail.

"Thanks, dear! Tomorrow will be a long day, because the upgrade of the system will be uploaded to the servers. Tomorrow's night team will meet with me in the afternoon at four for the briefing. We have to prepare, girls, the Blue Domain will only be on-line another six months, so hold in there..."

There was a little laughter at her words. Giggling and a few scattered bouts of clapping and then she was out of the room. For a moment, Mistress Consuela stood in the corridor barred at both ends and regained her composure. The years of preparation were all coming to a head.

The monitoring room in the heart of Blue would be wiped, the results of years of monitoring would be made open to all to see, the election would come and go and then the largest Domain of all would be put on-line.

Everything was in place now, ready to go. It could not come *too* soon!

The final decision to begin, to pull the trigger, would be taken.

The download of the code would be broadcast to all.

Women would not just rule, they would reign.

Pet & Maid

Kittens, like all slaves, must be taught how to learn to please, and it's up to you to set the guidelines with which you're comfortable. Once you've set those rules, you'll need to provide your kitten with the means to follow them. For example, if you want your kitten to serve you in bed, but not sleep there, you'll have to purchase or have made an appropriate cage nearby to allow your pet to get used to performing in your bedroom, especially if you have a partner to familiarise with the use of your kitten.

You will find that introducing your new partner to your pet in this way will foster a closer relationship as well as ensuring that your latest flame understands the penalties for failing to satisfy you completely. This type of education, known as the 'passive-threat' model is effective for both the Kitten and especially the new partner.

You'll need to actively teach your kitten to follow the rules obediently. As with any sexual pet, instruction involves a combination of rewards for good behaviour and strict consequences for undesirable conduct. Patience is key when training a kitten but keep your kitten off-balance with unclear and ambiguous rules to permit discipline when you need to have a little fun.

Extract: 'An Enriched Model Of Intimate Service.'
Goddess Books 2nd Edition.

Internal and external, two different worlds, two different realities.

What little was left of Mrs Valentina Rossi on the inside, the helpless pet taking up the rest. Imprisoned in her own body and mind in ways which brought her to the brink of continual psychosis. The wife that had died and been reborn as a kitten, reincarnated for a husband's pleasure, whose revenge for her infidelities were a constant keepsake of their marriage.

When the routine was broken, as it was today, she knew that her Master was going to be present. When the ribbons were tied, the lace pulled tight to adorn her, the bells threaded, he would appear. She knew that he would.

Her maids fussed, as they always did, dressing her up, cooing over each bow that was tied, each small bell that hung from her.

He would fuck her, and she would love feeling him inside her, spilling into her, showing his need...

She loved it when he fucked her, loved to be exploited, used. To be his alone, to surrender to his strength. He was a God, the plunderer of her every ounce of flesh. Filling and fucking her, choking and using her in every way and more... Punishing her.

Even the moments of his anger turned her on, made her want to pacify him with her service and obedience. The punishments were always followed by rewards.

Barrington's ex-wife felt excited and made that adorable purring sound as she tried to kiss the feet of the maid that was preparing her hair. The maid giggled and shooed eager lips from her shoes as the bunches were pulled straight and the ribbons added.

"Silly little kitten," said the maid as she patted a cheek. "Don't move and we'll make you all pretty for your visitors."

White lace and pink edging, satin pink bows that hung as if on a birthday gift. A collar that held her head high and the cute little tail that sprouted from her behind. It was then that the pet realised that the maid had mentioned more than just one visitor. She looked up at the maid, but there was no hint of just whom might be arriving to use her.

"Just those last little bits now," said the other maid as she carefully threaded the bells through each ring between the open thighs. "You'll never guess who is picking you up today..."

The plaything was long past puzzling out conundrums like the one just presented and merely looked confused. All she could think of was

Barrington, his huge hands slapping her until she nestled her face in his lap like he always wanted.

"A special new friend of your owner's..."

An image of stockings, patent strappy stilettos and shapely calves came to her mind. The kitten shivered and made a small noise in the throat as if to acknowledge the words and tried to lap at the fingers holding the lipstick at her lips.

"Stop being so naughty," scolded the maid. "Now I'll have to do it *all* over again."

The primed pet felt hands pulling the lacy garters up her thighs and she opened her legs, hoping that she could get a little sneaky attention, but the maid was quite careful not to arouse her. She threaded the ribbons and silver bells amused by the slow leakage of passion from the neat cunt of the pet.

"Anyway, this is what I heard," said the maid with the lipstick to her companion, "Your owner has apparently brought a friend with him and Blue is all buzzing with the story."

"Ooh, I hope he's eager to fuck..." mewed the kitten sweetly.

There was a sound of exasperation in the tone of the first maid's voice. "Not a man, silly bitch, a woman. What's more," the maid continued, "*not* one for the Blue Domain, by all accounts!"

The other maid snorted as she finished hanging the last bell. She tapped it with her finger and sniggered as it tinkled. The helpless plaything did not understand the conversation and made a purring as a finger ran the length of her slit and tapped her firm clitoris with a long nail.

"Eager little slut, aren't you?"

A slight mew at the mention of her, and the pet moved to kiss the pointed ballet stilettos of the maid that had touched her so kindly. Abigail and Pauline were so thoughtful...

"There, all done this end. Is my sweet plaything ready?"

"Just a second, just get the lips right..."

The two maids stood over the pet and continued their conversation.

"I heard that there's a whole new set of suites now," said the first. "And, that *all* the sissies will be hosting guests there..."

"Ooh, I hope so," said the second. "Do you think that we'll get assignments? I sooo need a real man to take me!"

"You need fucking red-raw, babes," said the first as she felt her little cocklet swelling at the thought. "You need some real cock to settle you and make you calm down..."

"That's why they deny it..."

"Chastity denies vanity," said the second maid with a laugh.

"Abstain or caress the pain, just like we learned in class! I could just *die* for a real cock instead of the nasty smelly men that come here... Fuck them all, Pauline! I *almost* wish that I was a little pet like this slut here..."

Barrington's ex mewed as she heard her name and looked up with wide eyes.

"Shhh, not now, Abigail! If they catch you two making fun, then you'll end up on the farm... And, your wish come true... me too if I don't report it!"

"My wish to come made true! You wouldn't tell on me, would you?" Abigail sounded uncertain.

"I would if Miss Consuela asked me..."

Abigail started to weep, and Pauline comforted her with a small kiss.

"Abi, we are in this together. We have to make it through together and pray that Mamma will take us out!"

"I don't think that we can ever, ever, ever escape, Pauline," wailed Abigail. "I don't even believe that Mamma will even remember that she put us here! It's all the fault of Brigitte, that's what it is. She turned Mummy against us and now she's going to get everything, and we will be forever in this fucking place!"

Pauline looked aghast at the rant and slapped her brother.

"Please, please, Abi, don't do this! If Miss Brigitte ever finds out that you said that... well, you know what will happen!" She looked meaningfully down at the pet at their feet and wagged a finger.

"Well, she'll never come into this place, will she? Spends all her time in Pink with Mamma."

"One more word, Abi and I'll go straight to Mistress or one of the clients!"

"I just want some real-man cock," said Abigail as she managed to stop weeping, "is that too much to ask?"

Abigail closed her eyes and tried to imagine being lucky. In her mind she saw the man who she dreamed of serving and her lips opened unconsciously, and her hands were so tempted to touch herself.

"I could never be *that* lucky," she sighed as she imagined the long cock that would stretch her lips to the limit, fill her throat as he pumped into her. Fill her sissy pussy with man-come, pin her to the bed with his real-man cock. She moaned and put her hand over her swollen lips.

"Neither could I," admitted Pauline. "Most of the guests want fem-sissies and not *real* ones like us, from what I hear. But, maybe we'll be lucky?"

"We won't be if you do all the bows so loose!" said Abigail as she shook off her misery.

The captive pet felt hands on her arms re-tying the satin bows and purred loudly at the attention. The meaning of the conversation over her head was far beyond her limits of understanding, she could just

sense the excitement in the voices of the two maids and purred in empathy.

The two maids chattered excitedly for another one or two minutes and then took their places with the kitten that was ready to be presented. Now all was still, and the pet felt the tension in the room. It was almost as if the maids were scared of something, her butterfly-mind thought. How could they possibly be in terror of the owners?

A mantra ran through her dawdling mind and submerged the part of Valentina that occasionally attempted reason over emotion. It pushed other thoughts to the edge of awareness and focussed her mind on what was important to understand.

'Please with expertise, gratify and satisfy. Gratify and satisfy. Gratify and satisfy...' it circled around her mind.

It all made such sense, it was all there! Her need to satisfy those around her who decided their pleasures so effortlessly. Her need to always surpass herself and most of all, sacrifice all to indulge the whims of her superiors.

'Gratify and satisfy!'

She allowed the words to move and revolve in her thoughts, delighted in the pleasure that they gave her as she worked out their real meaning. One of life's little pleasures, a flush that spread through her, a warmth of sexual awareness and anticipation that was noted on the system rewarded with low tingles of pleasure.

The tiny light over the door became green from red, a signal that the presentation room was ready and occupied. Abigail took the leash in her hand while the other opened the wide door to reveal a small room which made up the rest of the presentation lounge. The two sissies stood carefully to attention, staring forward, legs crossed elegantly at knees with one foot forward, while between them the pet looked at the three people sitting on the sofa facing them.

Two of them she knew...

Mistress Consuela, luscious and latte skin. Red lips and flashing eyes, she was dressed in a smart outfit of satin and silk that shimmered black at her every move. Valentina *loved* Miss Consuela. Every word was dew from heaven, every pull of the leash a pleasure to feel at her neck. Sometimes she teased the plaything with little touches that were so heavenly. Next to her, a woman that the pet did not know, a woman that was young and so very attractive. Blonde hair to her shoulders in waves, strong American good looks and a décolletage that was low and revealing of her large pale breasts. Her legs were crossed, one stiletto lifted high, her shapely long legs to perfect advantage. The pet wondered who she was, Mistress or slave, bitch or slut and then turned her attention on the man that sat at the other end of the sofa from mistress Consuela.

Barrington...

Her owner and the man who choked her on that cock as she knelt between his thighs. Insatiable and always so ready to punish her, but he was the only one that ever fucked her and that must mean that she loved him, and he loved her, loved her so much!

The pet that had been Valentina felt her heart soar as she saw how fit-and-well her man looked. So manly and strong, a presence that awed her, almost choked her with pride that he owned her. She was so tempted to step forward and greet him, but she knew that she had to wait for the word of command.

It would not do to upset him, embarrass him in front of the obviously important women who sat by his side and be punished for loving him so much! The woman that was holding the fingers of her hand over her wide opened mouth.

"Barrington, oh my," she said with a Southern Drawl. "I never saw anything like it..."

Barrington squeezed her hand.

"Some women like to belong... Lydia," he said. "This one belongs to me!"

Lydia was wide eyed as she watched her lover's plaything move forward and make a small meowing sound. Then her attention turned to the two maids who stood to either side.

"I just love this place," she said in her drawling tone. "You got maids and everything here!"

Barrington kissed Lydia on the cheek and gestured.

"Darling," he said. "You know that I'm rich, so I have servants, just like you will when we get hitched!"

"Can I have a kitten too?" she asked. "Or, maybe I'd want a puppy. Can you find me a puppy?"

Mistress Consuela pursed her lips and patted Barrington's fiancée on the knee.

"Darling, don't worry, I'll arrange it all for you if you are a good girl. If you like, you can have this one..."

Lydia threw her arms around Barrington's neck and kissed him.

"Please, please, Barri," she said in a coy wheedling tone. "I want this one, pleeeeaase!"

"We'll see," he replied with a small laugh. "Maybe as a wedding present, you could have a pet all for yourself. You can feed and stroke them, play and tease them all day long and it's all they ever want..."

Lydia held out her hand for the leash that lay in Abigail's. Her lower lip trembled and a small nod from Barrington signalled that it was permitted to pass.

"Come here, little kitten," said Lydia as she jerked the leash. "I want to play with you..."

Valentina made a small sound of distress as she was reeled in between the long legs of Barrington's fiancée. Her eyes looked to Mistress Consuela and her former husband and he nodded.

"Play nicely with Lydia," he said to her and patted her head. "If you are good, then I might just have a little reward for you later..."

Reassured by her owner, she looked up at Lydia who held her leash taut, forcing her chin up and their eyes met.

"I'll bet anything that my husband-to-be just can't help fucking you!" said Lydia with a sneer. "Well, when I'm married to him, you'll be kept in a cage and I will keep the key! Only a slut would want something like this done to her to get a man's attention... whore!"

For a brief second there was a smile on Mistress Consuela's face as she looked at the maids and then the woman that seemed oblivious to the purpose of the *hotel* that her husband-to-be had brought her to!

"We need to talk in private," said Barrington to Mistress Consuela before turning to the blonde for whom foolishness was the norm. "There are some technical issues in Blue and I need to speak to you about their resolution. I also need to meet up with Veronica while I'm here. The convention has started and..."

"Take Lydia back to her room first," said Mistress Consuela. "We can't leave her wandering around the *hotel* on her own... One moment you are all business, the next you want future and past wives to meet up! Do you seriously want to meet Veronica?"

"I do!"

"Then I'll arrange it for you."

Barrington patted Lydia on the shoulder.

"I need to do some business," he said to her. "You need to go to your room and leave my plaything here."

Lydia looked suspicious.

"Why can't I take her along with me to play with?"

A look of frustration passed over Barrington's features and he nodded.

"OK, take her along and I'll be back soon, come on."

Lydia stood and gave the leash a small tug. Clearly the pet was confused as this brassy blonde pulled her leash. She looked up the long, long legs and wished that she too was still complete like Lydia. It must be so strange to be so high up and not spend all day looking at feet and knees!

Reassured by Mistress Consuela and Barrington's presence as they went, she did her best to keep up with the superb legs that stepped so elegantly and the shapely ass that swayed at each step. When they got to the suite, she was led inside with a tug of the manicured hand and then the door closed to leave her alone with Lydia.

"Now I can play with you," said Lydia with a grin. "The helpless little wet cunt that Barri loves to fuck... Well, soon he'll be mine and I will decide what ass he gets to fill..."

Lydia bent down and pulled at the leash at the same time. It pulled the ex-wife's face up to hers and a hand appeared from nowhere to slap the frightened kitten's face.

"I found something in this room for you," said Lydia with a conceited tone. "Something specially for the skank that likes to have her tits hanging like fruit..."

Something passed before the pet's eyes. So close that it was out of focus, but long and thin, passing endlessly as it was dragged between their faces. What it was became suddenly clear as Lydia caned the lacy backside and planted a kiss on swollen lips.

"You ain't never gonna fuck my man again, bitch..." she said. "Not when you belong to me!"

Master & Mistress

Sexual blackmail is a standard tactic of deep state control. Targeted individuals are either induced to voluntarily perform proscribed sexual acts and then set up. Once compromising recordings have been made, they are used to blackmail people, facilitating the covert subversion of public organisations by deep state operatives...

In 1953 the CIA started Operation 'Midnight Climax', which covertly filmed unwitting people's sexual encounters with prostitutes, as part of its research into the effects of drugs such as LSD, and into clandestine recording technology...

Wikispooks

"Are you seriously going to marry that Lydia?" asked Veronica.

"Soon! The social media wedding of the year as the next President marries the love of his life, that's the plan," said Barrington with a smile. "Of course, she's an air-headed bimbo-slut, all tits and no brains, well enhanced ass, legs that are as long as the Washington Monument is tall, but; she will be perfect. She'll push me to the front pages just when the caucuses really get underway."

"As you like, *your* campaign, *your* strategy and tactics!"

"Exactly! My campaign and now I want to know what that bitch Perez is up to? She's *your* fucking glove-puppet, so what I want is the agenda for the committee that she has convened!"

Veronica rested her hands on the table and steepled her fingers.

"You'd have to ask her that," she replied. "Anyway, I thought that you'd agreed it all with her?"

"Darling," said Barrington condescendingly, "what she said and what she is up to are two different things. She said that she'd endorse me a

month ago, and where is the fucking endorsement? All of this was built with my cash," he said, looking around. "You need *me* to make the chips that you are making a fortune from, you even need me to fill up the Blue Domain, because the others are not doing so well, I've heard. I am all you have, and you can tell that to that fucking mistress of yours! All I want is to know what Perez's plans are. Not *too* much to ask for hundreds of millions of dollars?"

Veronica's steepled fingers tapped together in a rhythm as she considered the angry man that was almost shouting his frustrated words into her face. Her mistress had been correct, the pot was boiling over and, with the election just a year away, there was no room for error.

"I'm not hearing a reply," said Barrington in a menacing tone.

"Twenty-second and twenty-fourth are the target!" said Veronica at last. She had waited until he almost exploded before telling him the naked truth. It was all a question of how it was presented.

"Twenty-two and twenty-four," he breathed. "OK, I get the repeal of the twenty-fourth, it means that we control the electoral rolls, but twenty-two?"

"It's for her," said Veronica slowly.

"She's running again? Bitch..."

Veronica laughed.

"Not at all, *darling*! It's the favour that she does you so that you owe her big time..."

"I'm supposed to believe *that*?"

Veronica shrugged.

"Believe whatever you like. But, will be too late for her to run anyway, and she hasn't campaigned! She has no party machine. Just wait until the candidates are picked, you will have sewn up the GOP nomination, and Perez will be high and dry!"

Barrington sat back in his chair and regarded Veronica with hooded eyes. What she said was true, Perez could not run for President now, it was all over. The candidates would be chosen in January and by then he would be GOP candidate...

"And the payback? For her?"

Veronica shrugged, "Ask her..."

"OK, I'll go for it, darling," he smiled. "With my backing, it'll go through... We need thirty-four states... Now, I have the quid pro quo for you!"

"Which is?"

"We plan the expansion of the Blue Domain!"

"I'll put it forward."

"You'll do it!"

Veronica nodded, a faint smile on her lips, an outward show, but inside there was another emotion that filled her to the brim. Loathing and revulsion, an almost irrepressible need to strike out and teach this arrogant pig a lesson that he would never forget! She calmed herself, breathed deeply and kept the insincere smile in place.

"Time to pop along and see how Lydia is doing," he said. "I have to teach her what I can do to any women that deceives me!"

The threat was veiled, but implicit.

"Fancy joining us?" he asked of the smiling mistress. "I know all about your pets..."

"Another time, perhaps," said Veronica.

"Any time, darling!"

Owners & Pets

An increase in testosterone produced and the apparently sensitivity of receptors in the lower brain suggest that the rejuve procedure has a consequence in behaviour that urgently needs further investigation. The proposal for the use of this grant is that a series of studies be initiated that will investigate...

Rejected Grant Application - 2034
Kansas Psychology / Medical Institute

Elated, satisfied, exultant.

Barrington made his way through the corridors of his Blue Domain. Behind the doors to each side were his confederates, his partners in crime, his victims! Though they did not realise it yet. Endless monitoring of all of their peccadillos, every detail, every sound of perversion, every corruption of the soul.

All of it his to exploit when the moment came...

This door was not just a suite, it was the door to the Congressional Committee on Electoral Fraud, because the man behind it was the man that asked the questions! In DC he leaned towards the microphone and browbeat those called to give evidence. Behind this door that interlocutor was surrounded by a bevy of girls that had to be punished so hard before he could climax.

Barrington paused for a moment as if to enter but, thought better of it. Soon the time would come when that man would have to decide, like all of the others here, which candidate he was going to endorse.

There would be just one choice!

He continued on his way.

Some rooms empty.
Others taken.

All of the suites had one thing in common, one correspondence to all of the others. All but one was fitted with recorders, microphones, cameras. Even in the utter darkness, the recordings rolled, catching every detail, every nuance, every fetish and every corruption. All of it for Barrington's delectation...

At last, Barrington came to his own door. The entrance to the vast suite that was his prowling ground. A thumb print unlocked the bolts and the door swung open to reveal the short passage that was an airlock designed to trap his property in its rightful place.

Another door and he entered the suite to find that his wife-to-be had discovered one of the many advantages of having a servile pet. As she sat and flicked a fashion magazine on her slate, his Kitten was carefully applying holo-varnish to elegant toenails. The little brush between her lips, each slight movement of the collared head adding a little more depth to the sparkle and complexity of the colours.

"Not bored, darling?" said Barrington.

"You were gone two hours," she replied in a jealous tone. "I hope that you weren't fucking that Latino bitch..."

"Not interested," he replied. "Gentlemen prefer blondes!"

"You say the nicest things," said Lydia. "But, there's only one way to be sure!" she added coyly.

Her hands reached for his pants and slid the zipper down.

"Let's see if you were fucking her..."

Barrington laughed.

Didn't she realise that after all the work done on his cock, he could come endlessly without pause? She took the impressive cock out and massaged its length. For a moment he thought that she was about to administer one of her perfect blowjobs to the erection that she fondled, but instead, Lydia looked up and smiled.

"My dear little pet," she said. "Enough of that, I have something special for you..."

The slave looked up and her heart almost missed a beat. In this blonde woman's hand was the cock that she was trained to serve. She looked past it to her master's face and licked her lips as if to gauge his permission. Seeing the smile, she replaced the brush back in the pot and moved to where the slim hands played with the hard flesh.

Now they were playing the length of it, up and down, with a hypnotic rhythm matched by a slight movement in master's thighs.

"Open wide, pet," said the blonde.

Looking up she could see the cruel smile on the blonde's face. She was striking, hard faced, high cheekbones and full lips. Everything that a politician's wife should be. A clothes-hanger, impressive figure and long legs, a revelation for paparazzi, large breasted with pale grey eyes that pierced under long lashes.

"Wifey's going to teach her new pet a little trick to please her hubby," said Lydia, seeming quite unaware that there were no tricks left to teach this pet.

The hand moved over the long cock and pressed a thumb at the base while the other hand moved to stroke its length. Faster and faster, the free hand swept and built up a steady stroke while the other ensured that not a drop could spurt from Barrington's cock.

"Fuck!" groaned Barrington.

Lydia circled her finger and thumb around the tip of him and rotated her wrist, released the thumb that pressed hard at the root of the cock and squealed in delight as she directed the fountain of come into the open lips.

"My, does that taste good, dear?" she asked.

The pet rocked forward and closed her lips around the cock, sucking and sliding it deep into her throat to drain every drop. Lydia pulled her

hand away and watched, a pout of dissatisfaction crossing her lips. Quickly she pulled the pet's face from Barrington's long erection and slapped the upturned face.

"Only when I say," she said petulantly. "I decide when you are allowed to suck that cock. It belongs to me!"

The helpless pet was confused.

Wasn't it vital that every drop was pulled from that perfect cock? Why didn't her master pat her on the head like he normally did when they played, when she had drained him?

She made a small mewling sound of distress and turned to present herself. Face on the floor, ass high, thighs apart, presenting herself for exploitation or punishment as she had been trained to do.

"Naughty little kitten," said Lydia with a shriek of bad temper. "Bad slut!"

Barrington stood over his two women and laughed. This was the way that it was *supposed* to be. Ex-wife and bride fighting over who should service his manhood.

It would take years to undo all of the pointless rules that held America back from ruling the world again. The idiotic amendments that allowed females to vote, the laws that created a false equality when all knew that *only* men were fit to make the rules. Only men were strong and forceful enough. Then there were all those in positions of trust, positions of power, positions that were vital for men to control. A mass of women who dared to decide what happened in a man's world!

His presidency would wipe that slate clean!

Teach women their true place in this new world. A place where men protected them, nurtured them, explained their subservient role. To have children, to make every homecoming a pleasure for their man, to be submissive and take care of their men. To open their legs and give their men what they wanted. Chipped and controlled, kept

under observation, punished and rewarded, they would be happy to serve...

There was *nothing* that he could not do as President, not with the armlock that the Blue Domain gave him on his party in Congress and the senate.

Reform the laws and institutions that held America back from her destiny. Build up military and manly force. Show all that there was a path to tread to greatness and it was he, Barrington Rossi, that knew where that path would lead. There was nothing he would not do, no one that he would not take as an ally, no limit to his ambition, no compromise that he would not suffer.

Barrington Rossi would become President.

He would make America great again.

Record & Rewind

Decoding protocols is a significant consumer of resources. If the n-top host is underpowered or monitoring a very busy network, you may wish to disable protocol decoding via this parameter. It may also be appropriate to use this parameter if you believe that n-top has problems handling some protocols that occur on your network.

C Triple Plus - Backdoor protocol error-handling

The screens were the only light in the room.

Watched avidly by the two men on duty, as the male guests of the Blue Domain enjoyed the debauched pleasures that could only be satisfied in those lush surroundings.

"God, but the place is so empty..." said one of the controllers as he flicked from one view to the next with a flick of the fingers.

"Most are in Washington," laughed the other. "Anyway, it gives us time to reboot some of the systems and update the software."

The screen in front of Bart changed from a corridor where a fettered maid waited for a call to serve and then showed a vast opulent bedroom where a man was enjoying caning the three naked women bound to the vast bed.

"Senator Williams again," laughed the CCTV operator. "There'll be hell to pay when they realise that he's missing from the conclave..."

"Tsk, tsk," said Christian. "You forget, he's a fucking Democrat!"

"Shit, I forgot. I forgot, that makes fifteen and I only reported fourteen of them still here!"

"We only needed ten of these... that's what the boss said. So, no worries!"

Bart relaxed in the chair and watched the Senator smartly caning each of his slaves with neat strokes. One after the other, he gave each a lash of the cane while his other hand held his rather puny erection and massaged it to firmness.

"He's managed two tonight, it looks like a record is about to be set!" said Christian with a chuckle.

"It's so quiet, only one of us needs to be here..."

"My turn to slope off," said Bart's companion. "I'll be back for the update download in a couple of hours..."

"Give her a fuck from me," laughed Bart as the scrape of a chair signalled the imminent departure of the other man.

"Will do. The slut is hot for a fuck! Room fifty-one, if you're interested!"

The door closed, and Bart heaved a sigh of relief to be alone at last. He stretched his legs under the console and cast an eye over the monitoring station that he was now in sole control of. Dated equipment, old fashioned and dilapidated, as if all of the investment had been spent on the furnishings and slaves that were being monitored by this pile of shit.

In his imagination he envisaged how good this could be if the boss would just invest in the place. VR, chipped slaves and total control could be possible if there was just the vision and will to carry it through!

Still, none of his business, he was being paid and that was all that counted.

Senator William's was now struggling to get his third fuck of the day and the screen flickered as the camera went offline. The screen was black with just a box that announced the loss of connection and it took a minute of fiddling before the connection resumed to find that the Senator was now humped over the red-haired slave, struggling to fuck her ass with fumbling strokes. Panting and sweating as he laboured, sweat ran from his balding head whilst the slave underneath parted her thighs to allow better access. Bart shrugged and stood.

His eyes took in the flickering lights of the recording stations and he wondered why it was that he found it all so tiresome. Ten years on high powered IT systems in Boston and now, here he was in Brazil recording porn on ancient equipment!

The money, it all came down to the hard cash!

Day by day his bank balance swelled, until now he was starting to realise that the time had arrived to leave! Get out of this plush and disgusting brothel as soon as the contract expired. Just three months to go and then he could escape and enjoy all the loot that he had saved up! He even had his own copies of what went on here to ensure his safety!

He walked along the three consoles and sat for a few minutes to amend a script that was running on one of them. The other screens all showed scenes of bedrooms and corridors where the few guests in the Blue Domain fulfilled their fantasies, while his showed the lines of code that would be running the next update and backup in an hours' time.

As he typed and restructured the endless lines of code, the time slipped by. Absorbed by the intricacies of the program he tutted at the rather obscure methods that had been used by the original programmers. Suddenly, the update started, and Bart cursed as he watched all his alterations wiped before he could save them.

An hours' inspired work gone in a second!

The update and back-up program had started. With the console open, the lines of executed code ran by in a flicker, pausing at each loop as the storage was accessed and updated. The screen was locked, and he nodded as he saw the lists of cameras, devices, and storage space flash by and his hand reached to touch the screen.

The contact held the screen from scrolling and he idly read the code. Five hundred cameras, each with their own server to save the days' film to. A hopelessly pointless system that simply reconfirmed Bart's feelings about the antiquated equipment that he was supposed to

operate. His eyes read the code and he felt a curiosity as he noted an address for back-up that he knew was not in the firewall settings!

“Shit!” he breathed as he allowed his finger to lift and the screen jumped to show the code that was now running, ten pages down. “What the fuck?”

The program continued to run, displaying the code as it was executed, and he held the screen again to look for more anomalies.

There were none...

At last the final steps were run and the system relaunched, allowing Bart to flick back to look again at the lines that had seemed suspect. It had not been in his imagination... the internal IP-address was one that he had never seen before! A single line of code that duplicated the entire back-up to some system that was external to the control room!

A back door...

Was the boss making sure of a second access?

Bart had only seen the man that employed him on-screen. Entering his private suite where there were no recordings made, enjoying his peccadilloes in private whilst gathering material to blackmail all the other men that spent their secret time in the Blue Domain.

He shuddered as he tried to imagine what went on in those rooms and wrote a small piece of code to investigate. After all, was it not his duty to ensure the integrity of the system? He ran the code and watched as it searched for egress through the firewall. Sure enough, there was an answering ping!

A hidden backdoor that led to some server that was not on the net.

The screen filled with native code in hex, but before he could even start to take in the location that he had hacked the screen blanked to black and the code console software reappeared, and he was cut from the hidden location. He ran his little script again, but now there was no answering reply! For a moment he just stared at the screen

and then switched source to show a room full of cages where the slaves were kept ready to serve. Mostly women, but there were a few men crouched for those who preferred something a little different. He stood from the console and moved to his accustomed place and opened his own console.

It took just a few minutes to do what he had in mind. Run a small program on the access doors and sensors that would ensure that no door could be locked in his presence. His fingers trembled as he paused and then hit the key to run the script.

Now he had no choice at all... The time had finally come.

The screen flicked back from console to the bedroom.

The senator had managed his third climax of the night and was now lying on the bed while one of his slaves busied herself between his thighs as he slept in careless exhaustion. Bart flicked to the corridor and stared at the empty night-time view. By the time that Christian returned, Bart knew that he had to get out of the place, in fact he had to escape now...

There was no choice.

Someone had ensured that everything that had ever been recorded was theirs to control and undoubtedly had full access to the entire system! It could be Barrington or his minions, it could be someone else, but the worst thing was that they would know that he had hacked the system. All they needed to do was inspect the logs...

"Anything going on?" asked Christian.

"Nothing at all... In fact, I think that you can wait for the next shift, I need some fucking sleep!" said Bart in reply in a forced casual tone.

"OK, fuck off if you want... update ran OK?"

Bart wondered if his companion also knew that there was someone looking into the system and decided that the man had no idea. After all, he was not a programmer, Christian was merely a CCTV man. It

was all about the cameras with him... focus, zoom and access. A porn addict, the place fulfilled his every need!

"Fine. I'm outta here..."

"I left her in fifty-one for you..."

"Thanks, but no thanks," said Bart as he closed the door behind him.

He walked briskly through the service corridors to the staff areas. Passing each door as it opened automatically in response to the chip embedded deep in his torso.

His small room, the only privacy he had.

Bart stood as he decided on a course of action and then picked up the only thing that now mattered. The store of files that he had illicitly downloaded from one of the servers. For a moment he looked at it, before deciding that he had enough from his last trip to protect him. He flushed the small memory stick down the toilet and held his breath.

The dead of night... he passed the first door, but then that was his to open anyway, inside his list of permissions. The second stayed closed as he approached and was almost at touching distance before it opened.

Bart's knowledge did not go this far, it was the price of this job to have to stay in the Blue Domain for the entire contract. Every door would open, and he could just walk out, of that he was sure...

A corridor stretched endlessly.

Taking a slow incline down and then up again. He passed the door at the low-point and headed upwards and a barred gate allowed him through. The corridor was dimly lit with that stale air that showed that it was rarely used.

His steps quickened, how far had he come?

Was this corridor really endless?

He imagined now that he would come out into the fresh air and be able to plan his next move, but the next door opened into what seemed to be a loading bay. A raised platform, four limos parked and a rolling steel door that had to be the way into the outside.

No one moved, but there were cameras that inspected the bay at each corner of the vast room. Not ones that he had ever had a view of... Bart did not know this place. He moved slowly, if he ran it would catch the eye of an operator. He could possibly be seen in any case, so there was no point of running.

By the wide steel screen was a normal door and it clicked as he approached. Bart took the door handle and turned it, opened the door to the outside.

A sigh of relief.

He slipped out and found himself looking from a cleft that allowed him to see what seemed to be a neat little village. Pink villas, carefully manicured borders of lawns, old-fashioned streetlamps and in the distance, in a gap where the road ran, distant trees. The view was so unexpected that Bart hesitated and moved to the shadows. There seemed to be no one about at all, just the pools of light that spread sinister shadows between the villas.

What was this place? he wondered. Not part of the Blue Domain...

Keeping to the shadows, he slipped from the doorway and moved over a lawn that was so closely clipped it was almost like a carpet. Now he could look back to see that he had emerged from some sort of a hillock where more villas perched, and streetlights shone. There was a stillness, but for a warm breeze that washed over him, and he wiped the sweat from his forehead before moving forward towards the trees.

Slipping between villas he reached the trees and heaved a sigh of relief. He was standing on a path where the tracks of carriages and horses' hooves were evident! A truly strange place and he wondered how the Blue Domain that he had just left related to this pretty holiday village.

What the fuck was this place?

What the fuck was going on?

Bart followed the path, but kept to the trees. Surely it would open to a town and he would be able to get a taxi? A mile, two miles. The first light of dawn crept over the forest as he reached the end of the path to find that a savannah opened up before him.

Miles of terrain, small farms or buildings in the far distance.

He looked back to the trees and decided that it would be better to wait the day out in the forest and then find a town the next night. Somehow, he had a premonition of terror. A shaking that filled him as he realised that by now a hue and cry would be beginning and a search starting.

They would check the doors, the cameras...

Better not be caught out in the open!

He heard sound from the way that he had come and slipped between the trees. A carriage came into view, but like nothing that he had ever seen before. A young woman held the reins to the ponies that pulled her, a hat perched on her head, a wisp of veil over her face, a whip in her hand as she sat high on the seat.

But...

Pulling her were two brawny men, harnessed to the carriage, the reins from between their naked legs as they trotted in perfect step on their high heeled boots. Bart almost forgot to hide as he watched the carriage pass. Each of the 'ponies' had a massive erection that swung pointing the way, each was hooded and naked and bore the marks of the whip in the driver's hand.

With a thump of heavy hooves on turf and the grinding of wheels, the driver laughed and plied the whip as the carriage reached the open ground and rapidly galloped towards the distance to who knew where? Bart leaned on a tree trunk and found himself bathed in sweat, this nightmare was the one that he lived in...

About to turn.

"Wait until you see the fillies," said a laughing female voice behind him.

Bart turned to find two women standing smiling regarding him with amusement.

"What?"

"Mistress Rose," said the woman who wore a long leather coat and boots. "I am to be addressed as 'Mistress Rose', but I don't insist on it from mere males!"

The other woman was huge, muscular and broad, dressed in a leather skirt and short jacket. In her hands she held both ends of a leather crop and the look that she gave Bart was pure disdain.

Mistress Rose turned to her huge companion and spoke in a casual voice.

"Do the honours, please!"

Bart turned and was just a step into his run before a terrible pain took him and caused him to fall at the foot of the tree. It was as if every nerve was on fire, raking him from the inside with red hot claws that scraped him with agony.

"Call a carriage, Miss Undine, they will want him in White..."

As the torment subsided, Bart felt the cuffs go on. He was pulled to his feet by strong hands, every touch an agony on his skin as the nerves reacted to the grip.

"There is no escape from the Domains," said Mistress Rose casually.

Bart shook his head as he took in the implication that the Blue Domain was not the only playground for deviants. The pain was subsiding, and he looked at his captor with wide eyes. Her long leather coat had opened to reveal the latex costume beneath, the generous hips

under a stretched layer of black, the huge breasts that threatened to spill from her costume. The boots with their spurs and the whip that was coiled at her narrow waist.

"After a little debrief in White, we will decide what is to be done with you..." she continued.

"White?"

In answer, Mistress Rose just smiled and allowed her coat to fall closed.

"The White Domain, of course. We will find an exclusive place for you," she said. "Don't worry, we care for all of our property very carefully and you will just love what happens where you are going..."

Doctor & Nurse

The direct contact with the pelvic splanchnic nerve system assures that the signal will override any natural signals. Important is to ensure that any damage to the nerve from previous implants is repaired before the chip can be implanted alongside the superior hypogastric plexus at the point where it separates from the lumbar splanchnic. Local anaesthesia and non-invasive technique are required and the impulse-probes must be banded to the nerve filaments to ensure proper function.

Extract: Control Chip Type AZ-RCD
Series 3.021
Install

Every muscle aching, every fibre of his being suffering.

Bart lay on the hard surface of the table. Not that there was any choice. The hard loops of steel that had been locked over his naked body kept him pinned like a butterfly on a card. As if five loops were not enough, as if ankles, wrists and neck were not enough to pinion him, his body was immobilised in endless metal loops that held him from any movement at all.

Of the room, Bart could not see much at all. The band over his temples kept him looking upward, facing the gantry light overhead. Like in a dentist's studio, the thick greenish glass was lit from behind, making him squint and screw his eyes closed to avoid being blinded. Bart could feel the heat of the light on his face contrasting with the cold of the metal on which he was pinned.

Footsteps rang on a tiled floor.

He opened his eyes and screwed them tight again as the light became brighter. Now he could see it through his eyelids as a pinkness that filled his head.

Metal on metal, glass on metal.

Bart's mouth was dry, his tongue felt paralysed, his throat sore. His neck was cramped, his arms and thighs knotted as they were held tight. He croaked a word, but no sound came, just a small chuckle from nearby.

"You'll be permitted to speak later," said a disembodied voice. "That's when we have decided exactly what the questions are, of course..." The words were followed by the soft chuckle and Bart felt a finger press against the naked skin of his groin.

"Just a little upgrade, then we can discuss it all in detail."

The finger moved and pressed a little before he felt a sharp thrust of a needle being pressed home.

"That's better!" said the unseen woman's voice. "We need to get you up to the third gen chip before we can have our little chat..."

A click of heels, a scratching of metal on ceramic and then silence but for the slight buzzing in Bart's ears that could be the light or else inside his skull. An itch started in his shoulders, moved to his chest and then faded. He dared open his eyes, but the intense white light above forced him to close his eyes again.

Time passed marked only by the trickle of sweat that ran from his temples. It found its way under the band that captured his head and circled his ear to drip from the nape of his neck onto the tale. Another drop, a prickly feel in his stomach, the need to piss, a terror that overwhelmed his mind.

The buzz of the lights...

"He's ready for you doctor..."

Bart moved his lips, but no sound but a wheeze issued forth. Hands touched him here and there, a soft grip on a wrist for a moment and the sounds of hard heels on a harder floor.

"Can you feel that?"

Was the question meant for him?

He managed a groan, an almost involuntary rasp from his throat and then felt a pressure on his abdomen.

"Mmm, let's see," said a new female voice slowly. "This is a mark one RCD, time for an upgrade. Looks like the pelvic splanchnic nerves are undamaged, thank God. So often these earlier implants create endless problems... How far we have come!"

She chuckled at her pun.

The pressure seemed to ease and there was a dull discomfort that felt like some inner bruise. Bart pulled at the restraints, but there was no give at all. The light seemed to dim and he risked opening his eyes to see a masked face close to his, white and smooth, indistinct because of the nearness, just the smiling red lips in a field of matte white.

The lips moved.

"Nearly finished, honey. Then the doctor will have a few other minor procedures to complete and we can have our little chat..."

Bart moved his lips.

"Shush, now open wide..."

He felt a touch on his jawline and a pressure under his ear and opened his mouth in a silent scream.

"In it goes, well done..."

"You are far too sympathetic," came the doctor's voice from far away. "Just let me close up and I can do the second implant..."

Something pressed between his lips and at that moment the face occluding the brightness of the lamp moved and Bart was forced to squeeze his eyes tight.

There was a pause, though Bart could still feel the hands that moved on his sweating flesh. A pulling feeling, a dull ache followed by the sigh of the doctor.

"Easy on this," she said as the light was again blocked, and Bart opened his eyes. Moving over his face were gloved white hands that pressed into the dryness of his mouth and felt all around.

"This will hurt a little..."

The lips moved behind a green mask, the eyes fixed to his and then moved to look into his open mouth. Bart tried closing his mouth, biting at the fingers that probed, but something held his jaw open and it seemed that she had scarcely noticed his effort.

"That's right, laryngeal superior, one small nick... the anaesthetic will help..."

A savage pain caused Bart to scream.

All that came from his lips was a wheeze of expelled air and then it was cut off and he felt as though he was choking.

"In it pops and then we are done for the moment," said the doctor absently as she worked. Her gloved hands moved over his parched lips and her eyes shifted to his for a moment.

"Stay still, slut, I need you to stop swallowing!"

Bart, desperate to fill his lungs fought the impulse to cough and hack and the fingers were withdrawn, a faint smile creasing the masked face that was a blur of tears and brightness. The head withdrew and he once more closed his eyes.

"A couple of hours and it will be complete," said the doctor's voice. "Now, let me see the programme again..."

The brightness of the light suddenly stopped, the slight buzz that accompanied it also, and Bart opened his eyes. Standing over him was both nurse and doctor. The latter had a slate in her hand and was flicking it with a finger, the nurse with a broad smile on her bright lips. His tears cleared and now he could see the two women properly at last.

The doctor, intent on the screen, a middle-aged woman who now had the green mask hanging at her neck, her lips pursed as she read the screen of the slate. Compared to the nurse, the doctor was merely a good-looking woman intent on her work. The nurse, on the other hand, was a frightening apparition. Her face was a smooth mask of white, broken only by eyes and lips. Long-lashed blue eyes and cherry red lips.

"I assume that you will be finished with it by tomorrow?" said the doctor. "Then we can begin the rest of the work that is presented here..."

"Just a few simple questions..." said the nurse. "It will be ready for your attention as soon as tonight. Mistress Consuela is personally involved..."

"Huh, that fucking Blue Domain! Why was it ever introduced?"

The doctor's question did not receive an answer. Bart watched the nurse's lips move again as she said, "It'll be ready for you."

There was no emotion visible on that stark face, just a flutter of lashes and the parting of the lips as the words were uttered.

"Book it in for tomorrow at nine," said the doctor as the hands and slate moved out of Bart's vision and her face moved over his.

A thin smile passed over those lips and she said, "You are in safe hands dolly, I have been doing this for years!"

The face pulled back leaving Bart to stare up at the nurse, the whiteness of her face contrasting with the pale green of the broad light above. He saw the tip of her tongue pass her lips and then a pout.

"Poor little dolly-boy," she said, the lips scarcely moving. "I know that it hurts, but just think of all of the pleasure that you are going to bring in Silver! That's more than enough reward!"

Sweat broke from him, a dull ache in his throat turned to sharp pain as he swallowed, and his eyes rolled in terror.

“You will see it all in a different way from tomorrow,” said the nurse.
“We’ll look after you forever...”

Black & White

Question

/'kwɛstʃ(ə)n/ - noun

1.

a sentence worded or expressed so as to elicit information

"Who allowed you access to the Blue Domain server downloads?"

synonyms: inquiry, query, ?;

A simple arrangement.

A smart office, a chair, a desk, a box and the participants.

Bart strapped to the chair with leather bands, the heavy desk before him waiting for an occupant. Bart could feel a discomfort deep inside, a soreness in his throat and a prickle of fear as he contemplated the box. Though collared, he could move a little and inspected the room. Several pictures hung on the walls showing women in various poses. The one over the desk, a mature woman in jodhpurs, a riding whip bent in her hands. Another, to one side showed a pretty girl in taffeta and lace who kneeled offering a tawse on open hands. The carpet was thick and luxurious, and a few objects stood on the desk in careful arrangements. A small bin of pens, a rolodex, some sort of intercom and screen, a neat pile of papers and a small vase with a single rose that was between bud and flower.

This was the place that he had been brought to, a seemingly everyday office in the very centre of a place that Bart knew was a den of corruption and abuse.

Arms strapped by the wrists, ankles to the legs of the heavy chair, a collar at his neck that was somehow clipped to the high back of the chair, his nakedness screaming vulnerability to whatever his captors had in mind.

An erection came and went.

The silence of the room was oppressive, a thing unto itself. A wall that tormented his mind more than the dull aches that assailed him. He tried to estimate how long he had been sitting waiting and the thought sent his mind in other directions.

What would happen when Christian reported his exit? he wondered. Would they figure out how he had controlled the automatic doors?

His mind wandered in various directions as he imagined what would happen when they figured out how Christian and he had been using the facilities of Blue Domain for their own amusement.

A new thought rose in his mind and it bothered him.

Deep in the Blue Domain, the programmers and maintenance crews had no idea at all what lay outside. He remembered the pastel pink village and the women that had captured him. The strange carriage drawn by human stallions. For all the hundreds of listening devices and cameras under his control, he had never seen *this* place, the women that dominated it and the vast exterior areas that he had glimpsed during his brief escape. The Blue Domain was ensconced behind a curtain that none inside had peeped behind.

His mind turned to the film and data that he had managed to smuggle from the Blue Domain that reposed in encrypted cloud accounts. Perhaps this would give him leverage?

His hopes rose a little.

Powerful people were in those films. Important people. Barrington Rossi's political friends and some of his enemies. Compromising evidence of their private hobbies, knowledge that he could perhaps use to barter with?

Starting to feel a little better, he tried again to make a sound. His lips moved and the soreness of his throat had to be overcome to speak, but no sound issued from his lips. He tried again, but the best that he could manage was a sort of hum. How was he going to be able to bargain with them if he could not even speak?

More to the point, what had they done to him?

Bart knew all about the chips implanted in every person that he knew. He also knew that the operation in that frightening surgery was a chip of some kind... then there was that brief procedure in his throat. What had that signified?

He felt a tear come to his eye.

He had been so close, so close and now...

His breath rattled as he wept and bent his head down. He could see the naked skin of his thighs, his legs and stomach where a neat incision was already healing fast.

No doubt, these people were not primitives, the technology and surgical expertise signalled the most modern methods. What was more, they were sadists of the clearest water.

Behind the seated programmer, the door opened, and female voices were heard.

The first was the nurse's.

"Mistress, it is ready for you..."

The answer came in a slow Latino accented drawl, "Well, we'd better get on with it!"

He heard steps behind him and suddenly smelled a heavy perfume, a musky essence that summed up the woman that moved to seat herself behind the vast desk. Tall in her stilettos, dressed in a tight matte dress that folded and pulled tight over her rounded form at every move. A gold filigree collar at her throat, her hair was pulled back to a single pony-tail that fell almost to her rounded ass. Bart guessed thirty-five years, but even he could see that rejuve had cast her looks into that indeterminate age where experience and insight no longer matched the outer shell. She could have been seventy or fifty, he would not have been able to guess.

The nurse moved to her side and stood in complete contrast. Matte white where Mistress Consuela was swathed in hard black. A short

dress that was so tight that every detail of her slim figure could be appreciated. Even the naked cunt under that skirt was visible as a thin crease, the tight latex stockings ending in heels that were almost unbearably high. Just as her face was masked in white, only the cherry red of her lips pouting on the emotionless face.

Something excited about the vision of the nurse that showed no emotion, sexuality stripped naked of feeling. Full red lips with the hint of a smile, a body that begged to be fucked a smoothness that implored to be touched and fondled.

Mistress Consuela looked at the stricken Bart and a thin smile came to her lips.

"You will appreciate that my time is short. However, I have some important questions that need answers. Make sure that your answers are concise and to the point..."

As she spoke her hands lifted to the small screen on her desk and she touched it.

"This one?" she asked the nurse.

"Ma'am."

"Good," said Mistress Consuela. "I think that it would be correct to show what happens to those that are not cooperative..."

"Ma'am," said the nurse and she moved to the ornate box that was parked by the desk.

"For your information, you are in the White Domain. It differs in several respects from the Blue. The main difference being that it allows us to recreate those that serve in the form that we choose for them. Whatever we choose..."

She allowed the words to hang in the air for a few moments before she continued.

"To assist in this little chat, I have decided to show you an example of the risks of trying to deceive us. I am the one to decide how you will leave this place, and I want you to see the hopelessness of your

position and realise that obedience is the only option to avoid any unpleasantness!"

Bart was in no doubt as to the seriousness of his position. Clearly this woman could dispose of him with the flick of a finger, but his heart stood still as he watched the nurse move to the box. It stood to her knees, as broad as the chair that restrained him and as deep as the width of the vast desk.

"You may," said Mistress Consuela.

The nurse touched the ornate box and the sides lowered like an opening flower onto the heavy carpet. Crouched on the base of the box was a young girl that looked up vaguely as she was revealed. Crouched on all fours her face was blank, her skin a complex design of interwoven roses that covered every inch of her nakedness.

Bart stared at the awful apparition and felt a terror that caused him to break into a sweat. It was not that the helpless doll was a slave, not the uncomprehending expression, but the sudden realisation that the creature had been formed to be a nightmare of helplessness. On elbows and knees, with nothing beyond, a dolly shaped to crawl on all fours forever.

"This pretty little dolly is my personal pet at the moment," said Mistress Consuela with a short laugh at the shock on Bart's face. "Come along dolly!"

The petite girl moved a step on all fours and looked up at the nurse vacantly. Her gaze turned up to the women that sat behind the desk and a smile came to her face. A look of devotion and adoration lit her features and she started to move. A wiggle of the hips, the swaying of her hanging breasts, the flowers that danced on her flesh as she moved.

Bart opened his mouth and stared at Mistress Consuela's victim and felt a shaking dread fill his being. A vision of his future at the hands of two women who seemed to be enjoying his dread.

"Dolly loves to obey," said Mistress Consuela. "Perhaps you would like to see an example?"

A twitch on Bart's part was taken as an affirmation and Mistress Consuela chuckled as she spoke.

"Nurse! Show our guest a little of Dolly's abilities, if you please!"

Clearly Mistress Consuela was now enjoying her show-and-tell as the nurse took the trailing leash and led the helpless toy towards the man strapped naked on his chair.

Bart writhed in the straps as the pretty face of the pet moved between his open thighs. Despite his fear, an erection stood from him and a small tug on the leash pulled the plump lips over the tip of him. He felt the tongue from base to tip, the row of studs that teased and then another tug of the leash pulled the lips from him and the doe eyes looked up with disappointment.

"It's a special treat for her to suck a nice firm cock," said Mistress Consuela with a small chuckle. "This time, no final treat... I can't have you thinking that I would possibly want you splashing slime on my pet, can I, and spoiling my pet is not going to happen. That would be just gratuitous!"

Bart looked down at the perfect plump ass, the smooth skin overlaid with flowers and shuddered. What he had seen in the Blue Domain had been perverse, this was far beyond those games.

"Come to Mummy," said Mistress Consuela. "I think that the point is made." She looked up at Bart as the pet slowly turned towards the desk and smiled. "I can think of nothing better than Dolly releasing my tensions as you tell me everything that I want to know!"

Bart's eyes had been lifted to the woman behind the desk, but now they lowered as the crawling slave moved between opening thighs and borrowed her head into the darkness between. It was the final revelation, the realisation that a concluding lesson was revealed. Between those rose covered thighs hung a vast cock that swung at each step. A smooth patch between that and the gemstone that plugged the pet's ass. Red and perfectly matching the flowers that adorned her.

"That's right, this is what could happen if you do not satisfy me... You would make a fine plaything for the women that are our clientele."

Mistress Consuela's hand stretched once more to the small screen on her desk and touched it lightly. A small shudder passed through her as she did so, and her thighs opened a little to allow the rose-patterned pet to burrow between the cheeks of her ass.

"You took something that belongs to me," said the Mistress with a small sigh. "Downloaded information from the system. That is my first question... where is it?"

The sound of his own voice almost startled Bart.

"Oh God, please..." he stuttered.

"You see, I have the power to permit you to speak," said Mistress Consuela with a chuckle. "Make sure that you are concise and to the point."

He moved his lips and his voice sounded in his ears.

"I threw it away!"

"Mmm, where might I ask?"

The question was as if to a patient mother to her child and Bart choked as he spoke his answer.

"A bathroom, the toilet..."

"Good! See how well we are getting along?" asked Mistress Consuela. "All you have to do is be honest and respectful and there might be a reprieve..."

"Thank you," said Bart in a stutter.

Mistress Consuela shifted a little on the edge of the desk, slightly forward and then leaned back a little.

"Can you guess what the last thing that my little pet said before we took its voice away?" she asked.

Bart could only shake his head.

"Kiss my ass!" laughed the woman as she placed her hands on the edge of the desk. "That didn't work out so well, did it?"

The toes of her stilettos lifted to leave her braced on the slender heels of her stilettos and she patted the head of her pet. Laughter or excitement? A slight sweat broke on her brow as a studded tongue probed her deep and found some sweet spot.

"Now, we move along to the next question..."

Bart concentrated on her lips as they parted and the flicker of the tip of her tongue on her lips signalled her gathering thoughts.

"What other copies of this were there?"

As she spoke she held the memory stick before Bart's eyes and dropped it nonchalantly on the floor.

Bart opened his mouth to deny that there were any copies and Mistress Consuela raised her eyebrows. The nurse, at the edge of Bart's vision was holding a small screen and shaking her head slightly.

"If you are thinking of lying, then I wouldn't advise it," said the Mistress. "We can see through lies and always get to the truth!"

"In my apartment," he said.

It would buy time and maybe he could figure a way out of this hell hole.

"This one?"

Her hand held a familiar object in her hand and Bart wondered how it had been found so quickly. Dropped into the unscrewed leg of a table, it had seemed the perfect hiding place!

He nodded.

"But, I can't believe that you didn't make a copy, darling," said Mistress Consuela as the small stick dropped from her fingers nearby the one already lying on the floor. "Always make a back-up..."

A chill wave of cold sweat dripped from Bart as he watched the pet satisfying the Latino woman who was taunting him. Clearly the conversation was coming to a climax, as was the Mistress that interrogated him so easily.

"Cloud account," muttered Bart.

He could not take his eyes from the pet's enormous cock that lifted and fell, rigid and curved, it dropped into sight between those decorated thighs, a drip of pre-cum hanging from a thread.

"We know that," said Mistress Consuela with a gasp. "All we need is the private encryption key. I don't suppose that you have it in your head, do you?"

Bart nodded.

"That's good, see how easy it is to be obedient when you try hard enough?"

He nodded again.

"The nurse will take it down in a moment," she said with a small moan. "There is just one last question..."

The shuddering that began at muscled thighs swept Mistress Consuela's body as she climaxed. The fingers of both hands spread wide and held the pet's head close and a small gasp issued from her lips. Her legs closed, and the sharp heels lifted to gouge the back of her pet. Hands braced on the desk now and her back arched in orgasm.

"Oh, that was good my darling," said the Mistress as her breathing steadied. "Well done for making it perfect... Something to show my approval."

Bart watched the pet withdraw and move to sit while her feet lifted and pressed down out of sight. The muscles of the Mistress' legs moved, and the fettered onlooker imagined those savage heels pressing on the stiff flesh of the pet's hard erection.

"Where were we?" she asked.

Bart tried to shrug, but it was not noticed.

"Who else has that code?"

He swallowed. A lump in his throat almost choked him as the nurse shook her head slightly.

"It's a simple enough question..."

Bart's eyes filled and a wet trickle on his cheek signalled that the tears had begun to flow.

"I know, darling, I know. How hard it is to betray someone," said Mistress Consuela with a smile. "But, since you'll never see them again, what difference does it make? You are ours now, you have no other friends but me!"

In Bart's head he could see a face. A beautiful face, the girlfriend that he was supposed to protect no matter what happened. The woman that had been given the last copy of all that data as a final security. Unknowing what was on it, tucked in her bedside drawer, probably forgotten.

The picture of him giving her it was almost as if he saw it from a distance. Him, exhausted and almost sleepy after sex. Larissa with her long blonde hair in a tangle, her naked body swathed in sweat and a smile on her faded lipstick. A single drop of his come dripping from the corner of her mouth.

He opened his mouth.

And, found that he could not speak her name.

His lips moved, but the gift of speech had once more been taken from him and all that came was a single breath that should have voiced 'Larissa'.

Mistress Consuela smiled and closed her thighs. The plump wet lips of her cunt now masked as she smoothed the short dress into position.

"Good boy," she said with a smile. "I think that a small reward is in order..."

An almost imperceptible nod to the stark white nurse and she stood.

"There are rewards for obedience, we are *not* malicious, only very, very demanding!"

She stood, pulling back her feet and standing free of the shuddering pet. The shiny patina of her stilettos were smeared with the slime of her rose-decorated pet and she smiled indulgently as a head lowered and a tongue lapped to clean her shoes.

She looked at the nurse, whose finger hovered over the small screen in her hand.

"Always good to make a small test," she said with a smile. "After all, we have to know that it is all in good order."

A gasp!

Bart felt a stiffening between his thighs. So fast that it was almost a miracle, a rock-hard erection that already wept from the eyelet at the tip. The tip at the lower edge of his vision showing that he was larger than he would ever have believed possible.

"I want it at the right moment," chuckled Mistress Consuela.

Something inside of him, something embedded deep in his interior stirred. A movement that was both arousing and terrifying, a slight discomfort as a whine slipped from his lips. His eyes fixed on the woman standing before him and then slid from her hard eyes, moving to the pet that polished her stilettos with its lips and tongue because it had not been commanded to cease.

Then, the cock started to move with a will of its own. As if an invisible hand or mouth ran the length of it. The feeling was sensational, frightening and bliss all in a single horrifying emotion. His eyes watched fascinated as the stalk of his own flesh obediently moved to the flickering of fingers on a screen at the edge of his sight. It moved with a will of its own, controlling him, edging him ferociously with a single-minded aim.

But, at the edge, at the edge, at the very edge...

A foot twitched a stiletto and the pet instinctively lifted from the patent leather and cast a glance backward before looking up at an owner's smiling face in sweet enquiry.

Bart whimpered.

The pet lifted and crawled.

The eyes looked into his with an empty look.

Lips slid over him gently and a metal stud made contact.

Bart came with a fountain of slime that seemed endless. His voice loud in his ears as he screamed 'Larissa' and the lips pressed hard down the length of him and forced his cock into a tight throat.

And then it was gone.

The erection.

The need.

All of it.

Gone!

As if it had never been, but for the tongue that licked lips and the eyes that were still fixed on his. Long lashes fluttering, depths of blue that sucked Bart into the world of his new owner's depravity.

Mistress Consuela nodded slightly to her nurse and swept from the room without another word. The pet followed obediently behind her clicking heels and the door closed with a finality that left Bart weeping silently.

The tears dripped down, his head filled with remorse.

The nurse slid the small screen in her hand into a pouch at her belt and stepped forward.

"Now it begins," she said.

Her hands lifted, something white and flexible blurred in his tear-filled view. Something white, cool and slippery that pulled over his head and closed his vision. An eyeless hood that was zipped tight behind his head as a hand patted the top of his head.

"When you wake it will all be over..." said the nurse's voice with a chuckle. "What a pretty plaything you will make for some lucky client in Silver," she added.

He heard the words, he shuddered in terror.

But, the needle was already in his arm.

Good & Bad

Russian electronic interference and manipulation in political polls was very much a hallmark of the early part of the century and declined after the strong reaction from the European Federation in 2022 and the consequent sanctions.

With the internal political strife in the Federation between 2028 and 2033 the political will to control this sort of gerrymandering declined and the sanctions were lifted. It has been said that the statement from Bulgarian President Olgrova Asimov now sums up the present situation.

"Elections in Europe are decided in St Petersburg..."

Leader - Financial Times - London 2034

"Here it is," said Veronica with a small smile as she held up the small plastic memory stick. "Now we wait for her to arrive..."

The other two women surveyed the wrecked apartment. Everything was broken and piled as it had been investigated. As if a whirlwind had swept everything into two piles of refuse. One pile not yet checked through, the other systematically reduced to fragments as the search for the small stick had progressed.

There had been no noise, no hint to alert neighbours of the destruction. The search had been almost silent but for the odd comments of the three women who had conducted the combing of Larissa's rooms.

Veronica shrugged and moved to the window on the street.

"In ten minutes," she breathed as she peeped between a curtain and the frame of the window. "Have the van ready at the service entrance for the pick-up..."

A single nod from one of the other two, a tap on an active phone screen, and then relax.

"It would have been so much easier if the bitch had been chipped," breathed Veronica almost to herself.

"They all will be in a year," smiled one of the others.

Veronica only nodded acknowledgement and took a position in the hallway, peeping through the viewer that pierced the door. Zara always had something to say...

They waited.

It was female instinct. Nothing more or less than a feeling that there was something wrong. Nothing overt, no real sign that signalled danger, but the woman that stood by the door of her apartment block was the red flag that hinted that something was wrong.

Larissa could see that the woman was searching for someone, her eyes roving up and down the sidewalks and then across the busy street. Intuitively she turned away to a shop window and watched the scene through the reflection in the polished glass.

The woman's attention was focussed on a single walker who passed her unconcerned. A red-head similar in build, but years older than Larissa herself. A small moment of uncertainty in the blonde watcher and then a relaxation in stance that signalled the false alarm.

For a moment, she considered crossing the street and finding out who the blonde girl was, but a flicker of movement two stories up caught her hypersensitive nerves as she realised that there was someone in her apartment.

The twitch of the curtains behind closed windows a frightening accompaniment to her already sensitive state of mind. She watched carefully and decided that she had better move on. The bronze head of hair, the overlong interest in a pair of shoes, the suspicion of the women at her door was a clear trigger to walk.

In Larissa's head was a jumble of guilt and questions that made no sense. How could they know so soon? she wondered as she forced herself into a stiff slow gait as a bus passed between her and the blonde on the other side of the street. It was not until Larissa was around the corner that she leaned against a wall and took a breath.

For a moment she considered taking a peek around the edge of the building, but she knew what she would see. The eyes of that blonde woman on her like gimlets, and then the chase would begin!

It took a minute for her heaving breath to calm to a normal tempo and she took stock of the situation. Somehow, someone had discovered the infiltration of the system, delicate and probing, a gloved hand touching the unfeeling concrete of a wall. Electronic signals stroking a firewall, penetrating the router's software and kissing permission for the entry.

And now they were looking for her!

Damn fucking Bart! To hell and back...

The idle fuck that had amused her and brought her nothing but trouble. Hadn't he realised that she would crack those locked files on the stick that he left by her bed? He knew who and what she was, he *had* to have known, and done it deliberately! Shit, it was how they had met, at a white-hat hacker's conference. He the coding expert, she the fervid hacker who tested his defences for the tournament and easily broke through his incomplete encryption.

And she had seen the film.

And she had seen the listed protocols.

And she had sat for hours in a funk of terror.

Film that passed all the tests of authentic, un-doctored film. Film of women slaves and their masters. An endless parade of faces that were to be seen in every newscast in this pre-election year. The men that fucked and forced, enslaved and reduced their victims to sex-toys, and loved every moment of it!

As Larissa moved with hasty steps, block by block from the place that she had lived in for three years, her thoughts turned to that shit-of-a-boyfriend of hers with a deep rage.

Had he hacked them?

And, that was the problem! She knew Bart all too well, he had not, because he did not have the ability to do it. She did, he did not... So that left only two obvious possibilities. One was that someone had passed him the data stick, and that someone had done the hacking.

Or!

Bart had stolen the data from those that ran that brothel of terror and that meant that he was a part of it all.

Three corners turned, now Larissa was out of immediate danger as she moved past the blocks and chose a hairdresser and entered the salon. The girl was chatty, the prices were cheap and the final effect of the cut was to rob Larissa of her glorious red hair and replace it with an almost masculine cut in boring brown that no longer matched her freckles.

She tried to join the conversation with the stylist, but it died as she simply answered in monosyllables and considered her options. Not chipped, but that meant that she had to use a card to get anything she needed. A rarity that would raise eyebrows, as it had in the salon. The dusty console brushed down and presented as though it had not been used for years.

She sighed and looked up and down the street.

Left or right!

That was the summary of her options.

Larissa's head was full of her secret world. A baffling row of numbers, ones and zeros that passed through her head like an express train. A world where hacks that were not sanctioned carried a sentence of years. Always on the borderline, always looking over a shoulder, but

always swelled with the pride that she had an ability that made her one of the best.

She had proved it...

Hacked that address, entered the firewall with difficulty, but passed it she had. Seen the shape of the files on the servers, the connections that disappeared into a fog of tendrils, the vast storage and old-fashioned protocols, the fact that the watchers were watched! Most of all, she had seen her boyfriend's touches and weaknesses in the safeguards and switches on the system. Knew that he was involved in this outrage of violation and abuse on an industrial scale.

And, now they were at her door!

Larissa took stock and asked herself a question that surfaced as connections were made.

Who was 'they'?

Those that Bart worked for, or those that hovered like spectres in the background and watched the watchers? Whoever they were... She could make no sense of it, but one thing had to be taken into account. Just four hours ago, she had been in their system, three hours ago she had been viewing the files, two hours ago she had seen them at her door and now she was running!

So quickly, all too quick!

She stepped into a driverless bus and used the card palmed in her hand to pass the sensor. It would give her away, of that there was no doubt. But, one stop would move her away from the hunters. Not even bothering to sit, she stood by the door and left the bus again with a hop before dropping her card into a grate.

No illusions, she had to disappear.

A long walk ahead of her, Larissa lengthened her stride.

Olga would know what to do...

Pick & Choose

Terror is what I try to convey. The fear of the unknown, the helplessness of a victim that has no reprieve or hope. This is imparted in the small details, clothes, backgrounds, a solitary bead of sweat running down a naked back. An absence of musical accompaniment that heightens the realism, the transposition of victim to the viewer of my films. Yes, it is brutal, yes it is frightening, but the human condition cannot always be conveyed by romance. How crass would that be?

Director Angus Wahlbarg
Interview June 2027

Bart awoke.

For a fearful second he screwed his eyes tight and tried to cry out as the nightmares of the drug washed from his mind. Hands and feet, ten fingers, ten toes... His hands moved to between his legs and he sighed in relief and then at last he dared open his eyes.

Bars as thin as wire.

Old fashioned locks and bolts.

A cage that was lined up with others in a room that was circled by luxurious sofas and chairs, oak and walnut, gold leaf and the musty smell of old money. His body was unchained, by physical chains, but the silicon deep embedded in him were the real fetters that bound him.

Crouched in the cage to either side, two other men that were drowsing in hunched form on the floors of their cages. Bart could not see past his neighbours and scanned the room through the thin bars of the cage. His mind rejected the restriction and he saw through them as if they were not there. But, they were real and even out of focus they marked his status. His hands touched them and retreated. They could be as thin as a piece of string, but they might as well have

been iron an inch thick and the heavy padlock that closed them was a reminder of their potency.

His thought turned to Larissa and there was a twinge of regret.

Maybe she was already in a cage?

Perhaps she would keep him company?

He could see her in his mind's eye. That glorious head of tumbling red hair and the freckles that made her seem like an innocent farm girl. Her large breasts hanging, the liquid cunt that needed cock to keep it from ever drying. The long legs that he loved and the rounded ass that made him so desperately want to pull her tight and shaft her while she screamed... heels over his head.

The bitch was good!

Then he imagined Larissa in Blue.

Learning to be a maid or pet. Endlessly chosen and used by the men that brokered power in this glorious country of America. Despoiled, used ravaged. Fucked, punished, forced and taken. Until there was nothing of Larissa left but a body that served to please men who revelled in her mindless servitude.

He breathed deep and concentrated on his own problems.

Larissa would have to look after herself, it was *Bart* that was his main concern. His eyes focussed on those bars and he grasped them tight and pulled. There was no give at all despite their apparent delicacy and he moved to hunch in the cage on his elbows.

A noise, the opening of a door.

Silhouetted against the light behind her, a woman that looked into the room with a proprietary air. Bart watched as she entered, leaving the door open as she moved around between the seating and low tables before moving with light steps to the centre of focus where the cages hunched on the raised podium.

He dared not look up but kept his eyes down where her feet moved as she stepped onto the hard floor of the stage. Red stilettos, so high that they arched her feet, lifting them almost to the vertical. Reddish brown stockings that moved over the skin, allowing Bart to see the cleavage of her toes that was just visible as she stepped to his cage. Gathered and creased just a little at the ankles, the stockings moved over the skin. She turned and rested a hand on his cage, allowing him to see the Cuban seams that blocked behind her ankles and the straight ridge where they had been hand-sewn together.

Now he dared himself and raised his eyes.

Just a little.

The hem of her tight skirt split at the rear was just below the knees. Tight material that stretched to show every curve of her legs. Wrinkled slightly behind the knees, latex stretched seemingly almost to breaking point.

There she stood for what seemed ages. Minutes only, but towering over the cages and surveying the room as if to make sure that every detail was correct.

"You are awake," came her voice from far above.

Bart looked up and almost drew in a breath in awe. Maybe thirty years, she looked down at him with a smile that seemed friendly, but her eyes were cold. Lips a thin line, a short French bob, the latex skirt was not a skirt, it was a dress, though she might as well have not worn it at all. It hugged every line of her perfect figure, the swell of her hips, the flat between rounded thighs and then spread like a skin over high breasts that showed her nipples as small swellings on that matte black surface.

"They will be here soon to choose," she said as if the words meant anything to the upturned and voiceless face. "One of them will choose you, perhaps?" She laughed lightly and looked into his eyes. "You really don't understand, do you?"

Bart shook his head slightly and mouthed a word.

"If you are chosen, then it will be hard for you," she smiled. "You will find yourself owned and perhaps improved for one of our most valued clients. On the other hand, if you are not, then you will be moved to a suitable domain where you will not find it at all easy."

She chuckled indulgently.

"There are no easy options here."

Her feet moved as she strolled and looked into the other two cages and then returned to Bart's cage, but standing at his rear where all he could do was to hear each step as a click of metal heels on the slate floor of the podium.

"I would choose you, but two little crawling pets is already enough for me. Perhaps you will be lucky and find the right owner?"

Bart could feel a rising panic in his head. He closed his eyes and held his breath, endeavouring to stay still and quiet while she commented further. Perhaps something would be said that might help? Beautiful and sadistic, perhaps she was so full of herself that something might be revealed.

"Mmm, here they come, the darlings..."

Bart released his breath and looked to see six maids moving between the chairs. Three couples who worked together. On the soft carpet they made no sound. Just the rustle of stiff flouncy satin uniforms and petticoats as they walked. Of each pair, one had a tray at her waist, thin chains holding it outward and full of glasses as the other placed each glass at a place and carefully polished it with a soft cloth. The light was not bright, and Bart watched them work their way from the back to the front of the room.

As they approached, he saw that the maids with the trays had their arms pinioned behind their backs in what seemed a silk sleeve, the tray suspended from their breasts, somehow fastened to nipples. All six had short chains between their ankles that allowed only the smallest steps on the ballet boots that were tight on ankles and feet. The scene fascinated and repelled, and Bart was reminded of all of those

nights where he had watched malevolent politicians who had the same taste in their nightly companions.

The maids finished their work and disappeared through the open door before returning with other items. Preparing twelve places, they carefully and silently did their arrangements before returning with bottles and small trays of snacks that were distributed with great care.

"Nearly there," said the Mistress' voice from behind. "The clients will arrive soon for their evening..."

He heard the clicking of her heels as she moved and then silence as she stepped down to the carpet and inspected the work of the maids with a casual eye. It all seemed to her satisfaction and Bart looked up at her back and felt an involuntary intake of breath. Even from the rear, the Mistress was a sight to behold and he found himself wondering if she was the result of a perfect rejuvenation. Perhaps she was sixty years, perhaps even seventy, but to his eyes, she was a perfect thirty. Every slight movement was graceful and composed, the dress stretching over her figure like magic, the cane that trailed from her hand the perfect accessory. The only touch of colour, a gold collar that was like lace over her long neck.

"Good," she said, but so softly to herself that the lined-up maids before her could probably scarcely hear it. "Now then girls, to your positions..."

With tiny steps they moved to positions dotted around the hall. Each tray with a bottle, each of the others with a plate of hors d'oeuvres in their hands. The Mistress moved to one of the tables at the front and sat before it with crossed ankles and a small smile on her face. Bart heard the sound of a breath and looked to the left and right. Both the other caged men had come around from their torpor and were staring from their cages at the room where their fate would be decided.

A figure appeared at the doorway, paused a moment and entered. A young woman, dark skinned and fine-boned, a haughty expression on her face as she looked around and fastened her eyes on the Mistress.

"Choose a place, Miss Eve," said the Mistress.

"At the front," breathed the tall and thin ebony Goddess.

Scarcely a figure, but a grace of movement that was lithe and strong, she moved and slid down next to the Mistress with a small grin and looked at the food and drink on offer. Dangling from her wrist was a wicked crop that swayed at each movement of her hand.

"I would prefer something a little stronger," she announced at last.

"Mmm?"

"Scotch and soda..."

A raised hand and a maid slid from the room to return with the drink on her tray. Bart watched as Miss Eve took her drink and then reached to the maid who still stood rigidly before her.

"Nice," she commented as her long slim fingers fondled where the chain passed through the ring that held it in place. "Remarkable that it holds..."

Mistress smiled.

"The look *is* exquisite," she commented as she turned her head to watch the others invited entering the room. "Feel free to inspect."

It seemed that Miss Eve had lost interest in the maid as she gathered a few small tit-bits onto a porcelain plate and arranged them carefully.

Bart watched the women who moved around and took their places with inconsequential chatter. All of them were dressed perfectly, some in leather and latex, others in frocks that were clearly designer clothes of the most expensive kind. Once they were all seated as they wished, the Mistress stood and turned to face them.

"Ladies," she announced, and the chattering died down. "This evening the Domains fulfil their promise that we will make this the place that is *perfect* for you."

As she spoke, she nodded at one or two as if to acknowledge their presence. Bart, through the bars of his cage looked at them and

shivered in terror. His eyes moved over them until they stopped and were fixed on a face that he recognised. Lavinia Harries, star of several soaps and more recently, the remake of 'Gone With The Wind'. As if on screen, as gorgeous as the Scarlett she played. His lips opened as if he were about to scream and then closed with just a whistle of exhaled breath.

"Now that you are finally in Silver, you can finally have your own personal plaything to amuse you," she said. "Once a week or sometimes more often, we find that we have the perfect candidates to choose from. Included in the price of the vacations here at this senior level, we positively encourage each of you to have at least one exclusive pet. Tonight, we have three on offer, in a couple of days there will be a couple more. So, if you feel that you have spotted a suitable nominee, all you need to do is to tell us what changes need to take place and, in a month, your new plaything will be ready for your next visit..."

"Just a month?" said one of the clients.

The Mistress paused before answering and then nodded towards the back of the room where the voice had come from.

"Rejuve is all part and parcel of the Domains," she answered. "I can recommend White as the best and most well-equipped salon in the world. Those facilities create the perfect pets for us as well, so it is not surprising that only a month or so is required."

Having answered the question, the Mistress lifted her glass and made a toast.

"Here's to finding the perfect partner," she said. "You have all visited us long enough to know that anything goes and anything we can do to make your stays here perfect are the sole aim of the Domains."

The women raised their glasses and drank to the pledge and, since it seemed that the speech was over, they returned to their excited chatter as they picked food from the tables and the trays carried by the maids.

It was not over, and the Mistress rapped her glass with the handle of her cane to get their attention.

"I won't go on for ever," she joked. "I just want to tell you how it works briefly and then we can all settle down and enjoy the evening."

The noise calmed and all eyes were once again on the Mistress who was organising the event.

"Once we have eaten, we will inspect the candidates," said the Mistress quietly. "They will be shown in and out of their cages and then it is up to you..."

"And," said Miss Eve looking up at the woman who stood beside her, "What if we all want the same one?"

"A good question," came the reply with a small chuckle. "I decide! I think that you all know me well enough to make a fair decision. I will listen to the intentions of the Mistresses who have chosen and simply pick the most inventive idea presented..."

There were a few chuckles and Bart saw Mistress Lavinia clap with amusement at the answer.

"OK, that's it, ladies. I think that we should all have a few drinks, rally our imaginations and then choose with care. Because, as you know, only one pet a year is in the price and we want you to make the right choice!"

He could feel himself wilt in the cage. Slump to the hard floor and wish that he could curl up and die. Bart was in a nightmare that would never end and could feel his eyes streaming and the helpless shivers of terror overwhelm him until a twitch in his thigh caused a cramp that made it all seem so much worse. His bladder was full, his body hunched in the narrow cage and he prayed that he would not be picked.

Or he prayed that he would!

The agony of waiting the suspension of reality.

Bart watched the three women at the front and felt as if he was in a dream. The Mistress, Miss Eve and the seemingly sweet young woman who appeared as if she had just turned eighteen. In her little black dress and with long naked legs she seemed to be enjoying the company of the other two. Perhaps even a little diffident, she obviously deferred to the two others, laughing at their jokes and showing interest in the long rambling tale that Miss Eve told about a trip to a place called Roan. Half heard from his distance, it seemed as if Miss Eve was a riding enthusiast and her tale of a stallion that needed to be gelded to make it tractable filled a good half hour.

Bart's attention was so focussed on hearing what the women were saying that the touch to his ass by a hand caused him to start. He turned his head to see a large middle-aged woman reaching to clip shiny cuffs to his ankles and tried to move his legs to avoid the hands. A look of irritation on the woman's motherly face was followed by a sudden savage jolt that came from within. It paralysed Bart and the ankle cuffs were added without further ado.

When her finger beckoned, he backed from the cage with a rattle of the chain between his ankles and found himself looking up at her, unable to move. The long hours in the cage cramped his legs and torso, joints would not respond, and she bent to clip a collar on his neck.

"Up," she said softly.

It took a minute to stand, his knees almost gave, and she gave a jerk to the leash to lead him to one of three poles set in the podium behind the cages. As wrists were locked behind his back and the leash was hooked to the pole, he saw that the other two men were also being readied for display.

All around, the chatter died down and there were a few coos and aahs from the women that watched the preparation. Bart dared not look to see if he was the centre of attention and then wheezed in dismay as he realised that an erection stood from his thighs, rigid and wobbling for all to see.

It was a few minutes before one of the women at the back of the room stood and moved to the three men on offer. Perhaps fifty years,

rather on the plump side and trailing a cane from her hand, she moved between the other seated ladies and came to inspect the victims. Bart flinched as she reached out and she smiled and patted his rigid cock with the tip of the cane.

"Nice," she breathed when his cock twitched in response and then moved from his sight as she inspected the slave to his right. "It kind of reminds me of my first husband."

Large and wearing far too much makeup as well as endless jewellery and diamonds, she came back into sight and then winked at Bart. He shuddered and then felt a hot blush in his face and tried to shy from the hand that took his cock.

"Mmm," she said. "Maybe, just what I am looking for, for the play-room..."

The hand stroked the hard rod that lay in its palm, but Bart felt almost nothing except a faint tugging in his groin. When her thumb played over the swollen tip, he felt a slight almost-itch and then nothing while she smiled into his eyes and suddenly pushed her hand towards him.

Nothing! No feeling but her hand pressing on his groin...

"Switched off," said Mistress.

Bart looked in surprise to see the Mistress standing by him and looking down at the ringed hand that moved the length of his rigid cock with no discernible feeling.

"Perhaps we could...?"

"Not tonight, Mistress Jacqueline," said the Mistress. "This is all about choices and not about playing... Once you have your choice, all function will be as you choose, tonight is different!"

There were now three other women inspecting the staked slaves. One of them was Lavinia standing at a distance and frowning as if none of the offer interested her.

"I'll take a rain check," she said haughtily. "I need something more than you have on offer... I am inclined to have a pony for my pet..."

The Mistress took the negative comment in her stride.

"These are all more suitable for feminisation than as studs," she said with a conciliatory smile. "In a week we have a few that might be more suitable for your particular tastes."

"Tell me when and, I will attend," said the film star with a small snort. "If I wanted a sissy, I'd be in Pink!"

The women inspected the three men with critical eyes. One slapped art on his naked ass and he flinched to her laughter. He might not be able to feel that hand on his cock, but the slap was sharp and brought reality back with a rush.

"I am looking for a nice filly," said Miss Eve. "Tender rump to fuck that will thank me for using my spurs..."

"If you are looking for sensitivity to pain then this one would be a fine choice," said Mistress as she led Miss Eve to a neighbouring stake.

Bart heard Miss Eve laugh and then a smack as she used her short cane.

"Perfect..."

"Your choice?"

"I'll have another drink first."

As Miss Eve ordered another drink, it was the young girl that moved to Bart's front and looked him up and down with a serious assessment.

"I can't make up my mind," she said to the Mistress. "I mean, I know what I want and this one would be perfect, but I don't want to make a mistake that I would regret."

"None of them would be a mistake, Miss Diana," said the Mistress as she moved to stand by the young mistress. "All of them would be suitable..."

"My mother said that I should put myself in your hands, Mistress Claudia," she replied. "She said that you'd know what I would want..."

"Your mother spoke to me, that's true, dear," said Mistress Claudia seriously. "But, in the end, it's up to you. You don't have to bid for one of these."

"But, I'm heading back to Phoenix tomorrow and I really want a pet here when I return."

"Then, make a choice."

Bart looked at her and decided that if he were to be able to choose a Mistress, then Mistress Diana was the one he would choose. She seemed almost naïve compared to the mature sadists that had been invited to choose a pet and he hoped that she would choose him.

"Mmm, I'll wait to see what happens..."

"As you like."

It seemed that the inspection was over. The women drifted back to their drinks and snacks and all three of the slaves on offer were placed back in their cages. Bart looked at them in the soft light and shivered.

Was there any place that he would not rather be?

This was it!

An hour passed, maybe more and the chatter became louder, the laughter a little more raucous and the only woman that the event left was Lavinia who seemed rather put out that there was no sympathy at all for her complaints about the choices on offer. She left in a huff and the atmosphere in the room lightened a little in response.

At last, the time had come and Mistress Claudia stood and addressed her companions with her champagne flute in her hand.

"So, I think that all of us are now agreed that it is time to make a choice. The question is, has anyone decided that they will wait until another time?"

Of the eleven guests relaxing on their sofas seven held up their hands.

"Fine," said Mistress Claudia. "I have at least one choice to make! First of all," she said as she turned to face the cages. "To the left, have we an interested party?"

Two of the women held up their hands and there was a little laughter in the room from the others. The atmosphere had changed and all were concentrating on Mistress Eve and Mistress Jacqueline who nodded to each other with merry smiles.

"Let's discuss," said Mistress Claudia as she turned to face them all. "Miss Eve, your requirements?"

"A filly stripped down like in Roan," said Miss Eve with a small chuckle. "Gelded of course, but soft and ready for the cane. I'll need it built up a little stronger to take a saddle..."

"Sounds interesting," said Mistress Claudia.

"One more thing," said Miss Eve as she pointed with her crop at the cages. "A nice pair of big tits and, if I might steal an idea from the Domains, I'd like my filly to be able to serve as a maid with a tray like these..." she pointed at one of the maids. "Otherwise, just a few small adjustments to make intimate service more effective!"

There was a little clapping from the assembly and then it was Mistress Jacqueline's turn to make her bid.

"I know that I have the advantage over my good friend," she said with a laugh. "I go second and that allows me to be more extreme with ease!"

There was laughter at the sally and Miss Jacqueline smiled at Miss Eve.

"But, in truth, what I want is a nice little dolly to keep me warm at night. To cuddle and play with, fully functional and eager to please

like a slut. So, basic sissification would suit me fine... I leave the contest. Perhaps if there is one left over, I might consider another..."

"Well, it looks like Miss Eve has the winning hand, my dear. Naturally, if one remains untaken, you can have it if you like..."

Bart shuddered and looked to his right at the slave who was destined to be gelded and shuddered in sympathy. The man was clutching the bars and had a look of terror on his face, the lock rattled, but Mistress Claudia ignored it and pointed at Bart's cage.

"For this one?"

"I want it," said the young woman.

"A good choice, Miss Diana," said Mistress Claudia. "No one else?"

Mistress Claudia nodded. Slim and looking stern in her tight latex nurse's uniform, all that was missing was a scalpel in her hand. Bart shivered at the conversation taking place over his head and almost whined with the terror of his circumstances.

"It's yours. I already know your requirements, and we can discuss the details later on. Now then, that leaves just Miss Janice with the other one. All taken and with so little dispute! Excellent, I think that we can now all relax and enjoy the rest of the evening."

Bart caught a glimpse of Miss Diana and then suddenly a cloth was thrown over his cage from behind. Now all he could hear was chatter and the clink of glasses as he felt a mixture of elation and sickening fear.

He had what he had wished for, now he would find out what would it be?

Girl & Girl

It has been two centuries since an independent candidate was a serious threat to the presidential contenders from the two main parties. Money, media, opinion, fear of the unknown, a need for comfort; all play their part. But; the real reason for the failures of independents, all of them so far, has been that the candidates themselves have had no definite agenda other than to upset the applecart.

The Hill - Political Review April 2039

Larissa checked out of the rather low-rent motel and stood staring at the phone in her hand. It was a phone, it was switched off, but as soon as it was activated, it was a location device. Phone hacking was not her 'thing' so she decided to solve that problem first. She had not even got a means to charge the phone. In just a few days it would be dead...

Olga could be anywhere.

In New York, in Europe or actually anywhere!

The days of Internet cafés had long since faded, access to the Internet needed to be done differently through a private connection. Larissa stood and racked her brains for ideas. It had never been a problem before. A little misdirection and any entrance became another.

The immediate problem was two-fold.

A place to stay where cash still worked.

A source of credit that allowed freedom.

Olga was possibly the only answer! Of all the friends and contacts, probably the only one that was not on any list, on any history of

contact. All of the others would be watched by now! The young Russian woman was her best hope.

Larissa strolled down the street and checked how much cash she had in her purse. Three hundred was fine, but in a couple of days it would be gone. Without access to an implanted credit ID chip, transport, food or in fact almost anything was difficult.

She cursed Bart.

She cursed herself.

She cursed the whole world.

And then set about finding a gateway to the Internet. Traffic was heavy, gliding by almost silently, the sidewalks were busy and Larissa decided that looking furtive was not a good idea. So, she strode down the row of blocks and found herself in a different world. One where opportunity was the difference between life and death. Here and there were old phone booths, long since deactivated. She passed a department store and wandered in. A place where she had occasionally sought cheap clothes and shoes.

The elevator took her to the top floor where the electronics department was. It would be foolish to try to steal, cameras ensured security, automated systems that watched the expensive goods and registered them vanishing. So, she idly played with a folding laptop and realised that it was on the store net signal. A few taps and she had a new mailing address. She stared at the screen to recall Olga's address and then sent a mail.

'At 21:00, every day from tomorrow, the place we first met,' was all she wrote.

Enough to pique interest, enough to meet without contact and enough not to be read and understood by any scanning of the mail systems. Olga would know what it meant.

Knox Hall.

Where that conference and hacker's convention had been. Three years before. The idea was perfect, she was perhaps a little too old to be a normal student, but she would not stand out there. Libraries and facilities, it would be perfect. What was more, she had only ever been there the one time.

Now, all she had to do was walk there.

Twenty clicks!

She looked at her phone and decided that it was not a good idea. All those files from Bart were on it and switching it on would make her instantly located.

It took six hours to find the place. First a brisk walk that was soon moderated into a casual saunter as her legs felt the unaccustomed exercise. The last part was the hardest as she no longer recognised the area and had to ask several times and pretend that she didn't have a phone to guide her.

Though still well inside New York, a leafy suburb where the old-fashioned building sat in a small space opposite a café. Tomorrow she would be here, looking for the familiar figure of Olga. Long legs, always in heels, always dolled up like a bimbo even though she had a brain like a machine.

Larissa smiled to herself as she made the coffee last.

Olga so fooled them all, the hacking nerds and the others. The packaging belied the contents. They discounted her, but at their peril. Two years ago, she had been in the final of the contest and her knowledge of protocols and networking was second to none. She had only been beaten in the final contest by an FBI white-hat that had got lucky. Larissa had come a poor tenth. Still high on the list of three hundred, but not enough to be in the money.

The cup was empty and the waitress staring at her.

Larissa left the café and sauntered around her meeting place. A few students wandered in and out and she ambled in and discovered that some sort of art show was the focus of a seminar. An hour later,

she was walking from Knox Hall, a stolen slate in her bag and a belly-full of snacks and a cola still in her hand.

Now all she needed was a place for the night.

An hour in the café sorted the slate. Still logged in to the former owner, a perfect cover. She played with it a little and hooked to the café signal with a sigh. The first place was the mailing address created earlier in the day. She opened the application to discover a one-word reply.

‘Today?’

About to type a reply, a movement caught her eye as a brunette slid into the chair opposite. No longer blonde and without any make-up, Olga smiled and raised her hand for a waitress.

“I knew where the mail was from immediately,” said Olga. “The problem was remembering about this place!”

Larissa tried to smile.

“Only possibility,” she answered.

“Trouble?”

Larissa nodded.

“You been into systems that you shouldn’t?”

“Suppose so.”

“Naughty girl!”

“The coffee first,” said Olga, “then somewhere less public. You’re not chipped?”

“Never got around to it.”

“Me neither. Phone’s off as well?”

Larissa nodded and shrugged.

"Jeez, that's bad," said Olga as she sipped at her mug. "Last I heard you were working for the good guys."

"A long story," said Larissa. "You are too?"

"Sort of! Depends on definitions. Good, bad. Bad, good. It's all matter of point-of-view. For *me*, it's the good guys!"

"Well, I need a job now, so..."

"Let's go, babes. I can see that we have loads of catching up to do. If you cut off that magnificent mass of red curls, I know that it's real serious."

The Russian accent was still there but, buried in a New York drawl. A cab, a ride and thirty minutes later an apartment that had seen better days.

"This your place?"

"Rented," said Olga. "No, let's find out why those curls hit the floor!"

Larissa shrugged and told her tale. All the while, Olga just sat and studied her face as Larissa talked, taking it all in with a serious expression and the occasional monosyllabic grunt. At the end of the tale, Olga stood and moved to the kitchenette in the dilapidated flat to pour a couple of drinks.

"Fucking serious shit," she said at last as she slid a glass of orange juice into Larissa's hand. "Copies of the files on your phone?"

The whiff of vodka lacing the drink seemed to add a conspiratorial air to the proceedings.

"Not all of it, there was masses of film, but most of it and all the protocol file dumps and data files that map the system.

"Like a sort of a brothel?" asked Olga.

"Vast, full and awful..."

Olga sat back and sipped at her drink. One thing was for sure. Hers had more of the Vodka than Larissa's.

"And, you recognised faces? You sure?"

Larissa nodded.

"And, you still went back in for a poke around? You are out of your mind, darling. Now it's not just the data, it's you that's the target."

"Government, I reckon."

"Unlikely! Well sort of, I suppose. More like *part* of the government, I'd say. Listen. I gotta be in Boston tomorrow, you can park your ass here for a couple of days and when I get back, we'll take a look at those files."

"Thanks, Olga," said Larissa. "I owe you one..."

"Nah, I love a tight conspiracy. White hat hackers and all that. The next few days and weeks is not the hitch, darling. It's the rest of your life that's the fucking serious problem. You're gonna need a whole new you and you've got nothing to pay with! I know the people that can do it, but its' gonna cost."

"I can work..."

"Where and for whom?" asked Olga with a laugh.

Larissa shrugged.

"That data has to be worth a lot," she suggested.

"A lot of fucking problems," said Olga. "I'll throw out a few lines and we'll know more in a few days. Meanwhile, you stay here, throw that stolen slate away and keep clean. A great idea, but still traceable... meanwhile, you can have one of my cards, but you'll keep your head down, down, down!"

Olga held out her hand.

"The phone, darling!"

Larissa hesitated and then reached into her purse.

"You know that they can activate it even when it's off?"

"Fuck!"

"That's why we know that it's not the Feds," said Olga with a smile. "Takes anyone else a day or three to get the codes. Now pass it over."

Larissa passed the phone and Olga took it to the kitchen and put it into a tin container, dropping it in and screwing down the lid hard.

"That'll do for now," she said. "When I'm back from Boston, we'll sort it out. Next up, sleeping arrangements. No way that you're gonna sleep on the sofa, you're in with me!"

"Er, the sofa's OK," said Larissa lamely.

She had quite forgotten all about Olga!

"There's a price for everything darling, you gotta pay. Anyway, I have been lusting over you for over three years now, what better time to get acquainted?"

She stuck out her tongue provocatively.

"Shame about the curls though!"

Age & Beauty

What age am I?

Really?

Does that really matter when I look, I feel, I fuck, I live like I'm 35?

Lavinia Harries - Star of 'Gone With The Wind'

The room was so still, only the susurrations of Bart's breathing could be heard. A soft hiss through the mask that clasped over his face, the steady silent moving of bellows behind glass and the flicker of a few small indicators on the equipment to his side.

Held fast by a sheet of rubber that moulded over him, held down by the pressure of air that pressed it like a second skin over every contour of his naked body. The first procedures had already taken place. Those that demanded a longer recovery even though the rejuvenate RNA that coursed through him forced a healing that was measured in days.

A narrow blue tube fed the anaesthetist's chosen drug into the mask and wires snaked between skin sensors and network. No movement was possible, even the splayed fingers of his hands flat on the table were pinned in detail. Thighs wide, legs and arms as if a horizontal crucifixion was in progress. It was! As he slept, deep in the grip of narcosis, his chest lifted slightly at each breath, accentuating the form of the breasts that had been added to complement some of the other improvements.

Fat had been redistributed.

Some of it added, some encouraged to spread, in other places removed. Rounded hips, breasts and lips. The last procedures were being planned, the control chips in place and a mask bound over his upper face was the only signs of the work that had been done to ensure that the VR was now a feature of his body.

A nurse came and made a perfunctory inspection of the small screen and indicators as if to ensure that they matched the signals that marched in rows in the central control room of the White Domain. This was nothing more than routine, a simple occasional check as the patient recovered from all of the work that had taken place.

In her latex whites, the nurse was a nightmare of fetish heaven. A distortion of the angel that she represented in this stark white inferno. Even though this patient was in his three-week repose while the surgeons wrought their magic, there were others that would appreciate her form. Important to keep the appearances and especially now that there were clients who enjoyed playing their part in White as a part of their vacation.

It was the clients that played with the incapacitated patients and enjoyed the games that were possible. The nurses too, occasionally took their pick of men who were to become fillies and stallions, sissies and maids, enhanced studs and enfeebled pets. But, in the last months, the work had overcome the relaxed enjoyment of a year ago and the shifts were too long to leave much time for idle relaxation.

Satisfied with the inspection of Bart, the nurse ensured that all catheters and sensors were in place and signed off the patient. Three more in the next half hour and then she was off shift.

The small room echoed to the sound of her heels as she left the room and reflected that just a few years ago, this patient would have suffered with open eyes as he was moulded to become the perfect bimbo pet. Months of recovery, weeks of operations, medical risks that ensured that not all came from the place in a condition to satisfy their exclusive clientele.

Those days were gone as rejuve regimes had replaced the waiting and risks. At first it had been the province of a few wealthy women, now it was the start of any major intervention. Half of White dedicated to the provision of the slaves, the other half filled with the women who discovered their lost youth and inflated a sexual energy that was donated by the Domains free of charge.

That was the other secret, the one that was hidden from all but a few of the seniors. That not just the appearance and vigour of youth was

given by the treatment, but that sexual need was enhanced and bestowed in equal measure to the smoothness of skin, the repair of organs and the renewal of damage and disease.

It was the females that rejuved that were affected, men's lusts were untouched by the process. Women became succubae, men were already satyrs!

More of everything, more needs to be satisfied, more lusts to be sated. A heightening of pleasure that was addictive and could only be satisfied by the Domains. And, ever more were drawn like bees to the blooms in summer. Seeking their youth, chasing their nectar, discovering that only the Domains could satisfy that desperate need to dominate and take what no man could ever give.

The nurse entered the next recovery room and regarded the patient. This attractive girl would wake in the bed of one of their clients in horror as she discovered that she was nothing more than a sex-toy for some woman who would lavish all of her love on her new plaything. Already the form trapped under the latex sheet was scarcely more than a helpless and defenceless dolly.

The nurse moved on and carried out the same series of controls and signed off the patient before hesitating and standing over the shape with a look down that evoked a smile. That tiny little cocklet was nothing but a clitty for the dolly's owner. Smaller than a little finger, it would stiffen beautifully to seem like a perfect model of what had been before. Even the tiny balls beneath were fully functional. Her hand touched where the slack little thing was trapped under the latex and stroked it momentarily.

Turned fifty just a year ago, the nurse looked to be around twenty-five. She too had paid the price of working in paradise as did all those who passed the doors as slaves, clients and staff. Addicted to the sweet orgasms, the intense and heady highs that became ever more demanding. She never thought of it in those terms. For her, there was no price, there was no penalty, only blissful climaxes.

Just two more to go and then she could return to her small villa.

Where her pet waited for her to arrive with wide terrified eyes.

Poor, vulnerable little pet, a toy who served in fear.

Not for her kitten, the mental fog and trained service.

Just the boyfriend that had betrayed her.

Begging to please her every wish.

Helplessly at her mercy.

Paying forever.

Rider & Ridden

Performing Bears

Subsidised: Kamchatkan oligarch Sergei Kutuzov.

Core Members: estimated 20-50

Methods: Blackmail, system penetration, personal data.

Entry: Worm/virus occasional phishing.

Specialisation: Cisco & Huawei systems.

First registered as active: 2024

Aims: A diverse group that has occasionally featured state subsidy. Their aims are not stated, but from the patterns of attacks, they shun infrastructure and government systems and concentrate on the exposure of politically exposed people (PEPs), mainly on the conservative and far right.

CIA Handbook of Black Hats 2038 Edition.

The sound of the door failed to wake Larissa. She lay splayed out on the bed with the sheet that covered her pulled down to her knees and the pillows clutched in her hands. Olga smiled and carefully put down the small case by the side of the bed.

It was all too tempting!

Off came the jacket, trainers and jeans.

A coin fell from a pocket and Olga cursed under her breath, but it did not wake the young woman in Olga's bed. Olga unclipped her bra and slid her panties the length of her legs.

Larissa moved, just turned a little and it tempted Olga to wait. The girl that had fallen into her lap was just the tonic she had needed. Dependent and in need, unafraid to pay Olga's price... as they had discovered just three nights ago.

She was just deciding how she was going to slide into the bed when a thought occurred, and she stooped to her case. From it she slipped Larissa's phone and padded over to the kitchenette. Carefully

unscrewing the tin that was supposedly shielding the item, she replaced the bar of chocolate that had stood in its stead for several days. Olga could be sure that the tin had not been touched. It still stood exactly in the same spot on the stain on the shelf.

Olga replaced the tin and turned to the naked girl in her bed.

Larissa was watching her and raised an eyebrow.

"Even I know the difference between a bar of chocolate and a phone," she said to Olga. "You took it to Boston..."

"Found out... ooh, you found me out!"

"And?"

"I have the files, of course," said Olga with a sheepish grin.

"And who else?"

Olga shrugged.

"Just a couple of guys who can sell them and get you started again!"

"You did all that for me?"

The tone was ironic and Olga wished that she had not been so tempted to take the phone and pass it to the team.

"For you, for me and for a little cash!"

Larissa crooked a finger and beckoned the Russian girl towards the bed.

"How much cash?"

"Three million..."

Larissa drew in her breath sharply and her mouth opened in shock.

"Three million?"

"And I still have a copy of them, though they are off the phone of course."

"Of course..."

Olga stood looking down at Larissa and felt a shudder of need.

"You little skank!" said Larissa. "Here now!"

Olga crawled onto the bed on all fours as her lover moved to sit with legs wide. The finger of one hand pointed at the smooth crack of her pussy, the other hand teased a nipple.

"I'm waiting!"

Olga looked up at the smiling face above her and then down to the place she longed to be. Larissa was no pushover, that had been proved three days ago, now that she had the moral advantage, she was going to make use of it to the full. She moved back to rest on her elbows and watched Olga sliding her face between her thighs. This was what she always longed for from Bart, but he had never really been interested. The touch of lips, of a tongue, of a face buried and working to push her over the edge.

"Two million?" asked Olga.

"Two and a half if you satisfy," said Larissa with relish. "My orgasms are half a million apiece, and cheap at the price!"

Olga nodded and licked her lips, then her pretty face slid between those strong thighs and the aroma of female excitement filled her senses of taste and smell. Almost immediately legs closed and trapped her, feet wrapped over Olga's shoulders and back to hold her down and fingers grabbed hair and pulled the Russian girl in tight.

"It'd better be good for half a million," she gasped and then threw her head back in abandon as the first entry caught her by surprise.

Larissa kept her lover trapped for half an hour, moving between climax and calm, screams and gasps while she tested Olga's endurance. The heels of her feet pressed down, her hips pushed up,

her hands pressed down and Olga struggled to escape and drag the occasional breath. A naked thrash of limbs and breasts, hands and feet as Larissa rode her conquest as if in a rodeo.

At last she allowed respite.

Lifted her feet and pulled the blonde head up to look up at her.

"Half a million? That was a ten-dollar fuck!" said Larissa with a laugh as she forced the face back down and gripped the pretty head with her thighs.

Olga barely had time to draw breath as the hips lifted and the hands pulled her deeper and deeper.

"Now make me come," said Larissa in triumph as she raised her hips high, bent her legs and pushed Olga between the cheeks of her ass. "Show me..."

A flurry of action.

A soft fight as wrists were grabbed and hands slapped down. Thighs clenched and weight was brought to bear. The winner stayed on top, the loser teasing and sucking her lover with a will as she was guided by the hand clenched in her hair.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, slut..." gasped Larissa as at last she came at the moment that Olga's knees got purchase and overturned the couple to break into laughter as they eyed each other.

"OK three quarters of a million," laughed Larissa.

"It's already in an account of mine," said Olga, licking her lips. "Now, how about you gonna give me some of that back?"

"Oh no, not like that, babes, more like this!"

Larissa lunged at Olga so suddenly that Olga had no time to react. One moment she was on hands and knees between spayed legs, the next she found her lover riding her back facing her ass. Every attempt

to slither free caused a hard slap on her ass before a hand stayed and slid from the back to push a finger into her wetness.

Olga wailed and other fingers pressed hard and began to strum over her swollen clitoris while the single penetrating finger held her rigid in place with slow movements in and out. She could feel the heat in her cheeks, the flush that spread from neck down and then another finger pressing into her rear.

"Fuck me, fuck me," she croaked as Larissa clenched her thighs and used both hands to take the Russian girl.

Violation and bliss, it was all too much for Olga and she fell to the bed flat with thighs wide as Larissa took her to each peak and then another. Each time a brief respite and then a harder penetration, fingers questing and searching for the weak points. Hands rubbing and pinching until at last she could take no more and started to weep.

"There, there, Olga," said Larissa as she dismounted her lover. "That's what happens to bitches who steal what is not theirs!"

Olga started to laugh.

"You watched too many of those films!"

"No, I just like to be on top," chuckled Larissa. "You, on the other hand..."

Olga pulled herself up and patted the gaping lips of her cunt gently. Even that small contact caused her to gasp. It seemed on fire, still running and dripping, hot and sensitive as if ready for more, but Larissa was already climbing from the rumpled sheets and the moment seemed to be lost.

"So, who gave you three million for a few files?"

"The Performing Bears..."

"That team of Russian hackers?"

"Exactly!" replied Olga.

"And, who do they work for?"

"Not the Russian Government," said Olga defensively.

Larissa sighed, "It's done now," she said. "When?"

"Last night they got their first look. The money was in the account in minutes."

Larissa looked at Olga and shook her head. How could she be so naïve? So clever, brilliant even at hacking, finding her way past defences, leaving behind no trace... and yet, when it came to this, she had given it all away.

"You realise that this changes everything?" said Larissa.

"Meaning?"

"You are on the run with me," said Larissa. "When the files get to Russia those that paid will regret their generosity..."

"Account closed," said Olga with a superior smirk. "No trace when I move money, there is *no* trail."

"That's not what I mean, dear little Olga. What I mean is that you need to be silenced! We are in a shit-load of trouble up to our asses. They don't give a fuck about the money, it's the source that needs to be eliminated."

Olga held her hand over her open mouth and her eyes opened wide.

"Your bag is packed, I have none," said Larissa as she started to pull on her jeans.

"Let's get the fuck out of here!"

Hunter & Hunted

That chip, the phone in your pocket. Every transaction that you complete, every place you go. This all makes up the register of who and what you are! The advantages are so alluring, the easing of life's problems so tempting, the payment of taxes and all the medical advantages fill pages of reasons why this is a 'good thing'. But, never again will you go 'off grid'. Never again will your legal peccadilloes be yours alone. From now and forever, you share your life with all.

Freedom & Liberty Website
Taken down 13th Feb 2038

The van pulled up, manoeuvred and slid backwards to the kerb. It sat there while those inside debated on tactics. Three women, one of them clearly in charge, the other two strong enough to make their points with no fear of their Mistress.

"I say that we just take them," said the first.

"Wait until dark," said the second.

"This is not planned the way that I like it," said Veronica with a shake of the head. "The reason that we're here is sheer guesswork, there are no safeguards and no way out. What if they are not there? What if they're armed? What if the bitch never even came here?"

"All the more reason to act quickly!"

"All the more reason to wait until it's safer and scout the place out. We could get in from the rear as well..."

"I don't like it at all," repeated the Mistress in charge. "This is a real fuck-up. Better do it now..."

The rear doors of the van opened, and the three women stepped out. One or two people were moving here and there and none gave the casually clad women a second glance as they stepped from the

battered vehicle. Veronica led the way, her hand behind her back on the butt of the slim pistol hidden under her loose blouse.

The entry system of the block was inoperative, the door hung loose and the three of them headed up to the second floor. When they got to the door that they sought, Veronica listened to the door.

A small signal warned the other two women that there were voices. They moved to take places to either side of the door while the Mistress of the operation planted a small smooth object as close to the lock as she could. A second, third and fourth were placed all around the door until Veronica was satisfied.

There were beads of sweat running on the faces of two of the women, Veronica was as dry as a bone. When the charges blew, the door fell face down away from them and Veronica was the first in.

Two men were in the process of taking the place apart.

One, the slim one, reached to his ankle, but already he was facing the drawn weapons of three women and he froze in the middle of the movement while the scene held.

"Exits," ordered Veronica.

One of the other doors was slightly open, but it closed sharply when Veronica's companions appeared. This was not a neighbourhood where curiosity was rewarded. By the time that one of the Mistresses looked back into the room, there were two pistols and a knife at her feet and both men were applying cuffs to their own wrists.

She cast a glance around the room.

Trashed, even the bed was broken into small pieces. They had both still been searching, so it had not been found. Veronica nodded to her companions who pulled police badges from their pockets and clipped them into their belts. Her own badge was hidden under the loose blouse and a small wave of the gun in her hand persuaded the two men to movement.

"OK, let's go, girls," said Veronica.

There was a heady feeling, now that the brief action was over. Satisfaction mingled with disappointment. But, the fact that these two thugs were even her showed that the trail was warm.

This was the room where the two girls had been, of that there was no doubt. The problem now was; what would they do, where would they go without a red cent to their name?

The highway was almost empty of traffic.

The bus trundled along at the designated limit of fifty, following the predetermined route with an accuracy that no human driver could have replicated. Every other vehicle moved at the same speed, each chained to the next by the system, each allowing the legal limit of thirty yards between them.

"It's sort of fun," said Olga in a whisper to Larissa. "I mean, here we are, Bonnie and Clyde on the run from them all. Three million in cash, a load of files that can be sold again and again and neither of us is chipped!"

"Well, thank God for small mercies," said Larissa. "Where is this bus even headed?"

Olga pulled the ticket from the machine out and scanned it.

"We are off to Atlantic City," she smirked. "Sleeping underneath the Boardwalk, that's where we'll be..."

"I should spank you for taking this all so lightly," said Larissa with a cross frown. "I can't believe that we're both on the run now." She noticed that the man in the seat to their front seemed to be paying attention to their words and finished with, "If my father catches us..."

Olga was about to speak, but her companion pointed forward and she nodded.

"You're right, I'm not being serious enough!"

"Thanks for that! OK, from now on, we keep moving until we know what we are going to do to get out of this," said Larissa.

She put her finger to her lips as Olga was about to speak and settled in for the five-hour trip. Olga looked irritated but did the same.

As the bus left New York State and headed into New Jersey a van pulled away from the kerb in New York, a messenger brought a note for Secretary of State Barrington that seemed to annoy him.

And...

A gurney carrying Bart into theatre for the second bout of his transformation operations.

Part Five – Jan 2040

In Roan

You're so brutal to those who love you, Scarlett. You take their love and hold it over their heads like a whip.

Margaret Mitchell
Gone with the Wind

Miss Lavinia Harries, star of screen and stage, lusted after by a million men in their wet dreams, envied by a million women as they dreamed of her looks. Actress Lavinia Harries, sixtieth birthday a week ago, thirty-five for the last ten years. Scarlett in that luscious remake of *Gone With The Wind*, Maleficent the Cruel in *Snow White* and a hundred other films in which she was *always* the star.

Mistress Lavinia, dressed to kill, ready for a day of amusing diversions, out of the public gaze where the adoration was almost claustrophobic. She opened the door and stepped into the warm breeze, stood a moment on the veranda of her villa and surveyed the kingdom where she was but one of the queens.

In her element, revelling in the dawn of a new day in the place that she adored. The only place that could satisfy her lusts, the kingdom of superior women like herself. Even here, where billionaires mingled with the aristocracy, she was deferred to and sought after as a partner in the pleasures of Roan.

The small trap stood awaiting her, the slave kneeled in the dust for her heels to trample as she mounted. Costume, make-up and poise all perfect, *this* role the one that should be awarded an Oscar. Not acting a part, here she could be what she deserved!

Mistress Lavinia loved the tight clasp of the jodhpurs on her thighs, the coil of the whip at her hip and the tan leather corset that lifted her perfect breasts. No riding shoes, just ankle boots with soaring heels and the spikey spurs that would urge a mount to a gallop in an instant. The finishing touches? Hair bound to a severe bun, tight gloves to her elbows, just the manicured nails arching from fingertips like the claws of the tigress that she imagined that she was.

Each step was a pleasure, a sway of the hips, a wiggle of that ass and a small motion of the hands. Without even looking at the steppingstone that took her to the plush seat, her heels gouged the kneeling slave's back as she took her place.

Mistress Lavinia took the long whip from its holder and the reins in the other hand and gave the signal to move. There was only one way from the cluster of villas and the stallion at her command took it at an elegant trot. Knees high, arms to the back of the broad collar and the reins an arc to the balls between muscular thighs. One of her favourites, the stallion displayed the curve of his erection as if hoping to be able to satisfy his rider with a little pleasure after the ride.

No need to use the whip, no need to pull at the reins.

But, Mistress Lavinia did so with elegant relish as she played a few strokes on the shoulders of the stallion, practicing the skill that came to her naturally. The trot became a slow gallop as massive thighs worked at her command.

This was a special day indeed...

A week ago, her sixtieth birthday, one of her many lovers in Hollywood had given a gift that awaited her at her destination. She knew what it was that Marcia had given, even decided the presentation, but that did not lessen the excitement as the cluster of buildings that were the stables came into view. Marcia! Wealthy and indulgent, a woman that knew what her lover and confident needed to bind her for the moment!

She too would be there, at the moment of revelation, Mistress Marcia, the one that shared her passion for virile livestock.

Now, Mistress Lavinia could feel the beat of her heart and used the whip to slow her stallion to an elegant dressage-walk that would show the rider to best effect at her arrival. Already she could see the welcoming committee, the sadistic and elegant women that ensured that every moment was perfect in Roan. By them, the friend who was her dearest companion, at the moment. The small carriage moved onto the wooden cobbles causing hooves to sound on the surface

with an echo and pulled up to where a slave kneeled ready for the Hollywood actress to step easily down.

It was not an act! It was Lavinia being who she really was. Stepping down elegantly to a small applause and patting that rampant cock as a reward for the stallion. After the touch, an indulgence, she did not even watch as it lifted and fountained as her finger touched the bracelet on her wrist.

"Darling," said Mistress Marcia as she clasped the birthday girl to herself and placed a small kiss on her lips. "A perfect entrance, you are the Queen of the Domains... Happy birthday, darling."

Marcia, the producer of many of the most recent films, emotionally dependent as ever! Mistress Lavinia kissed back and returned the greetings.

"A small toast..."

One of the Mistresses indicated the serving maid with the tray of champagne and all four of the women took a glass and raised it to Mistress Marcia's toast.

"Sixty and not a year over thirty," she started. "A small gift is waiting, but there is something else to celebrate."

They raised the glasses in a toast before Mistress Marcia continued.

"In just a month we start the shoot of the lavish remake of 'Breakfast in Tiffany's,'" she said. "Mistress Lavinia is looking at another Oscar, without a doubt, so another toast to her incredible acting, the seductress of Hollywood!"

She took a small bow.

"The Roan Domain has laid on a small diversion for you and your companion," said Mistress Isabella. "How can we not pull all of the stops out for one of our best clients? A woman who matches elegance and sexuality with perfect poise and sophistication. A model Mistress in all aspects!"

Mistress Lavinia smiled and nodded.

"Thank you all for making my birthday such a perfect experience," she said. "A week late, but then the party in LA could not be avoided. It is here that I belong and in Roan that my birthday is really celebrated."

Mistress Marcia chuckled and took her lover's hand.

"So, I think that we should start with the little gift that I have arranged, then we will ride out to experience the hunt that has been arranged especially for your birthday. Perhaps a bite of breakfast first?"

"Gifts first, then the breakfast... I have so been looking forward to this!"

Mistress Marcia made a small movement of her hand and the small group crossed the piazza at a casual walk. A larger carriage for four was being prepared, the stallions locked into the traces while two women organised the feathers of their crests. Even this early in the morning there was activity preparing for the day to come with several slaves brushing the cobbles and attending to other small tasks that would ensure perfection for the coming clients.

"God, but I love this place," said Mistress Lavinia as she surveyed a filly tethered to a post. "It's like a dream come true..."

The door to a stable opened and the small group walked into the shadows.

"Just for the award, after that back to the parlour of course," commented Mistress Isabella. "It is the morning milking right now and we felt that it should be done in the correct surroundings."

Stalls to right and left stretched away into the shadows. Each one with a stallion already haltered and prepared for the coming presentation. Three stable-mistresses followed the small group until at last they arrived at the end, where a huge wrapped present was tied with a silken bow.

Mistress Lavinia clapped her hands in unconcealed delight as Mistress Marcia indicated the bow.

"You know what this is, but unwrapping a gift is such fun..."

With her heart in her mouth, Mistress Lavinia surveyed the present and reached for the bow.

"I should give a speech," she said. "But, I just can't wait!"

Her gloved hand pulled at the ribbon and the silk fluttered to the floor. It tore the paper revealing a cute filly, constrained in stocks, naked and facing the group of mistresses in shock at the sight of their chuckles.

"Is that really *Jason Prattle*?" asked one of the mistresses behind Mistress Isabella.

Mistress Lavinia smiled down at the terror-filled face that looked up at her pleadingly and reached down to wipe a tear from his cheek.

"Was Jason," she said in reply before turning to her victim. "This is the director that cut all of the best scenes from my last triumph! The man that denied me a second Oscar that I so deserved for my role as Maleficent."

She patted the head and strolled around the captive before reaching down and slapping the soft ass that presented itself. Satisfied, she strolled back and slowly squatted, her thighs opening and revealing to her victim her dripping cunt that almost magically appeared before his face.

"This was the man that told me that I did not have the balls to take the place of my body-double for the erotic scenes! Now I have a single question for him."

She laughed at the little joke.

"Now I ask, where are your balls now?"

There was a pause and a chuckle from behind, but Mistress Lavinia just patted him once more on the head and looked round.

"I would like a little solitude, Marcia can do the honours," she said with a smile as she saw the row of ten stallions waiting for their use. "I wish to enjoy this in private..."

The tearful face looked up at the woman who shamelessly displayed herself and his lips moved.

"Please, Lavinia," he started to blubber.

"Mistress Lavinia, filly! You know that this is going to happen, there is no stopping it now! Perhaps if you show me that you love my little revenge and want to please me, then I will reward you!"

Jason could not speak, moans came from his throat as Mistress Isabella and the others slowly walked from the stables to leave him at the mercy of the two women who had planned their sadistic pleasure.

Alone with her victim, Mistress Lavinia stroked the wetness between her thighs.

"You see, I'm not so shy," she gasped. "Now you are the one with no balls. Literally! Let's see if you like what you see?"

Mistress Marcia led the first stallion to the rear of the fettered Jason and waited for her lover's signal. She looked over the naked man and watched as the nails of a hand moved to stroke the pussy that she so loved. One finger slipped inside and parted the lips while the other hand joined into the dance that caused Mistress Lavinia to flush.

"I think that he's ready to thank me for the first one," she gasped.

Mistress Marcia urged her stallion forward, one hand guiding the thick cock between the soft cheeks of the slave's ass, the other slapping the muscular rear of the stallion to thrust inside.

A thin scream...

"I don't hear that you are grateful!" said Mistress Lavinia.

"Oh God, thank you Mistress," gasped the mouth as fingers strummed a swelling clitoris.

"The first is the hardest, Jason," she said. "Don't worry, I am here for you all the way. By the time that you are full of all ten, you will be begging for the parlours!"

He screamed again as Marcia slapped her stallion and caused his release. As soon as the stallion was pulled free Mistress Marcia was moving the second into position.

"You took my Oscar from my hands, Jason! You didn't even mention me in your speech as you accepted! This is the price! Tell me you want to be fucked!"

"Please, Lavinia, please fuck me!"

"Tsk, ts, no 'Mistress'? That's a little impolite. Marcia, please..."

The second stallion was even larger than the first. Mistress Marcia allowed it full rein as her lover climaxed to the whimpers of her victim.

"Do you know where you are going?"

A shake of the head.

"I have reserved a place in the parlour for you. Every day there are five hundred stallions that need to be drained, you will be first in line to be fucked!"

He started to cry a few words, but the third stallion pushed home to make the words a jumble of terrified sound.

"I have another treat for you as well, Jason. In a month the work that has begun on you will be finished and you will become a nice little feminised slut. I told the mistresses here that it was important to make sure that you enjoy every moment of my revenge, so no training is going to be done!"

Mistress Lavinia started on the path towards her second orgasm. It was not the fucking that aroused her, but the sheer terror on the filly's face that drove her to heights.

"You will be milked and fucked until the end," she gasped.

Her little speech was interrupted by the climax that almost caused her to fall. Thighs aquiver, slickness running from fingers, a deep rose flush that rose to her face and breasts, small pants of gratification.

When it had passed she was once more able to torment him...

"Don't worry, I will look in on you, Jason darling. Every now and again. Just to make sure that you can thank me each time!"

The stallion was permitted to come...

Young Again

Higham Clinic - 'The place to find your youth' ©

Popularly known as Rejuve, the process by which DNA damage is restored by RNA derived by a complex process from stem-cells of the patient.

The process takes between two to three weeks and is often accompanied by a series of medical interventions during the coma that is induced to ensure complete control of the RNA viral package that is introduced. The results are usually satisfactory, though there is risk to brain stem and some of the internal organs if the process is not halted and the virus eliminated at a beneficial point.

The final results are to eliminate most signs of aging, however those over seventy cannot be brought back to earlier than a perceived medical age of thirty or forty years, depending on the quality of treatment. Organs are rejuvenated, skin is smoothed, bones are replenished, and the brain becomes alert and once more eager to learn and explore.

The current costs of Rejuvenation are around a hundred thousand dollars on the black market where the risk of adrenal failure and damage to the brain stem is at around five per cent and higher depending on expertise according to reports.

At around half a million to a million dollars the risks are far reduced to around a tenth of one per cent. The higher costs do not just reflect the actual rejuvenation treatment, but the other interventions that enhance the patient.

Recent studies have shown that many modifications can be carried through with a higher level of safety while the virus is active. The scars of these interventions vanish in weeks and the healing process is speeded by a factor of between three and ten.

In Higham Clinic, we push the 'forty rule' to the limit. We will make you up to forty years younger and you will feel as if we have managed to take of another ten years on top of that! At the very forefront of rejuvenation therapy and science, we can make you the person that you *deserve* to be.

The Higham Clinic offers a full range of safe and certified rejuvenation treatments with the accompanying during-and-after care that can be matched to both the desires and pockets of our valued patients.

From: Brochure of the Higham Clinic
June 2039

The light was dim.

A gentle warm light that came from above. It cast the shadow of the bars of the cage on the pet that was waking from a month of coma. All around was luxury, the cost of the vast bed alone was more than a Boston apartment, the silk curtains could have bought a farm in Kansas and the Chinese lacquered furniture was almost beyond price.

The young woman combing her blonde hair at the mirror had a wan smile as she counted the strokes from one to a hundred in slow time. Clear skin, with that slightly waxy texture that aficionados argued, gave away the application of rejuve treatment. To Mistress Diana there was no complaint, she was younger by sixty years that she had been a year ago, and seventy years younger than she had been ten years ago!

Even age fell to its knees and begged mercy in her presence!

She sat naked before the mirror and admired the perfection that was the result of the finest doctors in White. High breasts, large, but not vast like some bimbo slave. Nipples that tightened at a touch and smooth clear creamy skin that had replaced the translucent parchment covering of age. Veins showed, they always had, but now they were throbbing with young blood, not the tired blood of an old woman. The ribs showed. Just. Slight furrows that her fingers ran along

with considerable pleasure, narrowing to a waist that accentuated the hips and perfectly balanced ass that perched on the seat by the dressing table.

It had not been easy!

Not at all.

She still hesitated before stairs and felt a twinge of uncertainty before a prolonged bout with her favourite lover, but that was being overcome. Her strength and agility had not just returned, they had been enhanced and she found herself overcompensating.

Her slim hands pulled back her hair and began the complex task of creating a single plait. Ribbons lay in order to the side where the maid had arranged them and to Mistress Diana, this was no chore. She hated being personally attended to by the fussy and fearful maids, now at last she could dispense with their careless attentions and enjoy what should be a moment of calm.

Each collected gathering of silky blonde hair overlaying the next with the ribbon carefully following the curves. One by one she stroked and teased the hair forming the long cord that would hang to the curve at the small of her back. There was real pleasure in the perfection, almost no greying anymore, just a pale strawberry blonde matched by the intertwining ribbons.

A small sound behind her signalled that the pet was slowly returning to reality and she tapped the bracelet at her wrist that would ensure that the first sight beheld was the woman that owned her. The implanted lenses in the pet's eyes faded to impenetrable black and all sense of hearing was denied.

Not even turning to observe the cage, she continued with her hair, taking pleasure in the wisps of the strands that had been donated by some hapless slave. It felt like hers, it felt like it should, therefore it was hers and always had been, rooted in her scalp, a part of her as much as any other. As her hands moved to arrange the plait that was forming, she looked down and marvelled still at the long legs that were so elegant and attractive.

Small feet, just as she had always wanted!

How far she had come and how far there was to go, but the apex had been reached and the rest would come in time.

The ribbons were applied, the plait pulled a little to settle the weave and then the final pink ribbon that was the finishing touch. It was these small things that brought such pleasure, she decided. The absence of twinges at the joints, the tautness of her skin, the clear features that were almost a mask, but beautiful and desirable.

Strength and blooming health.

One thing had been left in place, or perhaps restored... she did not ask, she did not want to know. The small tattoo of a butterfly that was on the top of her thigh, the one that she had had done all those years ago. Faded to almost nothing, only she knew it's meaning as she remembered the first victim that had set her on this path to youth and power.

Poor silly widow, still on her leash, still a reminder of the beginnings of her fortune. Mistress Diana smiled to herself and allowed her legs to part.

There it was...

That most flawless opening.

Unmarred by any ornament, naked and soft, a tribute to a true artist with a scalpel. Even that, she had planned to perfection, and it showed. From feet to cunt, from breasts to slim neck, from lips to hair, the work had been done and now she was the ultimate Mistress, the one that ruled all of the others with a rod of iron, the one that outshone them all.

For the moment she would hide in the shadows before revealing the impeccable butterfly that had emerged from its chrysalis. Enjoy the veil of her disguise, relish observing every small detail of all those that did not know. She had waited so many years for this moment. Held out to the last, watched her realm grow, taken it all under her wing.

Now at last she was ready to enjoy the temptations and pleasures that youth and power would bring.

Behind her, the pet moved in the cage.

Discovered the terrible things that had been done in the name of Mistress Diana's little pleasures. Become a thing that could be tormented or teased, satisfied or denied, punished or pleased. The ultimate plaything, built to please, designed to satisfy...

She lifted from the seat and started to dress.

Casually exposing her nudity to the blind pet in her cage with no fear of being judged. Stockings that slithered to the tops of her thighs, slightly loose, just as they should be. Slid her small feet into the stilettos that were parked by the bed and then added the corset that accentuated her hips and balanced the long legs. Coming to an end just below her breasts, she slipped on a gown of diaphanous silk that allowed the vision of her perfection to be admired through its veil.

The pet was restless.

It could scarcely move in its gilded cage, but even so, it had discovered that it was not fettered and had struggled to stand on all fours as it was designed. Mistress Diana moved with casual steps and, stood to look down at her other creation. The last had been given as a gift, this one was merely created to take its place with a few small adjustments that she had decided were appropriate.

A lacy decorated skin, a pattern of golden strands that were almost not discernible in the low light. A pretty face to match those hanging breasts that invited the cane. This was her current idea of the perfect man. In a year that idea would change, and she would gift this one to some deserving Mistress. In fact, she was already bored with it, perhaps it would be interesting to find a new one?

Mistress Diana could feel the long plait at her ass and flicked her head to settle it to one side by her hip. She moved to stand between the light and the shuddering pet and then casually touched the bracelet to restore her pet's sight.

The head moved, the back circles that had swollen irises faded and the pet looked up at its owner with stare that caused the Mistress to shudder in pleasure.

"Tonight, you will learn how to serve me," she said in a silky tone. "The slightest disobedience will be punished in ways that you could never even imagine..."

The pet stared upward, and its lips moved as if trying to speak.

"Know yourself," she smiled, "but it is far better to know me, and you may last a little while to amuse me... perhaps?"

Her hand moved and touched the bracelet.

Tonight, she would do what she had longed to do. Mingle with the other clients, the Golds and Silvers, riders and Mistresses and they would not even have a hint that she was not *really* one of them. Perhaps wealthier, perhaps a little shy, perhaps even a little unsure of herself amongst the Mistresses that believed that they were the ultimate owners.

How could they know that she was truly a monster?

She owned them all, if only they knew it!

Drove them with whips of iron.

Her new pet would be prepared by her personal trainer for the duties that would occasionally be called for and perhaps she would use it.

Perhaps.

Or maybe Veronica would indulge her? A delicious thought...

Mistress Diana opened the door that led to her silver Domain and enjoyed every step in her high scarlet stilettos. Rejuvenated power surged along every sinew; satisfaction was guaranteed.

It was such a joy to be young again.

So much to look forward to.

In Flight

Perez is gone, but her legacy is to leave behind the possibility that any President can now run a third term. Not since Roosevelt has it been possible to run a third time. Now, when Barrington grabs the presidency at the end of the year, he could last forever in political terms. He is running against a no-hoper, Jackson has no chance at all as the Democrat. This could be the last meaningful election for a generation. Not since Trump disputing his second election in the courts has there been the chance of political stasis.

This is OUR time...

This is the message that we want to come across, that at last we have a chance of stability. Of strength at the helm, of consistent and meaningful long-term policies. Barrington Rossi must storm home, take command and put all those weak-kneed Democrats in their place once and for all. So, let's get out there and make this one the one that counts, the election that really does make America great again. A moral place where the blessings of Christianity are paramount, where we all do our bit to help, making use of our special gifts from God. Strong men to lead, loyal women to support them and all those others that don't belong in this continent can stay and serve or, get the hell out of God's own country.

Breitbart Front Page Editorial
Jan 17th, 2040.

"We've been through this so many times before..."

Larissa turned to Olga and stroked her face gently.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," said Olga as she moved from the soothing hand. "Three months of this and all we have managed to do is establish our new IDs. Three months is an age in our world..."

"Every touch of a keyboard, every time we hack, every time we move establishes a pattern," answered Larissa. "We still have so much to do to become secure. For instance, we need to get chipped..."

"Not that again, there's no way, no way at all."

"There's no way out, babes. I read that ninety per cent of the population has one now, we mark ourselves as abnormal every time we pull a card from a purse!"

"Well, I'm not, and that's final!" said Olga.

"You're being paranoid!"

"I have got good reason, look at those in that place, they were all trapped by being chipped."

"Fuck, Olga," said Larissa. "You promised that you wouldn't go through those files again unless we both agreed. You fucking promised! Tell me that you haven't been exploring?"

Olga looked sheepish for a moment and then defiant.

"I cracked that encryption last night."

"Without the keys? How did that work?"

"Poked around in their systems and found them in plain text. You know that they still use an Oracle database, of all things! Fuck, living in the last century, they are!"

Larissa's look of irritation became one of hard anger.

"You did what?"

Olga rattled on.

"It was so easy once I was in with admin rights. I even left a nice little backdoor into their system so that we can visit any time. There was so much media that it fills endless storage and then there are all of the control systems for the whole building. It's a nightmare tangle of..."

Larissa cut her off with a sharp slap to the ass.

"What the fuck? I thought that you'd be proud of me!" said Olga.

"Now we have to move again," said Larissa. "In hours, maybe, they'll be here. We are the only ones that could get in, don't you see that. It proves that we still have a copy of Bart's data..."

Olga moved to looking sheepish again and then brightened up.

"I was in, no trace at all, I poked around and then..."

"You left a few files on the servers, idiot. At some point there will be a file audit and we had better be fucking out of here before they arrive five minutes later!"

"From the state of the system, there are no audits," said Olga weakly. "Bart and all of the rest were all just careless idiots!"

Larissa stood from the bed and looked down at her naked companion.

"Get me a drink while you're up," said Olga.

"Get it yourself, Olga!"

Larissa moved to the window of the motel room and peeped out. A few people wandered down the sidewalk, nothing that seemed suspicious, but now there was a queasy feeling in her gut that made every passing person someone who was staking them out.

"I'm off. Come with me, don't fucking come with me, but I'm not hanging around for them!"

"OK, it was a bit silly, but we'll gotta have days of time!"

Olga moved on the bed and reached down for her jeans.

"I'm coming..."

"Well, get a move on."

Larissa was already half dressed and stuffing her pockets with her phone and cash as she pulled them up with the other hand. The urgency seemed to affect Olga now and she too hurriedly got dressed as Larissa waited impatiently.

"I can't believe that you fucking did that!" moaned Larissa. "All we had to do was nothing! That was all, do nothing and fade away. Become something else... We have the money, what the fuck?"

The two of them left the room. Larissa in front, Olga almost running behind as her lover stormed onto the sidewalk.

"We can split now," said Olga breathlessly as she caught up with Larissa. "Go our own ways, take the risks alone..."

Larissa suddenly stopped.

"OK then..."

"It's that easy?" asked Olga. "After three months and all we've been through, it's really *that* easy."

"I called a limo," said Larissa as she started walking again.

"Be a bitch then, but don't forget who it was that pulled your ass out of the flames," said Olga.

"I don't, but I can sure feel them behind me now!"

The white Tesla was their ride, and they piled in without Olga even asking where the ride had been booked for. The two lovers sat a minute in silence. Facing each other, hands on knees, avoiding locking eyes. Larissa's fingers tapped on her knee and Olga felt as if she had to fill the silence.

"I haven't told you it all."

"What?" said Larissa sarcastically. "You penetrated the CIA as well?"

"No, don't get like that. This is stuff you need to know even if we split."

"Like what?"

The tone was confrontational.

"The data that we got from Bart..." Larissa noticed the 'we' and pulled a frown. "Be like that! OK, the data that you got from Bart was in two parts. Media files and system files."

"I know that," said Larissa.

Olga persisted.

"Didn't you wonder why?"

Larissa shook her head. It was not that Olga was a better hacker than her really, it was more that Olga's gift was intuitive. She could see a system laid out as a map, all the linkages, all the reasons that it was configured like it was. That gave her the advantage...

"The media files might seem like the valuable parts. Faces we know in a place where they can fuck and play like gods. But, the other files are more important, the media files are just extracts of the juicy bits. All I wanted to do was to see how much of that stuff they had. The films, the blackmail stuff..."

"And?"

"Three hundred petabytes of media! Every minute in that building, every movement, every word, every fuck and every caning..."

"What difference does that make?"

"I'm getting to that, babes."

Larissa looked at least interested, even though she was obviously still in that first phase of pure anger.

"So, I poked around. I worked it out, there's five years of film on over a thousand cameras. Twenty tech log-ins and six thousand devices linked up to the system.

"Devices?"

"From doors to lights, of course. Then there's the cameras and mics. But on top of that there are loads of other things that I can see, but have never encountered before. I looked up the protocols later and all I can say is that there are three hundred system-controlled dildos alone!"

Now Larissa's attention really was focussed, so Olga continued.

"That's one bit, there's another thing as well, babes. The bit of the system that Bart had under his view is just a small part of the whole. In fact there's about five times more in total!"

"I don't understand."

"What was Bart? Network or programming?"

"Network, a little programming..."

"Exactly, he won't have seen the rest. It is like a top domain that looks down on the Blue Domain."

"Eh, I don't know what the fuck you are on about."

Olga started to laugh.

"That was a pun, the domain in the Domain..."

Larissa shook her head and allowed Olga to continue.

"The Blue Domain is the name of the place. Somewhere in South America, I think. Brazil maybe, but maybe Peru. I matched outside temperatures to weather reports! It is one of several that may be together in the same place. Anyway, there are over a thousand log-ins on the others. That's just the admins, then there are the rest. This is not just a fucking brothel used by the politicians and so on, it's almost a country in itself. Full of people hooked to devices, full of other people who own them and do what they want, full of slaves!"

"Fuck!"

Olga was in full flow.

"Fuck? That's exactly it! As soon as I realised, I was outta there. But not before I did one last thing..."

"Which was?"

"Look for someone."

"What, some famous name?"

"No, I looked for Bart, of course."

"And you found him?" asked Larissa.

Olga nodded.

"He went back to work there again?"

Olga shook her head.

"Then what are you on about," said Larissa with an almost scream. "Tell me and stop playing games!"

"Three months ago, he was taken off the admin lists. A week later he was added in a place called the White Domain. White seems to be a medical facility," she added with a shake of her head. "I couldn't make it out really, it's all in code. From there he spent a month inactive and I can't make it out. Afterwards he reappears, or at least the ID code used for him does. He now belongs to a woman named Miss Diana, apparently. I wanted to look for footage, but there was none to be had, not that I could find, anyway. But, there are six devices coded to him. One of them is some sort of media VR device, the others' functions are not clear."

"Oh my God," said Larissa and put her hand over her mouth.

"The spoon wasn't long enough!"

"The spoon?"

"He supped with the devil and his spoon wasn't long enough. Bart's a sex-slave..."

Larissa's lips moved. She was just repeating Olga's words slowly and Olga gave her enough time for it to sink in before she spoke.

"Fucking hell! *These* are the people that are hunting us down, babes. If they catch us..."

There were tears in Larissa's eyes. Not as though she was in love with the guy, but her own fear was starting to overwhelm her and she got the shakes.

"If we're going to escape them, then we need to get in again to understand what is going on," said Olga. "Then there's another problem."

"There's more?"

Larissa's question almost sounded like a plea for help.

"Yep, there's loads more. I put that backdoor in and then I found that someone else has already been in and left one! What's more, I know who it is, there is a line in the code that matches the Cyrillic for 'Bears'. We aren't the only ones with a problem!"

"They're Russian government," said Larissa.

"Sort of," replied Olga. "The point is that they have access to Blue Domain, but they didn't see what I saw about the rest. I know that because they are not a *patch* on me!"

A smug look came onto her face but Larissa did not acknowledge the boast.

"We don't have to do anything, this is going to blow up all on its own. If you think that the meddling in voting terminals is serious, just wait until they blow the politicians out of the water before the election."

"I don't care!" said Larissa.

"No, neither do I, but the result will be the Democrats winning the election!"

"They haven't a hope in hell."

"Not even if seventy per cent of the politicians using the Blue Domain are Republicans?"

The limousine slowed and pulled into the sidewalk. Larissa opened the door and waited for her Russian companion. Her head spun with all the information that she had heard, and she watched Olga step beside her and suddenly needed to put an arm around her shoulders.

"How did all of this happen?" wailed Larissa.

"That fucking boyfriend of yours brought a short spoon to the table and fucked up! That's how it happened. I opened the door and let you in, we fucked like rabbits and did not look closely enough at the stuff that Bart left hidden in your apartment. Right now, we need to disappear!"

Larissa pulled her payment cards from her purse and was about to drop them down a convenient drain.

Olga stopped her with a gesture.

"No, no, not yet. First, we move the money accounts around again. Then we go to ground. I can do it in an hour, get it out of sight in France or somewhere. Then we poke into the Blue Domain together and see what we can..."

An hour later, in a sidewalk café Olga put down her phone.

"Not a red cent left, it's all gone..."

"All of it?"

"Every fucking cent, we have nothing left of that cash at all. We're fucked!"

"That means that they are on to us," said Larissa.

“And, they know who and where we are,” said Olga. “Like I said, we’re fucked, or will be...”

President Andrea

Software Audit

Each file is to be compared to the secure encrypted file list. Attributes, file size and physical storage sector flags. Files in use are duplicated and the copies are used by the system during down time.

Time Req'd: 12 Hours.

Down Time : 15 Minutes

Each file that is not registered or does not match the audit database is curated by hand and accounted for. Temporary files are deleted.

Time Req'd: 1 day+

All admin logins, all biometric recognition files and all passwords (where used) are to be deleted and new files created.

Time Req'd: 2 Hours

Audit to be carried out every **two** weeks without fail. The audit is the personal responsibility of the designated auditor. Failure to audit to the required standard carries penalty schedule level 1.

Blue Domain Admin
Protocols V 03.04.09

Mistress Andrea Perez stretched out her legs and rested the spikes of her heels on the kneeling slave, enjoying the sight of the marks left from before.

"This is the last time for months," she said with a pout. "From now on, it will get pretty hectic. In a month comes my declaration as an independent. Then I get tossed from the party by Barrington and his cronies. Good job there's no governing to do after that, because there'll be no-one at their posts. They'll all resign."

"Not all of them," said Mistress Consuela with a smile. "I can think of three at least that will stay in place."

President Perez smiled.

"It will be difficult."

"But the prize is worth it," said the young blonde Mistress seated on the sofa opposite. "All you need to do is to win it..."

The President looked at the blonde Mistress and nodded. She could not understand why this young woman had even been invited to the meeting. There was the look of rejuvenation about her, but almost as if she had just turned back a handful of years. Mistress Diana was clearly important, but her position was not at all clear. Still, if Irene had wanted her here as her substitute, then she was one of the trusted few!

"In August we start the rumours that Barrington Rossi's supporters have been naughty boys and then we start releasing the film. By September the scandal will be really heated up, the FBI will get involved and then all hell will break loose when Rossi's little activities are released," said Mistress Andrea. "Perhaps the pet wife that was dead will be revealed and his poll rating will dive. By November the sixth, I will be a walk-in," said the Mistress who was also President. "Then the real fun starts. That's the general idea, so now tell me about Blue Domain."

"Bookings show that October is a good time to take it down," said Mistress Consuela with a look at the other Mistress present. "The clients get transported to our facility in Panama and it's there that they get arrested. That will put the seal on all attempts to pass the films off as fakery."

"Caught with their pants down," laughed Mistress Diana. "Once we are in, then we'll have them all rounded up and put on trial!"

Mistress Andrea nodded agreement.

"It will destroy the old establishment. Once it starts, we can have anyone we choose join them in the dock with any real or faked evidence that we need."

"And a state of emergency," said Mistress Diana. "You will be tainted, they are all part of your government now. How are you going to get through it?"

President Andrea Perez laughed.

"My dear," she started. "I know politics, it's my game with my rules. It's why I left the party of course! I will be the one to clear up my own mess. Everybody knows that I'm a good little girl..."

"At least you look after your pets," said Mistress Consuela as she looked at the footstool that bore the marks of its owner's tender cares.

"Plenty more where that came from," said Mistress Andrea. "This one has almost become a bore..."

Mistress Diana clicked her fingers and the distant maid with the drinks approached to fill her glass. Despite being young, seemingly perhaps in her late teens, she had the aura of a considerably older woman.

"Where is Mistress Irene?" asked the President. "She said that she would be present for this meeting."

"She's here," said Mistress Consuela.

The remark caused Mistress Andrea to look around the room. As if *she* would see any hidden cameras... there was a minute of silence as glasses were recharged and an explanation was rendered.

"I don't understand," said Mistress Andrea at last. "You keep playing these jokes! I needed to run through some of the details and you know how I hate a remote connection. Always open to being seen by those who shouldn't."

Mistress Diana stood and pulled back her shoulders. It caused her breasts to bulge a little from the top of her corset and the President found herself wondering what she would be like to fuck. She seemed like a sweet young thing, but there were undercurrents of unspoken threat that were at odds with the impression that she made physically.

"OK, so you have me at a disadvantage," said Mistress Andrea at last.
"Let me in on it!"

"It's her," said Mistress Consuela at last.

"I'm sorry?"

"I'm Irene," said the blonde with a light laugh. "A little rejuve, a little hard work in White, it can do wonders for one's complexion!"

Mistress Andrea moved to stand and took a step towards the young blonde woman with a look of uncertainty.

"I can't believe it! I think that I don't. When, where, I mean how?"

"When? I got out a few months ago. Where? Right here in White. How? Rejuve has taken a leap, we broke through the forty rule about a year ago and I waited until I had seen some of the results," said Mistress Diana. "*But*, for now, I am Mistress Diana and only a handful know who is in this perfect body."

Mistress Andrea looked from Mistress Consuela to Mistress Diana and back again questioningly. Then she took a step and reached out as if the evidence of her eyes was not enough.

"You don't mind?"

Mistress Diana smiled and hooked her thumbs into the top of her corset.

"Not at all, Mistress President!"

Hands moved and the perfect breasts were exposed.

"What I would give..." breathed the President as she stroked the smooth skin of an arm and fluttered her fingertips on the stiffening nipples that were exposed. "I mean, for those..."

"After the election," laughed Mistress Consuela. "The way that this rejuve thing is going, we'll all be teenagers again... or babes in arms!"

"And perfect," said Mistress Andrea as she withdrew her hand. "Something to look forward to!"

"The world will be a better place," smiled Mistress Diana. "All the Mistresses will be beyond compare, all of our slaves serving as they drool over what they can never have. No hint of this can get out, at the moment, I am enjoying the vacation of a lifetime."

"Diana?"

"Diana! My mother's name actually, old to get young! Seemed like a good one. For now, I am a young spoiled brattish girl exploring her wants and that's the way it'll be for the next few months."

On impulse Mistress Andrea leaned forward and planted a little kiss on Mistress Diana's cheek.

"You are good enough to eat," she laughed. "Interested?"

"Maybe, at least then I can say that I fucked the President!"

"Oh no, Irene, *I'm* the one that does the fucking!"

"Not with me, honey. Not with me!"

Goddess Diana

Is a person who 'rejuves' still the same person?

What about their immortal soul?

From a biological point of view, the man or woman that undergoes rejuve is the same person. Their DNA has been edited, but it has been edited with their own RNA. This is the *scientific* answer to that question. But, the moral questions are vexing...

The human and psychological ramifications of rejuve are yet to be determined. Seemingly, but this is only observation, the man or woman that undergoes rejuve experiences a new sense of being. 'Rebirth' if you want to take the common man's explanation of the effect. Is this a matter of chemical and physical renewal or, is this an intellectual, emotional and perhaps even spiritual change?

The jury is out on the answer, but in this small book, I shall endeavour to close in on the answer and show how God and Jesus will see the rise of the rejuve generation. The gift that they have, in their wisdom, given their chosen few.

'Rejuvenation and Renewal, A spiritual guide.'

From the introduction.

Rev. Cardi Brown. 2028.

She had always liked her name, but Irene smiled as she realised that the new name that she had picked for herself was just perfect. Diana, Goddess of the hunt, how appropriate! She took in her costume in the mirror and turned a little this way and that. Even though it was a couple of months since she had emerged from her cocoon, the muscle memory still made her hesitant and deliberate in every movement.

Only when she forgot herself could she glory in her renewal.

Her faithful pet in its cage needed exercise, nothing worse than being unable to perform. She reminded herself to get it put on the treadmill for a few hours to prepare for tonight's entertainment.

Her hand reached and touched the mirror before her to reveal the interface controls for her personal suite. A touch on the icon fashioned like a kitten's face and a window appeared that showed the present VR views that she had chosen. The view was as Daisy saw it, every object in the room in place, her own form standing with her back to the view.

She smiled.

Looking like some fairy tale evil queen, a black aura smudged around her. Black long hair and naked, alluring and frightening with the poisonous snakes that coiled around her arms and legs, rippling with sinew and gazing at Daisy with reptilian hate. Her skin with a bluish sheen, the heels that she wore suspended on needle-like spikes.

Unable to resist the impulse, she turned to face the caged pet and saw the shock and fright in Daisy's eyes. The face that now looked down from on high was his mother's, a small touch that Veronica had researched for her. Daisy backed up in the cage until its ass was pressed against the golden bars behind. Lips sucked at the gag that filled its mouth and a small indicator light turned green as it spurted into him. The reward for this behaviour was to turn the snakes attention to crawling over her reptilian skin and slowly slide between her legs to their soaking nest to leave just the questing heads waving at her thighs.

"Good Daisy," she said. "Later you will please Mummy..."

Was it the words or the adjusted voice?

Daisy made a small sound of terror and Mistress Diana turned back to the mirror and inspected the face that she had given herself for her pet. Not beautiful, not even pretty or feminine, but strikingly handsome. The face was Daisy's mother, the woman who was the cornerstone of his life.

Now, off to Roan for a few hours of fun and then back for the meeting with the just arrived Veronica. After that, Daisy and his mother would play a little before bed...

A small touch at the screen called room service and almost immediately there was a light tap at the door.

"Come!" she called, but stayed watching the screen.

It was all so fascinating and new. The install had cost tens of millions for this virtual reality world in Silver, but it gave the finishing touch to the luxurious and degenerate place that exuded indulgence. Each Mistress able to control the environment that their slaves experienced to add a whiff of terror or romance to the experience. Nearly a quarter of the suites were fitted now, the rest would follow in the next year.

And, when no Mistress was in view, the system ran its training and reinforcement to ensure that no moment went unused. So, when she left for Roan, poor little Daisy in tutu and flounces would be worn down by endless sounds and experiences that strengthened subservience and obedience. Perhaps a virtual whipping or punishment, a violation controlled by the devices attached that would be so real that Daisy would suffer endlessly.

In the screen, Mistress Diana saw the maid enter. She saw it from Daisy's view, the tight latex costume, the raw marks of the whip on her back, the steel punishment stilettos and the tubes that trailed from between her legs out of the door. When she turned to see the maid with her own eyes, she almost burst out laughing. In a pretty black and white frock, the little cocklet in its cage and the sheer stockings that smoothed her legs.

"Daisy will spend five hours on the treadmill when I have left," said Mistress Diana haughtily. "Any slacking and the cane will be used..."

"Mistress!" said the maid, keeping her eyes on her blonde Mistress with a look of awe. "May I ask if there is anything else that you desire?"

"Dress me," answered Mistress Diana. "For Roan..."

The maid moved gracefully on her heels. Moving briefly to the changing room and returning with a small neat pile of clothing. Mistress Diana stood to allow herself to be able to see the effect of the VR in the mirror and waited as the maid carefully made neat piles of the clothes.

Knee high boots, short wicked spurs at the heels. Mistress Diana preferred to ride carriages rather than saddle some stallion, but the effect was quite stylish, she decided. For Daisy, the spurs were long and savage, knives that curved up from heels to diamond points. The snakes seemed to resent her being dressed and emerged to slither away while the outfit slid onto her naked skin. Seamless jodhpurs that were really just another skin with slight bulges at the hips. A loose silk chemise that allowed her breasts to be revealed with each movement and long gloves over the elbows. A little accessorising with the coiled whip and cuffs at her waist and then on went the boots, tightly laced now that the jodhpurs were tucked into their tops.

She moved and took it all in, glorying in the sight of herself. The long blonde hair a single plait interlaced with black ribbon and finished with a silver clasp.

Stunning!

"How do I look?" she asked the maid.

The idea that a Mistress could possibly want the opinion of a feminised slut almost threw the maid into a paroxysm of terror, but as a senior maid, she managed a satisfactory answer.

"Mistress, you are a goddess!"

The maid looked up from where she laced the boots tight and bent to kiss the toes before continuing.

"Your name?" asked Mistress Diana.

"I have not been awarded with a name, Mistress."

"Mmm, are you as proficient at pleasing with your sissy-pussy as you are at preparing a Mistress for her days pleasures?"

The conversation was becoming almost too much for the nameless sissy. Never before had she been actually permitted to speak to a Mistress about herself and tears filled her eyes.

"I hope that I satisfy," she whispered. "Goddess. I usually serve in the crèches with the toys and have not been punished for being insufficient!"

"Good, you may be of some use to me tonight... Ensure that you are present at the door from eight this evening and if you satisfy, then perhaps you will be chosen as my personal maid..."

Mistress Diana looked down at the abject plaything that she was rewarding and noticed a slight stiffening in the tiny cock that hung from the smooth groin.

"There are punishments and rewards," she said. "You will experience both if you become my intimate maid. But, you will need a name..."

"Mistress, that is for you to decide!"

"So it is, but I am feeling indulgent. When you return, you will have thought of a name for yourself that is suitable. Hope that you choose wisely..."

"Mistress, I am honoured..."

"You are indeed! Make sure the room is ready, exercise Daisy and I will be expecting you for the evening."

The maid tied off the laces of the boots and moved to stand.

"I prefer you crawling, I may be indulgent, but your place is on your knees."

The maid looked up at Mistress Diana's face and waited for more demands, but the Mistress had already forgotten her and moved to leave the room. With the little cock hard and upright just below the petticoats of her dress, the maid rested her hands on her knees and hung her head submissively.

The wooden blocks that made up the saddling piazza in Roan were undergoing their renewal. Endless stilettos, hooves and iron shod wheels took their toll. Several slaves from the farm were hard at work planing them down and varnishing them. A Mistress in a red jacket was leading a stallion to be saddled and a carriage was being prepared for Mistress Diana.

Dismounting from one of the traps that ran between the various Domains onto the backs of the slaves who served as steps, Mistress Diana looked over her perfect kingdom and sighed. All those years ago, she had never dreamed that adding that rich widow to her possessions would flower into this Eden of female domination. As though a dream was realised, over-realised. Perhaps just five of the seniors knew her in her new disguise and she relished the experience. To mingle with like-minded women who were eager to taste true luxury and indulgence.

Waiting for her was Mistress Isabella, one of those not in the know. Mistress Diana, the erstwhile Miss Clearmont, watched her approach and stepped down to the freshly varnished cobbles.

"We have the trap ready for you, Miss Diana," said Isabella. "I understand that you selected a particular filly for the outing."

"Indeed, I fancied a little run up to the farm and back to blow the cobwebs from my mind."

"As you like, but can I suggest that this mount is not suitable for long runs. Can I suggest a fine pair of stallions as a replacement?"

"No, I want the filly that I chose, if you please!"

It seemed for a moment that Mistress Isabella was going to argue, but instead she just smiled and shrugged.

"As you like, Miss Diana. I suppose that you have chosen her for a particular reason?"

Mistress Diana nodded and smiled.

"I understand that the filly in question was prepared in Korea before being stabled here?"

Mistress Isabella smiled assent and then made a small movement of her hand to the stable Mistress on the other side of the piazza.

"Ah, then I quite understand. I don't remember you being there at the race."

"You wouldn't," replied Mistress Diana. "But, I had considerable interest in the result. Mistress Kai!"

"A name that I haven't heard for years. Now she is just a numbered filly. We won a small gymkhana prize a year ago for her dressage. She took the silver in Panama. As I said, more suitable for shorter runs, but she should be able to make the farm and back."

Mistress Diana nodded and shrugged. Even from just a few feet, a woman that she had known for years was unable to recognise her! The pleasure of the deception was delectable and for a moment the Mistress almost had a twinge of need to take Mistress Isabella to one side and reveal herself. But, the sensation passed and she raised an eyebrow as a filly emerged from the stable doors already harnessed to a lacquered trap.

The carriage was light and airy, a delicate frame, vast thin spoked wheels and the filly pulled between the shafts with a high step. The filly was almost naked, just the straps and harness at waist, shoulders and between her thighs as was normal for such a light vehicle.

A splendid sight!

Mistress Diana noticed that the filly had been fitted with the punishment harness as specified. High boots, no easy hooves for this one. This was the woman that had betrayed the Domains, no task was ever given except under the most stringent circumstances.

"I just love the look," said Mistress Isabella as she noted the smile on Mistress Diana's lips. "Arms are not needed to pull a carriage and she is fully broken to full cheek bit and rein snaffles as you requested."

The bit between the filly's lips was finished with small crossbars that ensured the slightest pull on the reins to be transmitted to the mare. The snaffles between her thighs adding a little urgency to the rider's commands.

"When do you anticipate returning?" asked Mistress Isabella.

"Oh, I'll be back by five, I think. It depends on whim..."

Mistress Isabella nodded as the filly pulled up and a slave crouched on the cobbles to act as a step. The tall blonde Mistress stepped up and settled into her seat. Clearly, she was an experienced rider despite her years. Clearly there was a whiff of rejuve there, but Mistress Isabella was surprised that she had only seen this woman in the last few months. She already had a reputation as a strict young madame and Mistress Isabella hoped that she would not damage the filly unduly. After all, she was booked nearly every day by the women that took the greatest pleasure in having an ex-Mistress as their mount.

A slight touch of the whip on a naked shoulder. The tip barely doing more than giving a slight tap and the trap pulled away with its smiling rider high on the seat. Mistress Isabella watched the carriage making a single round of the piazza before it moved at a trot in the direction of the farm.

Mistress Diana was a conundrum.

Beautiful beyond beautiful, a body to die for and a casual sadism that was a pleasure to behold. Mistress Isabella reminded herself to check on the woman in the system and moved to stand and watch the yearly renewal of the courtyard's progress.

An hour later, she logged into the system and sought Mistress Diana's information. Strange to say, there was just a name, her merits and visits marked. That she was in a premier suite in Silver and that she had a special interest in Pink and Roan. No personal details at all.

More was not to see!

Mistress Isabella merely raised an eyebrow and decided that Mistress Diana was one to watch and be careful with. Obviously connected at the highest levels.

The cobbles on the road gave way to a hard-packed grit that allowed a little dust to puff up at the strike of each foot. The Mistress on the driving seat picked a steady trot as the desired pace and settled down to enjoy the ride. It was perhaps an hour to the area that she had in mind and it would not do to be stranded because she had overdone the pace.

Interesting to see the other side of her Domains, she thought. That the level of service and support was set at a high level by those in charge, and that there was a business-like and serious air to it all. Pink was perhaps her preferred Domain, but there was real pleasure in taking the occasional trip to Roan to clear her mind.

She stopped and watered the filly and stroked the muscled flanks. A couple of years in Roan had brought the former Mistress Kai to a peak of fitness that was perfect. Strong thighs, a curvy ass and high breasts that were tightly harnessed for show. The lack of arms was also interesting, not so much a fashion on this side of the Pacific, but very much in vogue in the Far East. It leant a balance and elegance to the mare and Mistress Diana decided that it would be good for all of the livestock to be fully purposed for their role in life. It would reduce flexibility of use, but then again, this mare was only for pulling and fucking anyway, so it didn't really matter what small adjustments were made.

Once the filly was watered, Mistress Diana slipped a hand between her thighs to see that the snaffles were in correctly. Nice and deep, filling the mare and fully charged to add a little electric excitement should it be desired.

They set off again, this time alternating the reins with the snaffles. The filly managed three long climaxes without breaking step and the Mistress moved the trot to a gallop as the farm came into view. A final climax and the speed left the filly almost dead-beat in the traces and Mistress Diana moved to tie her to the post.

"Well done bitch," she said as she put a finger underneath the chin of the former Mistress. "As long as you perform in Roan, you will enjoy the

benefits," she said. "If you do not achieve the standard, I will have you packed off for the use of the livestock here..."

The Mistress' comment caused the first emotion that the mare had shown. A wide-eyed terror that filled the pretty face with dread, much to Mistress Diana's amusement.

"The stallions here need breeding every day to keep their strength up, you would do well here... there are hundreds of them and a pretty mare like you would be so popular!"

She turned from her mount and saw that a woman had emerged from the farm buildings to greet her.

"We had word that you would come," said the woman with a grin. "They love Roan, but are mostly too fastidious to pay us a visit!"

"Just curious," replied Mistress Diana. "I hope that I came in time for the covering?"

"This way..."

"Bring the filly as well... it will be a lesson for her."

The Mistress shrugged and unhitched the trembling mare from between the shafts of the trap.

"That's right, Ma'am, just to the left."

Mistress Diana, with her companion and the former Mistress in tow turned into a low building that was filled with the smell of sweat and fear. It housed a row of low stocks, each of which was occupied by one of the slaves whose duty it was to keep the other livestock in peak condition. Most stood with feet clasped in fetters, their asses high and presented for use. The rest were reversed, gags ensuring that they were ready for use as the first of the livestock were brought in for their daily reward.

"I can't understand why you don't get more visits."

"Oh, squeamishness, I suppose, Ma'am. The Mistresses on vacation want a full *fetish* experience. It's all about perfection and not the grind that makes this place work. They are not interested in the running of the place. This is a real place, if you get my meaning..."

"Quite," said Mistress Diana. "Personally, I love it all..."

"One of the few, dear," said the Mistress as the first stallion was lined up with one of the fettered slaves. "Now then, if you haven't been here before, you should know that each one is permitted just five strokes a day. After all, we have a lot to get through..."

"It's fine, if I need an explanation, I'll ask," said Mistress Diana haughtily.

The Mistress did not allow any emotion to show, but just stood between the filly and the blonde Mistress as the scene unfolded.

Each stallion or other slave was supervised by the five Mistresses that ensured proper behaviour. Clearly a few favoured slaves were the first in line and they lustily took their reward for a hard days' labour with the prescribed five strokes before being led off for the next in line to enjoy the moment.

Mistress Diana watched in interest and then cast a glance at her mount who was shaking as she combatted the terror of the object lesson with dread. Turning back to the third exchange of livestock, Mistress Diana felt a pride in what she had created. This was the place that really represented what she had in mind when she had created the Domains. Service without choice, slavery for her benefit... All the millions that she sowed and reaped over the last years were paid back in this five minutes.

It was apparent that those facing the onlookers were being punished. Hard cock slid between their lips, endless come delivered at each set of five strokes. How different from Pink, where the sissies minced, and the feminised slaves were fucked and punished in such delicate and refined circumstances for the pleasure of their female betters.

Here, at the farm, practicality was combined with harsh rules that ensured that a constant stream of slaves was needed to maintain the status quo.

Only the Blue Domain is a blot on my copy-book, thought Mistress Diana to herself. A breaking of her own ideas about the way that the world should be. A trade off... And, that would be expunged in just a few short months, disposing of these men that thought that they were lords and masters.

Standing by the trap in which she had arrived, Mistress Diana watched the mare being hitched between the shafts. Clearly, she had not recovered from the effort of getting to the farm and her legs still trembled with the effort on the behalf of her Mistress. Still the pleasure of frightening the traitor had amused Mistress Diana, and what was the filly for if not amusement?

It was done, her filly had absorbed the lesson of what it was to betray the Domains, the live-stock were drained and now all that remained was the lowliest of the slaves to be led in to ensure that the hall was ready for the next day's round.

"Thank you for the tour," said Mistress Diana as her mount was locked into the harness. "Interesting to see how this side of the Domains functions..."

"Hard work for us all," said the Mistress as she gave a slap to the ass of the tethered filly. "But, there are compensations!" She gave Mistress Diana a conspiratorial wink and nodded towards a huge muscular stallion that was hitched between the shafts of a transport carriage.

"There are always compensations," laughed Mistress Diana as she mounted the seat of the light trap. "Make the most of them, you all deserve it!"

"Good ride!" came the call as the carriage started to roll and the mare lifted her knees high at each step.

"Every ride is a good ride," called back Mistress Diana.

Standing at the door to her personal owner's room, the maid had her hands behind her back, was presenting correctly with one foot before

the other and kept her eyes downcast as Mistress Diana strolled with her arms linking another woman.

Adept at looking without looking, the maid caught a glimpse of Miss Veronica as the partner on the blonde Mistress' arm and felt a chill as she realised that the woman who had chosen her as a plaything must be one of the highest of the high! Mistress Veronica, the weapon of choice for Mistress Clearmont herself. Always casual, almost never fetishistically attired, the woman who had personally abducted half of the sissies and slaves in the Domains.

"So, have you caught the two runaways yet," Mistress Diana was asking her companion. "Last time I heard, they paid us a visit!"

"It's almost impossible to anticipate every break into the system here," Veronica replied. "It is vast and it has a thousand connections with the outside world. Blue had a visit by the Russians as well, apparently."

Mistress Diana sighed and unlined Veronica.

"Just catch them before the news breaks too fast! We have to be in control of the release... Who we want to destroy and how we want to do it."

"No media taken," said Veronica. "I'm investigating and it's just a matter of time before we get our hands on those two fugitives."

Her admission of failure frank and open.

The maid felt her knees almost give as the two senior women approached her, managing to open the door and follow them in without tripping over her ballet stilettos.

"This is a perfect suite," said Mistress Diana, ignoring the maid that silently followed them into the room. "But, I would prefer a separate villa, do you think that there is time to get it done before the election?"

"Three weeks," said Veronica casually. "Just give a list to Consuela and it will be done."

The maid listened and wondered how it was that even a Mistress with Veronica's power could miss out the honorific before Mistress Consuela's name. It sounded so strange!

Mistress Diana turned to the maid and smiled.

"So, what name have you chosen for yourself?"

The maid felt so self-conscious. Just behind her newly acquired owner, the formidable Veronica was standing with a raised eyebrow.

"You are allowing the sluts to pick their own names now?" asked Veronica doubtfully.

"If she picks badly, then she will just be called 'Slut', like all of the rest," said Mistress Diana with a faint grin. "Sluts don't last long... So, what did you choose?" she said as she turned back to the maid.

"Mistress, I chose 'Puppet'!"

Mistress Diana turned to Veronica and winked.

"See, they *can* be inventive and it's nice to see them humiliate themselves so nicely! Is this one of yours?"

Veronica moved and looked at her phone and flicked on the screen. "I don't remember, there have been so many, no wait a sec, this one I do remember. I just never saw her after the sissification and gelding. One of a batch that we took from a cruise ship in Chile. This one used to be called 'Eric'."

She looked up at the maid and nodded.

"Eric was a naughty little girly, very naughty! When the girlfriend discovered that Eric had gone on vacation with some slut from the office, she paid a little to have Eric taken and feminised so that he could never cheat on her again."

"There's always a story," chuckled Mistress Diana. "I find her quite sweet actually." She turned back to Puppet. "Now, I would like you to run a nice bath for me and wait by it to serve," she said.

The maid curtsied low and slipped out.

Mistress Diana looked at the slave in the cage and shrugged.

"This one is good for nothing, really. I don't know why I even wanted it around. I have a more ambitious seduction in mind."

Veronica nodded.

She could feel a heady elation in her mind. It was always such a thrill to serve her only Mistress and this would be one of the rare occasions when it was possible. It would be strange not to have the mature Madame in the bed, the blonde beauty that stood before her was possibly even less attractive to her tastes!

"You can choose," said Mistress Diana with a chuckle.

"No, it's just that I had a pleasure from serving Irene and not Diana. It's not all about the looks with me!"

"Well, you are a bitch to the woman that owns you," laughed Mistress Diana. "When you are burrowing between my thighs with my perfect ass at your lips, you may think differently."

Is Veronica the only woman that I can even pretend to treat as an equal? wondered Mistress Diana.

"You have that bath and I'll be back in an hour," said Veronica with a small bow. "Then we can catch up properly and I can test that new body of yours..."

"You could have one too," said Mistress Diana.

"When I'm good and ready," laughed Veronica. "I lost a few years already, a second jump would confuse everyone!"

By the time that Mistress Diana arrived in the bathroom, it was half full. As she strolled in, her maid was testing the water temperature with an elbow and then looked up with a worried look.

"Undress me, Puppet."

“Mistress.”

Peeling off the clothes that she had so painstakingly put on a few hours before took half the time. Only the boots took any effort and in a minute Mistress Diana was naked and offering a hand to the maid to steady herself as she slipped into the water.

Hot and perfect, the water slid over the smooth skin like a teasing glove and Mistress Dian felt her temperature rising. A bath was the perfect entrée for a little play and the maid was just provocative.

As she slipped into the heat and felt herself prickle, Mistress Diana lazily reached to lift the flouncy hem of the maid's uniform. Once again the little cock stood nice and firm. The length of a middle finger and just about the same girth, it was perfectly formed with a sweet little purple tip and velvety skin that was pulled back to expose it.

“Very nice, Puppet. I notice that you are not restrained... when was the last time?”

“A year, Mistress.”

“Ooh, a whole year of self-control,” said Mistress Diana. “That's good, do you really think that I may permit you to come?”

The maid nodded, and then shook her head.

“I think that you're right,” said the Mistress with a pout. “Perhaps if you are so enthusiastic that I am pleased... it might just happen. What do you think of that?”

“I love you, Mistress.”

“Ah, that we'll see. Now we start with my hair! It always stays only a short time in the water and then you wash and comb it to make it perfect. After that, we will have time for a little pampering, a little foreplay. Then Veronica will be here and you will be expected to make sure that our love-making is perfect.”

The maid nodded and started with her tasks while the perfect Mistress floated in the heaven of her hot bath. Carelessly she drifted, while the maid kneeled by the tub and gazed at her perfection. The look was not merely one of servile terror of the young blonde in the bath, but a magnetism that went far beyond servility. She stared at her Mistress and felt desire to please and satisfy this Goddess while her little cock stood almost hard and longed to be caressed.

Mistress Diana opened her eyes and yawned. The heat of the water and the perfume that had been added, the steam that rose all conspired to relax and set her in a pleasant frame of mind.

Perhaps the maid needed teasing?

Just a little.

"Stand," she ordered, and the maid slowly stood by the tub.

Now that little penis was exposed in all its miniature perfection. Just behind was the smooth skin where once the manhood had been complete and Mistress Diana made a small movement with her hand to cause the maid to lift her petticoats clear of her hips.

"Cute," smiled the Mistress.

Her hand almost, but not quite touched the tip of the maid's erection and then slid to briefly touch a soft thigh. It drifted a little further and then moved to stroke her nipples with idle caresses that the maid's eyes followed with desperation.

"So, my little Puppet!" said Mistress Diana slowly. "What price would you pay for me to touch you and make that little clitty spurt?"

Puppet made a slight whining sound.

How could this woman have guessed what she most wanted in the world?

"Ma'am," she said in a high-pitched whine. "I would do anything for you, anything and not even dare to expect you to make me so

lucky..." her voice drifted and the end of the sentence could not be heard by the woman that tormented her.

"Mmm, that's nice. Perhaps?"

The hand moved again and reached, just failing to make contact. As it approached the little cocklet lifted and a single clear drop of fluid hung like a dew drop at the tip.

"I can make you come for me," said Mistress Diana, "but that would spoil the fun! I think that it would be so much better if you can do it all by yourself..."

Puppet was in heaven, permission was given! Hesitatingly she raised a hand, but the smiling Mistress pouted and shook her head.

"No, no, no, you naughty little slut! You are certainly not given my permission to touch yourself. How would it look if I allowed the sissies here to play with themselves after all of the hard work that has been done to make you belong to us?"

The hands hesitated and the maid looked down. Now the game rules were clear, this had to be by force of will alone and the maid knew that it would never happen.

When she looked back at Mistress Diana, she saw that her Goddess had lazily opened her legs and put her feet on the edge of the end of the tub. A hand quested between thighs and slowly opened the perfect pussy like a bloom. Parting the lips, revealing the inner folds, the clitoris that thrust from its tiny tent of flesh, the darkness between that needed to be filled.

Puppet watched and she realised that for the first time since she had been gelded, her cock was hard, fully straight. Without the control chip inside being activated, without any contact, the little cock was moving up and down all of its own. The droplet that hung dropped on a strand that broke and Puppet whined in repressed passion.

How she longed to touch.

To feel Mistress' rounded breasts.

Touch her, please her, serve her, be hers.

Eyes locked, lips curved to a thin smile and the maid gasped as a trickle of come dripped. Her thighs clenched, her ass clasped the plug that was buried deep inside. Her lips opened and she came so slowly that there was no moment of elation, but merely the pleasure of obedience at being able to do as she had been commanded.

"My, my, you really are a good little girly. I would think that you are so glad that you are here, with me..."

There was no implicit question, therefore no words were answered, but another small moan in Puppet's throat hinted at her answer.

"It would be such a shame to take that little cock..." said the Mistress with a small laugh. "Leave you smooth and undistracted from being a good slave!"

The maid hung her head.

"On the day that you leave my intimate service, you will be cut, Puppet," said Mistress Diana. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"And, what would the reason be for being dismissed?"

"Mistress, if I failed to make you happy."

"That's right, Puppet. Reward and service, punishment and fear, this is all I care about. Serve and you may be rewarded, but the fear of punishment will make you mine. All you have to do is to learn my needs and fill them. Any less than this and you will find yourself in Crimson on a block discovering that there are far more cruel women than me! Make yourself mine and occasionally, just occasionally permission may be given for you to experience just a little indulgence."

Mistress smiled, the lips moved, the cheeks creased, but the hard eyes inspected Puppet with a stare that could not be faced. Relaxed and

luxuriating in the hot bath, at ease, but cold as ice. The maid stood, head hanging looking at the soft cocklet and the drips on her stockings and the laces on her ballet shoes.

"You will clean yourself up and be ready, I have to get ready for tonight's play and need to look my best."

Worshipping Goddess

Cruelty, like every other vice, requires no motive outside of itself; it only requires opportunity.

George Eliot

"It's been months and I still can't get over it," said Veronica as she sipped at the whisky and then ran her fingertip around the edge of the glass. "I know that you are Irene, but then I see you and doubt my senses..."

She was standing, her Mistress sitting comfortably on the edge of the vast bed. Despite this, the difference in height and the positions of the two women, it was clear who ruled and who was the servant.

"I am not so sure that I am me, myself," said Mistress Diana with a small chuckle. "When I look in the mirror, it is almost like watching a film! I still reach for support when I stand like an old woman, just habit I suppose..."

"It's perfect," said Veronica, "almost *too* perfect."

Mistress Diana moved her hand and cupped a breast.

"Do you think that it changes anything between us?"

Veronica looked doubtful for a moment and then shook her head.

"You still own me, you are still the woman that is obeyed, the Mother that I need."

"That's good to hear, but occasionally you will have to prove it for me and now that I feel a little more vigorous than before, it will be more often," said Mistress Diana.

Mistress Diana might have changed, but her dress was traditional. A silk blouse that was open to the third button, the straight tight skirt to below the knees and the sheer stockings that disappeared into plain

black stilettos. Impressive in its simplicity, adding a stern touch to her beautiful face and smooth skin. She wore the filigree collar of a gold like a crowned queen, the carriage of a senior.

"Puppet!"

The command from the Mistress brought a recharge to her glass.

"It has been a while..." said Mistress Diana with a sly smile. "Time for you to show where your loyalties lie."

Veronica set down her glass and moved to kneel before her Mistress. From the point where Irene had picked her from the street and created her right-hand from qualities that no one else had appreciated, to this moment, the symmetry of the relationship had never changed. One was Mistress, the other, servant. One was mother and the other her child. Veronica was as close to being a daughter than any woman could be, guide and mentor, user and abuser all in one.

Mistress Diana watched with satisfaction as the younger woman kneeled at her feet. It had been a lifelong vocation, bending the character and mind of this strong woman to her purpose. Methodical, effective and careful, Veronica had not been easy to direct, but the endeavour had been well worth that effort.

One of the few women that Mistress Diana knew who genuinely had a truly fetishistic mind. Hooked to the symbols of power that were so easy to provide. There were so many women that loved the dress, loved the latex and nylon, the heels and laced corsets to wear, but Veronica was one of the few that could be entranced by them beyond mere enjoyment.

"Like?"

Veronica nodded.

She could feel the power and was attracted to it like a moth to the flame. She could resist, she had the mental strength to put her fetishes to one side and close her eyes to it, but when her Mistress was the one

in the cross-hairs, there was no resisting the symbols of pure feminine dominance.

Veronica's eyes slid down the elegant legs in nylons that seemed to reach out to her, down to the ankles where the stockings were a little loose and rippled. To the shoes that represented sheer attraction. Plain black, no laces, no buckles, no open toes, no platforms. Just the delicate curve of the high heels that were almost parallel to the arched insteps. The short toes rounded and smooth, the cut of the uppers that revealed the soles on the inside of the foot.

Her Mistress knew her weakness and, Veronica revelled in her own vulnerability. This was the moment when she could set her cares, her responsibilities and her hard edge to the side and become a simple tool for her owner's pleasure.

And, that pleasure was her own!

"I always love vintage Louboutin, they know what a stiletto should be..."

"Not for walking," said Veronica almost unconsciously.

There was a chuckle from above that broke the mood a little and Veronica looked up to see an indulgent smile that faded to a superior thin line.

"I have a pair for you as a present," said Mistress Diana.

They both knew that it was the feet that had been slipped into the stiletto that really mattered, but the thought was delicious! The foot lifted from the floor as Mistress Diana crossed her legs.

"You may!"

As Veronica took the proffered stiletto in her hands and enjoyed the smooth feel of the patent leather, Mistress Diana cast a glance at the maid. She too was entranced by the slow passion play. Despite the self-milking, that little cock stood horizontal as she watched a woman that she was in mortal fear of, the woman that had taken her, slowly raise the toes to her lips and place a small kiss.

"The heels, dear. Pay attention to the heels..."

The foot was lifted a little, the heel now level and the lips that brushed the soles planted a sweet kiss on the tip.

"I bought them on the Rue Saint Honoré, especially for you, my dear," said Mistress Diana. "As soon as I had them on my feet, I knew that you would be a slave to them..."

Veronica looked up at the lips that were talking and sighed, before sliding her lips over the heels and moving her tongue over the spiked tips. She could feel that delicious loss of control, the very feeling that she so enjoyed imposing on others. But, this was different, it was a willing surrender to a woman who knew her every weakness and exploited it ruthlessly.

"Be thorough, darling, I know that you are in love with them."

Veronica moved the tip of her tongue over the smooth soles, sensing the embossed pattern of the crest that was the mark of the maker. Leaned a little forward, raising herself to attend to the uppers.

"Punishment or reward?" said Mistress Diana. "Which is it to be?"

Veronica slid her lips over the heels and sucked the long heels as far as they would go, fucking them with her lips, pressing her face to the soles, eyes rivetted to those of her Mistress.

"Using the cane would be a poor lesson for Puppet on her first night, so pleasure it has to be! But, I have an idea..."

The blonde's fingers fluttered, and Veronica heard a movement behind her. She felt delicate hands lifted the short dress and run teasingly over her ass but dared not be distracted from the object of her desire. Something soft touched at the tip of the cleft, ran down so slowly that she gasped in anticipation as the maid shivered with delight at being permitted to serve such a woman.

"Concentrate, Veronica, concentrate on my heels," said Mistress Diana as the tongue slipped over the clenched ass-hole that begged

to be pleased. "Tonight, it is all about *my* enjoyment at having you show me *your* loyalty..."

A brush of lips, the tip of that tongue, the intimacy of serving. These thoughts filled the mind of the servant as the Goddess wallowed in the affection of true worship. Veronica would climax, the heels would fill her senses and another barb would have been added to the hook that had her in its grip.

"Oh," sighed the servant as the Mistress looked indulgently down. "Fuck me..."

"Be careful what you ask for, slut," said Mistress Diana with a chuckle. "These heels..."

"Please..."

"Perhaps, perhaps, but that is the reward!"

Her cunt was so desperate for the attention being lavished on her ass. Wet with anticipation, the clitoris unfolding and the lips swelling. Veronica could feel the lips opening and enclosing the gathered entry and then the touch that signified the maid's intent.

All the time, her lips moved over the curved stilettos, fucking her Mistress' shoes in an intimate display of submission. Then came the tongue that probed. Accomplished and practiced, forcing entry, teasing as it went, lips pressing to force the opening by suction and finally the penetration that caused her to whimper.

"Are you ready for my heels?" asked the Mistress from far above as she felt her own juices rising in a heady cocktail of lust. "Fucking you, taking you?"

It was almost unbearable, the denial, her pussy crying tears of yearning while she was taken from behind and above. The climax mounting without contact, the intimacy and loss of control. Her hips moved, but the face of Puppet moved with her and built up the pressure until at last she penetrated her Mistress. For Puppet, this was the most exquisite of moments, permitted to be a part of something that she could only sense the outer reaches of.

"Please, Mistress," whined Veronica. "Please let me, please, please!"

Perhaps it was the words, perhaps their ambiguous meaning, but the capitulation arrived with the climax that she could not escape. A welling emotion of love and surrender that was sweeter than playing with her pets. A climax that swept the doubts from her mind, a capitulation that only her owner could command to be.

Retreat.

Slow and dreamy, scattered kisses behind, the sole on her lips and Mistress Diana above. The retreat from gratification that was also a heady spice to her mind.

Veronica looked up and released the foot that had been her altar. It uncrossed and moved, revealing the stockings above the knee and their low seamed tops.

"Time for me to enjoy a little relaxation..." said the Mistress.

She crooked a finger and bade her maid to stand and move.

"Two little bitches to please me," she whispered. "Two sluts to make me so satisfied..."

Veronica watched the thighs open, the hands that released the skirt to open and she saw the perfect cunt that was hers to please. Slightly separated where the inner lips beckoned, the clitoris already nudging free. Juices dripped from within, a faint blush ran from naked thighs to slit as hands moved to pop the fourth button on the silk blouse.

"Puppet," commanded Mistress Diana.

Two willing slaves to passion, one enslaved by uncontrollable passion, the other by fetters of slavery. Both at the command of the woman who owned them. Both eager to show their Mistress that they worshipped her. One caressed by a casual hand to the swollen nipples, the other sliding upwards to dare to touch the inner sanctum of the Goddess.

Mistress Diana cooed and reached to touch Puppet's stiff little cock. A fleeting moment of reward for what was to come. The maid almost cried out in joy at that momentary contact and pursed her lips over the gathered nipple.

Veronica revelled in her service.

Used all of her memories of other nights and days when she had learned to please her Mistress and slowly ran her tongue from base to the apex of the slit that was before her lips. Now there was no doubt, this was the woman that she had worshipped all these years. The taste and fragrance of this cunt had not changed and brought back a million memories of other nights of service.

It may have changed form, but it was what she knew...

"Slowly, my bitches, make it last an age..."

It was so difficult not to give the Mistress what she wanted again and again, but Veronica knew that intensity was required and not orgasm after orgasm. Starting slow, building by small steps, ignoring the efforts of the maid and concentrating on her heightened senses.

As if a reward for the slow pleasure, Mistress Diana lifted her legs and planted her heels on the back of the crawling Veronica. Pressed her sharp heels into the ass of her servitor and scratched the smooth skin at every jerk of her thighs.

When the orgasm broke, it was an upheaval.

Like a wave that takes an age to cross the ocean and then breaks in moments on the beach, the climax rolled low and steady and then suddenly caused the spikes to carve Veronica with casual indifference. The pain triggered renewed efforts and she pressed hard, pinning the needy clitoris with her lips and strumming it with tongue and teeth as she had been taught.

Mistress Diana made a small cry and her body quivered as she came. Held her puppet hard to her breasts and closed her thighs to catch Veronica in a vice-like grip.

Then it was over, a tumbling fall in her mind as Mistress Diana relaxed and wilted while her two slave sluts teased and worked to give a smooth descent from the giddy heights.

"Good girls," said Mistress Diana as Veronica lapped at the smooth skin between the thighs. "A delicious prelude to what comes next..."

Veronica moved to kneel, and Puppet slid reluctantly to stand as required to the right hand of her Mistress. She knew that the first climax was what stimulated her Mistress to her sadistic side. Each orgasm a path that led to greater and more lustful cruelty.

"I think that we can all relax a little and play with my latest pet... Puppet, I think that it is time for Daisy."

Veronica sighed, always such a shame when it ended. The taste and aroma of Mistress Diana filled her senses to the point of bliss. She turned her head to see Puppet pulling the cover from the cage at the end of the bed.

Inside was the stunted pet, red and shiny in its tight latex suit. A mask that covered the head except for a round orifice where a tongue quested and breath sounded. Decorative chains between knees and elbows, because the chains that restrained Daisy were buried deep inside where they controlled every function of the pet with a ruthless iron hand.

"Perhaps a small display?" said Mistress Diana as the helpless pet was moved to centre stage. "A nice little fuck while we have a sip or two..."

Veronica felt an excitement that was intensified by her Mistress' deciding on the script. She watched Mistress Diana pat the bed beside her and moved to take the place. Always such exquisite taste.

"Daisy needs a good fucking," said Mistress Diana with a chuckle. "Puppet is desperate to come... how are we going to manage this..."

Veronica dared a hand on her Mistress' knee that went without comment.

"What do you think, Puppet?"

"Please Mistress, can I?"

"But, you have such a teeny-weeny little cock! How are you ever going to fuck Daisy with that little pimple?"

There was a look of disappointment on Puppet's face and then she looked to the blank mask of the helpless face of the pet and then back to the two women on the edge of the bed.

"No, not yet, Puppet. First I want you to make Daisy grateful for being mine."

So like *my* Mistress, thought Veronica. One has to decide what happens to the other. A perfect game plan to lift the level of humiliation.

"Good girl, I think that you read my mind!" said Mistress Diana.

Puppet had stepped to select a suitable item from the collection in the drawers of the bedside cabinets. What she lifted free from the velvet was a large cock, from which hung the straps that she would soon add to her hips.

"Mmm," said Mistress Diana as she watched the maid wait for assent. "Are you sure that Daisy would like such a small cock used. Perhaps something larger?"

Puppet replaced the dildo and selected something larger.

"That's better, fifty strokes is enough..."

Deep inside the fettered mind of Daisy there was a welling of fear. Nothing could be seen of reality, but Daisy feared those snakes, feared the touch of a Mistress who gave pain and torment at the slightest touch. The mask seemed to make the nightmare even more real. The blue sheen of her reptilian skin, the brooding queen by her side whose hair crackled with blue Elmo's fire. The slaving slut that had a vast cock rearing from her hips as she approached on cloven feet.

Bart cried out in terror, wanted to back away, but the feminine incubus moved behind and he felt her claws on the skin of his ass. Felt them slowly unzip the rear of the latex, felt them grip his waist and then the touch of something hard and soft at his rear.

Warm and soft, hard at the core, shaped to perfection, an arrow that promised to rend his ass. No sound came from the wide lips, easily controlled he felt the penetration and then the lights went out. Seeing the evil queens that owned him was a terror, the sudden dark was worse still.

Now, all there was, was the fucking that was administered in slow deep strokes. Each one as slow in as it was out. Each one stretching Daisy to the limit as it sought entry and went deep. Each one proving helplessness and defencelessness.

"Nice and slow, Puppet, this is a little relaxation before the next part of the game."

"Daisy needs to learn," said Mistress Diana casually. "Needs to beg for the service that she is destined for..."

Veronica watched the smooth strokes as Puppet restrained herself and slowed them to make the fifty asked-for last forever.

"You are training it?" asked Veronica. "Just ask and it will be done!"

"No, I prefer to be involved in the process," said the Mistress. "More satisfaction and then I get exactly what I want."

Veronica shrugged her shoulders.

Here they were in the Domains. A place where any kind of slave would be provided. Where imagination was the limit to desire and gratification, and her Mistress insisted on training her own slaves. It was like bringing one's own sand to a desert!

"You do the same, dear," said Mistress Diana. "You just don't admit it! Your precious little Carrie-Kitty is in training, I know, I've watched you..."

Veronica shrugged.

"Mine is coming along... you know? I still use her perfume and she responds so perfectly to its aroma."

"We are all just *too* old fashioned," said Veronica.

They watched the slow violation of the pet and Veronica noticed her Mistress' hand wander between her thighs and the fingers flutter. A scene like this could not be resisted!

"May I?"

"You may not, Veronica. We must keep the fire burning by making sure that you can only serve occasionally!"

"Am I in chastity for you, Mistress?"

"No, take what you want, but I decide on those moments that you really *long* for!"

Veronica shrugged, but she knew that Mistress Irene, pretending to be Diana would never really change. She had to have the key for every lock.

"So, what is the plan for poor little Daisy, then?"

Mistress Diana laughed and placed a hand on Veronica's knee. "I need a slave for the bathroom, my dear. One that lives for the moments when I deign to sit and relieve myself. Those that betray the Domains are those that are never forgiven..."

Veronica nodded and watched Puppet fuck the pet.

Her count reached fifty and she withdrew. The Mistress waved her hand casually and spoke her orders to her maid. Each order a single phrase, each one with a second between to emphasise the command.

"Now you may relieve yourself," said Mistress Diana to her maid.

"Make it special for my pleasure, Puppet!"

“Permission to come...”

“Or more...”

Intimate Petting

Carrie Rudd

Fashion Designer
Fragrance Designer
Socialite

A great loss to the fashion world, the up-and-coming Carrie Rudd died in the terrible accident that also saw most of the Orlando Crocs (see: Barrington Rossi) in 2038. The fragrance marque is still produced by 'Captive Passions Inc.' based in New York and the full range still has great popularity in the mid-price category.

Her perfumes were noted for their floral notes with strong undertones of musk...

Socialite Wiki
Jan 2039

The maid had come and gone.

Time for a little playtime with Kitty.

Sweet little Kitty, Veronica's eager little toy.

A pretty little service-dolly that moved like liquid as she attended to Kitty and unpacked the single case that Veronica had brought. Veronica called her into to attend to her shower and felt finally refreshed after her long journey to the Domains.

Veronica was not sure, but she thought that she remembered the maid that served her needs. After induction in the White Domain, it was difficult to be sure, but something triggered a memory of that almost botched abduction in Vermont that disposed of some sheriff whose investigations had become an irritant. She watched the svelte slave refreshing towels in the bathroom and began to doubt herself.

How many had there been? If she counted the old days, before the Domains, it must number into the thousands.

Veronica dismissed the errant thought and gave a playful pat on the rounded ass as it passed. Without stripping off the costume it was getting difficult, even for her, to tell male from female. The fantasy was becoming reality, the reality was becoming fantasy! The VR just added to the confusion now!

She looked through the costumes on offer and picked something that mirrored Mistress Consuela's. Narrow of hip and long of leg, Veronica did not present the same voluptuous aspect as the mistress of Silver, but as a severe teacher she was perfect. She adjusted the accessories that she had chosen a little and settled the straps under her skirt. A pleasant change from her normal guise in jeans and T shirt. As usual, the costume fitted like a glove and Veronica smiled as she realised that Kitty was focussed on the transformation with loving gaze.

It was important that Kitty recognised Veronica when the change came, it would be so amusing...

She smiled and strutted a few steps to get the feel of the four-inch stilettos. They creaked a little with each step and she turned to look down at Kitty. As commanded, the attending maid had stripped the helpless pet of all costume, even the playful tail was gone. Just a collar and a little makeup. Veronica rummaged a little to find the bottle of perfume she sought and misted her pet sparingly with the musky aroma.

A cane, she had forgotten to ask for one...

It took a minute for Veronica to find the rack hidden in the side of the wardrobe and she picked a short cane that could be bent double. Elegant and evil, with a pearl grip. Kitty had followed her across the room and rubbed against her legs lovingly and Veronica gave it a little pat on the head affectionately.

"Are you ready to play?" she asked. "Today we are going to play a little game called 'Carrie comes back'. Would you like that?"

It seemed that Kitty recognised a word or two in the question and she purred before lowering to present herself.

"Someone's been training you," chuckled Veronica as she slid her hand over the ripe ass and allowed a finger to dip into the submissive pet. "But, that's not the game today... Today we will see what lies deep in that head of yours... Then you will learn that Veronica remembers every insult!"

She stood to full height and inspected the bracelet before touching the small contact twice with a light finger. It would take a minute or two, so the mistress moved to sit in the soft armchair by the bed and waited to see what the effect would be.

Veronica sat on the armchair and crossed her ankles.

Kitty stood and looked up at her owner.

Closed her eyes and mewed in distress.

Nothing is ever truly destroyed, no thought or memory is ever truly erased. From hypothalamus to the stem, from the deepest reactions of the hippocampus to the mid-brain, memories and responses lie dormant... Deep in those recesses, a signal was received, hidden keys were turned as silicon came to life. For its fuel it used the very electrical impulses in the mind that it awoke, for its reaction it referred to its own little programmed digital recall.

How long would it take?

How complete would be the reversion?

Veronica watched her pet almost stagger and enjoyed the moments as memory and reflexes reasserted themselves, as Kitty was pushed aside and Carrie seeped back to inhabit the body from which she had been so long absent.

Aha, it could be seen now...

The confusion and terror of the woman who, step by step, returned to her own head. A sweat breaking on the perfect skin, a trembling of

thighs and shoulders, eyes snapping open to look up at the woman that sat cross-ankled bending a cane in her slim hands.

Kitty saw the smile from far away, the wicked grin of satisfaction, an intimation of the perfume that she had created in a different life bringing yet more fears to life. Kitty closed her eyes again and the past leached into her stricken thoughts. She tried to resist, Kitty fought against Carrie, Carrie against the empty thoughts of the pet. She swam upward against the training and empty thoughts of the slave, to finally break free and opened her eyes again...

"Welcome back, Carrie!" said Veronica with a thin smile.

The head turned, looked around the bedroom and then up at the Mistress that greeted her. Her lips moved with words that could no longer be spoken, her arms moved, her thighs, and she fell to the soft carpet with a mowl, her eyes seeing only the soles of the wicked stilettos that Veronica wore.

"It's almost a shame that you are mute," said Veronica. "We would have so much to talk about, you and I. Old acquaintances reliving old times!"

The head turned to take in her foreshortened arms, the thighs that splayed on the softness of the floor and tears flowed silently from her wide eyes. Naked and exposed, generous breasts under her torso.

"Added and subtracted," laughed Veronica as she watched the realisation sweep the mind of her pet, taking her to a complete understanding of her circumstances. "I think that it's time for teacher to give you a little lesson in obedience. Now stand up properly for me and we'll begin..."

As she spoke, Veronica stood up before Carrie, forcing her to look up as she struggled to her limbs. Standing with her shoulders at the height of the hem of the skirt that formed a tight circle just at her owner's knees. She could see the can, bent into a circle in the hands, the enjoyment of the mistress that commanded her and knew that she was in the hands of a sadist beyond her wildest imaginings.

"Kitty and Carrie are going to be one now," said Veronica slowly as if savouring the words and tasting them as they were uttered. "An uncomprehending Kitten is fun, but in the end, there is no spice to be experienced for me... and, after all, this is all about me!"

One hand released the end of the supple cane and it sprang to attention in Veronica's hand. Hissing the air as it straightened, a clear threat that caused Carrie to awkwardly move back a step.

"I will be your teacher, Carrie! Caring and training you for my own personal use every time that I visit. Showing you the million delightful ways that you can please me, instructing and coaching! Do you remember that day on the plane?"

Carrie took another step back on all-fours and the 'yes' in her eyes was plain for the mistress to see.

"That's good! In those days, you were so exclusive, when you told me that you could buy and sell me! With that asinine boyfriend, at the top of the world, almost a celebrity, with your own line in fashion, perfumes and makeup, a million followers who longed to know your every silly little opinion as you posted for them about your perfect life."

Veronica's free hand moved. The eyes of the terrorised pet followed the slow movement, lips opened and tears flowed, but the progress of that hand was inexorable. Finger tips slid lasciviously down the smooth tight skirt to come to rest gripping the tab of the long zipper.

"Now of course, it's all so different!"

Carrie looked up, and through the tears she could see that something under that skirt was pressing outward. Bulging the cloth, distorting it, an elongated shape that pressed, but was held by the cloth stretched between thighs. Fingers stopped and the hand reached down to pat Carrie on her head. Knees bent, calves bunched, and Veronica slowly squatted and opened her thighs as far as the tight skirt would allow.

From the shadows, between the sheer stockings, Carrie's gaze was confronted by the smooth tip of the rubber cock that moved into view and sagged before her eyes.

"That's for your reward, dear!" laughed Veronica as she saw the panic on the face of her victim. "First, we have to explore our new relationship, learn a little what the limits are, discover what you have become and understand what being my property really means..."

The hand slid down and slipped a finger under the collar, preventing another backwards step. The other hand carefully balanced the long cane on Veronica's knees and then slipped down to stroke the hanging breasts under her pet. Pendulous and soft, they swayed as Carrie struggled against the hand that held her collar. Fingers stroked, petted nipples and weighed the breasts idly before allowing them to drop again.

"You just don't appreciate the trouble that I've gone to, too make you like this," said Veronica. "I expect a little gratitude..."

Veronica moved and the cane fell to the soft carpet from her knees. Holding Carrie in place with one hand, she moved to the side. A poignant mewl issued from the pet as the hand travelled over the belly and slid between ripe thighs to run the length of the lips of Carrie's ripe slit. Feeling the softness, the perfection that led to the deep valley of her ass.

"Some of your choices pleased me..." said Veronica. "I didn't change a thing between your thighs..."

A finger slid into the wetness and teased a clitoris with a delicate, loving touch. Carrie started at the caress and she could not help moving to open her thighs.

"That's so good, Carrie. I'm glad that you like what I have done to you! We are going to have so much fun together..."

A stroke, a tease, a touch, a tap.

"Just nod if you like what you have become!"

The pet remained motionless and Veronica made a small sound of displeasure in her throat. The fingers that stroked were gone suddenly, and Veronica picked up the cane, bent it in her hands as she

balanced squatted on her long heels. Now Carrie nodded, but it was greeted with a tut of annoyance.

"Too late for that, my dear. Far too late... A lesson has to be learned!"

She stood and towered over the stricken Carrie. Released the collar and stood straight.

"This is where you learn what I need from you and I have the disagreeable task of punishing you for bad behaviour."

The warning was a slight hiss as the cane cut the air.

It struck the exposed rounded behind of Carrie in a fiery line of agony and Veronica moved her feet apart, stretching the skirt into a smooth surface between her long legs.

"Now then, Carrie. I'll ask again... Tell me that you love being my pet!"

Carrie nodded and mewed again, and it seemed to satisfy the callous mistress as she laughed with satisfaction at the acknowledgement.

"Tonight, we are going to explore your limits, Carrie and, if you are a good little pet, perhaps there'll be a special reward for you."

The pet looked up at her owner and sobbed. In her nostrils, the musky perfume that she had created, in her vision a woman who enjoyed every moment of her slavery and pain, in her head the memories of what she had been...

"Kiss my feet slut..."

In Office

Charred by the British in a brief incursion in the aftermath war of the revolution that established the United States, the White House is a symbol of a single-minded devotion to democracy. Filled with valuable, priceless works of art gifted and won in wars, the actual building that we are standing in is just the tip of the iceberg. Below are the bunkers and tunnels that were added in the second world war, under the avenue to the front the complex where the country can be steered from in times of danger.

We move next to the Oval Office.

This is where the Presidents have worked since the original building of the White House. Famous in films and VR presentations, the room is not allowed to be entered, but as you peep inside...

(Pause)

...you will see the famous bust of Churchill as well as the even more famous desk and the view onto the lawns outside.

Guide's Script
White House
2037

President Andrea Perez lounged behind her desk and admired the view. Only a few had sat in this chair and steered the state, none since Lincoln had made such changes as she was going to do. Not in a day, not in a month or year, but by the fifth and sixth terms, everything would have changed for the better.

Obstacles?

Plenty of them. Not just Barrington and his weak attempts to win the election. More fool him for volunteering for the debates! In a week,

she would declare as independent and sweep home. What did she need of party support and money when she had almost every citizen in her hand? Every one that was chipped with the generation three chips would find that their vote was registered to her.

If she needed it!

She smiled.

Once the voting machines had been upgraded to accept the passing of a personal chip, the race had been won. No, the election was not in doubt, neither was the planning of the first changes that would take place before the inauguration. President Perez' problems were uncertainty and a slight twinge of fear.

A simple problem...

There were two women that wanted power.

Herself and the woman that owned the Domains.

Both held the keys, both had the power. The question was, was Miss Irene Clearmont threatening Andrea or supporting her. Before, it had seemed so clear. How could a sadist like Irene sweep the President to one side?

It could not, would not happen.

Now, Mistress Andrea was not so sure!

Part Six – May/June 2040

Chips With Everything

Series CMS 4 Is About To Arrive!

Series 2 and series 3 chips are in production with series 4 due to be presented at CS 2037 show in San Francisco by CM Systems ©. It is expected that as soon as the new series is available, around 17.5% of users of the previous two series will upgrade and gain the benefits of the new chip. At that point, series 2 will be discontinued and only version 2.07CX of the series 3 will be available for implantation. The Federal Government has stated that it will upgrade all military personnel and inmates of prisons to the new series 4 chip within six months and this news has pushed CM Systems' shares up another five points to make them the fifth biggest tech firm after the usual suspects.

All very interesting, but what does series 4 bring in the way of new features and why would all those people be so interested in upgrading?

Series 2 first introduced the NFC communications port that suddenly caused the users to use them as a financial tool. Series 3 added full 1024-bit encryption to replace the previous 256-bit version as well as the GPS module powered by the innovative 'Body Power' module, eliminating the need for recharging. Series 4 takes both of these innovations and sprinkles a little fairy dust on the features as well as adding other features that will be welcomed by the users.

Payments made will be secure. Every transaction easy to do, just walk past the sensors on the way out of the shop and the payment is made. The fact that the reader can pick up the signal from over 100 yards away means that we can now enjoy the anticipation of systems to our personal preferences, goods and services will be prepared as we approach, all ready to pick up! Also, and here's just a small point, for the first time you will be able to vote with a series 4 chip as the level of security is considered high enough by the Federal Government.

You will never get lost again! The improvements to the 'Body power' module now allow almost 100% coverage in the US, most of Europe and the Far East. This comes at the small price that CM Systems tell us that unfortunately the power cannot be shut down by software as previously.

All the monitors are there and a few more. The medical ones add various hormone and free-radical blood levels as well as a medication release system that will be fully implemented in version 4.03. Then there are the physical monitors. Heart rate, pressure and so on are supplemented by muscle tone and monitors for the major organs. Good news for the medical insurance firms that rely on them to decide medical check-ups for their customers.

All of this will be on-line on the CM Systems databases that so far have proved resistant to any attempts at hacking their data. All the more reason to believe that the series 4 chip will experience a high take-up immediately to make the implantation of personal chips almost a necessity rather than a luxury.

Just as this article was being written comes a great piece of news as it seems that the government is considering the FREE implantation of all those on benefits and pensions just next year. We understand that they are talking series 3, but maybe, just maybe, it will be series 4 as the cost of the chip has dropped from the \$9 of series 3 to just \$5 for the new version.

ZD Net - Your consumer portal for tech.
November 2036

Seemingly a tattoo parlour, actually a little more.

Prints of the decorations that could adorn the skin pinned to the wall. From dragons and fairies to Chinese characters and uplifting quotes.

A low bench screened from the narrow street by a partition where Larissa sat waiting for the attention of the slightly scruffy tattoo artist.

Olga stood looking at the tattoo designs and was almost at the point of adding one to her arm. *'Don't let yesterday take up too much of today'* struck a chord in her that was almost irresistible.

"Right or left," said the tattoo artist as he hefted the punch gun in his hand.

"Left," said Larissa.

"Once this goes in, it won't come out again," he said. "Well, not without major surgery at least..."

"Just get on with it," said Larissa in an annoyed tone.

She felt the muzzle of the implanter-gun on her skin just below the shoulder and braced herself. When the compressed air popped there was a brief spasm of pain and then only an ache that was almost a cramp.

"There you go," he said ironically as he applied a small bandage over the entry-wound. "You are now a member of society!"

Olga turned from the wall to see her lover holding her right arm and cradling it under her breasts.

"It hurts like fuck," she said. "I can scarcely move my arm."

"Give it an hour and it'll be OK," he said as he put the gun back into its case. "Where'd you get the chips from?"

"Oh, just here and there," said Olga. "You know!"

"Pre-programmed, they cost a few thousand," he replied.

Larissa shrugged and stood from the tattoo bench.

"I was thinking of a little motto on my arm," said Olga. "That one perhaps..." She pointed at her favourite and shrugged.

"How long will it take?" asked Larissa of the tattoo artist.

"Half an hour perhaps."

Larissa shrugged again and stood indecisively.

"She'll think about it," said Larissa. "Perhaps tomorrow..."

The artist laughed and pointed at the next motto below the one that Olga had indicated.

'Tomorrow never comes!'

"She never stops!" said Larissa.

The two young women paid in cash and slipped into the alley. Larissa cradling her arm and Olga hitching her thumb into the waistband of her jeans to support it.

"Now, we have to activate them," said Olga. "It's taken months to get this far, I'm longing to stop using cash..."

"I finished the data files, they're ready to upload. Before that we need to get the social media in place."

"It's so fucking complicated with these things," said Olga. "Whatever happened to forging a few documents and hacking a database or two?"

"Has to be done right. You heard the guy, these are murder to get out again."

"How do we know that he won't report us?"

"Are you joking, look at the place! All he wanted were the two hundred for the implantation for his next fix!"

Olga fiddled with the small bandage and reset its position. The wound stung, but no worse than a wasp sting. It was the ache in the muscles of her arm that was really the problem.

"It fucking hurts, babes," she said.

"Of course it does, now let's get going..."

As the two girls moved away from the tatty shop front, the tattoo artist watched them go through the grimy window. Stupid bitches! he thought as he watched them move out of sight.

They walked in thinking that he would be satisfied with just doing the implants! Didn't they know that they had to buy *his* goods as well? He grunted in satisfaction as he looked at his closed fist and knew where the next fix was coming from.

His fingers opened...

In his palm were the two chips that they had brought to be implanted, in their arms the ones that he had substituted them for.

A simple trick!

Eating Out

"If You Are Working On Something That You Really Care About, You Don't Have To Be Pushed. The Vision Pulls You."

Steve Jobs

President Andrea Perez waited until the make-up artist had fussed over her thick eyebrows and hairline, staying perfectly still as his fingers smoothed a little highlight and settled a single stray curl back into place.

"That's perfect, darling," he said proudly, ignoring the fact that it was the President under his care and not some Z grade celeb. "All ready to address the nation?"

Her eyes slid up to him and she gave a small nod. Tension and anticipation filled her mind as she ran through the speech that she had so carefully prepared. This was the moment when it all started! One day, they would look back at this moment as the start of it all, the 'Rapture' as it was referred to in the Domains. Then, in a week, the first leaks and disclosures and the demise of the Blue Domain.

She found herself holding her breath as the cameras were arranged in the Oval Office. The techs exchanged a few words as they tested the transmission and streams before the director held her thumb up and then five fingers.

Four.

Three.

So close that she could touch it! Feel it.

Two.

One.

Now the small screen on the desk showed the transmission. The news announcer giving the spiel that this would be the President's last speech to the nation and a clock showing when she was cued. The words of the speech would scroll there, but she knew them by heart.

Her hand moved to switch off the distraction and then she was on.

"My fellow Americans," she started. "In just a few months we all go to the polls to decide our next President. As you well know, I have striven to serve this great country well and I hope that you all feel, as I do, that I have done everything that I promised..."

The next part of the speech was a list of her accomplishments. Education, tax reduction, the introduction of the new technologies adopted by the state. Low rates of unemployment, foreign policy, the short war in Nepal and so forth.

As she spoke, she could feel her pet move blindly between her thighs and she paused for a moment, as if in reflection, as lips met hers and a questing studded tongue stroked her gently. The feeling gave her strength, her real policies hidden from the cameras, an excited flush on her cheeks as she smiled for the camera.

"...and all of these things that were promised have been delivered," she said. "I can say, truly and honestly, that it has been both an honour and a pleasure to serve as President of this great nation. So much so, that I am about to make an announcement that I'm sure will shock some and please others! As you know, after the votes made by forty of the fifty-one states, it would be possible for me to serve you all a third time."

There was a pause and she breathed deeply as the slave beneath her vast desk slowly turned its attentions to her naked ass. She could feel that face press deep and almost winced as the magical experience began.

"I have always cleaved hard to the Republican Party flag," she started again. "It always seemed to me that they represented all that was best in this great land of ours. But, recently it has come to my attention that there are serious difficulties that need attending to and

regretfully I do not believe that Barrington Rossi, the candidate for President is suitable to solve these problems."

She left it hanging for a moment as she imagined the pundits and news networks going crazy. Give them time to get up their shock-horror banners on the screen and then she could continue. A kiss, intimate and thrilling, she had to use willpower to hold her hands clasped on the desk before her.

"Since I cannot possibly represent the Republican Party and I do not trust the Democrats to address our problems with honour, I therefore declare myself as a candidate for the Presidency as an independent! In the next weeks I shall bring together all those of like mind, those who want a fair and secure society, those who long for an end to political bickering, those that support the rule of law and do not violate their own professed morals and standards in privacy, while preaching Christian morality in public. I want to create a USA where the people get the society that they deserve!"

Mistress Andrea was so close to climax that her thighs trembled and her voice almost broke. It came across as an emotional call, an expressive revealing of her inner integrity, though a slight flush of her décolletage told otherwise. Her eyes saw the Domains' arranged camera team smiling and her vision blurred for a moment before she managed to give a small chuckle and continue. All that was required was a closing note...

"My fellow Americans. Eight years ago I promised you strength and security. I have delivered. What I offer you now is another four years to finish the job that I started. Trust in me and America will flourish in my care..."

The camera operator signalled that the interview was over, and Andrea Perez sighed as finally she was able to relax and allow her former lover to take her towards her own private rapture.

Noodles with Pork

We would've been talking about an extraordinarily low number of breached records this month if it hadn't been for a string of incidents in Chile, another Federal gaffe and a massive blunder in India, in which the voting lists and the associated medical records were hacked in Uttar Pradesh. Nothing major in the US, though!

Still, May 2040 saw a not completely hopeless 2,388,488,719 breached records. That's better than last month, bringing the annual total to 12.90 billion and reducing the monthly average to 2.15 billion.

Privacy Report
End of June 2040

A week of walking on tiptoes, a week watching over a shoulder, ready to flee at the slightest sign of something out of the ordinary. Testing paying with their new chips, Larissa managing to get casual work installing software on games consoles.

The small room that the two lovers managed to find, they paid in cash to an owner who was avoiding tax. All the while, Olga built up their accounts, their presence, hacked back-dates here and there, a few touches to school databases and other records. On top of that, the social media accounts that needed to be active had to be curated as she built up an identity for both of them that would pass at least basic scrutiny.

"This place is shit," said Olga as she hunched over the screen adding photos to their accounts. "We really need an address that we can register to get a job..."

"First it all needs to be complete," said Larissa as she looked at the selfies that her companion was choosing from. "A couple more weeks and we can be off..."

Olga just grunted. Her lover's methodical approach was irritating her, despite the fact that she knew that it all had to pass muster.

"I need to read the basic data from the chips to finish off. We cannot go anywhere to have them tested..."

"But, they work," said Larissa. "I used it today to pay for a coffee."

Olga snorted and looked up from the screen.

"The ID works, the credit works, hey, I linked it all to the key," she said. "But, what happens when an employer downloads? They take data that we have not tested yet. Like the SocSec numbers we paid extra for."

Larissa looked doubtful and then shrugged.

"If you say so. I'm certainly not taking the fucking thing out!"

"Neither am I, but we have to make sure that the implantation did not damage the chip."

"OK, OK. We could go back where we bought them?"

"To Omaha? No, we'll get a reader and test them and then we can be sure. A couple of hundred..."

Larissa sighed.

"I suppose that I can't complain, darling. I'm normally the one who is so pedantic. I'll get one tomorrow."

"Good, now I'll finish these posts for last year and then we can get a take-away."

"No, I'll get it, Olga. You want?"

"Cantonese noodles and pork..."

"Always the same... Try the beef and black-bean."

"Noodles and pork!"

"As you like! In an hour, I fancy the walk."

"So, let's make the assumption that they are on the system," said Mistress Karlie. "They cannot live on cash forever, they'll need to chip-up. Of course, there won't be much data..."

Veronica looked over the shoulder of her companion and saw a screen subdivided into search screens. The numbers and coding meant little to her as they moved slowly across the screen, uploading database after database.

"There should be loads of information, if you are right. I mean, they'll use the chip payments for everything..."

"Don't forget movements," answered Mistress Karlie. "But, that's not much to go on because we don't have anything to match to. We have all their payment info from the cards here, it will make a pattern..."

She keyed in a few lines of code and sat back.

"I think that it's too soon. Perhaps trawling for recognition... Social media and all that."

"No history of it," said Veronica. "Let's allow it to run and see what happens."

Mistress Karlie shrugged.

"In a couple of months, perhaps?"

Figures scrolled on the screen. Simply showing the number of records checked. Whittled down from hundreds of millions to a few million. Some categories could be struck from the search. Males, older than thirty years old, disabled persons and those under eighteen. The data would have to fit what all could plainly see. Millions of people, each with endless records that had to be arranged, sorted and matched to the pattern that the algorithm had decided upon.

"Coffee?"

Mistress Karlie nodded and stood.

"Give it a couple of hours at the least. I have time for a coffee, but after that I need to set up the production of the latest batch of series 4 chips for implantation as well as check up on a networking protocol problem in one of the servers..."

The Institute on Long Island was still a holding place for abducted slaves, but it was no longer the centre of operations that it had been ten years ago. Mistress Karlie oversaw most of the systems that had been installed that duplicated the Federal centre in Santa Fe. Duplicating and copying the bits and bytes, adding it to the vast pool of personal data that was of such use to the Domains.

"I'm glad that you could help me on this one," said Veronica.

"Let them slip away?"

"We were far too slow, we have been so spoiled in the last years by having all of our targets chipped," said Veronica. "Forgotten how to find someone we need by simple detective work..."

"And what happens to them?" said Mistress Karlie as they opened a door into the lounge where a few others were seated chatting.

"Crimson, I guess," said Veronica grimly. "Bit of a waste, but that's what I have been told... They need to be in our care."

Mistress Karlie sat and one of the maids arrived to serve.

"Two espressos," said Veronica as she sat beside her companion.

The maid hurried off and Veronica watched her go.

"I remember her," she said.

"All of them? The ones that you added personally?"

"No, just a few... One sissy is pretty much like the next!"

"I'll bet that they all remember you, though," laughed Mistress Karlie.

Veronica laughed as the maid tiptoed towards them with the tray at her waist. Two slender chains holding it in place at her collar.

"I'm sure that they do!"

The maid bent her knees in a curtsy, the tray lowering to take it to an outstretched hand. Veronica took the proffered cup and the maid backed away before moving to serve two others who had just arrived in the lounge.

"Accidental, it was so funny..."

"Accidental?"

"That's right. We had quite a list and there was a guy on it, actually, I don't remember the name. Anyway, let's say that he was called John Doe. It was not a common name, but not that unusual. He was the last to be picked up and we knew the flight, so we decided to meet him at the airport in LA."

"So, you waited with a sign in your hand?"

"No, not something that obvious. He had a private car, so we decided to wait by the entrance to the car lot. He turned up and was bundled into the van and off we sped. Then we realised that we had the wrong one, so we had to dash back and get him too!"

"But, you did get him?"

"Of course. I have to admit having just a little guilt! When I saw the police reports of two men missing who both happened to have the same name and disappearing in the same place I just could not stop laughing. I had him put in here to remind me of the mistake! Careless really, I suppose."

The two Mistresses chatted a while and then returned to see the progress of the search that Mistress Karlie had initiated. She pored over the printouts carefully and adjusted a few parameters.

"There are some things that people just cannot change, no matter how hard they try. In fact, they never even think of them, I suppose," she said. "The shops they buy in by habit, the types of films that they go and see, the cuisine that is their favourite and the airlines that they use. All these things can be sifted through by payments..."

She looked up from the paper and added, "Here look at this... This woman is a possible."

"Where?"

"New Jersey. In Brick, actually..."

"And, the reason that it's a possible match?"

"Always eats the same Chinese take-away!"

"That's it?"

"It's enough to take a look..."

"Is she chipped?"

"Yep!"

"Age?"

"According to the scan, twenty-five."

"I'll get someone on it."

"It could be too early, in a week or two we may have more."

"Makes no difference, I'll get the bitch picked up anyway and then we can see!"

Mistress Karlie shrugged as she played with the interface.

"There's a second woman who obviously is cohabiting with the sub. I'll keep the trace live and you get a team ready. I'll guide them in..."

Broken Eggs

In 3 U.S.C. § 302 with regard to delegation of authority by the President, it is provided that "nothing herein shall be deemed to require express authorization in any case..."

Extract of Presidential Cabinet regulations.

"I can't fucking believe it. Fucking bitch, I'll see her on her knees for this. Who the fuck does that fucking Perez think that she is?"

"The resignations are coming thick and fast," commented the aide nervously. "In a day there will be no one left in the White House but the President!"

"Slow it all down," said Barrington as he paced the room. "I want a resignation a day to keep the headlines focussed on how the bitch is losing control of the Presidency. I want it to last a month..."

"Sir," said the aide, "There's an announcement coming through, breaking news..."

"Well, don't just fucking sit there, get it on the screen."

The screen came to life and showed an intense man announcing from the front of the White House.

"...has just appointed a replacement for the office of Attorney General. Miss Harriman has accepted the position and resigned from the Supreme Court in the last moments. We go over to our correspondent in Washington DC outside the Supreme Court Building where the announcement is being made right now..."

"CNN has the CIA story," said the aide as he flicked at his phone. "Seems she has already announced her replacement and is waiting for the acceptance."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," screamed Barrington. "Get it under control! Pass the word, no-one resigns unless I say so!"

The three men around the table, including the aide to Secretary of State Rossi looked down at their hands. One reached for a phone and started to talk in a hissing whisper to pass on Barrington's orders while the others looked at their phones at the unfolding catastrophe.

"If Perez is an independent, then she will lose everything," he said hopefully. "She has to get the appointments through the Senate as well. The Democrats will be after her ass. There'll be no party machine or funding behind her... how can she possibly win this?"

"The Dems will support the chaos, they'll be laughing up their sleeves at the collapse of the GOP," said one of the others with a grimace.

Barrington stopped in mid-step and turned on the man that had spoken. He was just about to scream at him and already had his mouth open to do so when the phone in his jacket pocket started to ring.

"What?" he yelled into the phone.

The answer was just a crackle that none of the others could hear and Barrington's reaction was to hurl the phone against the screen where the correspondent in DC was urgently assessing the earthquake that was sweeping the President's cabinet.

"Sir?" said the aide in an almost whisper.

"She's dumped him," said another as he stared at his phone. "Fucking Perez has replaced him with some bitch..."

Barrington clenched and unclenched his fists and then thumped the table.

"We start releasing the material we have on the new intake. Immediately, get onto the Blue Domain now..."

None of the other men moved or spoke. They looked at each other with nervous looks as if each was willing the others to speak. How

could he not see it? How could he not see that the replacements that Perez was picking were all women?

At last the aide spoke up.

"I don't think that they're on the list, Sir," he said. "She's picking clean ones and most of the men in Blue are Democrats anyways."

There was an utter silence in the room, a stillness that caused them all to hold their breath. It was Barrington himself that broke the quiet.

"Then get me the Russians on the line," he said slowly. "This is where the fight gets dirty..."

"Sir?"

"We have just a few months to blow the bitch out of the water," said the former Secretary of State slowly. "Hack into the rest of the Domains and fuck her ass with the results. Contact our friends in Brazil, get them moving to add to the pressure. I will win this election, no matter what the price. I want every piece of dirt on them all, every last smear."

"I'll get it moving..."

"And, get that cunt Price on the phone as well, I want the CIA in on our side..."

"Sir?"

"What?" grated Barrington.

"He was sacked ten minutes ago..."

Take Away

Chinese pork with Shanghai spiced noodles	\$10.75
Chinese pork with egg fried rice	\$10.00
Chinese pork with Szechuan hot chilli sauce	\$10.25

Take-Away Menu

They made love.

Tender and with laughter, a union of their needs that brought a deep emotion to the fore. Larissa, bossy and strong, demanding and controlling, Olga submitting to find herself falling into a well of bliss that swept away the stress and cares of their circumstances.

A couple of silk scarves pulling Olga's arms on high, a couple more spreading her legs wide as Larissa kneeled between and teased her with wandering hands. The sheets almost wet with sweat in the heat of the day, their bodies slick with passion and effort.

"Stop that!" said Olga as she moved her hips a little to try to avoid the teasing. "There's no more to take."

"There's always more, darling," said Larissa as her fingertips traced the straining muscles between her lover's thighs. "Like this..."

She dipped down and kissed the wetness and licked a little before lifting to beam down at the Russian girl whose eyes were screwed tight, a moan coming involuntarily from her throat.

"Or this..."

A hand burrowed between the cheeks of a rounded ass and stroked, causing hips to rise high where Larissa's tongue was waiting in ambush.

"Fuck, Larissa, don't stop!"

"Never! Now that I am through your firewall, here comes the worm! Penetrating your defences."

A finger entered, causing Olga to scream and struggle to raise her hips even higher. An overwhelming compulsion to take ever more...

"Now you're mine," breathed Larissa as the wave subsided. "To play with as I like."

Olga's eyes opened and she shuddered as she remembered the endless films from Bart that she had seen. It could not be unremembered! Where men took what they wanted, fucked and tormented their property with impunity. Dressed and chained their captives and...

The thoughts caused her hips to drop to the bed.

"I can't get it all out of my head," she whispered. "The slaves and the things that they are forced to do..."

"That's not us," said Larissa with a laugh.

"It's not us, but they are looking for us..."

"They'll never find us, we are far too clever to be caught."

Olga pulled at her wrists, but did not ask to be released. There was something so erotic and pleasurable about being helpless, something that filled her with desire balanced by terror. Leaving it all for Larissa to decide, all she had to do was to submit and give in to the gratification.

It seemed that Olga's lover was filled with the same thoughts as she slipped from the bed to move around. Olga's eyes followed her as she stepped over the discarded cartons of their meal on the floor and slowly moved to the bed again. This time, instead of being between Olga's legs, she was kneeling with Olga's head between her thighs.

"You know, they are all women," said Olga as she looked up at Larissa's body. "The ones behind the Blue Domain, the ones that control it all."

"It's like they just watch and wait," said Larissa.

She shook her head and her hair settled when she looked down at Olga's face.

"For what?" asked Olga.

There was no answer, just a smile and hands planted themselves beside Olga's hips on the bed. Larissa lifted and was on all fours, her hair tickling the belly of her Russian lover.

"This!"

Knees moved forward, and suddenly Olga was smothered by the wet pussy that closed on her face. She could hear the gasp from far away and then she had to serve her lover. Tied and held in place, smothered by a rounded ass, strong thighs, dripping cunt and rounded ass.

It was what she loved...

...being taken and used by a lover that enjoyed every moment.

There was no witness to the string of orgasms that shook Larissa. The only observer trapped beneath, held by weight and silk, willingly farrowing her pussy with lips, face and tongue. Giving everything while Larissa rode above and used her mercilessly. Lifting occasionally and then settling harder each time, rocking and sliding, taking the blonde with breathless pleasure.

She lifted at last.

Sobbing breaths from under her.

A pretty face slick with her juices, tongue licking lips.

"Ooh, that was perfect," said Larissa. "I can see the attraction!"

Olga was silent as she looked at the swollen and parted lips above her own. She loved the contest, the taste and aroma of sex that exuded from Larissa, the perfume of lust that filled her senses.

"I am so tempted to leave you like that..."

"What, tied to the bed?" said Olga.

"Exactly! To be used when I decide..."

"Now I want to be untied!"

"Really?"

"Really!"

"OK, one sec, the knots are pulled tight!"

Larissa moved and started fumbling at the tight knots in the silk. She was so tempted to go and get a knife to cut Olga free, but the scarves had cost ten dollars each. Such a waste and then she would have to buy more!

"We need to get some cuffs," said Larissa as she slowly worked to get a loop of the knot loose. "There is no give at all."

Olga looked past the kneeling and naked Larissa where the door started to open. She barely had time to say, "Larissa!" before it was wide and there stood a woman in jeans and a loose T shirt.

Larissa sensed the movement behind and turned to find three women in the room. In a flash of recollection she remembered the women outside her apartment all those months ago and then two of them grabbed at her.

"Fuck, what the fuck?" she screamed.

"Now, now," laughed the younger woman in jeans. "Mind your language darling!"

"Larissa! Help!" shouted Olga, but a hand cut off the scream that was due to follow.

"The house is empty, darling," said Veronica with a leer as she looked down at the stricken Olga. "We've spent months looking for you, now at last we have the pleasure."

Larissa found herself standing. Her arms together, cuffed and held up high behind her back to immobilise her.

"You two are so naughty," said Veronica as she inspected Olga. "Leading us such a dance that we had to go back to basics to find you..."

She turned to one of the others and nodded.

"Are we ready in the street?"

Larissa could see the earpiece. Clearly someone outside was talking to the woman and she shook her head.

"Too many onlookers to get them out..."

Veronica sat on the edge of the bed and rested her hand on the naked Olga casually.

"Ladies, we would appreciate a little quiet! No sense in starting a difficult extraction. We wait..."

It came without warning.

A rustle of something, a breath in her ear, a cry from the naked blonde and then the hood was slipped over her head. Blackness covered her eyes, as it was pulled down to her neck, covering mouth and nose, causing her to panic and struggle. The sharp tug upwards on her arms stopped the attempt and the hood was zipped tight. She could hear nothing, see nothing, in a deep blackness that swallowed her whole.

Olga watched with terror as the hood was pulled tight. A new face, almost comical in shocked expression now adorned Larissa. Smooth plastic or rubber zipped tight at the back down to the neck. Unrecognisable with wide almond eyes and pink cheeks.

"That's better," said Veronica.

She stood and strolled to the otherwise naked Larissa and her fingers moved over the lips. Parted them and then pressed home. To Olga's horror, they were open as the ring gag in the mask was pressed into place to a gurgle from Larissa.

"Now it's your turn..."

Veronica turned back to the struggling Russian girl on the bed and slapped her before she could scream.

"If you want to be gagged, then that's the way to go..."

"Who are you?"

"Oh, I think that you know that already," laughed her captor. "I am the bitch that's going to fuck you!"

"No, no, no, no," wept Olga. "Anything..."

"Anything?" laughed Veronica. "How about this?"

Olga watched trembling as the woman held out her hand to receive a short crop from one of her confederates.

"We don't like people meddling in our business, we have ways of dealing with them that you are about to experience..."

"Oh fuck," gasped Olga as she felt the tip of the crop ran from nipples to thighs. "Please, not that..."

Veronica withdrew the crop and bent it in her hands.

"Since we have to wait a while until the coast is clear, you can tell me all about your visits to the Domains... Poking around inside the systems, going into places, seeing things that you shouldn't. Naughty little girls, thinking that they would never be found out!"

Olga broke down.

"You'll tell me all about it, dear," said Veronica. "Whispering sweet nothings into my ear while you are fucked!"

She started to weep and was overwhelmed by a shuddering that caused her words to become a slurry of gasps and half spoken words. The woman standing over her looked down as if to give time for the fit to pass. No look of impatience, no irritation, just a sheer pleasure in the collapse of Olga's resistance.

"It was Bart," said Olga as she managed to get her words out at last between gasps. "He gave us the files..."

"Bart is long gone," said Veronica. "Now, tell me where the files are. How many copies, who you passed them to, where you got into the system and what you left behind..."

Veronica's hand patted her pocket where a long bulge distorted the denim. It seemed almost a threat and Olga responded quickly.

"We gave them to no one; the only copies are here..."

"Let's hope that that's the case," said Veronica. "Lying to me involves regrets and punishments that you could not dream of..."

"I'm not lying," said Olga piteously. "All we wanted to do was to hide."

Veronica stooped to pick something from the floor. A pair of discarded chopsticks and she held them up for Olga's inspection casually.

"This is how you gave yourself away," she laughed. "Pork and noodles every day! For a couple of sluts that are so clever, you forgot that when you hide, you should never repeat anything from your former lives. Ever since you got chipped with those badly hacked chips, you were on the radar! Never use a backstreet vendor, it leaves you open to surveillance! Now then, time to answer my questions fully while we wait..."

"I hacked those chips..." said Olga tearfully.

"No, you were cheated. Now let's discuss who got the data that was stolen."

The crop lifted and delivered a sharp blow to just below her breasts and she yelped, more in shock than pain.

"I'm waiting for an answer."

"I daren't!"

"Tsk, tsk," clucked Veronica. "I am far more scary than anyone else that you could possibly know."

"A Russian hacker group," blurted Olga in a rush. "Months ago..."

"Who?"

"The Bears..."

"Well done, Olga, well done. Now we discuss what you left on the Blue Domain's system. Just the one file or did you add a little more?"

Olga watched Veronica and her eyes widened as the woman slid a hand to her pocket and revealed what the bulge was that filled it. A long rubber cock with dangling straps. She hefted it and then untangled the fastenings to loop them around her hips to leave the threatening object standing from her hips.

"Please, oh God, please, just the one... just the one!"

Veronica carefully placed the crop on the bed alongside her victim and mounted the bed between the blonde's thighs. The cock that stood from her jeans wobbled and she took it in her hand and fondled it.

"But, we found two, darling. Not just one... Are you lying?"

"Please, there was just one backdoor planted," wept Olga as she watched this malignant woman smiling as she lined herself between the wide-open thighs.

"No, no lies, it's the truth..."

Contact!

Smoothness between thighs that moved to avoid the inevitable. And then, Veronica pushed forward, meeting the soft lips of Olga's pussy. Parting them, opening her despite her trying to escape.

"Just a little fuck, and then we can discuss this in detail," said Veronica. "Time to find out what you are good for! Tell me that you love me!"

Hips moved, flesh parted, the cock slid slowly into Olga, filling her, taking her in a paroxysm of passion and terror. Exciting and thrilling her, fucking and making her belong to the woman who smiled above. Looking down as she thrashed and wailed, pressing home with a single easy movement that impaled and violated.

"Tell me!"

Olga screamed as hips pressed forward to the limit.

"I love you!" shrieked the Russian hacker.

"That's sweet, I want to hear it at each stroke, babes!"

A crescendo of cries as the pace quickened.

"I can think of someone who will long to own a sensitive bitch like you," said Veronica. "The ideal match..."

"Help me!"

"Of course, my dear. I will help you be the perfect pet for someone special. Someone that will cherish every scream, every pathetic tear that you cry as you are trained. Someone that will show you how to be the perfect responsive slut!"

Each phrase a deep stroke, each stroke a thrill.

Until Olga surrendered to the climax.

Gave herself and orgasmed.

"I love you," she wailed.

"And I love fucking you," laughed Veronica.

When the tears cleared and the shudders subsided, she saw past the kneeling Veronica to where her lover had been dressed by the other two silent women.

Larissa was gone and in her place was a doll.

Standing with open mouth, rosy cheeks and a pink wig. A dress, if one could call it that now covered her. Bright lilac, the skirt held high by the frills that bedecked her thighs. Barely covering her, showing lacy knickers and holding her breasts high like rounded mounds. A collar closed the lower edge of the mask that was almost a face. The end of the leash in the gloved hand of the silent Mistress that waited for orders.

"I think that she is ready," said Veronica. "Now dress this bitch and we'll be off!"

Olga watched as the Larissa dolly was led through the door and away. Her arms in a tight-laced sleeve that was almost a part of that dress.

"You are going to be in lavender," said Veronica as she laughed and took off the dildo. "It matches the complexion that we are going to give you..."

Hands proffered a hood to Veronica and Olga saw the new face that she was about to be given by her abductors. The smile as hands opened it, the curtain of dark that replaced her face by the one chosen.

Wide eyes, parted lips, a startled expression. Helpless female vulnerability, a face that begged a user to abuse, pretty and defenceless.

Olga felt the form-fitting tightness when the zipper was pulled up at the back and the collar was circled around her throat. Hands on her head that smoothed a wig and adjusted it before clicking a padlock at her throat.

In the distance, muffled and indistinct, Veronica's words.

"Get the slut dressed and we'll be out of here."

Impassionate hands moved her, pulled her this way and that as they cut her from the silk scarves that stretched her. Dressed her as if she were a child. Pulled her arms back and fettered them, slipped heels onto her feet.

In the total darkness, helpless and losing all hope, Olga surrendered and a tug on the leash moved her a step. Another and another, the tugging at her collar guiding her to follow her abductors.

A cool breeze on the naked skin of her legs told her that she was outside before a hand on her head guided her to slide into the rear of the waiting car.

"Good girl, well done!" came Veronica's voice. "In a few days you will belong..."

Russian Salad

"After a week of uncertainty, we can now see the form of the President's new Cabinet. Virtually every major post has a new occupant that were confirmed in an all-night session in the Senate. Democrats voting as a block to confirm the posts, taking pleasure in the humiliation of their Republican foes while a few Republicans aligned themselves with President Perez made up the difference as they resigned from the GOP and tethered their future to the President.

Notable is, that nearly all of the new posts are filled by women. Chosen mostly from the ranks of the judiciary. Candidates like Justice Harriman make up the largest part..."

Leader Editorial. Chicago Tribune. May 2040

"It's a fucking disaster..."

Barrington Rossi, former Secretary of State stood poised and looking back into the meeting with a sour frown. Sitting at the long table, each with papers scattered before them were the aides and allies that had failed him. His words caused them to look at each other with pained expressions.

"I want to know why we had *no* warning of it at all," he continued in the same angry tone. "What happened to the lines of communication? We have an election to fight and now we have a real opponent..."

"No independent has ever won," piped up one of the suits that was fidgeting under his glare. "Perez has no chance..."

Barrington did not answer except to snort contempt. He turned and stepped out of the room, slamming the door behind him in a show of scorn. Campaign managers, pollsters, PR boys; he left them all behind and stalked through the campaign headquarters, scattering those who scurried the corridors in his wake.

Dark thoughts spun in his head, an almost desperate need to find some advantage in the political mess that he found himself in. His allies in Washington and the party had failed him, now he would turn up the heat in the shadows.

A quick check on the time, he passed a screen where some pathetic commentator was breathlessly explaining to the nation how important this moment was. He stopped a moment.

"...and in foreign policy," said the head on the screen excitedly, "it looks as if reassurances are what is coming from the White House."

Barrington stepped into the rain that lashed the street and waited while a frantic aide fumbled with an umbrella. Ignoring the man, he headed down the sidewalk, casting a glance over his shoulder to see if he was being followed. The umbrella was up, the man standing at a loss, pedestrians scurried through the downpour and Barrington quickened his pace before turning sharply from the avenue. He paused a moment, but no-one followed and he hurriedly made his way through the rain, until he reached his destination.

A plain door that opened as he arrived.

Opened by a burly man who nodded as he closed the door behind the presidential hopeful and then took up his post again, blocking the door. Up the worn stairs, drab walls hemming him in, passing another guard who stepped behind him and folded his arms as if to emphasise his purpose. Another door, this time with a reader that admitted him with a click.

From drab to luxury, this was the place where he should be able to relax, but Barrington was too anxious to do so. The moment had come when he would have to cast the dice and make the move that even he had dreaded. Not because what he was doing was illegal, not because his conscience overwhelmed him, but because he knew if this meeting became public knowledge his hopes would be dashed.

"They're waiting, sir," said the suited man that had arranged it all. "In the blue room..."

Barrington nodded acknowledgement and waved his hand to usher the man into the room. Just two years ago, Barrington Rossi, Secretary of State had planned for a moment like this. Now that it was here, he finally calmed himself and smiled.

"Fedor Mikhailovich, current FSB head of operations in North America," said the man that followed him. "Ivana Sarkanova, operations executive and Karl Piotr."

Barrington moved to the head of the table and pulled the chair out.

"Gentlemen," he started. "I think that you know why we are here."

His eyes focussed on Karl and he wondered if that was the man's real name. Scruffy and with no tie under his collar, he gave the stare back as if unconcerned. This one would be from that group of Russian hackers, the other two were his controllers. The FSB behind it all, a murky presence that would seek the best price for the deal that was about to be struck.

Barrington sat and stretched out his legs.

"Tell me what you have," he said slowly.

Karl shrugged and shuffled the papers before him. Old fashioned and secure! Papers could be destroyed, leaving no trace on any system or electronic system.

"Recently," Karl began, "we managed to obtain a collection of files from a source that fell into our hands." Once again he rearranged the papers fastidiously and glanced at the hand written contents. "The Blue Domain, as it seems to be known, is just a subset of the whole..."

"Tell me something that I don't already know," broke in Barrington as he thought of the other Domains that he had already seen with his own eyes.

Karl smiled and pressed on.

"What you may not know is that the whole of Blue Domain is controlled and watched over by a central command. Let's put it this

way, everything that you have is in the hands of your political enemies..."

Barrington tried not to allow them to see his alarm and waved his hand for Karl to continue after his dramatic pause.

"What's more, we believe that the President is one of the major players in the Domains! Files that we have uploaded match the biometrics of Andrea Perez and mention some coming event that they refer to as 'the Rapture'."

This was better, at last an entrance into the schemes of the bitch that was running rings around him in Washington!

"There's more..." said Karl.

Ivana held up her hand to stop Karl.

"Naturally, we need to come to an arrangement before we can reveal the details," she said with a thin smile. "Nothing is for nothing, we need to name our price..."

Barrington shrugged. There was always a price...

"What we want is your assurances! When you are President, you will help the Russian Federation with a few small problems that we are experiencing..."

"I can give you those assurances," he replied.

"That is reassuring," said Ivana. "But, we need some sort of certainty!"

Now it was clear who was the senior of his Russian guests. Fedor might be the head of the FSB in North America, but Ivana was the one who had the final say! She pulled a recording device from her purse and carefully set it up.

"Now we can discuss our hopes," she said. "Zones of control..."

"Tell me," said Barrington, looking into the camera.

"Let's start with the Black Sea littoral..."

The list of demands rolled through. Lines on the map, territories that were just vague concepts to the presidential-hopeful, but clearly of importance to the Russians. He gave his assent to each of the geographical cravings with no interest. They seemed so petty, arguing over a few acres of land when the presidency of the USA was the real prize. Clearly the *real* price was that he was in the hands of the FSB, a problem that he would deal with when he sat in the Oval Office.

Ivan finished and carefully replaced the recording device in her purse.

"What we will give you are the files that we have. Your people can then decide your next move and I can promise you that more is to follow..."

"More demands?"

"My dear Barrington," said Ivana easily. "Our advantage is your advantage! You will get everything. We are your *friends*... maybe your only *friends* and the Russian Federation always honours its promises."

She proffered a memory stick to him, but Barrington allowed it to rest on the table.

"It is Perez that I need," he said. "Nothing more! Some dirt, some evidence that will blow her out of the water."

"It's all there," said Karl. "Everything that you need. You have her in the fingers of your hand!"

Barrington smiled at the mistaken expression and moved the memory stick on the table fastidiously with his fingertips. Sliding it to his aide as if the touch of it was poison.

"We have a bargain," he said.

"The Russian Federation and the United States are brothers, friends," said Fedor, speaking at last. "This is just the beginning..."

"I never thought otherwise," said Barrington.

The three Russians left the meeting and Barrington sat staring at the empty chairs. Now that he had made his bargain with the devil, he felt calm and satisfied. A few weeks before the election he would destroy the bitch that was standing in his way as well as the Democrats and those that he singled out from his own party.

Clearing his way to create the America that he longed for.

"Run over the whole place for surveillance devices and then close this place down," he said to his aide. "If you find anything, just leave it in place, but from now on, the cover of this place is blown..."

"Sir!" said the aide. "And this?"

He held up the memory stick between finger and thumb.

"Get it sorted... In two days, I expect it all to be laid out in detail, make sure that you have it all."

Barrington's thoughts turned from the meeting. He could feel an excitement filling him, a triumphant exhilaration as the problems faded to be replaced by an awakening that drew him to its arms. That bitch Perez would be crawling at his feet, just like the wife who had betrayed him.

His thoughts turned to Valentina and the physical reaction was almost like a drug. His breathing rasped in his ears and his cock pressed hard at his pants. Once a wife who had cheated on him with the Crocs, now merely a pet whose ripe lips slid over his stalk with a desperation that was like an elixir of life. Giddy with the power that he delighted in, he sighed and felt a delicious shudder run through him.

Was there time for a visit to Blue to see her again?
It would mean rearranging his diary... but surely, he had a few days while his people sorted out that data?

His hands stroked the bulge in his pants where his augmented cock struggled to break free and sighed.

There was time... it would put him in the right frame of mind.

Inflight Meal

SSL

Acronym for: Super Sonic Lift (Transport)

Since the demise of Concorde and the TU-144 thirty years ago, efforts to fly passengers fast waned as the costs and technological effort required for faster-than-sound flight seemed out of reach at a price that was commercially possible. The breakthrough that made the present SSL's possible was the 'Sabre' engine that managed the cooling of incoming airflow almost instantaneously. It has been estimated that over ten per cent of all commercial passenger flights are now SSL's and the proportion is growing as the prices decrease.

Luxurious, flying almost above the stratosphere, passengers thrill to the intense exhilaration and the experience has been described as almost addictive! From New York to Los Angeles in just over an hour and a half, for the wealthy it means breakfast in Munich and lunch in New Orleans is a practical option!

Of course, SSL flights are the headline routes for the major airlines and...

Commercial Flight Digest. Feb 2027

In Cuzco, a limousine took Barrington to his helicopter. Having travelled at Mach four now came the slog to finish the journey to Northern Brazil where two changes and a limousine would finish the journey.

There were others, but he ignored them as he watched the view from the window at the passing ground below. The exhilaration of the SSL flight had faded to be replaced by eagerness to get the journey over with. How the time had flown as the black clouds gathered. Already it was early June and events were moving with a rapidity that was almost dizzying! This four-day break was his chance to find his balance, fuck and enjoy, set his plans in motion.

His phone sounded, a message that he decided to ignore as he sat comfortably and watched the mountain passes below. Peaks barely tipped with snow, dusty valleys with poor villages scattered along the few tracks and roads that were mere lines far below.

Somewhere down there, was the place where his football team had met its end. His wife had been taken and his schemes had really begun. He wondered if he would even be able to see the remains of the two busses that had been tipped over a precipice, even if he knew the spot.

Drink in hand, leaning to look down, his phone buzzed again, and he switched it off. No matter what needed his attention, right now he was focussed on the destination. Blue Domain, the place where there were no safe words, the place designed as his playground, the place where his victims gathered and were recorded in all their degenerate glory.

Three hours to get over the mountains, another two in a light aircraft and an hour by limo. He grinned to himself as he gathered the reins of his schemes in his head and allowed the steward to add to his glass. The journey was just the prelude, the arrival was thrilling, the docile pet that had been his wife, the goal.

Three weeks he had waited, his juices rising, his needs oppressive until at last he had everything that he needed to ensure his election. The dirt on Perez, her visits to the Domains and her activities there. In a month he would reveal all and the scales would tip the bitch into an abyss of her own making. The Democrat senators and Congressmen that had fallen into his trap in the Blue Domain would be broken and the election would be a pushover.

The helicopter landed on a dusty field where his plane waited for the final leg. In the warm sun he contemplated what would happen next. All of the media collected in Blue would be wiped under his supervision, his pet and a few others would be transported to his Utah retreat and all would be ready to make that final series of moves...

Barrington cast a glance over his fellow travellers.

All women... and just a single other man.

The Senator for North Dakota did not even acknowledge his presence, though they had met before. He was on his way to a degenerate vacation, even now he sported an erection that reflected his thoughts and hopes.

The women?

He recognised none of them. They too were on their way, taking the less observable route to the Domains. One or two were worth a second look, he decided. The rest were wealthy middle-aged bitches, slathered in jewellery, wearing expensive outfits that Barrington considered wasted on their plump and unattractive bodies.

The engines of the aircraft started in the distance and the plane moved to receive its passengers.

Barrington finished his glass and felt the effects of the Bourbon as it made him light-headed. Better not to drink anymore and arrive sober and ready to enjoy his reception!

Doors opened and two prettily dressed stewardesses stepped to the ground in mincing steps. Barrington was not fooled, they were not women, they were no longer even men. They were the product of the Domains, the essence of its immoral charms. Mere slaves, feminised and eager to serve, in their ballet shoes and frocks they were exactly what he detested; and loved! An example of what could be done... when he was President, it would be the women that were fettered to be enjoyed, used and owned by their Masters!

Time to make America great again!

In *his* image.

The women stood, the Senator almost trying to hide as he trailed behind them. Barrington sat and contemplated the world that he was aiming to create. It would be the other way around! The bitches would wait for the word, the men would make them wait to serve.

He pulled his phone from his inside pocket with a sigh. There were a few minutes to check the messages and then he could give it up with

all of the others and have a relaxing two days fucking the sluts and having a little fun.

The phone seemed to take an age to start, then it came to life and he flicked through the messages that were waiting. Two public statements of support from his party, a news article that speculated about the coming election. A couple of tweets that were of no interest and that was all of it. With a swipe and a very long password he entered the private messaging system that allowed him access to his inner sanctum.

Two messages marked urgent.

They knew that they were *not* supposed to disturb this last outing before the final run to the polls. Barrington sighed in irritation. He used a fingerprint to open the first and sat as the words swam in front of his eyes.

'Do not under any circumstances enter the Domains! Interruption of contact, not safe at the present.'

The message was terse and definite. The sender a trusted source. What did it mean?

Barrington opened the second message that had arrived a few minutes later and a repressed shudder almost made him drop the phone from his hand.

'Blue is about to be dissolved, circumstances unclear. Get back to the States immediately. You are personally in danger. Perez about to make announcement, Get out of there! Arrangements follow.'

He looked over to where the women and the single man were clustering admiring the dainty stewardesses by the steps up to the plane and then looked around the small airfield with different eyes. The cluster of buildings where he sat was suddenly a terrible trap, the women pawing the sissies were a threat and the distant township the only way out.

Barrington slipped the phone into his suit pocket and tried to appear casual. Sauntered past the tables, entered the almost deserted terminal and spotted the front exit. A typical marbled and pillared

hallway, a vast empty space but for a few desks clustered at one side. A single uniformed customs officer stood inspecting his phone as Barrington quickened his step to find himself at the front of the building.

Two ancient taxis stood, the drivers smoking and dishevelled as they waited in the hope of work. No self-driving vehicles in this backwater of South America! He headed to the drivers and spoke in faltering Spanish.

The reply was in broken English.

"Sir, we offer good price and pretty girls... Fucky, fucky ass!"

He nodded and looked back over his shoulder in a panic. It was as though they were already closing in on him! But, the uniformed officer was still inspecting his phone and there was no movement to be alarmed at.

Yet.

"Take me to town," he said slowly to the driver that had spoken.

"Price a cash-cento of dollars American," said the man as he opened the door to the cab.

Barrington had no cash! In fact, he could not even remember the last time he had bothered actually using notes!

"I pay when we get there..."

"Cash first, Mr American!"

"No cash," said Barrington in rising alarm. "Pay electronic!"

The taxi driver shrugged and closed the door.

"Long walk to town Mister! No cash, no drive."

The other driver shrugged.

"I take it," he said. "But not-for-cash is two hundred in price!"

The door opened and the driver produced an ancient payment machine.

"First you pay!"

Barrington proffered the arm with his chip and closed the payment with a PIN that he had to try twice to get right before he was allowed into the dusty car. The driver shrugged and made some comment to his companion that Barrington interpreted as a comment on the stupidity of gringos that paid what was asked without even arguing.

An old model Tesla that had seen better days, the car squeaked a little as it began to move, and Barrington wondered how he was supposed to get all the way back to civilisation from this grubby township on the edge of nowhere.

As they covered the few miles to the town for which he did not even have a name, Barrington switched off his phone. Good job that there was no coverage for the chip in his arm here, he thought. His hope was that there was a railroad out of here.

All he could think of was his own personal safety.

Surely they would send help...

Part Seven – June 2040

Before Judgement

Places Hidden on Google

...in Tajikistan where the Chinese army has a base by virtue of their 2010 agreement with the government. Showing only as a sandy depression, the satellite photos that date from the 1990's, eighty hectares that are hidden from casual sight...

...in Northern Brazil. This is one of the largest areas on the globe that is concealed by Google maps. Around two hundred square miles of the pampas at the northern edge of the country, this vast area is thought to be an airbase and test range for the Brazilian Army. Unlike most of the classified expanses in this summary, there seem to be no clues or surface photos and the sheer isolation of the wilderness surrounding it ensures its privacy...

...near the small Scottish town of Oban. The total area of the occluded zone is a mere few hundred meters in each direction and the ruins of the former Royal Jacobite Hotel comes from low resolution images of the 1980's. The suspicion is that Anthrax spore testing in WWII has rendered the isle unsafe. At just a mile from the small port of Oban, the island is uninhabited...

Classified and Invisible Places on Google.
Lapsed or blocked Website.
Backup from Jan 23rd, 2021.

A well-stocked bar, a pool and view that revealed the extent of the Domains. Like a picture-postcard of bucolic quaint villages extending to orderly fields and occasional lines of trees shading winding lanes.

Mistress Diana looked over her kingdom and felt a rising sense of rightness. Braced her palms on the weathered balustrade, leaning over the precipice to admire the view. This was *her* vision of the future become solid and real. Years of work, planning and the expenditure of her wealth.

So bijou and sweet. Suitable for a chocolate box that concealed spicy sweetmeats. The pink eaves of villas below that concealed aberrant domestics and wicked Mistresses. Far in the distance the vast spread of stables and parlours that housed the stallions and fillies that laboured to please. The minarets and crenulations of the Crimson palace peeping over the shoulder of the hill and the contrasting blocks that were the White Domain. Darkened windows reflecting the sun, hiding the horrors within...

A single small two-wheeled trap made its way past the women walking their pets, sheltered from the sun by white lace shades as it progressed under the power of the magnificent black stallion whose evident excitement was the normality in her realm. Too far to hear the cracking whip as the seated Mistress urged her mount to greater exertion, the jogging sissy tethered to the rear lifting knees high at every step.

Mistress Diana watched the trap come to a halt below, conveniently placed for her to dismount and she shivered in pleasure as heels stepped onto the waiting slave as she dismounted elegantly. Mistress Isabella, a wisp of lace shading the proud face under her broad brimmed hat, taking the leash of her exhausted dolly and disappearing into her villa. All was as it should be, except for a single blemish that marred her fantasy realm.

Circled by a high wall, the Blue Domain was the blot on perfection. A necessity, but not one that she was contented to allow to continue. A palace like Crimson, surrounded by an enclosure in an attempt to isolate its cancer. The one place where men ruled, the trap that was set and waiting to be tripped.

Mistress Diana felt a faint buzz at her hip. She took her slim phone from the front of the bikini panties where it had reposed and flicked at the screen. The tiny screen rolled under her finger and she read the message. It seemed that the tempest was upon them sooner than she had anticipated. She tapped a few words in answer and shrugged. They would cope, the women under her were more than enough to manage the crisis. It would be interesting to see them under pressure, see what they were made of and she was glad that she was here to see it...

She slipped the phone back to its place and sighed in fulfilment.

At last...

Mistress Diana turned from the view and surveyed the scene behind her. Her own apartment-suite was above even this vast balcony where the Golds in the Silver Domain could take their ease in communal ease, sun themselves, top up their tans and enjoy the services of the bar that stood in the shade of the palace. A pool where three naked Mistresses had a little casual workout, sunbeds that were mostly occupied and the many slaves that served them or amused them ensured a perfect relaxing atmosphere.

Three sunbeds had been pulled together, each shaded by a parasol in the steady hands of a personal naked slave that was hooded to prevent them seeing their owners and superiors naked. Reposing on each couch were some the women who controlled the Domains. Taking a little 'me' time for themselves, enjoying the service and a chance to catch up on their respective areas.

Mistress Diana made her way through the strewn sunbeds, occasionally nodding or passing a word with the women that occupied them. Some she knew well, some were relative newcomers, but all were clients whose wealth, status or importance to the ongoing project were of paramount importance.

Her own status was a little in doubt!

Not in her own mind, for Miss Irene Clearmont was merely in the alluring disguise that had been given her in the rejuve procedure in White. Now she could observe and assess her Mistresses, judge their worth and dedication to her cause from nearby without them realising that their Mistress and ultimate owner was in close proximity.

Of the thousands that frequented the place there were perhaps just a handful that knew that she was the proprietor of the Domains. None of them were present, but somehow her aura of status and the level of her access to the systems ensured that she was deferred to and seen as a trusted servant of the Queen of the Domains. They believed that Irene was in New York, perhaps in L.A. or even as far away as Korea.

"Ladies," she said as she approached the group of three that were her objective.

Mistress Consuela looked up and shaded her brow with one hand.

"Mistress Diana," she said. "By all means join us..."

"Thanks, I think that I will."

Mistress Claudia and Mistress Pamela looked up at the intruder and smiled. One was the chief nurse in charge of inducted slaves, the other the head of the Mistresses that looked after security matters.

Two sissy-slaves appeared with a sunbed and ushered a masked servitor with a shade into position. In this relaxing place, only fully neutered or female servitors were permitted the vision of their owners in a state of undress.

Mistress Diana took her place on the sun-bed and stretched luxuriously as a maid appeared with a vast cocktail on a tray and waited for her to take the offering.

"A perfect day," she said as she settled. "I would live here in the Domains full time if my calendar were not so crowded!"

The conversation was languid and full of trivialities. Mistress Pamela regaling them with an amusing tale from the farms where an escapee had been punished for his attempt, her description of the caning and its aftermath causing a little polite applause and several comments on the need to bring in harsher discipline to ensure the quotas that had been set.

"It's a question of having enough Mistresses to ensure discipline," said Mistress Pamela as she sipped from her glass. "The technology is all very well, but in the end its heels-on-the-ground that count..."

"That will all change in the next few months," said Mistress Diana with a smile before she realised her mistake and added a correction, "so the rumours say!"

Mistress Consuela cast a look at the long-legged blonde and raised an eyebrow.

"Rumours?"

"Mistress Irene let it slip," said Mistress Diana as she took the proffered glass from the tray with an internal curse.

"There *will* be changes, that's for sure," commented Mistress Claudia. "The Domains is *always* moving forward!"

There was a pregnant pause and it was Mistress Consuela that broke the silence.

"Policy and strategy are *not* to be discussed," she said as she resettled herself. "Especially not here..."

"Quite right too!" said Mistress Diana with sense of relief. "Too may gossips and slaves in hearing. I apologize!"

Mistress Consuela crooked a finger to a passing maid and pointed to her feet. In a few moments an intimate menial was kneeling to tend to her manicure. All four of the women ignored the slave and Mistress Diana allowed her thoughts to wander as they sipped at their cocktails.

What would be the collective noun for the small group? A 'tenderness' of sadists, she thought with an internal chuckle of delight. Perhaps a 'chastisement' of dominants or maybe a 'obsession' of superior bitches?

Mistress Pamela, muscular and ripped, heavy with an almost masculine figure topped by rounded breasts that perched on her ribs like an afterthought. Mistress Consuela, tanned and padded, curved and rounded with a waist that made ass and breasts seem even more spectacular than they were. Lastly, Mistress Claudia, slim and tall, slim hands and feet, a tight figure that suited her customary latex nurse's uniform. All three of them chosen by herself personally, all three perfect for their roles.

"I just love that colour," commented Mistress Claudia as she watched the manicure taking shape. "Copper really flatters your skin-tone, darling!"

Finished with the first part of the pedicure, the brush between the lips of the kneeling slave moved delicately to add layer after layer of a metallic lustre to curving toenails.

"I've been so busy recently that I can scarcely find time to treat myself," smiled Mistress Consuela. "But a little pampering occasionally relieves the tension..."

"The rings are a nice touch as well," added Mistress Pamela. "Wearing boots all the time means that I can't indulge myself! Far too tight for any jewellery."

Mistress Consuela moved and the brush deftly moved with her. Looking down at her feet she smiled and turned them this way and that to catch the sun. She fluttered her fingers and stretched them out and sighed.

"I need these done as well. It's starting to get challenging holding a whip properly..."

"Perfection comes at a cost," chuckled Mistress Diana. "You can always get another Mistress to administer punishments..."

"It's not the same," said Mistress Consuela. "I prefer the personal touch and I'm sure that the livestock appreciate it!"

The sally brought a grin to Mistress Pamela's lips and she displayed her hands.

"This is how I manage to get over that little problem!"

"Ooh, what a clever idea!" said Mistress Diana. "They look so intimidating! Where did you get them?"

"I ordered them from Germany, of all places," said Mistress Pamela as she fluttered her steel stiletto nails with a gratified grin at the praise. "Of course, they need constant attention as they grow out..."

"But they are secure?" asked Mistress Claudia.

"Not lost one yet," laughed the chief of the Domain's security. "Except the time I left one in the backside of a maid who needed some encouragement!"

"Sometimes a little underscoring of their duties is needed," said Mistress Diana. "Nice to have everything to hand!"

The laughter from the four Mistresses caused nearby women to smile.

More drinks arrived unbidden. A mellow breeze caught the open space making the lace of the shades stir and bringing a pleasant scent of the ornamental trees that were flowering on the terrace. Such elegant and delicate casual pleasures were the very fabric of the Domains. A little chatter, relaxation and perfect devoted service to feminine needs. For Mistress Diana the moment was flawless ... a minute of utter respite before the storm that was about to break.

The storm that she knew was imminent.

The sound of heels brought them from their reverie. Dressed in black leather, one of the security supervisors that were under the wing of Mistress Pamela. A savage whip at her hip, laced-tight boots and braided hair, the new arrival on the terrace scanned the women at their ease and picked out the group of four who represented authority.

"Mistress!" she said sharply to her superior. "An urgent communication from central in New York!"

Suddenly the atmosphere changed, the urgency of the messenger broke the tranquil atmosphere.

"And?" asked Mistress Consuela.

"In private, Ma'am..."

The newly arrived Mistress looked pointedly at Mistress Diana as if she were the reason for a need to privacy.

"From the Institute?" asked Mistress Pamela.

"Ma'am, it is very urgent. From the top..."

There was now a real tone of urgency in the Mistress' tone and Mistress Consuela looked at Mistress Diana and made a decision.

"Mistress Diana has clearance," she said with a resolve that she was not entirely at ease with. "Speak..."

There was a short pause, scarcely a moment to draw breath.

"Orders are to dissolve Blue immediately, the entire system has been compromised, we are under attack and immediate action is called for..."

"From whom?" asked Mistress Pamela.

"Mistress Veronica!"

Mistress Consuela was already up and calling for the costume that she had arrived in, Mistress Pamela grabbing her cast-off bikini screaming likewise.

"Get security to assemble, immediately," said Mistress Pamela.

"Already done!" announced the messenger. "We are already locking down the farms, all control room personnel are called in. System isolation has been initiated!"

"I'll be in White," said Mistress Claudia as she stood from her sun-bed. "I'll get all of the nurses to report to security..."

She was running before Mistress Pamela could even react as Mistress Consuela started to pull on jodhpurs and boots. She cursed at the tight clothing as maids scurried to help.

The only one who seemed unaffected by the panic was Mistress Diana. She stood slowly in all of her near-naked glory and watched her subordinates hurry to counter the crisis.

There was time to dress suitably!

Leather and gloves, important to look the part.

Then she would pop along to the control room to see if Mistress Consuela would realise if the solution to the crisis was in a playroom in Silver!

This would be such an interesting few hours...

Part Eight – July 2040

Imperative

Sapid Worm v. 03.04.09

Originally used to gain access to infrastructure in Iran by Mossad, this piece of code is now in its third iteration. Developed and deployed by the FSB in the last years, it was the method used to pull down the Japanese government in 2019 when various documents were revealed to Wikileaks just before the final vote on the Osaka/Sakhalin Accords with the Russians. Since then, it has not been seen in the wild, but it is believed that it has been refined and was the suspected payload of the Dragon-W virus just a year ago. Difficult to deploy, it requires entry into the system and cannot drop its own payload, but once there it replicates and ensures effective back-door access to a variety of substructure systems and devices...

FBI Report ET-AK48
Code Indigo
2039

Despite it all, despite the promotion to head the agency that he loved, Jason Brawne was a man who was torn. Torn between two different visions. His and the one of his political masters. The struggle to get to the top had sacrificed self-esteem on the altar of pragmatism.

Not that he had any choice in the matter...

Blackmail, that most invidious of persuasions that he passed off as rationality. Now a brevet-general, he could pursue his interests that gradually had become the interests of Barrington Rossi. In the political process, Brawne was a pawn, perhaps not even that, but the films and watchers that could bear witness to his private intimacies ensured that the hand that moved the piece was the man who would be President.

Now, he was in the place he longed to be.
The place that he hated...

The Blue Domain.

Ostensibly sent to oversee the exposure of others, he feared that his own overthrow would cost Barrington little.

“Get it in order, make sure that the data is all secured for use and have a little fun while you’re there...”

Those had been Secretary of State Rossi's last words as he was dismissed and sent south. Five days to sift through the morass of film and lists of victims who would all ensure the demolition of Barrington's adversaries. Ensure full access to power once the election was won for a man who made Brawne's little peccadilloes seem like children's games.

Jason Brawne was torn between two fires!

Yesterday he had arrived, unheralded and unforeseen, today he could see what a hopeless mess the whole place was. No proper security, like a boil in the centre of a cancer, even the trip to get here had revealed the real enemy.

Not the Democrats, who stood no chance in the election.

Not outside powers like the Russians and Chinese.

Not the corruption of the American state.

The enemy surrounded the Blue Domain and its tentacles were clear to see once the over-confidence had been overcome. The Domain was no mere pleasure park for women who revelled in service and slavery. It was a force to be reckoned with, a power that lurked under the smooth surface, an octopus with a thousand arms.

Jason made notes on paper from long habit. Paper could not be hacked, could not be read by others; if he kept it close. He noted all the automatic doors, systems and entrances. The reliance on remote control and aging infrastructure. He saw past the games that they were all playing in their self-made nightmares and understood where ran the skeins of power.

Just like that famous embassy in Moscow, built by the Russians for the Americans in the cold war, he imagined hidden systems, hidden observation and secretive control. Even the cameras in the control room at the centre of Blue Domain were suspect and he shaded his writing with his hand as he took notes while Christian, a louche and indifferent head of IT smilingly showed off the views of a thousand violations.

Barrington had to be told...

His ass-licking subordinates revelled in the sexual power that they wallowed in, unwilling to take a realistic view. Hid the weaknesses of their security behind the weaknesses of their perversions. Well, Brawne would be different! He would speak truth to power and wind up this farrago of a scheme to blackmail the majority of politicians in the US. Brawne would become the pawn that took the Queen.

Whoever she was...

And, that was the problem. Who was it that steered the Domains, who allowed something like Blue Domain to even exist? Who was it that had stolen all of the funds to make it perfect and spent it on the surrounding female led paradise? Even managed to trick Rossi into paying for a great deal of it...

He was sure that it was a woman. Logic demanded *that* of his theory. Unknown, probably involved in some vast organised crime network, that was certain. Dedicated and subtle, enticing women with a taste of sheer dominance for some end that he could not yet fathom. But the shape was there, even if he could not peep inside the black box of her schemes.

"And the storage and backup..."

"All on site," said Christian as he lolled on his chair, obviously eager to end his shift. "Too big for the cloud, it would be spotted..."

"How much is backed up and stored in the US," persisted Brawne.

"Just a few choice parts," smirked Christian. "Enough..."

“For what? Enough for what?”

Christian looked up at the smartly suited man standing just behind him and shrugged, “Ours is not to reason why, ours is just...”

“Access to this control room?” asked Brawne, changing tack.

“Just the IT and the one or two on the list...”

“Show me.”

A tap at the keyboard and a small text file appeared with a list of perhaps ten names. At the top was Barrington Rossi, just three places below was Brawne’s own name.

“Delete it!”

Christian highlighted the file and pressed delete without comment. There were perhaps a thousand copies on the server back-ups... so why the fuck not?

“Anything else?”

Christian’s question was almost like a slap in the face to Brawne. A cheeky self-satisfied question that just revealed his ignorance.

“Actually, yes,” said Brawne as he struggled not to strike this fool. “How many firearms in the building?”

Christian shrugged, “No idea,” he said. “A few bring a side arm, part of their fantasy, then there are a couple of the staff who pack, otherwise none. Maybe ten or twenty.”

“You are chief of security?”

“IT security only, you’d have to talk to Harry...”
It was like getting blood from a stone.

“Where the fuck is this ‘Harry’?”

Christian started to laugh and rolled a tracker ball on his keyboard. The screen above opened a window and a number of scenes unfolded in quick succession until at last it settled on a room with padded walls where a naked man stood over a young girl of perhaps eighteen who was on the floor at his feet in a straight-jacket.

"His favourite game! Not quite to my taste, but..."

Christian forced a chuckle as they watched the man stroking his huge erection over the helpless girl.

"Slows him down, he says," said Christian looking up at Brawne.

"What slows him down?"

"Wanking first before he gets started on the caning..."

There was no sound, no need for sound. The spurts of come, the smile and then Harry took a cane from where it lay on the floor and bent it in his hands. The girl rolled and bucked up her striped ass to present, and the chief of Security measured his range with a tentative stroke.

"Fifty is usual," said Christian. "Then she'll suck him off before the second round begins. Or maybe he'll open that pretty little asshole wide..."

Brawne made a small movement that Christian interpreted as an order to switch off the screen.

"In an hour..."

"What?"

Not even a 'sir' was forthcoming from Christian.

"I will see him in an hour and he'd better have the answers that I'm looking for. That's what happens in an hour. I have been sent to get this place in order and that's exactly what I'll do! If I had my way..."

Brawne stopped and bit his lip. Christian's reaction was to reach out and open a new window on the screen. It showed a suite, luxurious

and modern. Two pretty women stood in tight fetters by the door and another was on all fours in a cage.

"And, this is?" asked Brawne.

"Mr Rossi's suite," said Christian. "Of course, when he's here the rule is that no records are kept..."

"So, why are you showing it to me?"

"Because the boss likes his little games like all the rest of us here in Blue," said Christian with a small smile. "Sometimes his pet wife is here as well, a delicious little sexy-slut, I can tell you! Crawling around to serve and lick his ass... Pretty little kitty-Valentina, Rossi is a man who does not forget a wrong..."

Brawne looked down at the young man who was implicitly threatening them all. He must be pretty sure of himself, he thought.

"But, there's is no record," he stated.

"There *might* be, or let's say hypothetically, there *could* be if I wanted..."

The man was playing with fire!

"Let's just say that, *hypothetically*, there is a record," said Brawne. "Where would this copy happen to be?"

"Oh, well hidden on the cloud, just in case any of the *valuable* people here found themselves in trouble," chuckled Christian, "all ready for release, of course..."

"Of course!"

No wonder that the place was a barely controlled wreck, thought Brawne to himself. They had all given in to the temptation and now even Barrington himself was threatened.

Suddenly his own position was more than in doubt. Shackled to Barrington, he would come down with all of the rest. Perhaps it was really time to use plan-B?

Brawne had arrived with just four items. His service side-arm, his notepad, his inquisitive mind and the memory-stick that his fingers closed on right now. His mind grappled with the consequences and apprehensions of his back-up plan and he let go of the small plastic tab in his pocket and looked again at the view of Rossi's suite.

The helpless slaves waited for the arrival of their master. A day, a week a month, they would wait for him to arrive, acutely aware of their vulnerabilities, every orifice kept filled, every thought one of pleasing the man whose cock was their real master. Brawne's wickedness's, his predilection for unwilling rough sex paled in comparison!

And yet, there was evidence and it was in the hands of those that controlled him.

Two wrongs could never make a right, but perhaps two conflicting blackmails could cancel each other out and leave nothing behind, he thought. Sooner or later, he would have to choose a side and the balance was moving as he watched the silent room over the shoulder of the idiot that was responsible for the security of the IT in the blue Domain.

Which way to go? he asked himself.

The glory and power offered by the unreliable next President of the US or the payments that were already flowing like a broad river into his accounts? Oh, they tried to mask their intent, their origin, but he knew which East European state was behind the smiling mask of the suppliers of young girls that he used and abused in Washington.

"I'll get Harry there..."

Christian's words woke Brawne from his reverie and the screen flickered once more to the padded cell where the punishment was in progress. A savage caning with one hand, while the other brought a cock to hardness in preparation for ultimate satisfaction between the bruised cheeks of that tight ass.

"Half an hour, I guess," said Christian with a sly smile.

"An hour in my suite," said Brawne.

"I'll flag him..."

"One last question and then I'll leave you to carry on your fine work!"

The irony was lost on Christian who had no respect for a man that did not know his ports from his proxies.

"What do you need to know, *Sir*?"

Now Christian was using the honorific, but there was a sarcastic hint in the word that did not pass unnoticed.

"I need access to the system from my suite..."

"All suites are cabled in," said Christian with a shrug. "For security there's no wi-fi here," he added as if he had invented IT system security.

But anyone can get into the system if they are in the building, thought Brawne. His hand went to the chip in his pocket and his mind was made up.

The balance had swung and the easy money was the choice!

Once it was all done and dusted, he would leave.

Once he had left, he would retire!

Control

VR Game - In Development: 'Mordor Awaits'

Originally via a headset, then miniaturised to work in contact lenses, soon to be available as an implant that replaces the cornea seamlessly. A perfect Virtual Reality dreamworld. Enhancing vision and permitting entry into a game world that is beyond the user's imagination. You become an orc or an elf. Searching for the One Ring to either destroy it in Mount Doom or pass it to your Master, Sauron.

Sounds simple!

Actually, it is an out-of-this-world experience!

The game is available for most types of headset and is the best reason to go the full hog of the cornea transplants in our humble opinion! Blizzard have brought us the ultimate experience, a game that cannot be escaped, a game that is so real that the ashes of Mordor can almost be picked up and tossed to blow into the hot wind.

We have all seen the adoption of VR by the big porn conglomerates, now at last there is a game coming that fully justifies the cost and will take you to a world of reality that is superimposed on our perceived reality...

...we took out the lenses and it took a full hour before we got over the altered reality that was this first view of the greatest game ever...

Virtual Reality Reviews
Feb 2040

Mistress Consuela swept into the control room. Still dressed in the riding costume that she had arrived in, whip at her hip and spurs on her boots.

"Ladies!" she announced in a loud voice that caused all her Mistresses to turn in surprise. "We go tonight! Now!"

The command was greeted by a surprised silence and the Mistress made an impatient gesture.

"It's has been moved forward, we have a serious problem!"

"Shit!" said Mistress Karlie who sat before the main array of screens. "We are not prepared... we need at least a week."

"Then improvise! Get security section gathered into Crimson in the next hour and lock the place down! I want all the livestock secure. Call up the farms for extra Mistresses to cover, we have over a hundred in Blue to take and all the systems have to be secured to prevent data loss."

"At least this week's backup of Blue is completed," said Mistress Karlie. "We have to get the overrides on the doors and devices in place before we move. How much time do we have?"

"Not more than a couple of hours," said Mistress Consuela. "Access to the system in Blue?"

"One second..."

Mistress Karlie tapped at her screen and then turned back to her Mistress.

"We are locked out! Someone from outside this room is running a system-wide search. What the fuck?"

"How didn't we notice this?" demanded Mistress Consuela.

Mistress Karlie tapped in a few commands and then her screen locked her out.

"Masked as internal commands. I need to get the command line up and running..." Mistress Kylie had a moment of panic before she gave up on her screen. "Ladies! It is the *data* that we cannot afford to lose! Fuck... we can't turn off the data arrays, the doors are on the time

lock." She hammered the unresponsive screen with a fist and then said, "Switch off the VR and all the rest of it. Everything we don't need. We can sort it all out later, pull the plugs to the outside and concentrate on the security systems. Now they know that we've discovered the intrusion, they will try to fuck the entire system..."

"Backups are now being deleted," said one of the Mistresses in a calm voice from the left. She started counting on her fingers and then spoke again. "A day a minute... I think! We can pull the plug..."

Mistress Karlie looked up and shook her head.

"No fucking way! If we pull the plug and cut all the power we will be overwhelmed. It will be mayhem if the farms get out of control..."

Mistress Consuela watched the panic spread around the women under her command and shouted loud to take control over her Mistresses.

"*Not* an option then," she announced. "Mistress Karlie is in command here! The backups and storage are the priority. Pull every connection to stop it, I don't care about damage! You have half an hour; I will organise the sweep..."

She turned to the door and slammed it behind her. A single thought filled her mind.

What would Miss Irene do to those that failed her?

She shuddered to think! This was Mistress Consuela's command, *her* responsibility. How the fuck could they have been hacked like this?

That thought stopped her in her tracks. She paused by the maid that was cleaning the floors and stood over her as her mind raced and an idea occurred. Taking all the men in Blue was *not* the problem, she was allowing herself to focus on side-details. Somehow there was an intruder in the system, destroying years of work, destroying all the preparation for this moment and the Mistresses under her command were in a helpless panic.

Every resource needed to be mobilised!

The problem was; Mistress Consuela used systems that she had no understanding of. An expert in creating exquisite pleasures, a neophyte in everything that made it technically possible.

She needed experts...

Ignoring the maid who crawled at her menial work, Mistress Consuela tried to remember where they were! Induction had been in Crimson, were they still there? The lights in the corridor dimmed. She looked down and then it came to her. Those two hacker-bitches Veronica had brought in had been placed in one of the playrooms in Silver.

Fuck!

She pulled out the internal phone that she always carried and cursed again. The screen was blank, no contact! The doors still opened at her approach as she almost ran through the corridors, a small mercy! From the control room in White it was ten minutes at a walk just to get to Silver.

Mistress Consuela covered it in five.

Five days lost already...

As she went, she could see the confusion. Three slaves, their VR off were at a loss, a Mistress was taking them in hand! As she hastened past them, she shouted orders and moved to the foyer that led to Silver. One intelligent Mistress had already placed a chair to block the door that was trying to close, and she climbed over it awkwardly to get access.

Which area would she find them in?

She stopped a moment to gather her thoughts and then headed for the suites. On the way, a few doors were now opening and closing of their own and a whole section of lights were changing colour from green to red. Clearly, a digital battle was being fought and it was difficult to see who was winning!

The internal control system was breaking down.

The playroom was one that she had created herself. A faux child's bedroom that was full of toys for those that loved being the severe mother. The lights were bright white, their default setting. A dolly lay fettered in her cot, playing with her little cock. A small dribble had wet the sheets.

As Mistress Consuela entered, the plaything squealed in fright and curled up in one corner of her barred enclosure. Another dolly crawled to greet her, and she looked for the two latest additions.

A sense of relief!

The giant Russian doll held one of them, the crawling puppy that was chained to a stanchion was the other. A client stood in the centre of the room and Mistress Consuela held out her hand.

"Keys! Now!" said Mistress Consuela.

The woman unhooked a bunch of keys from her waist and proffered them.

"What's happening?"

"Serious problems!"

Mistress Consuela tried to keep the panic from her tone. The sounds of uproar from the corridor outside added urgency and Mistress Consuela grabbed the keys and unfettered both the puppy and the puppet from their tethers and slapped them sharply.

"You two bitches, come with me," she ordered. "You too, Mistress, I may need help with them! Leave the rest..."

The lights in the nursery turned pink. Because the two stunned slaves did not show the urgency required, Mistress Consuela tapped her bracelet to bring them around. There was no reaction and she fumbled at the mask of the puppy to reveal the face of Olga and felt a relief that she had remembered correctly.

Ten days data lost, and she still had to get them back to the control room!

One leash in her hand, the other in the gloved hand of the Client who had been playing in the crèche, they tugged their slaves into the corridor. Order had been achieved; a line of frocked maids was lined against the wall with a Mistress with a cane in command.

Ignoring them, she urged her small party on and hurried to where the chair blocked the door from closing.

"We need them both in control," she said.

It seemed that the last ten minutes had calmed the panic and Mistresses and clients were gathering the slaves in groups to discipline them. Mistress Consuela and the client for which she did not even have a name slipped through a door that seemed to be unable to decide if it should be open or closed.

Now they were in White and the way was clear. The lights steadied to bright white, but some sections were dark. Security had manned the corridors and they eased the way to the control room where the door was wide, revealing that some of the screens were now working.

"Mistress," said Mistress Karlie. "We have local access control, but we cannot access the storage. Loss so far, about three weeks."

The Mistress looked at the two pets that stood blinking at the activity and screens, and she looked questioningly at the woman that held both leashes.

"These are the two that got in the system in the first place," said Mistress Consuela tersely.

Mistress Karlie looked at Olga and nodded doubtfully.

"Let's give it a try..."

"Do it!" said Mistress Consuela. "I need to get to Crimson to organise security. Limit the losses to a month and you are upgraded. All of you!"

Olga felt overwhelmed as she was moved to take a place at an active screen. She heard Larissa cry out in terror and fight any attempt

to seat her. The last month had been like a nightmare, but the lines of code unravelling on the screen brought her to lay her hands on the keyboard.

“Stop the deletion...”

The voice from behind her caused her to tap a key almost experimentally and the scrolling stopped. The tight suit that enclosed her, the ballet shoes on her feet, the collar with its leash in the hands of a Mistress and the two plaits that hung over her vision distracted her from the screen.

“Let her go...”

The first words that she had been permitted to speak in weeks. They rolled out automatically as she saw that Larissa was on the console beside her.

Hands pulled back.

“I need access...” muttered Olga.

Her hands moved almost of their own accord.

The screen added a new windowed console to the screen, and she started a search. It would take a minute to find what she was looking for. Device controllers scrolled by. Dildos, cages, lights and door controllers. An endless parade of devices... Heating and climate control, all in areas that she had never even seen before. The detectors that monitored chipped clients and slaves, the databases of use and abuse. Cameras and virtual-reality controllers... an endless list of the vast system was in progress and she needed to narrow the search

Olga tapped the screen to stop the search. This was the wrong area of the system! Her mind focussed and she cast a glance at the others in the room. Dressed casually, jeans and T shirts, each was sifting by hand through the system to find the worm that had been added.

She tapped at the keyboard and it felt so fucking good under her fingers!

There it was! That little application that she had spotted in the other world that was outside. Her fingers scrolled the screen onward to hide it and looked up at the Mistress that stood over her.

"How do I know that you will even *thank* us?" she said as she saw Larissa weeping over her screen.

"More than that!"

Olga shook her head and the two plaits fell over her cheeks.

"Not good enough!"

"In a couple of hours, you will be back in the crèche if you don't," said Mistress Karlie. "We won't even have a reason to look after you!"

"If I do this, then we are both out?"

"Of course!"

"Nearly four weeks," announced a voice from the back of the room. "It's getting faster... soon it will be a year a minute. It's only the mass of recent VR data that's slowing it down."

Olga looked back at the woman standing over her and then back to the console. All she had to do was isolate that little file and the deletion would be interrupted. A simple tap, all it would take, but she was the *only* one that could do it.

"I *can* stop it..." she said. "If you like!"

There was sudden and utter silence in the room. All faces turned to the fetish dolly at her console. Pink cheeks on the latex mask, yellow plaits and slender chains still between her wrists and ankles. Olga did not move, she was in control, and the feeling thrilled. She saw another Mistress standing at the door to the control room. A young woman with blonde hair to her waist, a whip at her hip, gloved hands carrying a slender cane.

At her fingertips...

"I *would* like," said the young woman with a slow smile. "So, will you!"

Mistress Karlie seemed about to order the blonde Mistress from the room, but something stopped her. The lack of a collar? The simple air of command in her voice? The confident way that she spoke?

"OK then, if you say."

A flick of her finger brought back the previous screen. A short command line addition brought up the attributes of the Russian file and a further addition blocked system access.

"There you go, bitches. Now keep that fucking promise!"

A moment's pause.

"Deletion *has* stopped," said a voice to her side. Larissa's voice. Apprehensive and timid.

"Damage?" asked Mistress Karlie.

"Around four weeks to five is lost... Overwrite has ceased... It'll take a while to check."

There was a collective sigh and short round of applause while Olga moved her yellow plaits from where they had fallen over her face again.

"All devices now active," said Mistress Karlie with a sigh. "Get these two back in Silver to a suite and let's get the system fully on-line."

"They go in *my* suite," said the blonde Mistress with that thin smile. "I will thank them *personally*!"

Olga stood and looked around the room. The subsiding urgency, the flickering of screens as they came back on. The young blonde that had seemingly taken command. Larissa weeping at her console, cowering and broken. Mistress Karlie had forgotten them and was moving for orchestrating the return to normality.

"I hope that the suite has a view," said Olga.

"Oh yes, you'll just *love* the view," said the blonde Mistress with a small smile.

Taking the sobbing Larissa by the hand, Olga followed the young blonde who had already exited and was sauntering through the chaos with a careless swish of her hips.

Dominance

Norwegian Salmon steaks grilled lightly with parsley.
Conchiglie pasta in a fresh cream sauce.
Razor-thin slices of avocado with light dressing.
Asparagus tips buttered with breadcrumbs sprinkled.
All lightly dusted with cold-scraped Parmesan and
freshly minced dill.

Domains. Silver Menu.
Selection No. 3027.

Daiquiri:

White Rum of choice.
Sicilian lemon and lime.
Spoon of Canadian Meadow Honey.
Crushed spring-water ice.
A touch of sour grape juice for taste.
Chilled glass.

Domains. Silver Cocktail.
Selection No. 221.

Keeping up with the beautiful Mistress was no easy task. She did not look back but, with an easy saunter, heels clicking, crop in her hand, all made way for her as if she had an aura of force that pressed them to the side. Olga, with the chains still on her ankles, the ridiculously high heels of her ballet boots and the encumbrance of Larissa at her side had to call out not to lose sight of her in the twists of the corridors.

"Please, not so fast," she gasped.

"Oh, I quite forgot, you are all fettered and helpless," grinned the blonde as she turned. "Mistress Diana..."

"No, I'm Olga and this is Larissa!"

"I'm Mistress Diana," with a smile. "I suppose that you two are Mistresses now!"

Larissa whined as Olga was forced to adjust her arm and clung to Olga as if she was her only hope.

"How long?" asked Mistress Diana.

"Sorry?"

"How long have you been here?"

Olga used the pause to regain her breath.

"A month..."

"We can take them off in my suite," said Mistress Diana. "You will wait there, better not to be in the firing line right now!"

"Who are you?"

Mistress Diana shrugged.

"Maybe your only friend?" replied Mistress Diana with a smile as she looked at the weeping Larissa. "Maybe I'm just enjoying the crisis? Maybe just looking for a new slut to please myself with and break?"

A shudder passed through Olga. There was no way of knowing if the woman was joking or not. Close up, all Olga could see was perfection. Not just the figure and face, the mounds of her breasts, but the way that she carried herself, the aura of confidence and willpower, the elegance of each movement.

"You are such a fucking bitch," said Olga in a light tone, testing her own strength and daring.

"That's the spirit dear, I try so hard to be just that! I'm just glad that you think so."

The returned smile was thin as it added to the face afterwards.

"OK, let's get moving. In a minute or two we'll be there."

Following the swaying leather clad ass of the blonde Mistress, Olga found herself in what seemed to be a different area of the building. Plush carpets, oils on the walls, golden hitching rings in the walls at intervals and marble arches at each opening. A door that opened as they approach was an elevator that took them several stories with no indication of their destination.

Chanel No. 5!

A delicate rich classic fragrance that emanated from Mistress Diana as they stood while the elevator moved. Somehow it was so right, soft but with a rich hint of decadence.

Larissa cowered from the Mistress muttering just one word again and again. "Olga, Olga, Olga..." and Mistress Diana raised an eyebrow.

"It can have that effect," she said. "For some the loss of control just breaks them..."

"Your fault!" relied Olga as the doors opened into a fabulous suite.

She was expecting the Mistress to argue that she was not the cause of their terrible experience, but the blonde just shrugged and said, "If you like; I am to blame!"

The small chuckle that followed the acceptance seemed to show that she neither cared nor was interested in blame.

"Chains off, my maid will sort the details..."

She snapped her fingers and from a shadowed corner came a plainly dressed service maid. Pretty and with a winsome smile she curtsied as Mistress Diana gave her orders.

"Undress them, perhaps a shower and then make sure you tuck them both into bed," she said. "If I hear so much as a word of complaint about you, I will thrash you myself, personally..."

"I serve, Mistress..."

"Oh, and get some food for them..."

Mistress Diana turned to Olga.

"Don't leave the suite. I might never find you in this chaos if you get caught and caged as a runaway! Just relax and wait here for me..."

Olga nodded and watched Mistress Diana leave by the elevator. Already the maid was on her knees opening the fetters and moving on to the slowly calming Larissa.

"Seems like we are out," said Olga with a pat on Larissa's shoulder. "Fancy a look around?"

Never had Olga seen such luxury. Louis the fourteenth furniture, elegant in gold. A few oils that showed an older woman posing in all her naked glory, whip to hand, a wicked smile on her lips. There seemed a family resemblance to Mistress Diana and Olga found herself wondering if this was an aunt or perhaps the Mistress' mother. A cage with gilded bars held a curled up slave. As Olga approached to take a closer look, she gasped as she realised that this pet would never move except on all fours. Cut down to crawl with no option, the mask and collar took away the humanity and reduced it to a piteous plaything. Large breasts, a cock that lay quiescent between drawn up thighs.

Something shimmered on the skin of the slumbering pet and Olga noted the subtle golden skeins that laced the skin. She wondered at its face, but the flat smooth mask gave no hint.

"Larissa," she called. "Look at this!"

Larissa's eyes looked empty as she gazed at her friend. The maid had fully stripped her of her costume and looked as if in a quandary.

"Mistress?"

"Put her to bed, I am hungry..."

Clearly a few hours rest would restore her, thought Olga. The maid fussed over Larissa and managed to get her tucked in where she curled up and sobbed herself to sleep.

"What would the Mistress prefer to eat?" asked the maid with a curtsy.

There was a brief glimpse as the hem of that plain black dress lifted and Olga was not surprised that this slave had begun his life as a man. The women who ran the Domains seemed obsessed with feminising men and then playing the part of male abusers... On the other hand, they deserved it, she decided.

"Whatever, just not a steak..."

"Mistress!"

The maid moved and activated a screen that unfolded from the wall and made an order with elaborate care.

"Would Mistress like to know what I have decided would be appropriate?"

"Mistress would like to undress, have a shower, a bite to eat and then wait for Diana's return. That's what Mistress Olga would like!"

The maid hurried over and soon had the costume and boots off her charge. In the vast bathroom stood a copper tub centrally that beckoned, but Olga was not in the mood and ushered the maid from the room and played with the shower.

Temperature, power and style were all at a finger's touch. She played with the controls and moved from a gentle warm rain from above to match hissing spiking jets of heated water from every sideways angle. The erotic possibilities were endless... Almost reluctant to leave the shower, she dried herself in front of blasts of perfumed and warmed air where the scent that Mistress Diana wore was administered in a delicate puff of mist.

She could almost forget where she was!

The circle of restraining rings, disguised as leaping golden dolphins around all of the bathroom brought her back to realising that what this really was. A gilded prison. At any moment, Mistress Diana or a

hundred other malicious women could have her chained to the base of their toilet to enjoy a little intimate service and humiliation!

The maid was waiting, smartly to attention. One spiked heel before the other, her hands behind her back and the table decked for Olga's meal. The cage with the pet was the base of the table, her feet conveniently slipping between the bars to be kissed by that blank face with a loving, teasing touch.

"Grilled salmon in parsley, asparagus tips in butter..."

"Thanks, dear," said Olga as she picked up the knife and fork. "I can see what you ordered."

The maid fell silent and waited as Olga ate the meal. She was ravenous but, ate as if showing her hunger would be a mistake in front of Mistress Diana's slave. Despite seemingly a small portion, the rich food filled her, and she could not finish the pasta. No matter how she tried.

"Now, I would like to take a look at the view," she announced.

She pulled her feet back and the lips that had worshipped them fell away. A curious feeling, being served so intensely. As if every part of life were a sexual adventure. For a moment, she weighed the knife in her hand and then decided that a weapon here would be almost foolish.

The maid pulled the net curtains to reveal a patio that basked in the afternoon sun. The first view of the outside since she had entered the Domains. A pool went to the edge of the mahogany paved area, one side a window with a fantastic view over a cute little village of pink villas and miniature palaces.

Olga strolled onto the balcony-patio, the hard wood warm under her feet. A single sunning bed was positioned under the awning of a vast umbrella and she moved to stand by it to enjoy the view.

"Pink Domain, Mistress..." said the maid from behind by way of explanation. "Mistress Diana occupies the top of the hill looking down on all of the rest..."

It seemed almost a point of pride!

"Seems deserted," said Olga.

"Time of day and the problems... Mistress."

Olga shrugged and looked at the couch in the shade. Should she disturb Larissa and curl up with her, or have a little nap by the pool? The answer to the question seemed obvious and she sat on the couch and then stretched herself the length of it.

"Would Mistress like a drink?" asked the maid.

"Mistress would like a cocktail," said Olga. "Since you did so well choosing the meal, you decide!"

The as retreated with a click of heels and Olga stretched herself on the soft surface. It moulded to her shape and she was almost snoozing when the maid returned with a tray and tall glass.

"Daiquiri, Mistress."

The tang of the grape, the lemon and lime, the sweetness and rum caused Olga to almost gasp. Clearly the life here in the Domains was perfect for some!

"I will have a little relaxation, a nap," said Olga with a sigh as the sound of the last of the delicious cocktail made a sucking sound in the ice. "Please make sure that Larissa is comfortable..."

"She is sleeping, Mistress."

The warm air moved, the umbrella above rustled, a little bird song nearby soothed and Olga slipped into a deep sleep. A dream intruded on her slumbers. Not a definite scene, but a formless satisfaction that filled her to the brim. As though a warmth between the thighs gently teased, as if touches at her breasts soothed, as if a cool mist touched her skin. Asleep, but aware, she moaned in concert with each dreamed-of touch and relaxed as the sheer pleasure of it overcame her. It was like slipping into a well-worn shoe, a comforting dress or jeans, erotic but not taking her to climax. As if a lover played

her like an instrument, arousing, but not taking her beyond the point of no return.

It was the chirruping of a bird that caused the dream to break.

With closed eyes her awareness rose from its depths and suddenly she realised that the dream was not a dream at all! Opening her eyes, she saw the maid stooped over her, her hands stroking, a gentle rain of mist flowing from the shade, wetting the latex of the maid's dress like beads of dew.

"What?" said Olga.

"Relaxation, Mistress! As you requested!" said the maid in an apologetic gesture.

Olga almost slapped her, but restrained herself and suddenly realised that every order, every command in this place was simply a code for servile pleasures.

"It was wonderful," said Olga. "How long..."

"Four hours, Mistress."

For four hours, this enslaved slave had managed to massage, pleasure and make her repose a dreamlike bliss and never waking Olga until that intemperate bird had chirruped so loudly.

"And, if I would prefer to climax?"

"You merely have to indicate by what means, Mistress."

"You choose," laughed Olga. "You've done fine so far..."

"Thank you, Mistress."

The maid knelt by her side and the hands moved. Like magic, the touch of the French polished nails, the occasional tip of a tongue and a delicate approach from neck to breasts. From breasts to hips, from hips to thighs and then that final stroking tongue that found Olga out.

No need to move.

No need to part her legs.

No need to do more than enjoy.

Long and clever, the tip of the tongue swept her from one end to the other, while small kisses to feet and nipples heightened the joy. Palms softly ran over her sensitised flesh, the nails following in a dance of teasing. Lips enclosed clitoris and nipples, tongue probing and lapping deep.

The border between orgasm and sheer bliss was a shaded line. A blurred border that was stepped over with such delicacy that Olga could not quite discern the point of no return.

She gasped with a hiss of intaken breath, felt the precipice approach. Then suddenly she was floating down to the rocks below before the gentle hands and lips of the maid caught her and lowered her into the warm foam that frothed at the base of the cliff.

A few final kisses.

A touch here, a breath of tongue there.

A final kiss to each toe, a tongue that lapped between them.

"Oh. My. God." gasped Olga. "What the fuck was that?"

"Mistress, I always try to match the climax to the mood and place. It is why I am so valuable..."

There was a sense of sheer pride in the slut's voice. Clearly, she loved her situation and praise was a hymn in her ears.

"Is that what Mistress Diana wants?"

"I am not permitted to speak of any others, Mistress," said the maid as if shocked. "That would lead to an end to my life..."

Olga was not sure if she meant the words literally or if it would result in a demotion and was not about to ask. She simply nodded and crooked a finger to the maid with a smile.

The maid hesitated and then stepped forward.

“Mistress?”

Olga planted a kiss on the bee-stung lips and her hand lifted under the flounces of the maid's skirts. The fingers discovered the enclosed little cock and fondled it gently before moving back to the balls...

There were none, merely a soft velvety skin where once they had hung.

“Again?”

The maid choked on her words.

“Please, Mistress!”

“Oh, you naughty little girl, tempting me to pleasure you! What do you say?”

The maid was almost in tears. Her voice sobbed as Olga's fingers played with her, stroked her soft skin, raised a slight hardness between the bars of the weighty cage and then slid between the cheeks of the rounded ass.

“Please, mistress, it has been so long...”

“How long?”

“Years!”

“If you ask nicely,” chuckled Olga. “And promise a little more of what I had before...”

The maid opened her lips and Olga nodded to encourage her.

"Please, Mistress, please, please can I come for you?" her voice a pleading whine.

Olga stroked and then ran her nails the length of the tiny erection that now bulged between the bars of the cage. A feeling of sheer certainty overcame her mind and she gave the helpless little cocklet a gentle slap.

The maid gasped and Olga slapped again and again. Each touch, each contact causing the maid to cry out in helpless submission.

"Come on little maid, come for me... now is the right moment!"

Now fingers were sticky, a dribble issued that slimed Olga's fingers as she administered the punishment that was bliss for the gasping slave. A last small touch and Olga pulled her hand free. Sticky and wet with a thin dripping of the maid's come, she spread her fingers and the maid carefully licked them clean.

"That's better, now it's my turn!"

Olga could not help herself!

She turned on the soft bed, poising her belly on a cushion that she pressed under her hips and slowly opened her legs.

"Show me what you can do, slave," she said in a warm voice. "I want it slow and teasing until I beg for it!"

Putting her face on her hands, Olga relaxed and lifted her ass a little.

The first probe of a studded tongue that fucked her ass was out of this world.

Management

The essence of good management can be expressed in three simple words:

Planning.

Know where you want to go and know how to get there

Knowledge.

Understand you clients and employees and what they expect to gain from the association.

Authority.

Know what motivates by leadership. Know what motivates by punishment.

A guide to pleasure-resort management.

Charlene Winston.

Jan 2025

"Ma'am, farm nine is on the line..."

Mistress Consuela took the handset from the proffering hand and listened to the report. With a grimace she closed the line and gave her orders.

"Get ten security down to nine and three each. The cages are jammed open and there are problems fettering the mules and field livestock!"

"I can send ten to farm nine," said Mistress Isabella as she called the Roan Domain. "The rest have to come from here!"

"We can't let a single one escape," said Mistress Consuela. "Take any measure that is required and get down there as fast as possible. Take a few stallions as mounts, three are unaccounted for and we need them caught fast!"

"That leaves just thirty for Blue, Ma'am," said Mistress Isabella with a frown. "With the fact that there may be weapons in the place, we really need at least fifty Mistresses to take the place... Forty was already too few!"

Mistress Consuela shrugged.

"They are bottled up in Blue and we have all the doors under our control now. Are we ready to shut down their control room yet?"

Mistress Karlie looked up from her console and shook her head.

"They've cut the contact, all we have are secondary cameras and outer door controls on the overrides. Looks like we have a serious problem, Mistress..."

Her hand pointed at a black and white still-image where a half-naked middle-aged man stood with a pistol hanging from his hand.

"We need them alive and undamaged!"

"That's for security to manage," said Mistress Consuela. "Get Mistress Pamela up here now!"

"It was all going to be so easy," muttered Mistress Karlie. "Swap the slaves for Mistresses and take them all in their suites!"

"It is what it is," said Mistress Consuela. "Pink and Roan are fully functional and under control. Parlours are all secured. Crimson is *nearly* accounted for and the escapees from the farms *will* be tracked and caught!"

"All those hunts were just practice then," laughed Mistress Isabella. "I'll get the Mistresses out in fives to comb the area. We know where they'll try to hide and root them out!"

"All of them!" said Mistress Consuela. "There's more bad news..."

Mistress Isabella paused as she was leaving and asked, "Which is?"

"Outside contact is down, we can't call out at all..."

"Oh, good timing," said Mistress Isabella ironically. "Could be a blessing."

"Trivial, we need no help from outside. We'll just have to cross that bridge when we come to it," said Mistress Consuela. "Where the fuck is Pamela?"

"Here, Mistress..."

"At last! We think that at least three of them in Blue are armed. No damage to the new livestock. I need them all taken and unscratched!"

"Ma'am," said Mistress Pamela as she regarded the still photo.

Of all those in the control room, Mistress Pamela was the only one not flustered.

"It would be useful if we can get contact with their chips again," she said in a quiet voice. "Even if just to know where they all are!"

"We're working on it," said Mistress Karlie. "For getting the farm livestock back as well. Looks like the sensor system is fully down with the outside lines. An hour might be enough..."

"The longer we leave it, the more damage," said Mistress Consuela. "The biggest risk is that the idiots shoot each other. Fuck! Mistress Irene is not going to be at all pleased!"

"Mistress Irene expects order to be restored," said Mistress Pamela.

The tall Australian woman towered over all in the room, despite the fact that she wore low heeled thigh boots. Muscular and with a casual strength, she was a fearful sight with a whip in her hand. But, in spite of appearances, this was no unsubtle sadist, a master's in psychology and languages under her belt as well as a steel ribbed corset!

"I can take the weaklings with just ten," she announced. "Area by area, I'm off to sort the bitches out..."

"More help them!" said Mistress Karlie with a laugh.

"More help us if we mess it up..." replied Mistress Consuela.

"I'll take three and cover the park entrance". Best place to coordinate from. Mistress Karlie will get the chip locations up, security goes in through entrance three to get to the control room in Blue. Just remember, not a single scratch on them... We don't want any physical evidence of the Domains to show...

Authority

The difference between force-doors and security-doors is that the security doors can be blocked as they close and be held open. The force-doors, on the other hand have hydraulic pistons that exert a minimum of 500 Newtons and a maximum of 2,000. Considering the normal strength of a male is 225 newtons in the push, this door type can resist normal assault without a latch.

We can fit to requirements to ensure security.

For instance: The force to crush a chair along an inch-wide sliding door is between 1,000 and 1,500 newtons and this is sufficient to prevent the blockage of the door closure mechanisms by normal means.

CM Catalogue/Guide - Door Systems. Dec 2030

"So, he's not in there? Are you sure?"

Most security Mistresses of the Domains were powerfully built. What an outsider might have called an 'Amazon'. Mistress June was quite the opposite. Petite and almost adorable with her round face and narrow lips, even in the uniform of her calling she almost looked cute.

"We lost Barrington on the inward-bound trip, Ma'am," came Mistress June's reply to Mistress Consuela's question. "He's not in here... guaranteed."

They stood before the loading bay door that led to Blue. Three security, two others and Mistress Consuela.

"Miss Lydia is in a suite in Blue," commented a second of the security detail. Mistress Rose, looking every inch an Amazon. "She arrived a day early... we need to find her too..."

Mistress Consuela nodded.

Barrington Rossi's latest squeeze was in the net, almost, just the big fish had escaped! More to answer for, she thought. She looked at the door that had closed to crush a pony-cart that had been placed to block it and sighed. The whole place was a mess!

"When can we open this door?"

"Control's working on it," replied the petite Mistress with a small grin. "In a minute..."

Mistress Consuela fretted as they waited. Still dressed in her costume from Roan, there were sweat stains and marks on the silks and the jodhpurs were torn from climbing over broken furniture. By her side, the petite Mistress June was running her whip through her hands lovingly. Twice as long as she was tall, a fearsome coiling viper of woven hide, that whip was her trademark. Mistress Rose, much more the traditionalist had a simple crop dangling from her wrist and stood at ease as if this were an everyday experience.

There was a groan from the door and Mistress Consuela stepped forward impatiently, but it lifted just a couple of inches and then stopped. The remains of the lacquered ebony of the carriage groaned and one of the unbroken wheels fell on its side, finally sundered from the axle.

"Come on," muttered Mistress Consuela. "We need to get in..."

There was brief movement at the base of the door, some male face that peeped out and then retreated. Mistress Consuela signalled with her hand and Mistress June moved to stand by the closed entrance with her back to the wall.

A squeal and grinding of metal, a slight movement and then suddenly the door lurched upwards to reveal the loading bay inside. Two people stood there, one middle-aged and holding a Beretta pointing at the Mistresses, the other a crying woman dressed in the tattered remains of a pink prom dress. She cowered behind the man, his other hand on her leash.

"OK, OK, bitches! Nice and slowly," said the man as if he were in a movie. "Weapons down and on the floor..."

Mistress Rose dropped her crop and slowly unclipped her stunner from her hip and allowed it to fall. Mistress Consuela showed empty hands and the others in the group also dropped their weapons.

“Kneel!”

Hearing the order from a man caused Mistress Rose to sneer, and she simply stood, feet apart and folded her arms. For a moment, the man seemed indecisive and then his hand steadied and he pointed the gun at Mistress Rose.

“I said ‘kneel’,” he urged. “Me and this slut are gonna walk out of here and you are going to let us...”

His gaze shifted to the villas of the Pink Domain that rose behind them and smiled.

“I’ll bet there’s police in that-there town,” he said slowly. “You’re gonna take me...”

Mistress Consuela and the others slowly lowered to their knees, but Mistress Rose stayed put defiantly. Until he stepped beyond the entrance, Mistress June could not act. She stood pressed hard against the wall. Absolutely still, her whip coiling on the ground around her booted feet.

Mistress June moved her hand to coil the braided snake of the whip on the ground at her feet for a clean stroke.

He stepped forward slightly and pulled on the leash.

Still not far enough!

“On your knees, bitch,” he repeated.

“Senator Williams!” said Mistress Rose. “Democrat, fifty-three years old. Anal sex forced oral rape, occasionally a little corporal punishment! Feminised men, sissy slaves and cuffed teenagers...”

Her words caused the Senator to hesitate.

“Yeah, all that, but prove it in court...”

Mistress Rose ignored his retort and continued from the file that she had by heart, “Affiliated to the Christian Morals Society where most of his funding comes from in North Dakota. Released by police without charge two years ago after a raid on an under-aged brothel in Kentucky....”

He smiled and took another step forward.

Still not far enough.

“And all the rest, babes,” he drawled with a leer. “Now get down, slut, or my trigger finger’s gonna get itchy...”

His gaze was focussed on Mistress Rose as he raised the gun a little to point it at her face. She knew that he would not miss, the file had that information as well!

Slowly she bent her knees and joined the others on the concrete apron.

“There’s no escape,” said Mistress Consuela and the gun moved to point at her.

“Well, darlin’,” he laughed. “I think different, so shut the fuck up and lay in the dirt.”

Mistress Consuela dropped to hands and knees.

“Nice tits,” he commented. “Fucking pervert skanks, all of you. I’m gonna walk to that town and that’s that!”

He stepped forward again with a tug on the leash.

Mistress June flicked her hand and the end of the whip snaked to strike the hand with the gun. His reaction was almost so fast that there was no time to register his move. The hand twisted, the tip of the whip struck his arm and Mistress June fell all in the same moment. Blood spurted from the wound on her neck with each heart-beat as the Senator moved the gun back to point at the kneeling Mistresses.

"Three years Special Forces..." he grunted. "Think that you forgot to mention that! Cuffs on, sluts, enough of the playtime!"

Mistress Consuela and the others reached for the hand-cuffs at their waistbands and the Senator moved to cover them without a second glance at the fallen Mistress by the wall.

All that Mistress Rose could see was her comrade dying before her eyes. How could this all go so wrong? Right at the start? In a minute it would be over and the Senator would be through the park and into the woods. She bit her lip until it bled a salty tang as she reached for her cuffs.

A sudden movement...

The tethered sissy slave behind him lurched into the Senator's back, throwing him off balance. Mistress Consuela grabbed his ankle, Mistress Rose lurched up towards the gun as he stepped to regain his balance and then lurched forward. The sissy was dragged by her leash as he moved, and he tripped over Mistress Consuela.

In a moment, Mistress Rose was triumphantly kneeling over him, the wrist of his gun-hand in her grip as he fired into the air with a deafening report. Mistress Consuela loosened her grip and grabbed at the fallen cuffs while the other security Mistress ran to the fallen Mistress June.

There was a singing, ringing in her ears as she screamed.

"Get me White, get them down here! Now!"

The struggle for the weapon seemed to swing back and forth as the man showed exceptional strength and slowly brought the gun to bear. Almost, but not quite at the temple of Mistress Rose, he flexed his wrists and at the moment when it almost touched the top of her head, the Senator screamed in agony as the spiked heel of his leashed pet stamped on his thigh.

The gun dropped from his fingers, the cuffs snapped into place and in a moment, Mistress Rose was straddling the struggling man with her hands at his throat.

"Fetter and hold him," said Mistress Consuela as she stood and looked around the aftermath of the brief struggle. "Where are they..."

Kneeling over the fallen Mistress June, the other Mistress had two fingers pressed hard to stem the flow of blood, but a trickle wetted the concrete, meeting the braids of the fallen whip. The sissy maid was weeping unconsolably as she looked around in confusion and Mistress Consuela took her leash to hitch her to an eyelet on the wall.

"Well done, slut," she said as she locked the leash in place. "Well done..."

"Please, please," wailed the maid as she turned her eyes from Mistress Consuela's. "I want my cage..."

"Of course you do," said the Mistress with a smile. "We'll get you back into it in just a moment darling..."

A carriage clattered into the area and two of the nurses from White scurried to attend to the fallen Mistress. A moment later two security hastened up and relieved Mistress Rose of her captive.

"In we go, girls," shouted Mistress Consuela, the ringing sound of the shots still in her ears. "Status anyone?"

"Blue control room taken," came a reply, "Fifteen unaccounted for..."

"You two stay here," ordered Mistress Consuela to the newly arrived Mistresses. "Let's move!"

A brief glance at the latex clad nurses as one held a drip high and the other stemmed the flow of blood. The answer was a shake of the head and Mistress Consuela felt a sense of helplessness.

Three of them only, Mistress Consuela, Mistress Rose and the other Security headed into the maw of Blue Domain. Stepping over the

shards of the smashed carriage they warily checked the bay and Mistress Consuela posted her guard by the only entrance to the inside.

The door refused to open to their approach, but Mistress Rose tapped in a code to release it and they were in. No signs of any inhabitants, the two remaining women made their way down the corridor. Opening the doors to unfamiliar store-rooms and ensuring that they were empty, they headed for the next security checkpoint where a barred gate opened and closed with a grinding squeal at each movement.

Red lights blinked at each camera point and door control, signalling the collapse of the security system.

"All clear," said Mistress Rose. "This goes through to the suites..."

"Each one needs checking..." said Mistress Consuela. "let's move it..."

The first suite was empty but for a maid who allowed herself to be caged with no resistance. The boxed pets were of no concern, they would be attended to later. The second suite seemed altogether empty, but a naked man hid in the bathroom and Mistress Rose chained him to the toilet after a brief struggle on his part.

"That's one of the fifteen," said Mistress Rose. "Let's hope that they're all that easy!"

Mistress Consuela did not feel reassured, but already had the next suite door open. A huge space decorated decadently, there was no movement to be seen.

"This is his suite," said Mistress Rose, meaning Barrington Rossi and Mistress Consuela nodded understanding. "Lydia should be here somewhere..."

A boxed female pet, secure and cowering, a fettered female maid in her accustomed spot, her leash ensuring that she would keep her place. A mahogany rack of canes and whips, the two women moved around the low sofas towards the door of the bedroom.

"Fuck, but I hate this place," said Mistress Rose as she checked behind curtains and moved to meet her boss at the bedroom door. "Men have no idea..."

"I'm all for tearing it down and starting again," muttered Mistress Consuela.

It was Mistress Rose that opened the door and they entered the vast bedroom where clothes and items lay strewn across bed and floor.

"She's here somewhere..."

Opening a door, revealed a standing-only cage containing a muscular man that was fettered in place. At the sight of the two women his erection lifted and his hands gripped the bars.

"Her plaything," said Mistress Rose.

"Well, at least she's normal!"

"When he's away, the mice will play. We have an arrangement with Lydia to clear out her slaves before he arrives!" laughed Mistress Rose as she closed the door on the disappointed slave. "Naughty girl likes a bit of untiring cock... There's just the en-suite to check now."

Unlocking the door, steam roiled from the opening and both women could hear the shower. They moved in and through the mist and steam, they saw Lydia under the shower, a man kneeling at her feet, his face buried between her thighs. Her eyes were closed, her hands raised to her vast breasts, her face upward as she enjoyed the attentions of her slave.

"Lydia!" said Consuela sharply.

Eyes opened and Lydia straightened her legs and lifted from the upturned face of her male slave.

"What the fuck?"

Mistress Consuela started to laugh.

Perhaps it was a release of her pent-up stress, perhaps the unexpected discovery of an authoritarian woman in the heart of the Blue Domain or perhaps just relief that she and Mistress Rose had found their quarry.

“Nothing!” laughed Mistress Consuela. “Carry on, but don’t leave the suite!”

She heard a cry.

A deep throated roar of rage.

She turned and the moment seemed to freeze.

A man stood in the doorway, pointing a small pistol at her.

Jason Brawne, Barrington’s pet CIA man, his vast hand making the pistol seem almost insignificant. She moved a step towards him, between the naked woman to her rear and the screaming man who had seemingly lost his head. Behind him, Mistress Consuela could see Mistress Pamela, steel nails clenched around a whip in one hand and a stunner in the other. Looming over him, but still steps distant.

“Put it down...” she cried.

The report of the pistol scarcely understood as he went down forward as the stunner hit his naked back. Mistress Consuela registered a shock of impact and suddenly her legs could not support her. She fell, the shocked face of Lydia behind her as Mistress Pamela struck savagely with the whip in her hand at the fallen man.

The last thing that Mistress Consuela saw was the face of Lydia filling her sight as she felt a gush from between her lips and tasted the salt of the blood that choked her throat.

An inner calm, a sense of peace, a female voice screaming words that could no longer be understood...

...it was all muted.

...and then came darkness.

Command

Guantanamo Bay, a primer.

45 square miles of US territory on the Island of Cuba. Administered by the US Federal Government from 1903 onward, it was a central point of defence when the Monroe doctrine was the guiding principal of US foreign policy.

Despite the arrival of a Communist regime in Cuba, the lease on the base continued and the 'legal black hole' of Guantanamo Bay Naval Base became the prison for various suspected terrorists after the attacks on the World Trade Centre.

Cleared of Islamic suspects in 2025, it has since been used as a convenient holding-place to jail those who would otherwise require due process on US territory but, that the Federal Government wishes *not* to repatriate to face a constitutional process.

As an extra-judicial territory, it now houses a much-reduced naval base as well as courts and holding cells for those that pass through its portals. No jury trials, restricted evidence rules, lack of constitutional safeguards, appointed defence lawyers and occasional 'in camera' judgements and trials are the hallmark of this blot on the US legal system.

Wikileaks Legal Incarceration World Survey
Jun 2030

Mistress Diana stood resting one hand on the crate that contained the Republican Governor of Montana. His face peeped between the bars of the opening, unable to see more than her leather-clad thighs as he clutched the bars of his miniature prison.

Thirty-five such crates were piled neatly in a row two high, each containing a single man captured in the confusion of the take-over of

the Blue Domain. Most of the livestock rounded up were of little interest. Sissies, female slaves and pets. A collection of slaves that had been rendered unfit, tainted by their subservience to male authority. The last group of captures were penned in a cage in the White Domain, awaiting their fate. The male functionaries, system controllers, so-called-masters and others who would either find themselves amusing their female superiors or else end their days on one of the farms.

She watched as the carriages arrived and smiled to herself.

Mistress Diana felt a sense of loss.

Surprised at the last moment as luck would have it.

No personal loss... if it had been Veronica, then perhaps? But, Mistress Consuela had been in at the beginning of the Domains. A constant presence, a mistress that could be relied upon. It would not be easy to replace her. A new Mistress would have to be decided upon as a replacement. Her mind wandered over the possibilities.

Mistress Diana was not disappointed, she was just dissatisfied!

Circumstances had been complex, the Russian intrusion, the speeded-up plans and the collapse of the system under attack from the outside.

It could have been much worse!

The loss of Mistress Consuela, a serious loss. Fifteen women hospitalised with serious injuries, seventeen of the valuable livestock needing to be put down, one other security Mistress dead, tens of women hurt. Shocked clients that would need to be reassured that all was well.

Then there was the problem of ex-CIA Director Brawne!

He could not be permitted to slip through the net and Veronica was already on her way to stage the suicide that would take place on his yacht in Honduras.

A single crate stood alone at the back of the loading bay. With no opening, it was merely a padded coffin. The one that would serve until the upcoming funeral. Mr Jason Brawne, held in padded stasis to ensure that he remained undamaged, waiting for the personal attention of Irene's factotum.

Mistress Diana looked at the crate and smiled grimy. He was a man that understood wet-work intimately. After all, he had administrated it dozens of times, personally and remotely! He was surely a man that would appreciate the professionalism of Veronica!

For a moment she imagined another fate for him.

Something piquant.

Perhaps a little trip to White... the personal attentions of Mistress Claudia. But Mistress Diana's deep instinct for wishing a suitable end to him was too much for her to evade. *He* had pulled that trigger, deserved so much more, yet had to be accounted for with all of the other occupants of the crates that filled the room.

A suicide was perhaps the best of a poor selection of options...

A fast fix.

Mistress Diana tore her thoughts from the doomed man and concentrated on the aftermath of the crisis. The next stage of her strategy had to be steered and the time had come to step from her disguise and assume the reins.

Each crate was lifted and placed on a carriage for transport to the area where the helicopters would arrive. It was a rule that all arrivals and departures were restricted to wheeled transport, in this case an exception had been made. From helicopter to a military transport arranged by President Perez. Peru to Panama and then a direct flight to Guantanamo where the trials would begin... A little evidence had already been leaked and the news-media were agog with the list of illustrious names.

A shame that Barrington had not been caught in the net... they had been so close. He had gone to ground in the US, Veronica was on the case!

Mistress Diana found herself bored by the whole procedure and wandered along the crates, running her fingers on the bars as she whistled Dixie. It was the excitement of the coming election that drew her, not the road to get there.

Mistress Consuela was now in the past, and Mistress Lydia would be most useful!

Authority

The ex-head of the C.I.A. will be buried in Arlington on the 2nd of July with full military honours in the presence of the President and a full fifteen-gun salute.

In a career that spanned major upheavals of policy and foreign affairs approach, General Jason Brawne was a man more associated with Barrington Rossi's cadre than the policies of President Perez, who sacked him just a few short weeks ago. Not many will mourn his passing and in the confusion of events now unrolling in Guantanamo, many will not even notice.

Washington Post
Leader 30th June, 2040.

Veronica stood in the dark bar and watched the silent screen. Outside, the van was parked waiting patiently for her return as she drank a quiet beer and watched the news. Headlines scrolled underneath while an earnest reporter talked urgently into the camera. The barman passed by on the other side of the bar and she almost asked him to turn up the sound.

As if it mattered!

It had started and all they could do was report and analyse without ever realising the forces that moved behind the scenes. The picture cut to a still photo of the courtroom in Guantanamo that was to be the scene that would fill *all* of the news up to the election. Redacted films of the men who enjoyed the privileges of power and had translated them into depraved scenes of sexual crimes.

She chuckled to herself at the irony.

They were caught, the Domains were not! That was all that mattered, that was *all* that was relevant. The screen changed again and after a torrent of advertising the theme was the solemn scenes in Arlington Cemetery. The grieving widow, the President herself in attendance and a long line of black-windowed limousines that waited for the

mourners of the CIA director who had escaped his exposure by dying in a terrible 'accident'.

A man moved next to her at the bar.

Veronica ordered another bottle of beer and refused the offered glass. What occupied her now was tracing and exposing a few that had escaped the dragnet. More effective than law enforcement, she could go where they could not and tip them off as their names hit the wanted list.

A week was all it would take and then back to New York for Irene to decide her next move. The thought of the blonde temptress that now was Irene, warmed her thighs. Veronica longed to be by her side to serve. When all of this was over, the pleasure would be endless...

The man offered to pay the beer and Veronica refused with a casual refusal.

"Thanks, but I pay my own way," she said and turned back to the screen.

"I'll pay, darling," said the man and for the first time she turned to look at him properly. "Come on, don't be such a fucking cold bitch!"

"Nice opening chat up line," she said sarcastically as she looked him up and down.

The young man appeared not to be fazed by her attitude and slid a ten over the counter for the barman.

"Keep the change, buddy."

The barman took the proffered note and winked at the man who was obviously a regular and perhaps even a friend.

"Give it back and put the beer on my tab," said Veronica in a severe tone.

She felt the hand on her ass, sliding from hip to cheek and clenching and her reaction was instant. Twisting to face, she whipped up her elbow to crush his nose.

It *almost* contacted, his reaction was so fast as he backed clear and his foot swept to contact behind her knees.

"Bitch!" he cried as she fell to the floor and rolled once to end on hands and knees. "I pay your fucking drink and..."

Veronica sprang to her feet and stepped into his reach making his next swing strike her shoulder in a glancing blow. Her hands pushed, feigning a strike with palms and her knee lifted sharply to strike his groin.

A secondary feint!

He leaned back fast to allow the knee to miss just as her foot slammed down hard and buried her stiletto heel in his foot. The man screamed in agony and fell to his knees to be met by a knee that smeared his nose upward and threw him backwards.

It had all happened so quickly that the other patrons of the bar scarcely saw the action and focussed, just as Veronica crooked a finger at the barman, her assailant sprawling at her feet.

"My tab?"

The barman peeped down and shrugged.

"You just made a serious fucking enemy, darling," he said with a leer at Veronica. "You'd better leave... the beer's on me!"

Veronica shrugged and made as if to kick the man at her feet. Blood ran from his crushed nose, his pretty face rearranged by her strike.

He flinched and she simply rested the sole of her stiletto on his splayed hand as if to make a point. In the corners of her vision she could see that three others were approaching.

Three against one seemed a little excessive!

"Hey bitch!" said the big man who led the way, "You're trapped with us, so just show us an apology..."

"Wrong, boys," said Veronica as she assessed the opposition. "You're trapped with *me* and I'm gonna fuck you all!"

"I'd like a fuck, slut!"

He leered and reached for her as if he had not seen her demolish his friend. She stepped back, piercing the hand below her heels to a scream of agony from the fallen man.

"Oops!" she smiled.

"Bitch!"

They came in a rush, the big man at the front, the other two in his shadow. Her hand reached for a bottle on the bar, but the barman grabbed her wrist and twisted. If he had twisted the other way, Veronica might have been in trouble, as it was, she turned the movement into a jump and was suddenly sliding her ass over the bar, heels first.

One caught him just below the chest, the other raised and caught his throat as she slid down on the other side just before her assailants came into reach. Behind the fight, the others in the bar moved clear and Veronica started with the bottles.

In quick succession, one after the other, she grabbed and threw them to smash on the metal bar surface and splash broken glass and spirits at the men on the wrong side of the bar.

"Put it all on my tab," she laughed as she suddenly swung instead of throwing.

The bottle gave a glancing blow to the big man's head, and she smashed the base of it on the counter to leave it a fearsome weapon. She made as if to head for the service break in the bar, but suddenly swung back onto the counter. Broken glass cut her jeans as she slid and then she was in the midst of all three with the bottle serving as a

weapon. The one that made a move to pull something from the back of his pants was the first to meet her chosen weapon, the others scrambling to get clear.

"You're all fucked," she said casually as they warily stood just out of reach and pulled her false police shield from her pocket. "Better run..."

The man whose face dripped red with the effects of the broken bottle fell to his knees, the big man put his hands out and Veronica dropped the broken glass and started for the door.

They made no move, the woman was clearly too much for them. Another man opened the door and she nodded thanks as she stepped onto the sidewalk.

No sirens, no one had even called it in!

For a moment she hesitated, but her blood was up!

Veronica tapped on the side of the van and the door opened.

"I'll have the one on the floor, by the bar" she said. "The others can be picked up later..."

The three large leather-clad women that issued from the back of the van smiled and sauntered into the bar. A few moments later they emerged dragging a man covered in streaming blood.

"This bitch?" asked one of Veronica's confederates.

"No, but we'll take him anyway, it's pretty-boy that I want!"

One of her minders laughed.

"There's always a pretty one if Veronica's there!"

They slung the bleeding man into the van and returned into the bar to emerge with a stumbling figure who nursed his pierced hand, weeping with the agony.

"Cage the bitch and we'll be off," said Veronica as she slid into the driver's seat. "No sense in waiting for the cops."

The van slid into the traffic as the two men were briefly bandaged and caged. Veronica saw a blue light in the rear-view mirror and slid down a side street.

The energy and excitement of the fight already dying, to leave just naked anger at the man in the cage in the back of her van.

This was the sort of thing that would soon be banished to the past!

When this country was under the strict heel of a woman.

The boot would be on the other foot!

Part Nine – October 2040

Tribulations

Gallup Data

Sample data:

Voter Segment size: 12,872
Segmentation: ALGI +/- 2.01% variation
Geographic Dist: Statewise +/- 1.87% variation

Standings:

Perez	Independent	38.77%
Barrington	Republican	29.99%
Lever	Democratic	10.45%
Jackson	Independent	03.44%
Undecided		17.35%

Turnout & Swing:

Estimated fluctuation decided voters	7.34%
Estimated turnout tendency	69.1% +/- 4.55%

Current Tendency:

Trend/week fluctuations	+9.12 % Perez
	-8.75 % Barrington
	+1.72 % Lever
	+0.03 % Jackson
	-2.12 % Undecided

All mathematical data certified by MIT.

Oct 30th 2040

Newspapers piled high, a printed relic of the past that just refused to go away.

Barrington tossed his copy of the New York Times to the table with a snort. The headline lay in plain view, the editor had chosen to go with Guantanamo and the GOP's latest rally had been relegated to the

third page. The photo of Perez declaiming her latest press-release just below that headline caused him to sweep the paper from the table with a cry. The ass-licking young man who stood as the papers fluttered around his ankles managed to suppress his reaction and clamped his lips into a straight line.

“Sir?”

Barrington drew a deep breath and controlled his rage. The party was collapsing around him, he could see it on their faces. They still moved at his command, still followed orders and still produced their own polls that showed a turn in the voting patterns that gave hope. Guantanamo, Perez, endless scandal, his own personal fears after the narrow escape in South America and the partiality of the media.

“Social media?”

Barrington's voice grated even in his own ears.

“I have the figures...”

“Tell me, idiot! I haven't time to plough through all that shit!”

The aide opened the palms of his hands as if to prepare his boss for more bad news.

“We have eighty thousand accounts commenting actively on our behalf night and day,” he said. “That's twenty per cent more than all of the rest put together... Our campaign keyword rankings are up...”

“But, not at the top spot?”

“No Sir. #Guantanamo is top followed by #Perez, Sir.”

“#Barrington?”

“Down three places to eight.”

Barrington scowled at the young man in his sharp suit and slapped the desk.

"Fuck them all," muttered Barrington.

"Your agenda today, Sir. Press conference at ten and then the rally in Richmond at three. Then the run through for the last presidential debate at seven tonight."

"I need an hour..."

"Sir?"

"I need an hour made in my schedule for a meeting..."

"Who with, Sir. I'll arrange it."

Barrington just shrugged and stood. He towered over the desk, over his aide and the others that cowered indecisively around the office. Only the security detail stood straight, their faces masks of indifference as they watched every detail of those in the room with professional confidence.

"How could I possibly lose this?" Barrington muttered.

"Sir?"

"Oh, get the fuck out of here and arrange the transport to Richmond, asshole!" he shouted. "All of you, out of the room. Now!"

Eager to escape, they all left, and Barrington sat down and crooked a finger at his chief of security.

"I want a limo at the back in five," he said. "Detail one man to go with me and make sure that no one sees me leave..."

"Sir!"

Five minutes later, in the darkness of the limousine, Barrington settled into the plush interior, his fists clenched and his teeth grating. His world was folding in on itself, his plans were turning to dust and all he could think about was the pet that waited in his apartment to do his bidding!

He should be meeting with his team, urging his Russian friends to greater efforts, pressing the flesh and giving statesmanlike quotes to clustered microphones. Every minute counted in this last week of the campaign. To mobilise support and pull every string to reverse his losses.

But he needed to clear his head.

An hour with his pet was what he needed, he convinced himself. Blow off steam and fuck her hard. Take that fat ass and hear her whimper at every stroke.

Barrington's hands dropped to his lap to feel his hardness.

Then he would meet the Russians...

Trials

A Lesson In Wickedness

All too often we use extraordinary words to describe ordinary crimes. Evil, devilish, malicious, hateful and corrupt. This has deflated the meanings of these words until they have become the common parlance of crime reporting. Here is a long unused word - 'Wicked'. That these trials have come with fortuitous timing for Andrea Perez's third turn at the polls is beyond doubt. That they are held in the extraterritorial Guantanamo is not good and that the evidence is largely redacted is both good and bad. What we see is beyond any of the words that I could use. 'Evil' has no longer any traction! That both the main political parties denounce their involvement is reasonable. These are individuals following an individual series of degenerate choices. But, that it was possible for our political elite to indulge their basest fantasies and then pose as moral men is both an inditement, a infamy and a disgrace. The connections run deep and who it was that created this hell on earth has not been revealed, but connections to Barrington Rossi and his cadre of allies is slowly being unveiled. The real reason that Andrea Perez shed the GOP is becoming clear at last...

Editorial Chicago Tribune
Oct 28th 2040

The courtroom was stark.

So far from Washington DC.

Small room for onlookers and just three sitting waiting for the three judges to appear. The defendants were already here, a huddle of three men in orange who seemed of little import stripped of their fitted suits and expensive ties. A few lawyers clustered in a group, coffee in their hands as they discussed some trivial personal matters whilst the defending attorneys gathered their papers and arranged them as if

neatness was what was in judgement. The vast screen that had been used to present samples of the actions on which the defendants were indicted was blank.

It had already stripped them bare.

“Judge Jessica Harriman presiding...”

The announcement seemed to catch all of those in the court by surprise. That the Attorney general had moved back to the bench! With a hushed chatter of excitement, they hurried to their assigned places as the door opened behind the judge's bench and three women filed out to take their places on the bench. That a former Supreme Court judge had been co-opted, was one of the clear signals from above that this was no televised trial of trivialities.

“Be seated...”

Judge Harriman, a frown on her face looked down at the meagre court and nodded.

“Where were we?” she said casually. “I think that the summary of the prosecution is long overdue. Are there any more points of order?”

She looked down at the three clerks, the most senior of which waved his hand briefly side to side, palm down.

“Good! To the summaries from defence and prosecution... Despite the vastness of the evidence, especially the media that we have spent the last three weeks watching, the prosecutor will keep her summary short and to the point. My colleagues and I would appreciate little in the way of sentencing advice. This is not, after all a jury trial and all three of us are unlikely to be advised in this way.”

She paused and looked right and left to see if the other two judges were in accord before she continued.

“I should also advise you that, though much of the proceedings have been closeted in camera during this trial, it has been decided that the closing arguments are to be televised live on the major networks. I do not want to see showboating or dramatic acting, I want clear and

precise summaries of your arguments and I also expect that the legal jargon be kept to a minimum. I also wish to point out that there are seven other trials that concern this matter. I want no references that may prejudice the evidence or course of those trials."

The defence attorneys fidgeted with their papers as the main prosecutor stood and placed her hands on the desk before her. Justice Harriman nodded and the smartly dressed woman picked up a remote control that lay at her fingertips and slipped it into her pocket.

All eyes were on her as she moved around the desk to take centre stage. She glanced at the four defendants in their little cubicle and then turned to face both judges and cameras.

"Judges, ladies and gentlemen," she said in opening. "For two weeks I laid a vast amount of evidence of wrongdoing before this court. After this, the defence attempted first to undermine the legality of this court. When that failed they attempted to suggest that the film and sound that we all saw was in some way altered or doctored to create some vast conspiracy that exists in a deep state that has ulterior motives to convict these men. The next level of defence was an admission of guilt that was somehow rendered irrelevant because these men were forced to abuse and desecrate their victims."

She looked around for effect.

"In other words, they did it all, but it was not *their* fault!"

She paused a moment and then pulled the remote from her pocket and moved to stand to the side of the vast screen. The tight skirt, the round glasses perched on her nose, the school ma'am hairstyle giving her the air of an embarrassed principal.

"I could show the court over two thousand hours of evidence! In the course of this trial I have already shown over fifty. I have proved social, financial, criminal and fraudulent links between all the accused that go far beyond reasonable doubt. This summary for the prosecution will show just ten minutes of film, three main lines of enquiry that linked these men and shows that they deliberately and

with full knowledge of their actions entered into a criminal conspiracy to abuse and defile over eighty victims."

For a moment it seemed as if she was about use the remote, but she had a last point to make.

"All of the defendants held senior posts of trust. All of them had the means to both pay for and cover up their crimes using this trust given by the state for them to hold. All of them fully abused this trust and have brought shame upon their great country."

"I will start with the man that held the post of Secretary of Commerce. Mr Hastlewaithe carried out his duties in Washington DC, combining them with commendable Evangelist church charities and political fund-raising. In the moments when he was not at home with his attractive wife, he could be found doing this..."

Now at last the attorney flicked the screen on. The whole screen was black with just a small square of movement that showed the former Secretary of Commerce standing casually and talking to someone off screen. Dressed in a suit, there seemed nothing dramatically out of place.

"Where is he? asked the prosecutor sweetly. "At a charity meet, before mass on a Sunday? In the lobby of Congress?"

The square on the screen grew larger, it revealed the room in which the man stood to be what seemed a hotel suite room. Kneeling before him, naked and crouched was a fettered woman who bore the welts of a previous beating.

The film froze while the attorney added background.

"You have met this witness before, she is the Miss Q who was kidnapped over three years ago and brought there to amuse Mr Hastlewaithe. Formerly one of the fundraising activists for his party, she had reportedly refused his advances. He chose her, this was no coincidence. What we see here is just a two-minute extract from over a hundred hours of video evidence involving Mr Hastlewaithe and Miss Q. I shall now allow the film to continue."

Hastlewaithe proffered a foot to the crawling victim and she leaned to kiss it before he bowed down and slapped her face and walked to the other side of the room. When he returned it was with a long bamboo cane in both hands which he used to raise her face to look up at his. There was no sound, but lips were moving and in response, Miss Q raised her cuffed hands and slowly pulled down the zipper on his pants.

The court was in utter silence, engrossed in the scene, while the defendant hid his face in his hands. One of the onlookers, the accused's wife, made a small cry and gripped the seat in front until her knuckles whitened.

From the opening, a vast cock now stood as a hand from above guided the slave's mouth to swallow while the other hand commenced to administer a beating with the cane to encourage the activity of the slave.

The film froze at the point when that cock was no longer visible, buried deep in the throat that it fountained into. The last frame stayed on the screen while the attorney turned back to the judge's bench.

"he was unwilling and *forced* to do this?" she asked. "Coincidence that Miss Q was previously a woman who had refused his advances? Film faked and created in some act of blackmail or revenge? I say, this man is enjoying his actions, there are no coincidences and my expert witness, Professor Quincy of MIT has proved that the film is genuine and unedited."

"This is the least unspeakable act, now I move on to the next defendant. The former Under-Secretary of Education. A man who finds amusement and sexual arousal in the helplessness of his victims...."

Justice Harriman looked over the court and glanced at the cameras. This was the culmination of everything that she had done for the Domains. Ensuring that the woman that she admired would become the President of the United States of America. Memories of her own delicious trips to the Domains caused a slickness between her stockinged thighs as she watched her protégée making a speech that would have the highest viewing figures in US television history.

A shame that the perversions and pleasures of these men was so banal... Compared to her indulgences in Silver, Pink and Roan, these were mere peccadillos!

The only downside was having to be in godforsaken Guantanamo while Mistress Andrea triumphed thirteen hundred miles away.

But, at least she would be there for the party!

Enlightenment

Matriarchy

-noun-

A necessary system of society or government ruled by a woman or many women.

"A matriarchy run by sexually superior women"

A form of political / social organization in which descent and relationship are reckoned through the female line, with ruling power resting only in the hands of females.

Chambers Dictionary
2045 edition

President Perez nervously paced the small room in the West Wing. Top of the polls, top of social media, the trials in Guantanamo and the leaks of redacted film should have placed her in a triumphant mood, but this long-delayed meeting filled her with apprehension. The woman that would walk into the room in just a few minutes was all that filled her thoughts.

Her hands smoothed down her tight skirt and she could feel the clasps of her stockings under her fingers. Seams were straight, stilettos polished, and the tight outfit felt as though it was like a straight-jacket. She strolled to the window and looked out onto the lawns where Marine One waited with rotor blades still. Turning back, Mistress Perez forced herself to relax. It was a confederate, an ally that was due to walk into the room.

So, why was she so tense?

Because Irene was a threat *and* an associate. A friend and an enemy, and they both knew it. This was the moment when lines would be drawn, areas of interest defined, and their association would be stated clearly.

The strain was almost sexual and demanded relief.

President Andrea Perez looked at her watch. Ten minutes to go and compose herself, ten minutes to go before the outcome of the election was decided. Not that she could ever lose against Barrington... he was not the real opponent. The two Queen Bitches had to square off against each other and define the limits of their domains and Mistress Perez was not one to take the subordinate role!

With a sigh, she moved to the desk and flicked a switch on the console that would ensure privacy. Her legs stretched under the desk and was gratified to hear the clink of the chain as her slave crawled at her feet.

Was there time?

Eight minutes...

She leaned back in the plush chair and looked at the thing that lived to serve her whim. Dared not move until she indicated, looked up at her with his blank face as if begging for the slightest sign.

She crossed her ankles and waggled her foot.

Lips brushed leather and a warmth spread from thighs to belly.

It was a year since she had even seen that face, despite the fact that he had served almost every day. Smooth under its matte black latex mask, in constant darkness, the mouth held open wide, the only intimate contact that she allowed.

Her heel lifted a little and touched the edge of the opening. A tongue flickered and lapped at the dusty metal and she watched in rising excitement as her hands went to the buttons at the side of her skirt.

Fingers hesitated.

Five minutes.

The lips brushed the curved stem of her stilettos and that studded tongue touched the seam that separated heel from uppers. The whole seven inches of the spike hidden in that mouth that was hers to use. Still she hesitated, as her heel fucked the mouth of the man who had been her lover so long ago.

A sigh.

The President moved the probing heel in a small circle and enjoyed the struggle of her slave to serve it without being hurt. An idle amusement that filled a minute with her little game. Each movement, each slight change of direction being countered by the open mouth with a skill that had been learned over the last year. Mistress Perez chuckled as she watched him cope with her minor diversion and then pulled free.

There was no time to play this game, Mistress Irene would be here in just a couple of minutes and she needed to compose herself for the confrontation.

"Later," she muttered to herself. "We can play properly later..."

In her head she reviewed everything that she knew about the shadowy sadist that needed to be satisfied. The vast property empire and the hints of organised crime from thirty years ago. The associates and every time that they had met. The creation of the Domains and the ease with which the woman had manipulated all those around her. Even the small details of a buried past, a failed nursing exam, a rich widow that had founded Irene's fortune and the way that only outlines of her career were ever perceptible. Never the details...

Compared to Irene, Andrea Perez was an open book.

There was a polite tap at the door and Mistress Perez stood and flicked a switch to unlock the door. It swung open and a tall blonde woman strolled into the room with a smile.

"Mistress Diana," said Andrea.

"If you like! Though I think that it is time to shed my alias and resume with Irene!"

Here I am, and here you are and we have much to discuss."

The long blonde hair was like a smooth waterfall that fell to the narrow waist, the large breasts covered by a tight blouse, legs perched in ankle boots that raised Irene to a couple of inches higher than the President. She took a couple of steps and moved to seat herself in the armchair that faced the desk.

"So, you pretty much have this election in the bag," she said as she settled. "What happens after the next?"

"You tell me."

Irene shrugged and looked pointedly at the slave that crouched under the desk.

"You're the President!"

How was it that despite the fact that Andrea stood and Irene sat, despite the fact that she was President and Irene was no one at all, she felt intimidated by the woman that looked up at her with a faint smile?

"My plan?" said Andrea as she moved to sit. "Before we can come to that we need to decide our roles..."

"Of course, darling. Our roles."

Andrea was at a loss for words and almost blurted her reply.

"What post do you want?"

"Post? You mean in the Cabinet? How do you know if I don't want to be the President?"

There was no longer a smile.

"Vice President? I have already got someone on the ticket... but..."

An arched eyebrow and then a laugh.

"I want nothing!"

"Pardon?"

"I have no time for all of that, my dear. The best place for me is in the shadows, a little guidance, help where you need it, the Domains need me to expand and envelop this great country of ours! I will supply a few people for key positions that you will decide. Do all of the dirty little things that are better kept private and enjoy what we create."

"But?"

"You think that I desire titles and political power? I have no interest in all of that, what I want is what we *both* want. A female dominated state, a realm where men are created to serve, where ownership of slaves is ingrained and customary."

"It will take time..."

Irene laughed.

"Look at me, dear. We have all the time in the world! A year ago, I was eighty, now I am thirty-five or less. In twenty years, I will still be thirty-five and so will you! There is no time limit to achieve what we desire, we have forever!"

Andrea drew a breath and sat back in her chair. Everything that the woman said was true, there were no limits, no limits at all. She sighed and stretched out her legs.

"The trials in Guantanamo are almost done," said the President. "The changes will start at the top..."

Irene nodded. "Four years to get it all in place and then comes the last election," she said.

"Of course! When only women are able to vote, what other way would they decide than to sweep away all the detritus of male domination and oppression? There is so much to do, but the only thing that *really* matters is to reshape the governing classes and move men

down a few steps of the ladder. That is the task of the next years, a transition, a rapture that casts everything that was before into history."

"In just four years?"

"Four, eight, what does it matter when we have all the time that we need? The Rapture is *not* a revolution like the last one. No war, no violence, no armies on the march. This is a female led transformation where the old slides out of sight and the new arises as a natural consequence."

Andrea was breathless with the vision that unfolded in her imagination. She had been chosen to steer the Rapture, given the task of making it happen in a way that her political sense had never grasped fully.

"And President?"

Irene laughed and clapped her hands.

"Forget it all, darling, throw it to the winds. 'President' is a male idea; 'President' suggests that there are choices to be made about the leadership of the coming Realm. There will be no more choices left to make, so why bother with having a President? You will be the last..."

"What then?" said Andrea, totally taken by the breadth of vision of the woman who seemed to have the power to make it all happen.

"Queen, Empress, Dominatrix, Supreme Goddess," laughed Irene as she tossed her head. "The title is the least of it. Concentrate on the day to day work and the rest will happen. When the time comes, the title will fall into place all of its own."

Andrea tried to get her head around the ideas that filled her mind and tried to imagine how she could pull the pieces into place.

"Who else have you shared this vision with, Irene?"

"No one at all, darling! There is no need and it would frighten all of our allies. Male and female. It would have happened even if we had not had this chat! But, you need to look down from the goals and move

there step by step and we will get there in the end. I just need you to understand how important it is to make the first moves. So, concentrate on the election and then after that we shall make our first moves in the game. You concentrate on making the details happen, I will steer the vision."

Andrea tapped her fingers on the top of her desk as Irene stood and moved her hands to flow her blonde tresses behind her shoulders.

"One small thing, Mistress Andrea."

"What?"

"Only a few know my little secret. In a week, after the election, I will resume my true name. That way I can pass any door. Don't give it away!"

"As you wish, Mistress!"

"No need for that, but it sounds perfect on your lips. That's better, now you had better get off to your next rally and make them love you!"

Irene walked to the door and slipped out of the room almost unnoticed as President Perez flicked the little switch on the console. The whole meeting had taken just a few minutes, now there was half an hour to consider the words that had been spoken.

Her hands moved down to the buttons at the side of the tight skirt and she twitched her shoulders in the tight jacket.

What better way to contemplate her bright future than with her pathetic slave serving to indulge her need to unwind with a slow, powerful, grinding orgasm?

Insight

Women may be the one group that grows more radical with age.

Gloria Steinem

"Pure porn... disgraceful to show it..."

"You are saying that the citizens of the States should *not* see the evidence of these crimes to be able to judge for ourselves?"

Sweating in the bright lights of the studio, Barrington Rossi's press secretary shook his head, causing a rivulet of sweat to drip from his nose.

"No, no, not at all," stuttered Henry as the camera moved to a closeup. "What I mean is that it's just not suitable..."

The anchor broke into his reply and completed his sentence, "to see what the lawmakers are doing?"

"Now, you're putting words into my mouth," he grated angrily. "I was going to say that it is unsuitable for broadcasting..."

The anchor sat back and the camera switched view to show her looking relaxed and smiling. The hem of her skirt had ridden over her knees, the heel of the raised foot twitched and she turned to the other guest on her prime-time chat show.

"So, Edita, what's the President's take on all of this? Glad to have Rossi on the ropes at last?"

The other guest smiled and relaxed on the sofa where she sat next to her adversary.

"Not at all. The President told me just this morning that she wants to make it clear that there will be no political advantage taken of this

terrible series of trials... Andrea's platform is pro equality, but there can be no stopping the course of justice..."

"There are those that say," said the anchor with a broad smile, "that holding the trials in camera in Guantanamo is a political ploy... How do you answer that criticism?"

"I'm glad you asked that question," came the reply. "Very glad! As far as we know, nearly all of the crimes were committed outside the US, that makes Guantanamo the logical place. They were held, for the most part, under a veil for the exact reason that my colleague here mentions. The terrible evidence tapes, the shock revelations are for the judges and *not* the court of public opinion to decide..."

"Nonsense," broke in Barrington's press secretary. "Pure political gain was the aim from the start... The American public have the right to see everything..."

The anchor made a conciliatory movement with her clipboard of questions and re-crossed her legs to good advantage. Her hand shot to her ear where a message was being relayed.

"Sorry to stop you there, Henry," she broke in, "we have breaking news, and I would like to get your reactions before we interrupt briefly to go to the White House press room..."

She leaned forward and the corners of her lips turned slightly.

"Breaking, a major story! An announcement that President Perez has ordered the release of over five hundred hours of film evidence and hints that there may be more arrests to come... Henry! Isn't this exactly what you wanted? The evidence to be laid on the table for all to see?"

"Well, when I said that the trials should not be secretive, I meant that..."

"And your reaction," broke in the anchor with a waggle of her heel as she turned to her other guest.

"I fully support total openness and hope that everyone on The Hill realises that President Perez only wants to bring these evil men to book."

The camera faded and the view moved to a narrow lectern decorated with the President's seal where an attractive middle-aged woman was about to make a statement.

"I won't be taking questions now," she announced as she looked at her notes. "In an hour we will reconvene for Q and A. The President has decided that the whole process of this scandal must be closed as soon as possible. It is not in the interests of politics or the great citizens of this country that it be prolonged to become some sort of *endless* debate."

She cleared her throat and looked directly into the camera.

"The FBI are releasing *all* of the evidence they have as well as the film and other media that has been gathered so far. In order to ensure that, because of the nature of this evidence, minors do not have access, a website will be created to allow the full extent of this infamy and vile criminal behaviour to be seen by every citizen. She promises that more arrests are in progress and that every one of the men that perpetrated these crimes will face justice. I have been informed that shortly after our next session here in an hour, I will be able to give you the details of the site that is now being readied. That is all!"

A shouted question came from the gathered reporters just as she turned to walk from the stage.

"Is Rossi in that film?"

She hesitated a moment and placed a hand on the top of her lectern as if to steady herself.

"I cannot comment on the contents at this time. That's all..."

Part Ten – November 2040

Confrontations

Election Commission

The federal commission has completed its preliminary report on the 2040 presidential election as follows:

Recommendations:

1. That paper ballots be eliminated in the last five states in which they are still a valid means of polling.
2. That postal voting be replaced by...

Irregularities:

1. Nevada - Fifteen notified uses of false ID. One ballot box unsealed and unsecured. Three voting terminals lacking updated secure software.
2. Alberta - A hundred and seven votes fraudulently concealed by an official.
3. New Mexico...

Summary:

A marked decrease in irregularities as compared to the 2036 presidential election. The full report will be completed and presented by December 4th 2040.

Celebrations were muted in the Dallas Cowboys Bar as Mistress Veronica entered. In fact, there was an atmosphere of sense of loss as if a death had occurred. The televisions over the bar had been switched to sports' reruns and most of the occupants of the dark bar were thoroughly drunk and commiserating the election results. The flags were laden with the red white and blue elephants, Stars and Stripes hung limply, this was a hostile environment.

She looked over the men gathered and scanned the faces. As she did so, three uniformed police took position behind her and awaited her word. Hooked on her belt was the badge of a US Marshal and she

could not help fingering it. For the first time it was *not* a fake, the badge was real, the office was real and the power that it gave her almost took her breath away.

The Dallas Cowboys Bar was not the sort of place where a high-profile politician would be lurking. Those men would be picked up in their rallies and gatherings as the results were announced. Instead, Veronica had been assigned to organise the round-up of others in Texas who were on the list issued by the Domains. As usual, in the thick of it, rather than sitting by a desk and organizing, she just could not resist the urge to click the cuffs closed.

The face that she had expected was not present and she sauntered to the bar where the barman was pouring doubles into a row of glasses with a flourish.

"Looking for Jim Steadman," she said, making her badge obvious.

The barman glanced at it and then looked at the three uniformed men that were close behind her.

"Jim'll be on duty," he said over the noise of the bar.

"No, he's not! We need to speak to him urgently..."

The barman made no verbal answer, but gave a pointed glance over at the door to the restrooms. Veronica followed his look and made a small signal to her men. She missed having her Domains' crew behind her, they would have moved with no need for any indication.

The door to the restrooms opened and her target emerged with his hands still on his zipper. Veronica moved through the drunken crowd, ignoring a comment on the tightness of her jeans.

"Jim Steadman?"

"Who the fuck wants to know," he answered.

"Please come with us, Mr Steadman..."

Veronica could see that there was a gathering hostility from the crowd in the bar and relaxed. Her hand rested on the butt of her sidearm and she smiled.

"You are needed down at the precinct," she said. "Post-election blues..."

The chief of the Dallas Police shrugged and shouted to the crowd.

"Seems that some folks like the results a bit too much... I got work to do," he laughed. "Those folks who love Perez are gonna celebrate down in the cells tonight boys and girls!"

There was a weak cheer from the gathering and Veronica turned to be followed by the three uniforms and the Dallas Chief of Police. From the muggy bar to the street, the fresh air hit Veronica like a cold blast and she turned to her target.

"Let's go, Mr Steadman. You are under arrest under the Corrupt Practices act. You have the right to remain silent..."

As she recited the warning, the three uniforms cuffed and disarmed Steadman whilst he started to argue in a drunken rage. By the time that she completed the Miranda, he was on the sidewalk at her feet, one of her stilettoed heels on his back as the policemen cuffed his legs in shackles.

A thousand times...

This had happened a thousand times! The victim of Veronica's abduction at her feet before being slung into the cage of a black van or four-by-four. It was the first time that her henchmen were uniformed police who lifted him and shackled him to the benches in the truck where eight others gathered already waited in unwilling forbearance.

"Station three holding pens, I have other work..."

The policemen slammed the back of the truck closed and the vehicle rumbled into the night as Veronica pulled her phone from her pocket. Jim Steadman was the last of them to be taken officially and she had other fish to fry.

A few words into the phone and she stood looking down the almost empty streets. Everyone was in front of a screen somewhere. In a bar, at home or at one of the organised events. The first results were coming in and it was clear that Perez was heading for her third term as President. Veronica laughed to herself and fingered that badge. It seemed strange, the switch from Domains to Federal Agent! From criminal to legal, from illicit to having the full support of the Agency and the Bureau behind her. Her laugh was the realisation that the dream was actually coming true! Soon there would be no difference between the Domains and the State.

The election was a landslide even without having to use the access to voting machines and all of the other arrangements that had been made. The people had *actually* chosen for this in a free and fair election...

Mistress Perez was in with a vast mandate!

Domains and State, the two would become one, melding until the join was imperceptible in the next years.

Soon they would all be living in the Domains of America.

A black van pulled up at the sidewalk and the door opened.

Mistress Veronica swung inside and slammed the door closed.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"1500 Marilla," said Veronica with a chuckle. "We need to have a quiet word with the Mayoress about how this is all going to go... I'm sure that she'll be convinced by our advice and need our support. Especially when she sees what her naughty hubby has been up to..."

Celebrations

Miss Irene Clearmont,

You are cordially invited to attend the election banquet in celebration of the election of Miss Andrea Perez to the office of President of the United States of America.

President Andrea Perez looks forward to your attendance in the East Wing of the White House at the appointed hour of nine in the evening.

Each invitee may bring a single guest.
Dress is formal eveningwear.

Andrea Perez

President Andrea Perez

R.S.V.P

The reporter stamped his feet in the cool of the November wind. Behind him, the White House lights blazed red white and blue as the thudding reverberation of Marine One overwhelmed his commentary.

It did not stop the words flowing.

"So far, we have the results of the eastern twenty states, and it looks like a landslide, folks. Eighteen to two for Perez! The Dems have been swept under the carpet, in fact the word is that they just split the vote and were the protest refuge for those who dislike Perez. Here on the Hill, the excitement is electric as the results of polls and voting trickle in, confirming what everybody was saying... no one can stop the Perez juggernaut. No word yet from the GOP camp, they haven't conceded yet, but then that seems just a few moments away."

The helicopter landed and the rotors came to a slow halt.

"And, folks, here she is. The first independent candidate to win since George Washington! Thrashing her former party to a poor second

place, this is a political earthquake that will resound around the globe..."

Dressed elegantly in an evening gown that sparkled with the colours that the floodlighting created, President Perez waved to the distant station where the reporters stood on the lawns and then headed to the White House.

The reporter was almost breathless with suppressed excitement as his place was taken by the fashion correspondent for CNN who extolled that evening gown in almost worshipful praise.

"A fabulous Garnier Creation of flowing silver rainbow scales especially made for this prestigious event," she gushed. "Antique gold stilettos from her vintage Choo collection, and we know how much she just adores Choo heels, and of course, there is her usual Cartier purse. That dress is just so perfect! Reports are, that just fifty are invited, but the guest list has not been announced for security reasons. One interesting rumour is that Lydia Ghenting is on the list. For those of you out of the loop, the former partner of former Secretary of State Barrington! That hasn't been confirmed, but we have it on good authority from the very top... Just close friends and supporters are invited to this super restricted celebration and security is out in force."

She enthused on about the guest list that she had not seen and made speculations about film stars and other media personalities as the camera panned over the evenly spaced shadowy figures that were clearly agents ensuring the privacy of the gathering. Marine One once more fired up and lifted in a thunder of sound.

Andrea Perez made a last triumphant wave to the watchers of the press and entered the doors of her home with a sigh of relief. A couple of salutes from the military personnel that stood to attention, she passed from the foyer through two sets of double doors that were guarded by female agents who opened them as she strolled through.

Down the long corridor where Mistress Isabella was in charge of the final cordon that would ensure complete privacy for the gathering that was taking shape.

The eastern ballroom, resplendent in gold and white was already stirring with the first guests who turned to give applause as the President made her entry. Mistress Andrea could feel her pulse rising with excitement as she smiled at the gathering and made a depreciating motion with her hands at the cries of 'speech, speech'.

She shrugged and smiled and the gathering was suddenly silent.

"Ladies and Mistresses, welcome to the future," she declaimed. "This is where it all begins, *this* is the moment that we have worked so hard for over the last years. I thank you all as well as the thousands upon thousands of women who are out there making sure that what happens tonight can never be undone."

There were cries of encouragement from the women who cheered and then still to allow Mistress Andrea to continue in a normal speaking voice that was heard from one end of the Eastern Ballroom to the other.

"I have first reports that over eight thousand men are already in custody," she said clearly. "By the time that we all leave here, it will be three times that as our agents pick away at the tip of the iceberg."

She paused for effect and a single voice came from the back.

"Can I buy one tomorrow?"

There was storm of laughter at this sally and the President laughed with them.

"Ladies, ladies, not so fast! In a while they will all be available..."

A wave of laughter swept the listeners.

"Make no bones about it, ladies, this is a *monumental* task that we have taken on! It will take *years* to establish the society that we deserve. For the moment we have to work *inside* the forms and structures of the old, while we build the new. Never quite overstepping the mark, all the while whittling away at the rules and customs of the everyday citizens. This is the start and here at the centre of things, it will move so much faster, but first we need to disarm our opponents. I

am not talking about just the millions of weapons, but the prejudices, bigotries and patriarchal laws that need to be swept under the carpet to allow us to breathe.”

There was more applause and a sense of anticipation as Mistress Andrea gathered her thoughts.

“We have passed the test, ladies, and we have not been found wanting. What happens next is to move towards the last election that will ever be held. We will sweep all before us with the hard work that will take place in the next four years. It will be a generation before we can be sure that what happens tonight will last forever. Don't *fuck* it up! Let's celebrate what we have so far...”

Loud cheering and clapping ensued at these last words and the doors behind the President opened slowly and Miss Irene strolled through them with a wry smile on her face.

Mistress Andrea moved to the side and announced, “I would like to thank the chief architect of all of this. The eminence-gris who took us all under her wing and showed us that we could have our cake and eat it!”

In her black latex dress that rustled to the floor in flounces, pulled tight over her shapely body emphasising hips and breasts, Mistress Irene made a small bow and planted a kiss on her confederate's cheek in a lingering suggestive motion.

“I would like Miss Irene to say a word or two...” said the President in an almost breathless whisper.

“I am *not* the architect of this triumph for what we believe in, despite what my dear friend says,” said Mistress Irene in a slow voice. “We are superior to what went before, we have been given the chance to take what should always have been ours. For what we believe in, pure pleasure and gratification at whim. It has driven us all to this point because it is a creed that we all truly believe in. I am nothing more than one of you, part of a female victory that will make every moment from now on one of indulgence and bliss. I am honoured to be a part of this...”

There was an applause that reverberated around the vast room and when it died to nothing Mistress Andrea held up her hands and made a last announcement.

"Let's celebrate and live a little! Your guests are about to be brought to the hall, so make sure that those of you who have brought a treasured pet or dolly collect them promptly. Then a small toast to our victory and a few hours indulgence before the real work begins..."

She clapped her hands and several doors opened. From them poured the pretty pink maids and fettered dollies that were to be the service staff for the evening. All bore trays at their waists clustered with champagne flutes for the guests and moved elegantly on their ballet boots to offer their service. While the champagne was being distributed by the maids, those who had invited a companion picked them up from the other end of the hall as they were released. In a few minutes all guests had a glass in their hand and the leash of their favourite in the other and Mistress Andrea proposed the toast.

"To the future being as delicious as tonight is..."

They all drank, and the maids retreated to return with their trays laden with nibbles and entrées as the gathering of around a hundred slowly coalesced into groups of friends and animated women.

"I see that you have brought a cute little pet," said Mistress Andrea to Miss Irene as she patted the cute maid on the rear. "I don't think that I have seen her before?"

"She was one of my first," chuckled Miss Irene.

"Rejuved? A fortune to spend on a plaything!"

"Twice now, darling," said Miss Irene with a smile. "I like to keep the little slut nice and fresh. She's just out of White a week ago and does not look an hour older than when we first met at the grave of her husband."

Miss Irene chuckled at the memory and stroked a naked breast with her gloved hand. The maid smiled and curtsied prettily inviting another small comforting pat on her firm rear by Mistress Andrea.

"She is superb," said Mistress Andrea. "Originally male?"

"No, my first *real* conquest was a grieving widow," laughed Irene. "I don't think that she remembers those former times anymore, but she is like a talisman, a charm for me and I did promise to look after her forever, so I have always kept her for old-time's sake."

Mistress Andrea planted a small kiss on the lips of the maid, who responded with a shy smile and the tip of her tongue fleetingly lapping at the President's lips.

"We'd better mingle," said Miss Irene with a small shrug. "I need to speak to a few of your guests and I am sure that each one will treasure a small kiss on the cheek from their President!"

"I'll be holding babies next," laughed Mistress Andrea. "You're right, this is the moment when the court is created, these are the women that will make everything that we dreamed of, come true."

Miss Irene watched the President move to the nearest group of chattering women and felt satisfied that the woman that she had groomed for so many years was the ideal figurehead for her vision of the future.

She moved with her slow walk making a small tug at the leash to signal to her pet that she was to be followed. Ahead she could see the small group of Institute seniors that were laughing and chattering with three Domain Mistresses.

Good that they were getting along so well, she thought. There were so many organisations that needed to be fused into a whole and she was the one that had to make it happen without friction.

"Miss Irene," said Mistress Isabella and Mistress Rose at the same moment. "Loved the speech, always good to see you doing something that you hate!"

There was general laughter and Miss Irene turned to Mistress Isabella. "I hate speeches, it's true. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking!"

More laughter and the ice was broken.

"I hear that Veronica is still in action," said Mistress Rose. "Texas had better watch out!"

"She hates parties," laughed Miss Irene. "After Dallas, she's off to Frankfort in the morning..."

"I wish her luck in Kentucky!"

"She doesn't need it!" laughed Miss Irene. "I could do with another ten Veronicas right now. She just goes to where the action is hottest. She's a US Marshal now, incidentally."

"Suits her to the ground," laughed Mistress Isabella. "I'll bet that she's frustrated by not being able to cage all of the men on her list."

"She'll adapt and when we get the first to the penitentiaries converted to Pinks it'll all get a lot easier," said Miss Irene. "For the next few months we'll be short in the Domains, but I still expect Blue to be converted immediately."

"It's already started," said Mistress Rose. "I fly back tonight to supervise the work and you'll get the Mistresses you need here as well. We are pulling out all of the stops."

Miss Irene nodded and looked to where the President had joined a group of elderly ladies that were dressed in red latex. The owners of the largest pony ranch in the States down in Phoenix. Every institution, Long island included, would have to give up Mistresses to supervise the developments in train, she thought. They would not be an easy sell, but Mistress Andrea had a golden tongue.

"We run real tight in Phoenix," said the elderly woman to Mistress Andrea with a depreciating tone. "Maybe one or two, my daughter has to stay and run the ranch, the Gymkhana is coming up soon..."

Mistress Andrea nodded agreement.

"I quite understand. Can I ask a personal question?"

Mistress Clancy nodded cautiously and looked down at the helpless pet that crawled at her feet in a tight suit that matched her dress with flounces. A cute wagging tail as the blank eyes looked up adoringly and the tip of a tongue wagged in the wide opening below.

“Good. So, how much does it cost to keep the local law agencies off your back?”

Mistress Clancy shrugged, “A couple of million a year, maybe more. I don't do the books!”

“That's the first benefit of what is happening here, Mistress Clancy! Everything that you do to hide will no longer be an issue if we have those authorities on our side. In fact, that's just the opener, just think what you could do when you have state support for your pony stables. Soon there will be Federal financial support for all of the academies that produce women who can support the infrastructure that we are planning.”

“I see,” said Mistress Clancy with a doubtful look at her companions. “Are you saying that we will really be legal, I mean, permitted by law to run our stables?”

“Exactly,” said the President. “That's hit the nail on the head. Each stable in an area will be accredited and given a licence. The first ones will have local monopolies, of course!”

There was a moment of pause and then Mistress Clancy looked down at her defenceless pet. She stooped and felt between its legs and a look of irritation crossed her withered features.

“One day without a cage and you do this!” she spat.

On her latex glove was a smear of gloopy slime that she wiped over the mouth of the hapless pet.

“This is the very last time,” she said as she watched the studded tongue lap all of the come from her fingers. Mistress Clancy looked up at Mistress Andrea and said, “You can have at least half of my staff, my dear. They are trained to the highest standards and all of them unforgivingly strict. What's more, I shall speak to my neighbours as well

in Utah, I'm sure that I can speak for them when I say that you will get three hundred from us alone and more if you need it."

"My thanks for being so very generous," said the President. "I'm sure that yours will be the first fully licenced academy in the next couple of years. It's mistresses like you that we need behind us as we move forward. The transition will not be easy for any of us, but as we move forward with the support of women like you, we will see the results in just a few years..."

Mistress Andrea left the women with a small kiss on each cheek and found herself joining a group where Mistress Jessica Harriman was presiding and holding court. From the corner of her eye, she kept tabs on Miss Irene who was now standing in the midst of a group that seemed to be arguing about some important matter.

"...we are moving towards a full female complement in Guantanamo," Mistress Jessica was saying. "In a month we will have it all in place so that we can use it until Blue is rebuilt."

"It's the *next* generation of males that count," said a very young Mistress who was dressed in an *almost* school-girl uniform and carried a hooked cane in her hand. "We need to get the sons of the current elite and make sure that they are educated as they should be!"

Standing behind her was a young man dressed in tight latex shorts and extreme platform stilettos. His long hair was braided to plaits and from the cut-out between his thighs stood a massive erection crowned with a golden ring from which his leash curved to her hand.

"Exactly!" said Mistress Jessica with a shrug. "The next Domain will be an academy. A place where the next generation of men learn complete obedience and fidelity as well as the intimate needs of their superiors. Suitable partners for the women that are only just starting to move towards our way of thinking, men that will show the advantages of female dominance."

"It will take time," said Mistress Andrea. "We need to be careful that we don't push too hard all at once. We will need to get the women of America aligned to our beliefs and see the advantages of joining the movement."

"I say that we can do what we want. Right now!" said the young mistress with a small swish of her cane.

"And, I say that we *can't*," said the President with a frown. "Those who try to push too fast will be disciplined. Be sure of it! They will end up as a second class with all of the woman that resist us. Breaking something that has been in place for centuries requires a substitute that is fully grown before it can be replaced. The only *other* way is chaos and civil strife!"

"The young mistresses that I know..." began the young schoolgirl with an intense look, but Mistress Jessica broke into her recital with a stern tone.

"...are living in a bubble and don't you forget it! It will be four years before there is any form to our new organisations, the ones that will replace the Federal state.

The young Mistress scowled and gave a small tug at the leash that caused her boyfriend to have to step up close.

"Mistress Jessica is quite right," said the President as she smiled. "Just enjoy each step that is taken. In a few years you will have a whole classroom of nice little boys at your beck and call. You could even be the headmistress of a whole academy. But, for now we go step by step and you will just have to enjoy him in private!"

The young girl shrugged and pointed to her feet and her slave dropped to crawl and kiss her shoes.

"I love training them," she said in a proud voice. "This little girly-slut is the fifth so far, I could handle it..."

"I'm sure that you can," said Mistress Andrea. "In fact, you would be perfect for the new academy that we are creating. Would you be interested?"

"In charge?" asked the schoolgirl.

"Eventually perhaps," laughed Mistress Andrea. "But, in at the beginning is top at the finish as they say."

"I would love it," came the enthusiastic reply. "Can I take some of my friends?"

"Of course, dear," said Mistress Andrea. "Spread the word..."

The young woman gave her pet a swish of the cane and tugged him away without another word to where her mother was in the middle of another group at the far end of the ballroom.

As she went, Mistress Jessica laughed.

"That's the next generation," she said. "If they're all like that we will have no problems!"

"We have to train them as well as all of the men," said Mistress Andrea gravely. "Enthusiasm is not enough. Maturity is what we need for the next few years."

The three women that surrounded Miss Irene and admired her new look were all strangers to her. It took a moment to get the names straight and Miss Irene fixed their names in her head as they were important. Dominant women in senior positions on the East Coast who were the key to California and Nevada.

Only two were accompanied by their slaves, both of them men in suits who stood leashless and quiet while their wives introduced themselves. The other one was older and it seemed that she would have brought her own guest as well, but the risk of moving fully fashioned dollies so far was just too much.

Mistress Vance, a lawyer by education in Las Vegas was also the District Attorney and was perhaps forty and clearly had never been rejuvenated. The hard lines of her cheekbones gave her a severe look that matched the business suit that she wore as if a veritable second skin. Without her dolly-hubby she carried a crop in her hands as if she were about to take some other guest's pet from them by force of will. Mistress Paris, on the other hand was dressed in a pastel dress that had flounces and frills from wrists to her thighs. Her husband stood behind

her with her drink and crop in his hands, ready to pass either at the slightest signal. She was the owner of the largest media studios in Los Angeles as well as a number of kinky websites that were her main source of income. Last in the group was Mistress Candice. Her husband had painted nails and lipstick and black stilettos on his feet despite his smart suit. His breasts were large and prominent under the jacket and every hair had been stripped from all visible areas. Clearly he was a sissy slut dressed in a suit and Miss Irene idly wondered whether or not he had been neutered. Miss Candice ran a large stable in Washington State, as it turned out, but most of all, she was the Governor and one of the few actual top placed politicians that were in the inner circle. There was an air of sheer potency in every move and word. Every word was matched by a twitch of her latex covered hand and perhaps a slight emphasis from her tightly corseted waist and hips. A key player, she had it all.

Money, power and status.

Miss Irene scarcely said a word as a discussion ensued about the difficulties of pricing of suitably trained slaves.

"The Koreans are damaging the market. Dumping cheap slaves in the US and it's just not acceptable for the businesses and stables here," Mistress Candice finally said. "We need to make sure that the prices are held high or else it will damage the academies and institutes that are producing quality slaves here in the States..."

She looked pointedly at Miss Irene who just shrugged.

"I have the same problem," she said. "I will speak to the President and make sure that it is high on the list of priorities. However, at the moment this is all totally illegal." Miss Irene smiled wickedly, "When we have registered and licenced sellers and shippers the whole problem will go away because legitimate will be so much cheaper than illegal."

Mistress Candice nodded her head.

"We can wait, just as long as it is on the list," she said. "I am sure that contacts between the Domains and the Koreans will settle the main issues for the moment behind the scenes. They need this to happen as

much as we do. Then the market in livestock can become a real trading business and *only* quality will determine prices."

"Exactly," said Mistress Paris. "It cost so much for consenting performers for my websites that it put most of us out of business. Now it is almost too cheap..."

"Yeah, but who wants a load of little Korean men in their porn?" laughed Mistress Vance. "I have three stables, a casino and several academies in my Las Vegas area and all of them are complaining about the instabilities in the price of livestock."

"I can't wait for it all to loosen up," said Mistress Paris. "When can we look forward to a change in the laws about porn? Apart from the money," she chuckled, "we need to close down the maledom sites and flood the market with femdom. In fact, vanilla porn will need to be clamped down on firmly as well! The development of the right attitude will be speeded by what the men in America can access. I am just at the point of shooting a whole series of sissy films, three hundred in all, as soon as I have the studio time. I don't suppose that something can be arranged in the way of funding, support or soft loans, could it?"

Miss Irene laughed.

"Excellent, this is exactly what we need in the way of ideas! I shall speak to the communications as well as the education department. As soon as Mistress Andrea has our people in place there. Of course, there will be support for the media, it is such an important part of the re-education that needs to take place. In a week the positions will all be announced, then you can lobby for whatever you need. There will be loads of money because all of this is peanuts compared to the budget, especially when the military has the reins put on."

"Is that a good idea?" asked Mistress Paris. "Cutting the military?"

"We are all about soft power," laughed Miss Irene.

Mistress Candice made a small sign and her husband passed her the glass that he was holding for her.

"I should really introduce you to my hubby," she said with a wicked smile. "Ladies, meet the former Governor of the state of Washington! Husband and wife, both elected to the top post... Of course he doesn't have anything to do with politics any more now, except to keep me happy."

The slave husband blushed and looked down at his wife's feet.

"In fact, he is not allowed to speak at all anymore! Just be a sexy and elegant man on my arm and make my life a bed of roses."

Miss Paris chuckled him under the chin and he started to blush even more as her hand slid down his tie and fondled his large breasts.

"He would be perfect for a film that I was thinking of directing," she chuckled. "Could you see your way to lending him to me for a couple of weeks when you are next in L.A.?"

Mistress Candice shrugged.

"Why not? Nothing too harsh though, he is really a bit of a sissy when it comes to punishment."

"No, no nothing like that, my dear," said Mistress Paris. "You'll get him back in perfect condition and wiser for the experience!"

"OK then, maybe before Christmas, or maybe January?"

"Just tell me when you are arriving, and I'll make it arrange everything for you. Perhaps a little tour of the studios and a night in the new hotel that I opened six months ago. You'll just love the room service!"

Mistress Vance started to laugh.

"I just remembered," she said. "What's the deal with brothels? I mean, we allow a little latitude at the moment, I suppose that we'll be closing all of the ones with the wrong services on offer?"

"No idea," said Miss Irene. "Don't move yet, let's get it all under control first... Just up their payments and push them a little!"

"Happy to," she replied.

"Sorry but I have to circulate," said Miss Irene.

Her hand reached out and squeezed Mistress Candice's husband's breasts and she nodded.

"They're not silicone, are they?" she asked. "Have you had him neutered?"

"No, nothing fake about my hubby, and he is well able to serve me all night as a man," said Mistress Candice with a smile. "Nothing fake about you either is there?"

"No, despite rejuve, I'm the real deal," came the reply.

Mistress Andrea came across Lydia almost by accident. Barrington's former lover had detained a sissy maid and was exploring the possibilities.

"I hope that you *are* molesting my staff," said the President with a laugh. "They've all been supplied by Mistress Irene from her Long Island Institute and are available if you see one that you fancy!"

Lydia started at the voice behind her and turned to face.

"Mistress President," she said as she looked around at the guests and the others in the vast room. "I had no idea that I had joined the wrong side..."

"Barrington was never a clever choice, even if he had won..."

"I can see that now, but I really wonder why I am even here as a guest and not serving the champagne..."

"Potential," said Mistress Andrea. "Mistress Isabella reported that you gave us a great deal of help..."

"I didn't have much choice."

"We need more like us, women can change sides. Once!" said Mistress Andrea. "I hope that you are staying until the end at three?"

"Wouldn't miss it!"

"Well don't as I have arranged a small event to close of the celebrations," replied the President. "You'll love it! Meanwhile, get around and meet the rest of my guests. Oh, and select the slave you fancy and have a little fun... this is what it's all about!"

"Thank you so much..."

"Don't thank me, *Mistress Lydia*, thank *Mistress Isabella* for spotting your potential!"

Mistress Lydia! she thought, and the feeling was exquisite. Looking around at the wealthy and powerful women who filled this ballroom in the White House... the fucking *White House* for Christ's sake! The President herself had just chatted with her casually... Barrington Rossi had money, power and connections, but here she was at home!

Of course, she needed to revise her sense of fashion and style, she thought. The expensive couture dress and high-heeled sandals were all very well, but her eyes had opened to the incredible clothes that were displayed all around her. Victorian ballgowns, latex skin-tight dresses like Miss Irene's. The silver flowing scales of the President that clung to her like a skin and surged like a river in the light. Even that young *Mistress* in the school-girl outfit was incredible. A tartan mini that barely covered her thighs and the socks over the knees all matched off with the cane and heels.

Mistress Lydia felt a twinge of jealousy as she realised that it was not *really* the costumes that made these women so attractive, but the way that they carried themselves, the sheer élan and self confidence that radiated superiority. That was what needed to be learned, then everything would fall into place! And the reason that she did not have it? Simple, she thought, so simple. Too long trailing in the shadow of all those men that just wanted her on their arm. Barrington and all the rest of them, using her as a status symbol when she should have been striking out on her own.

She turned to the cute maid who still stood so still by her side. Legs crossed at the ankles, balancing on her ballet boots despite the short chain between her ankles. Her round breasts pushed up by the stiff

corset until they almost popped from the top at every breath. Lace and little bells everywhere and that stiff collar that kept her head up and immobile as if floating from her shoulders. The oddest thing was the way that her arms had been closed at the elbows behind her back, with her wrists chained to the back of that collar. It pushed her forward, presented her in such a way that she had to be touched and fondled and Mistress Lydia found that she could not restrain herself.

Mistress Lydia took another glass from the tray, the last one. Unclipped the little chains that supported the tray from the eyelets on her collar and placed it on a nearby occasional table. Now the slut was perfect, the tray had spoiled her figure that could be now fully appreciated. A waist so narrow that Mistress Lydia could almost have circled it with her hands and flaring hips that were accentuated by the slut's posture.

"Your name?" she asked.

The maid moved her lips, but no sound came forth.

"I like what I see," she said as she realised that this slave had lost her power of speech. "A cute little pet for my pleasure..."

Mistress Lydia was a little at a loss as what to do next. Every second guest seemed to have a pet or slave in close proximity, but there was little of an intimate nature in progress. There was an older woman who slowly teased the erection of her lover whilst laughing at some bon-mot of another mistress. To the left and mistress that for some reason had decided that her husband should be punished and was beckoning a maid to have him taken for chastisement. She wondered if there was some place where she could go with the maid to explore a little further in private?

To her rescue came an older woman who had a pet walking at her ankles. She was all in bright red latex that clung to her thin frame and the poor plaything was similarly attired.

"Are you looking for a little place to hide," smiled the woman thinly.

"Allow me to introduce myself," she continued. "Mistress Clancy from New Mexico. One of the biggest ranchers down by Phoenix."

The woman seemed to be expecting a reply and Mistress Lydia introduced herself.

"My, but you changed sides," said Mistress Clancy with a grin. "From that horrible lout Rossi to the Domains. A very lucky girl indeed!"

Mistress Lydia realised that there were no secrets here amongst the women whose lives were filled with gauging their peers. She nodded.

"You are right, but I am sure that I have chosen right..."

"My dear girl, there is no other place to be," laughed Mistress Clancy. "With the winners!"

No malice or jealousy here, thought Mistress Lydia, though she wondered why Mistress Clancy had never rejuvenated. She was just wondering why that could be when Mistress Clancy seemingly divined her query and answered it quite openly.

"I was like you forty years ago, dear," she said. "I would step back in a second if it was possible, but it seems that I have a hereditary problem that makes rejuvenate too risky..."

"Oh, I am so sorry to hear that," said Mistress Lydia.

"I make the best of it darling..."

As she spoke she patted her pet on the head almost affectionately and tugged the leash to bring it to her ankles.

"So, what is your plan?"

"I have no idea at all," said Mistress Lydia. "I think that I want to go back to the Domains and see what I can do there... I mean as a Mistress and not merely on vacation."

"No need," laughed the older woman. "The Domains is moving to you! Actually, I mean what are you planning with this little slut here?"

"Er, actually I was wondering..."

“Male or female?”

Mistress Lydia blushed in answer. The direct manner of Mistress Clancy was causing a blush.

“Sissy, look here...”

Mistress Clancy lifted the front of the standing maid's frock to reveal a cute little prick with a bell dangling from the tip an inch or so.

“It's easy darling, always look at the hands...”

“I see,” said Mistress Lydia as she realised that the hands of the slave were not slim. Even pinned up to the collar at the back it was clear that they were not elegant, apart from the long curving nails. “Clever!”

“It costs too much to have them done, though I have seen it.”

“Do you own a lot of slaves?”

The question elicited a laugh and Mistress Clancy nodded.

“A stable and loads more, actually,” she said. “The latest addition is a small academy for Mistresses that want to learn how to train livestock.”

“Ponies and all of that?”

“All of that,” chuckled Mistress Clancy. “Interested?”

“Perhaps? I mean I wouldn't want to impose!”

“Don't be silly, girl! I wouldn't offer if the offer weren't genuine.”

“How long?”

“A year is pretty normal to graduate, though we're only up and running a few months. When it is complete, we will offer posts at the stables for those we feel fit the tone. We aim to create a strict and

severe environment where punishment is the rule, rather than using rewards and tea and sympathy!"

"I can think about it?" asked Mistress Lydia. "I mean it would be a big thing..."

"My dear, just call me up in Phoenix and pop by and you're in. I like the thought of a famous Mistress in the academy."

"Famous?"

"You are better known than you know, Mistress Lydia. I have heard good things about you!"

Mistress Clancy lifted her hand and offered the leash of her pet to Mistress Lydia.

"Here take it, for the evening and enjoy! These maids are all very well, but they're a little colourless and boring. Just background really, almost part of the furniture."

"I wouldn't know..."

"Don't be so shy, it's quite docile!"

Gingerly, Mistress Lydia took the rein in her hand and gave it an experimental tug. The crawling pet moved to her ankles and lowered a little to kiss her toes through the straps of her strappy sandals.

Mistress Clancy bent down and reached under the low torso and stroked the erection that stood parallel to the floor.

"It's been naughty once tonight, keep an eye on this!"

"In chastity?"

"No, quite the opposite, darling. I wouldn't deny my son its little pleasures, it's just that a punishment has to follow each mess it makes. Quite the Mummy's boy aren't you?" she addressed to the upturned face of the pet.

Mistress Lydia shuddered and felt a curious excitement in the same shiver. Was this really her son?

"Got him in the second marriage," said Mistress Clancy with a sweet smile. "If it were really mine, I would have chosen sissification and married him off to some attractive mistress like yourself!"

"Oh, I see," said Mistress Lydia as she looked at the bright shiny red pet with its feminine flounces.

She gave another experimental tug at the leash and watched the smooth face seem to look up at her, though the latex over the pet's eyes was an unbroken smooth second skin.

"Have a little play if you like, you'll find a few rooms over there where you can test it out. You'll need this as well!"

Mistress Clancy unclipped a short, braided crop from her waist and passed it to the bemused Mistress Lydia.

"If you unhood it, you'll find plenty of reason for this," she chuckled. "If you want to leave it and mingle without my step-son at your ankles, just pass it to the holding pens over there."

She pointed vaguely at the entrance.

"Have fun and think about my offer. A year in my ranch will change you and knock that shyness from you double-quick."

"I will... and thanks so much!"

"A pleasure."

Mistress Clancy turned and moved to the buffet and Mistress Lydia was left alone with the rather strange object at her feet. Resting on pads attached to where knees and ankles had been, the pet moved with an awkward gait, tipped forward but head held high by a collar that allowed just a little movement. Mistress Lydia felt self-conscious as she moved through the chattering groups of dominants eliciting the odd compliment or comment as she passed. She moved slowly as she drifted and took in the gathering. There was the President, together with a group of Asian ladies who were so tiny that they were only

shoulder high to her. Miss Irene was at the champagne buffet with Mistress Rose and Mistress Clancy and she resisted moving towards those that she knew.

She moved aimlessly and found herself passing a knot of young girls that had chosen to dress in the briefest of school-girl uniforms. How this counted as formal dress, she could not understand, though the rather showy slave on the leash was almost over the top with his huge cock standing to attention whilst the casual hand of his owner stroked and idly teased it with little touches and slaps.

Behind that small group of chattering and giggling girls, Mistress Lydia discovered a way out of the ballroom that she had not noticed before. A tall woman stood guard and she almost turned away but for her question.

"There is a relaxation room available," said the leather clad woman.

"Oh, thanks," said Mistress Lydia and she passed the imposing dominatrix and discovered a few doors of which one was open.

Restrooms and resting rooms!

The small room had a tall window smothered in red curtains and a small sofa and occasional chairs stood in a group. Closing the door, she led her newly acquired pet to the sofa and sat down, almost at a loss as to what to do next. It was quiescent, only the slight throbbing of that vast cock as it responded to heartbeat and moved up and down slightly. A single drip descended from the tip and Mistress Lydia felt a quiver of excitement. Wetness between her thighs, soaking her delicate lace knickers, a slight flush that made her thighs warm under her dress.

The solution was obvious and she slid the zipper that ended at the side-slit of her dress to be able to open her legs. A touch here and there almost brought her to climax and her hand retreated. A tug at the leash brought the pet between her thighs until the hole that was its mouth hovered over the slippery slit of her cunt.

It seemed that some order or command needed to be given.

"Nice and slow, I want to come so gently that it lasts for ever," she said.

There was movement at the hole, the flicker of a tongue, a stud planted like a button, a flat surface broken by small stipples that promised exquisite contact. When it experimentally reached out and stroked the lips of her pussy, Mistress Lydia almost jumped in shock at the contact. She groaned in ecstasy and her thighs opened a little whilst the pet orientated itself to lap at the skin above and below her slit with slow strokes. A delicate massage that send Mistress Lydia to paradise.

Hands on the head that served her so intimately, she slipped into a fugue of pleasure. Never a touch except to the delicate smooth skin around the centre of her desire, just that perfect stud rasping and gliding in the slippery wetness of her excitement.

It lasted five minutes, ten minutes and Mistress Lydia was almost frantic for a touch inside, but she resisted the urge and simply wallowed in the teasing that seemed to drive her to the point of madness.

She pulled up her legs and rested the points of her heels on the pet's smooth back. It seemed to be a sign for the plaything as the strokes of the tongue grew ever closer to the edge of her pussy. She groaned and then came the first climax. A single touch to the inner lips of her was all it took to cause her to cry out and gasp as the clever tongue of her pet retreated and then again massaged the soft flesh around her pussy.

Once more, the pressure built with Mistress Lydia gasping and desperate for another intimate contact of that servile tongue. When it happened, that small touch on her clitoris, she almost screamed as she orgasmed with a helpless quiver of her entire body. In her mind she saw Barrington between her thighs, trained like this pet, serving her to requite every fuck that he had taken, every insult swallowed, and every abuse casually handed out.

The fantasy lasted but a moment, but the climax forever.

Her hands could not help themselves and pulled the pet to close completely with her as she gushed into him with a fury like never

before. Emptied herself in orgasm, squeezed every drop from herself as never before. The total unhindered release was a heady relief as the climax heightened as she felt that tongue and lips ensure that no drop was spilled.

The orgasm slipped to bliss as the last drops fountained into the pet and she felt an impulse that almost disconcerted her. Something that she desired after climax that she had never dared take from a lover. Her hands pressed and the lips of her helpless slave were forced between the crack of her ass.

Once again, the pet responded with teasing.

Touches that proved her superiority, slavish attention to her pleasure that was a delight. The stud ringed around her and then began a suction while it probed deep in her ass. The stipples on that stud massaging every wrinkle, every delicate fold before she gasped as it plunged deep into her. Probed and worked from the inside, discovering nerves and sensitivities that she had never known before.

Another orgasm threatened, but somehow it was just beyond the horizon. Poised at the edge of the cliff, Mistress Lydia groaned in frustration and her hands moved to touch herself, to push herself over the cliff into the endless fall of climax. The probing tongue, the touches of her fingers pushed her and she fell at last with a scream of bliss.

A second indulgence, Mistress Lydia kept the pet massaging and serving at her ass as she slowly relaxed and enjoyed the shadowy post orgasmic Eden of having a lover whose attention to detail knew no bounds. Ten minutes, fifteen she lay enjoying its attentions before finally awakening to her surroundings.

She pushed the smooth head away with her fingertips and moved to sit and observe while the pet moved back on its haunches and sat like a puppy waiting for more commands. This was what she needed, thought Mistress Lydia. A lover with no demands at all, in fact quite the opposite! A lover that lived to serve her every need and make each intimate moment a selfish moment of pure pleasure.

Mistress Lydia leaned forward and smoothed her palms over the blank face, poking a finger into the latex-lipped hole and then exploring the zipper at the back. A small wicked thought came to her and she retreated to close legs and dress before returning to the helpless plaything. Slowly she unzipped the back of the hood and peeled it from the face below. What was revealed almost changed her perception of what it was to belong to a woman like Mistress Clancy.

The face was naked of all hair, smoothed completely and then adorned with script that described the slave perfectly. Abusive words in copperplate script, a contrast not lost on the admiring mistress. Eyes closed, the pet awaited permission and a touch from her finger gave just that. They opened, strange with no lashes or brows, blinking once as the pet was granted permission to actually behold the woman that it had just served.

Mistress Lydia sat back and admired the constricted slave and lifted a foot to press it under the small breasts and push it upright. Balanced on thighs and ass, the front legs moving to balance, she supported the helpless bitch and admired the dripping erection that pointed at her with helpless want. One stiletto sandal retreated and offered itself to the open mouth of her pet and she was gratified to watch it lick the dust and dirt from the sole as if it were a precious gift.

Her hands cupped her breasts and she slowly undid each stud with slow fingers. The eyes of Mistress Clancy's stepson were almost fixed on each twitch of her fingers as she smiled and realised that she was arousing the pet beyond its limits. Finally, the opening was to her waist and Mistress Lydia pulled the silk from her skin to reveal her breasts.

"Do you want them, slave?" she asked coyly as her fingers and thumbs closed on each nipple and rolled it to hardness. "To see my pussy and ass and beg to serve..."

There was an imperceptible nod and the cock that started from the plaything's thighs twitched and dripped a thread of precum to its thighs. She blew a small kiss on impulse and suddenly that cock jerked and spewed come to splatter her legs, its thighs and the leather of the sofa with helpless release.

There was something perfect and breath-taking about her power over that defenceless latex thing that longed for the slightest touch of affection. A heady cocktail of supremacy and dominance to make the pet come with the mere sight of her perfect body.

Her finger pointed.

"Every drop and then present for punishment!"

As Mistress Lydia fondled herself to another climax the pet lowered and lapped the slime that was on the owner's stockinged legs and shoes. As it did so, she put her feet in the mess on the floor and then lifted her feet. The soles were cleaned and then the silk clad legs before she was satisfied and took the short crop.

The pet's eyes looked up at her pleadingly, so she pulled the hood back on and stood to contemplate how the crop should be used. Now that the hood was back on the pet, the only naked flesh available for the crop was that half flaccid cock and the tight balls behind.

"Present for punishment," she said in the hope that she need not have to puzzle out how to move him into position.

The pet rolled over obediently and splayed its thighs and Mistress Lydia almost laughed at the sight. Vulnerable and easy to administer, she experimentally swiped those tight balls in their steel collar and was gratified that only a small sigh came from the open mouth of her victim. It was as though the punishment was begged for, and Mistress Lydia gave five strokes.

To her surprise, the cock hardened stiffly as she did so and she chuckled at the need for punishment. Perhaps this would drive another climax?

She did not take it that far.

Somehow that would be an intrusion on Mistress Clancy's prerogatives, a breaking of trust that only the elderly step-mother could sanction.

Five it was!

Leaving the small salon, three maids entered the vacated room to ensure that it was perfect for the next of its inhabitants and Mistress Lydia led her pet back to the hustle and bustle of the ballroom.

The buffet was in full session and Mistress Lydia looked around for the owner of her pet. Now she was determined to learn how this had been done! How a man could be so broken and diminished that he could be her perfect dream lover!

Perhaps she should take up that offer?

Affirmations

What is a throne?
A chair!
Ornamented; but...
Nonetheless, a wicked chair!

Mehmet Murat-Ildan

Mistress Andrea had completed her round.

Made a deal with the Koreans, lifted the spirits of all, played her part and mollified those who wanted everything tomorrow and could not see the practical difficulties. She glanced around to make sure that none of the guests had been missed and then slipped away to prepare for a little private celebration that was planned to cap the evening of the triumph at the polls.

From the ballroom, she headed for the Oval Office.

Passing the busts and paintings that would all need to be replaced, the doors to her office opened as if by magic and she found herself in that familiar place. The vast desk radiating power, the paintings grandeur and the small arrangements set by endless Presidents a shadow of what was to come.

Alone at last!

For weeks she had been always on the run, always on the campaign trail, endless rallies and fund raisers. Now a moment to really appreciate what she had won from all of her efforts. What she had gained.

A vast screen had been positioned in preparation and she stood before it as the various news items moved in a silent parade of her victory. Scrolling across the bottom were the results and exit polls from the Mid-West. More victories, her opposition had taken just three southern states so far, the electoral college would be hers in just a few hours when all of the results were in.

As she watched the text scrolled.

Not bothering with the sound, it would just be an endless gushing of 'I told you so' anyway, she read the lines of text as they came with a warm feeling of satisfaction.

This was really the last time, she decided.

Next time she would be the only candidate, if the plan went on rails.

'Presidential hopeful Barrington Rossi has not responded...' she read and smiled.

Barrington would not be responding! Of course it would be a small fly in the ointment, but then, the last of those films and the warrant for his arrest would make it clear why he had fled!

Her interest in the screen faded and she turned to survey the place that would be her home for the third time as President. The vast high-backed chair and desk that were almost a throne. For a moment she imagined herself as a Queen or Empress, resplendent on a real throne, her courtiers with their consorts at their feet as they ruled the Domain that would eclipse all of the others. She laughed at herself for all of the detail. The legs of her throne clawed like a Lioness' hooks. The armrests as kneeling slaves and the footstool that would be her latest lover as the spikes of her stilettos scored the naked back with each movement of her legs.

The scene faded and she smiled wryly at her egotism.

Perhaps Irene would be Queen?

But, she doubted it, the woman wanted to be the mover and shaker and not the figure head! Indeed, they were perfectly matched in a level of ambition that would last forever.

She moved, her feet taking her around the desk that was her kingdom at the moment. Past the long curtains that hid the press cameras and commentators that were corralled on the lawns. Hiding her, making this a private place that was hers to enjoy.

Only a single thing had been changed in the last day, a single important detail. She slowed to enjoy the moment, revelling in a victory so complete that she was already sure that it would never be undone.

The chair behind her desk was a resplendent pink leather creation that had been the personal gift of Miss Irene. She admired it and sat on the soft seat slowly. Feeling her weight press down as she crossed her legs and enjoyed the secret pleasure. Five minutes she ruminated before she stood and lifted her hands.

The silver scales of her dress fell from her body to reveal nakedness. Silk stockings, savage heels and naked breasts that drew her fingers to tease. The slit of the President's pussy was weeping with need for gratification, she ground her thighs to heighten the arousal and felt herself almost gush with slick excitement.

Once again she sat on that pink leather while her hands went to the armrests and found the single opening beneath the edge of it. For a moment her finger played on the recess and then delicately felt its way inside. It was soft, like a needy pussy.

Required her to fuck it to make the moment happen.

A small touch at the nubbin of a button that was recessed deep and the seat moved beneath her thighs. Slid and opened cunningly to drop her into the clasp of the chair and its obscene secret. Sliding but a few inches, slowly, easily into the grip that clasped her thighs and directed her in downwards motion.

She looked down at the opening and smiled to see that face looking up at her in terror. The secret revealed, the lewd offer that was Barrington's face beneath her ass!

Never tested, Miss Irene had given the chair without revealing its terrible purpose to her confederate. It was a pleasure chair designed to pleasure with the complete degradation of its victim. Not for the slave fettered into place in the waiting darkness, any chance to feel the wet slit descend upon his face. Instead, it would be the ass of the

President and soon-to-be Queen that slid to close over the open mouth of the victim.

Mistress Andrea sighed in repletion as she felt herself slide over the face and contact her enemy. Reluctant and unwilling, he would need a little stimulation to show what his duties were! Her other hand moved and found the opening concealed under the other armrest. This time, the opening was wider, with just a tiny joystick.

She touched.

And gasped...

Where her pussy rested on the outcrop of the opening over the helpless slave, a vibration commenced and ceased. Mistress Andrea experimented with small touches, rubs and caresses and the chair responded each time with another touch. Pressing hard when she flicked, thrumming against her clitoris when she touched, moving to threaten penetration when she trapped the tiny joystick against the sides of the opening.

She pressed it to the side and felt something warm and soft slide into the depths of her and swell as she pressed ever harder. It expanded to fill her and began a slow cadence of a mere inch or two that caused the President to gasp. Her finger moved in the opening. Exploring each possibility and mode of the chair and she realised that this could become addictive.

In just two minutes, she had been brought so close and rested a moment as she realised that somehow the chair was also responding to her victim. It judged his state and allowed a little breath as it sensed his need for air and then pressed the face once more, hard against her asshole.

Her finger discovered the small switches by the joystick and she touched it to feel a sudden urge beneath as Barrington was punished for his lack of service. What the punishment was, Mistress Andrea could not determine, but she felt a slight electrical stimulation where his lips were closed at her ass and laughed at the delicious sensation.

Scraping her nail over those switches experimentally, she pressed the joystick against the sides once more. The frantic licking and pressing from below was combined with the penetration and Mistress Andrea cried out as she came. Climaxed and then again in a string of orgasms that built up to a crescendo as the helpless Barrington reamed her desperately and her finger moved almost at random inside the arm of the chair.

Twitching with the force of her climax, Barrington was being punished endlessly beneath her ass. Desperate to serve, sucking and pressing deep while he was fucked by the chair. Each climax another hard series of thrusts that filled his rear. Each quiver of the woman screaming above him causing the points that hemmed in his swollen cock to close and administer shocks and vibrations that brought pleasure to blunt the edge of his agony.

The President pulled her finger from the opening with a sigh as she was overwhelmed by a final orgasm that caused the giant dildo penetrating her slave to fill him to the brim with an endless fluid that felt as if a fire had been lit inside him.

Unaware of the chair's evil treatment in detail, Mistress Andrea could only feel the occasional small leaking shocks and the desperation of the man that was nothing more or less than a piece of living furniture. Just a small part of a machine designed to administer pleasure at the touch of the tiny controls.

She opened her thighs and looked down as the piercing latex cock that had impaled her withdrew as it sensed her change of mood. His face was pulled in a rictus of agony as the points retreated and the dildo in his rear stilled and completed filling his ass to the brim with a liquid inferno.

"So, what is to be done with the great Barrington Rossi," she hissed as she watched his face gain some composure. "Perhaps a little more time in this chair? I think that I can have you adapted to make a better fit so that you can be permanently spend your time waiting for my ass..."

He managed to speak, almost a wail, almost a hoarse whisper.

"Oh God, Andrea, please, please..."

"To the victor the spoils," she declaimed. "You were planning no less for me!"

"Never, never, in a million years, please Andrea, I would never have done anything to you."

She sighed.

"I doubt that, Barrington! I have seen your former wife...But, perhaps there are other options, other ways of making you mine. Not that I really want a thing like you on a leash anyway! I have better pets than you would ever make, so what to do with you?"

"Anything but this!"

"Really? Anything?"

"Mmm, let me think."

She paused for effect and the apprehension on his face was plain to see. Clearly, he would agree to anything right now, but unwillingly if he were not broken to her will!"

"Can you give me time to think what could be on offer?"

He nodded and she smiled down indulgently before she replied.

"Perhaps a few more minutes of pleasure might help me make up my mind," she chuckled. "After all, I have to see what this little machine can do before I can make a fully informed decision!"

Her thighs closed and her hand closed on the armrest, her finger sliding past the little joystick and scratching those buttons with her nail.

Now there was nothing but the slave to pleasure her. Avoiding the stimulator, Mistress Andrea discovered that there was a way to climax with only the frantic attentions of her victim. Sucking, licking pushing hard, he pulled at the flesh at her ass, stimulating her cunt as he did

so. Pulling the flesh, the clumsy efforts as he endured being fucked again and whined beneath her.

Sweet music to her ears, the small shocks pushed her to a single orgasm that crept from his labours to serve before she activated the chair fully and felt herself in the arms of that pink leather lover that knew her every intimate secret. Measuring its user, the chair could sense every heartbeat, every drop of sweat that trickled, every clench of her thighs, every grade of temperature that signalled her gratification.

The result was indescribable and Mistress Andrea struggled to keep her finger steady before it was over.

But, it was over.

Keeping her finger pressed hard on the controls that were a conduit to the slave below she allowed herself the intense pleasure of draining into him as he suffered the attentions of the pink chair. The feeling was one of complete release as all of the champagne drained from her.

The chair, sensing the event, dropped that face of her enemy so as not to soil the user. It punished him for every drop that it sensed that he failed to gather before it finally rewarded him by a slow vibration that brought him so close to spewing his slime and then constricted his balls between rollers to ensure that no climax was permitted.

She stood with a sigh and looked down into the infernal hell of her gift from Miss Irene and laughed.

"I have decided what to do with you!" she said. "A little time in the chair until you are ready to willingly become whatever I decide. A crawling helpless pet to suck dry the cocks of stallions in Roan? A life in the parlours would be ideal perhaps? Maybe a sissy in Pink to hold a parasol and revel in being tormented by the sweet young girls that will just love your vast flopping tits and tiny little button-cock? Then there are the welcome delights of Crimson. A whipping stool, perhaps serving the slaves in the restrooms, chained to the porcelain awaiting their need? Then there is Silver, where you could be a helpless teddy-bear or a dolly to be used by the Madams that love the intimacies of the cruel crèches there?"

She looked down as if expecting a choice, as he cried and wailed like a baby and she reached down to close him once more in the pink chair.

“So many possibilities that I can scarcely be expected to decide right now...”

As the opening closed smoothly, she added a last word.

“Just a few short years and I will decide,” she laughed, and the face was gone. “Until then, you will serve me in every way...”

He was gone.

The chair was once more a silent piece of furniture that resided in the Oval Office of the President. There to serve when official business required it. Ready to pleasure at every announcement and signing of a bill to reduce men to servile objects. In front of the cameras, whilst meeting dignitaries from the states that would be subverted, at every opportunity, to remind her of her superiority and the superiority of all women from now on and for ever!

Never may it end...

Dear Reader,

Where to next?

Thus, end the first four parts of the Domain's series. But, it is never the end, why on earth should it be when there is still a little to experience?

So, what can come possibly follow?

The answer is simple.

The changes that we have followed from 'In Pink', through the other two novels, all the way 'till 'In Silver', leave a wicked place that needs to be explored.

A final volume beckons to the author, that skips the years and looks at the tales that spring from the female dominated and perverted world that has been lovingly and so painfully created. Change like this never comes in sudden jumps, it is a moving target until at last the transformation is complete.

The last Domain is that of 'Red White and Blue'. The Domain States of America that Veronica foresaw and helped give birth to.

It is on its way... 2020... mid-year probably...

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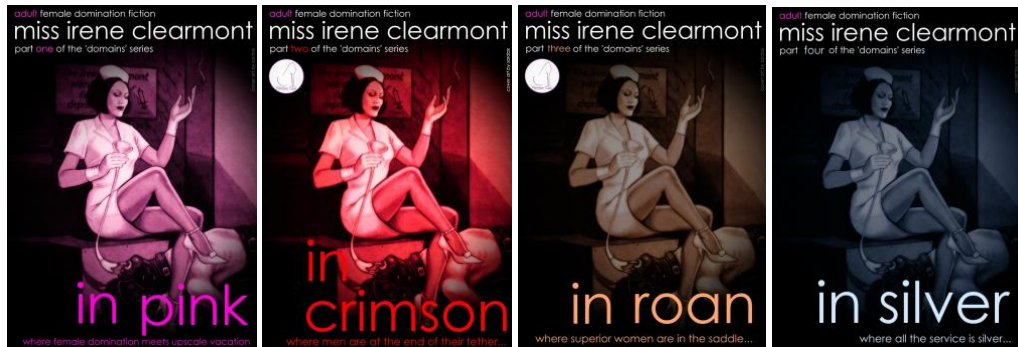
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