

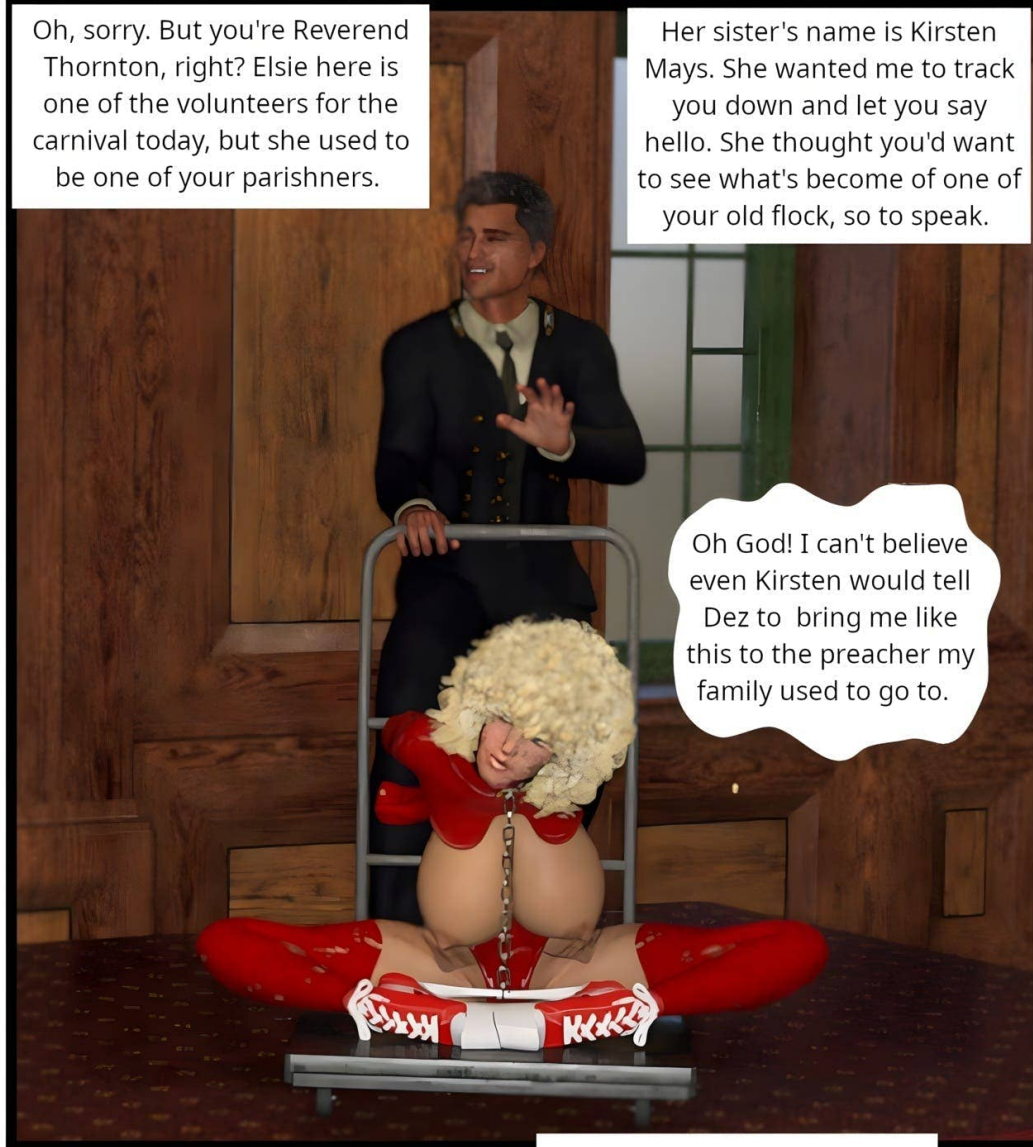
Chapter Fourteen



Preacher's Pet



No, no, no! This is a house of the lord, my son. You can't bring a woman all trussed up like that in here!



Oh, sorry. But you're Reverend Thornton, right? Elsie here is one of the volunteers for the carnival today, but she used to be one of your parishners.

Her sister's name is Kirsten Mays. She wanted me to track you down and let you say hello. She thought you'd want to see what's become of one of your old flock, so to speak.

Oh God! I can't believe even Kirsten would tell Dez to bring me like this to the preacher my family used to go to.



Please, Reverend, call her Elsie. Calling a cow by her old name just confuses her. It encourages unproductive thoughts and false hopes.

So this is Julie Mays. I wondered what happened to her. Her family didn't say a thing. In fact, I was beginning to wonder if she'd run away from home or something.

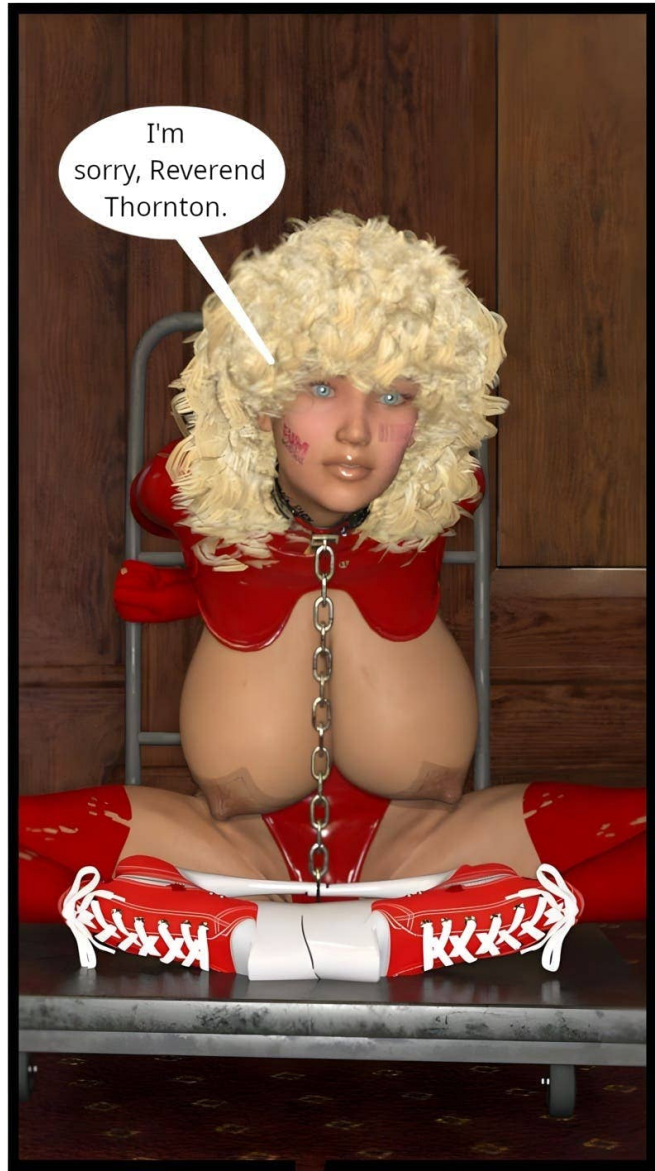


I must say, I'm very disappointed in you. So much promise, and now look at you, child! You've gone and made yourself into an erotic spectacle; deserving of nothing more than public ridicule and debasement.

Actually, Reverend, Elsie is a working cow, so she provies a valuable service to the economy, as well as the community. Not to mention the valuable public service work she does at our schools and church communities, such as this one.



I am very disappointed in you, Julie! Very disappointed. I've known you since you were just an innocent little girl, and now... well, the local prostitutes deserve more respect than you. Such a shame. We all expected so much more from you.



I'm sorry, Reverend Thornton.

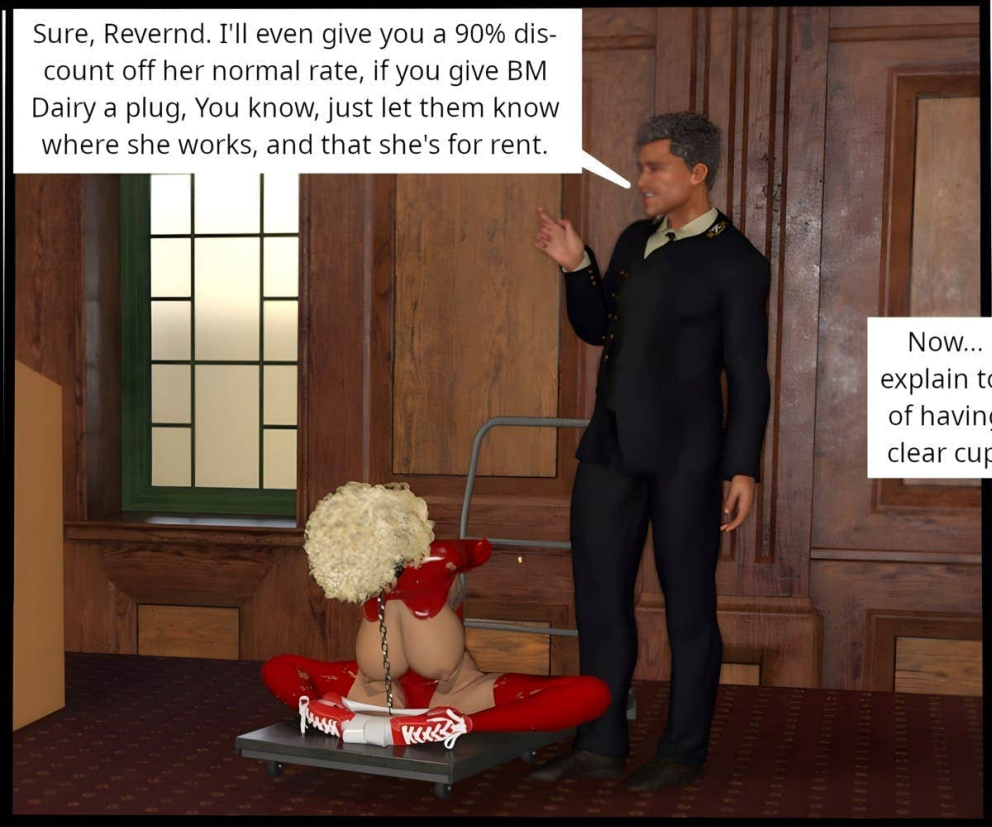
Yes well... sorry doesn't set you free now, does it? Or pay your bills! Someone else had to do that for you. After all the lectures I've given on how going into debt is one of the gravest sins... And now this eternal truth is reflected in your very plight, as you collect the vile wages of your sin



Oh, I like that. I'll have to remember that line for my next sermon... perhaps I could even use Elsie as a prop? Having someone they know as an example of what happens could be a very effective strategy. Someone who was once respected and full of promise, but who has fallen prey to the call of temptaton... I think it would have a much greater impact on my 'flock' as you call them.

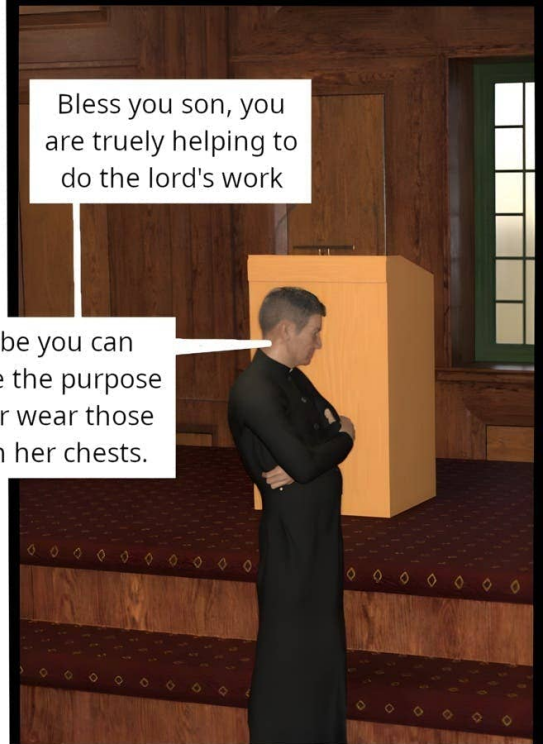


Sure, Revernd. I'll even give you a 90% discount off her normal rate, if you give BM Dairy a plug, You know, just let them know where she works, and that she's for rent.



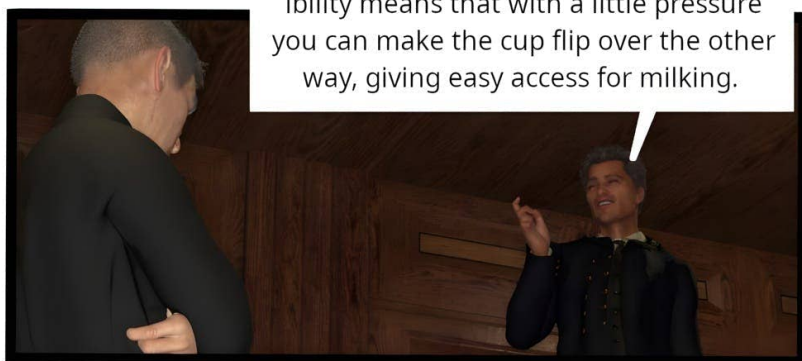
Bless you son, you are truly helping to do the lord's work

Now... maybe you can explain to me the purpose of having her wear those clear cups on her chests.



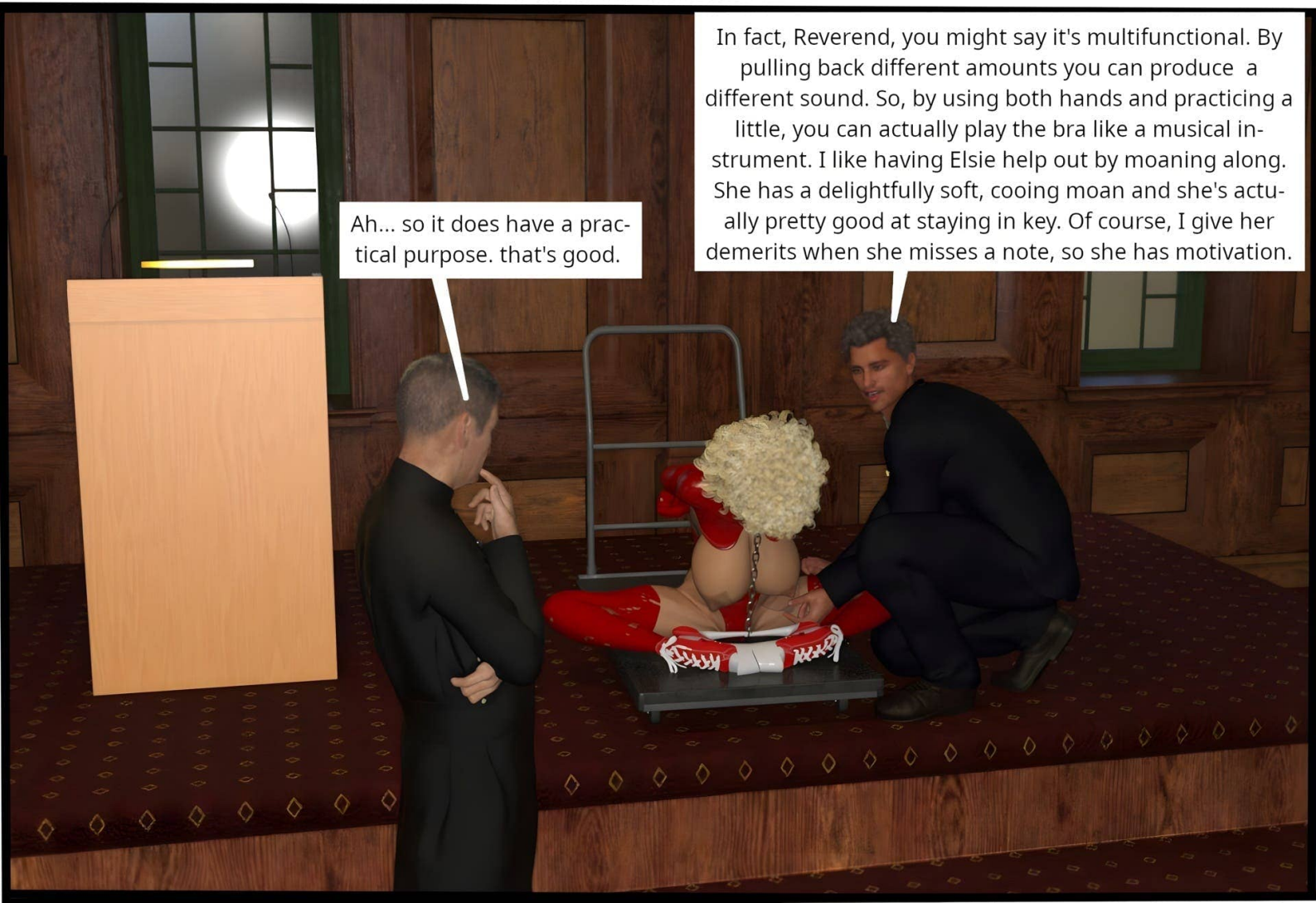
It's an interesting design, made of plastic, thick enough to be stiff, yet still flexible. The cups have a natural curl, but it's flexibility means that with a little pressure you can make the cup flip over the other way, giving easy access for milking.

Ah yes, you're talking about her snap-bra.



Ah... so it does have a practical purpose. that's good.

In fact, Reverend, you might say it's multifunctional. By pulling back different amounts you can produce a different sound. So, by using both hands and practicing a little, you can actually play the bra like a musical instrument. I like having Elsie help out by moaning along. She has a delightfully soft, cooing moan and she's actually pretty good at staying in key. Of course, I give her demerits when she misses a note, so she has motivation.







Even though this is strictly for educational purposes, I can see how it could become quite addictive. I'd guess you've had quite a bit of practice?

Not enough to be able to play a tune, Reverend. There are too many other things claiming Elsie's time. Besides, the number of notes are limited, so if I were going to devote the time necessary to learn an instrument, it wouldn't be a snap-bra.

Anyway, Reverend, I'm here to drop Elsie off for the Festival. Maybe you could show me where she goes?

What Carnival role did you sign Elsie up for.

They said she'd be a human pin-ball, but I didn't realize there were other roles for her.

Oh yes, there are many themed rooms, One of them is called the **work house**.

why?

Because every girl has a very specific job to do.

Let me guess, that wouldn't be a blow job, would it?

Another room is called the pussy palace.

No doubt because it contains pussies galore.



I do believe you understand the nature of this festival, but not all the attractions are fuck-n-suck booths. The human pinball, for instance, is more like a game, as it's name implies.



These women are slaves my son. Besides, if God didn't want us to use the vices of men to raise funds for the church, he wouldn't have given them the vices.



As a man of God, doesn't that seem a bit of a contradiction?

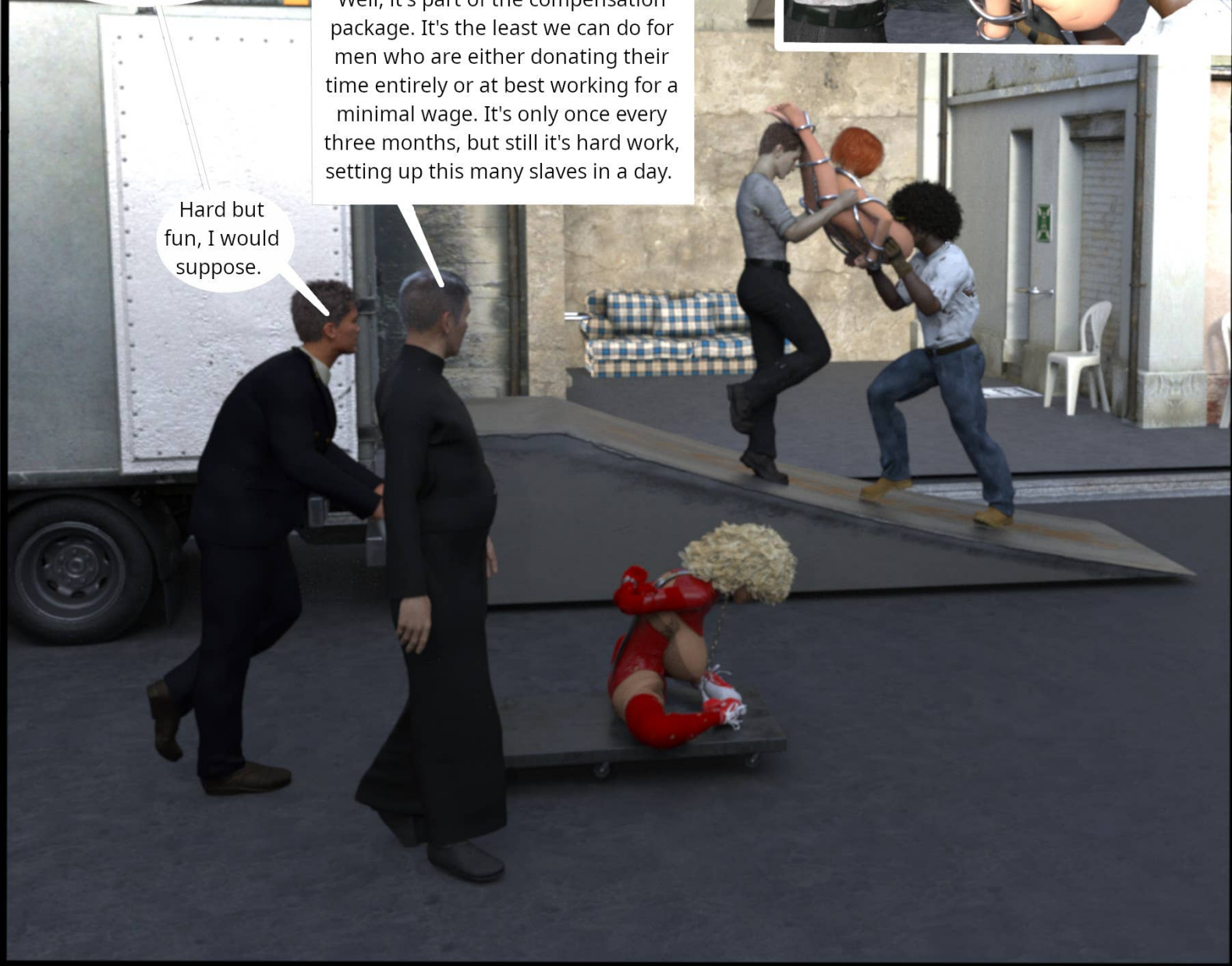
This is one of the largest fuck-n-suck parks in the nation. It covers nearly two blocks, and by the time we're ready to go tonight, it will be jammed packed full of slaves ready to be used and abused. Including more than 2 dozen different amusements locations. There's the Damsel Dunk building, where all the "games" involve water or water sports. We have crotchpe races and slave auctions. People donate their old slaves to the cause and we keep a portion of the sale.



Wow. Those roadies seem to have a pretty sweet gig.

Well, it's part of the compensation package. It's the least we can do for men who are either donating their time entirely or at best working for a minimal wage. It's only once every three months, but still it's hard work, setting up this many slaves in a day.

Hard but fun, I would suppose.





It's a cover, to keep them from getting dried out... He, he, he. Actually, I suspect it has more to do with keeping the whores calm and relaxed. Like I said, there's still about six hours 'til go time.


What are they doing with that cloth?

I'm not sure if they do that for all the girls, or just the volunteers, but it seems to keep them from becoming quite so nervous. And it decreases plundering by any street scum who might wander into the FnS park before the admission gates are put up. People try to sneak in and hide out until after the place opens, then they don't have to pay to get in. Some of the amusements still cost money, which is why some of them don't wait. They just fuck the girls and hope they don't get caught.

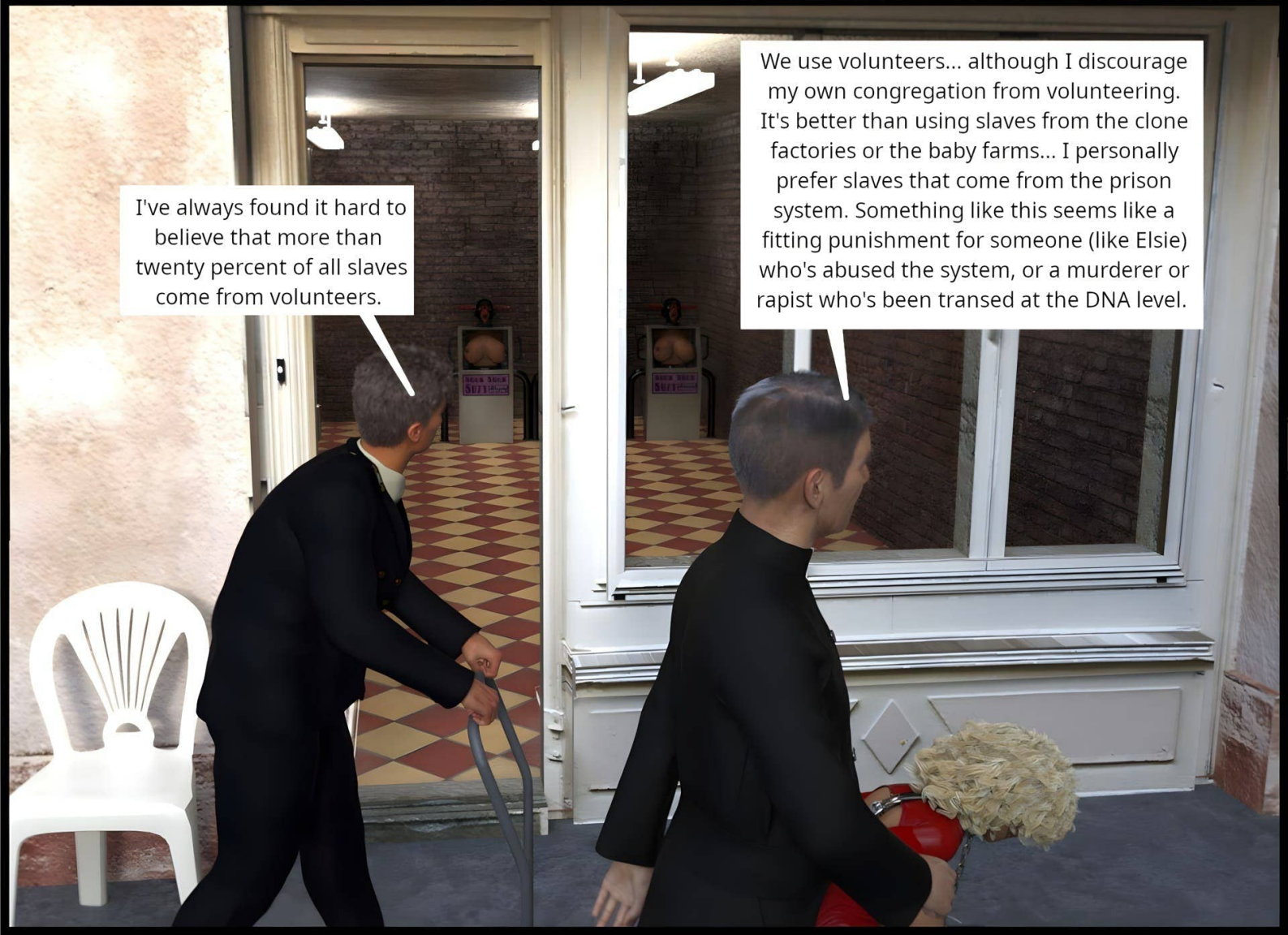


We do for the main event, or if the issue becomes a problem-- but, with precautions, it really doesn't happen all that much-- so it's cheaper just to let the occasional bum have his freebie.

Seems like you'd want to hire security.



This is that workhouse I mentioned. It's probably not very full at the moment, but by festival time it will be filled wall to wall with Head machines, face displays and (of course) the men (and ladies) putting them to work.



I've always found it hard to believe that more than twenty percent of all slaves come from volunteers.

We use volunteers... although I discourage my own congregation from volunteering. It's better than using slaves from the clone factories or the baby farms... I personally prefer slaves that come from the prison system. Something like this seems like a fitting punishment for someone (like Elsie) who's abused the system, or a murderer or rapist who's been transed at the DNA level.

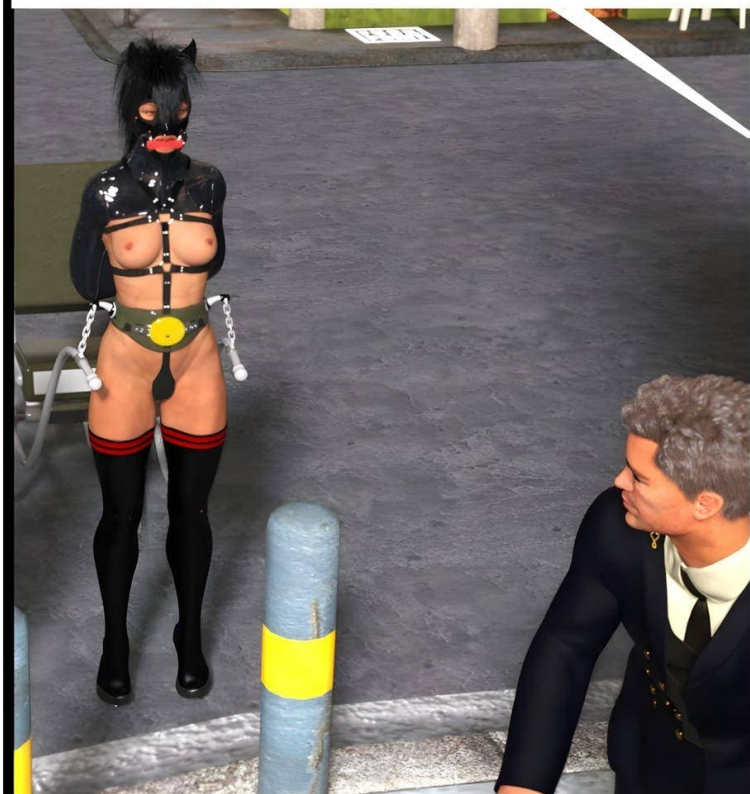
Now here's one of the amusements that I like to partake in. It's kind of relaxing to sit in that chair and watch the cheeks of those asses bouncing in front of you.



I read somewhere that the hupet industry is the side of slavery with the most volunteers.



It wouldn't surprise me, if you were right about that. It's a sin to have such a fetish, of course--wanting to be something other than what God made you. But, of all the sins and vices... well, I can think of several that are a lot worse. Certainly, it's one of the few vices that actually has something positive about it. Hupet provides such things as companionship, transportation and even food--unlike most vices, which are inevitably and inherently self-destructive, to both the individual and the community.



Now, this here is what we call our beach head.

Beach, because they're burried in sand, right? But shouldn't that be heads.

If head was being used as a noun, then it would be plural, but it's being used as a verb, to describe what they're here to do.

So they're here to 'give head'? Hum... not sure I've ever heard it called that before.

It makes sense though... you don't really have to know what the word means to understand just what it means.

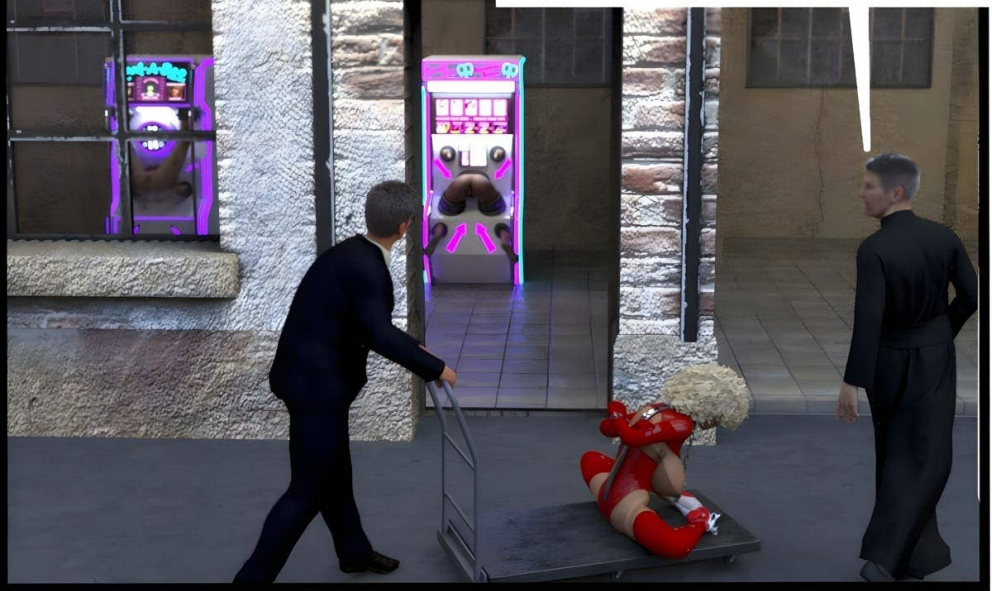
The word has multiple meanings too, just as these girls have multiple uses. You can say, you're going to the head, which means you're ejecting a different kind of liquid. So the Beach Head moniker works, either way. You can relieve yourself with them any way you want.

That's why we only use ex-prisoner slaves for this duty. He! Maybe we should have called them Doodie Heads. He, he, he. Anyway, using former prisoners is a good way to punish them for their crimes--which had to have been serious, because only prisoners with a life sent-ence are elegible to become life-slaves, unless of course they volunteer, but they they're not called prisoner-slaves.

Ewh! That's got to be one of the more unpleasant duties.



You should come back during the festival. As a sponsor of one of our attractions, you can get a free pass. Right now, they're just starting to set things up. There are only a few girls set out and no crowd. Once it starts, there'll be food booths and all sorts of stuff.

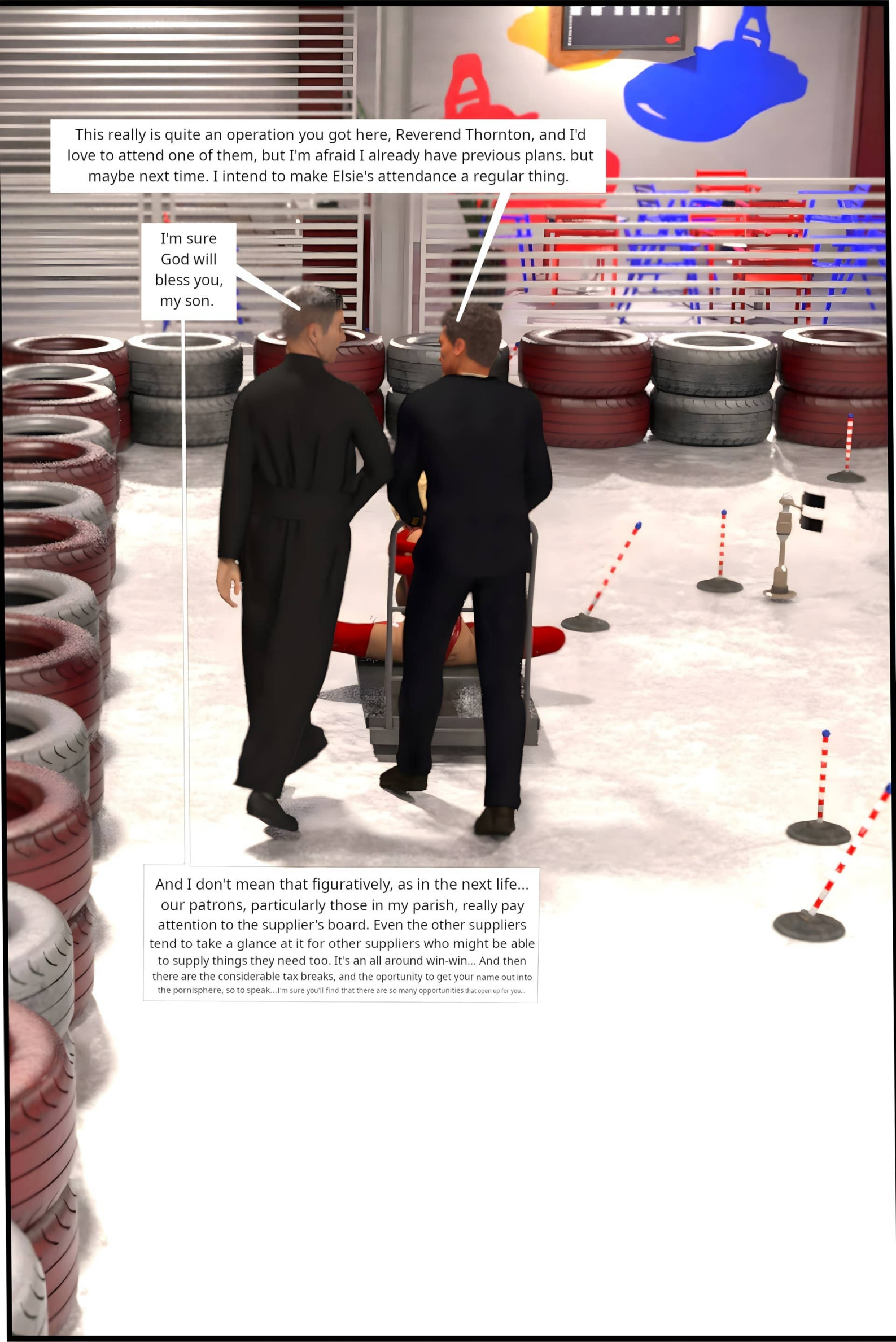


The human pinball games are by far our most popular.



Many of the games require a small surcharge in addition to the basic entrance fee, but to get in here they have to pay a premium charge that's even more than the entrance fee, and it's still one of the busiest games at the festival. Of course a large part of that is that there's only one... game course; and it takes about five minutes for a single girl to run it. Because of the difficulties with crane logistics we can't keep more than 3 or 4 girls in play, at any one time. Beyond that, it becomes increasingly difficult to keep the cranes from crossing over one another. Fortunately, a lot of the people who pay to get in are just as content to place bets and watch the action develop on the screen, instead of actually controlling the the joy sticks. There are hidden cameras spread around all over this course, many of which provide far greater detail than the one's that feed the players monitors. The girls themselves are lead around by the crane system... on their knees. The goal, of course, is to get them to walk over as many of these obstacles and sensing rods as possible. They deliver shocks or trigger other actions, like paddles, bursts of cold water and so on.





This really is quite an operation you got here, Reverend Thornton, and I'd love to attend one of them, but I'm afraid I already have previous plans. but maybe next time. I intend to make Elsie's attendance a regular thing.

I'm sure
God will
bless you,
my son.

And I don't mean that figuratively, as in the next life... our patrons, particularly those in my parish, really pay attention to the supplier's board. Even the other suppliers tend to take a glance at it for other suppliers who might be able to supply things they need too. It's an all around win-win... And then there are the considerable tax breaks, and the opportunity to get your name out into the pornisphere, so to speak...I'm sure you'll find that there are so many opportunities that open up for you...