

Chapter Fifteen



Carnival Day

UMMM!

ZZZZZ

Preacher's
pet

Part 2



Hey, guys!
We should play a game
or two.

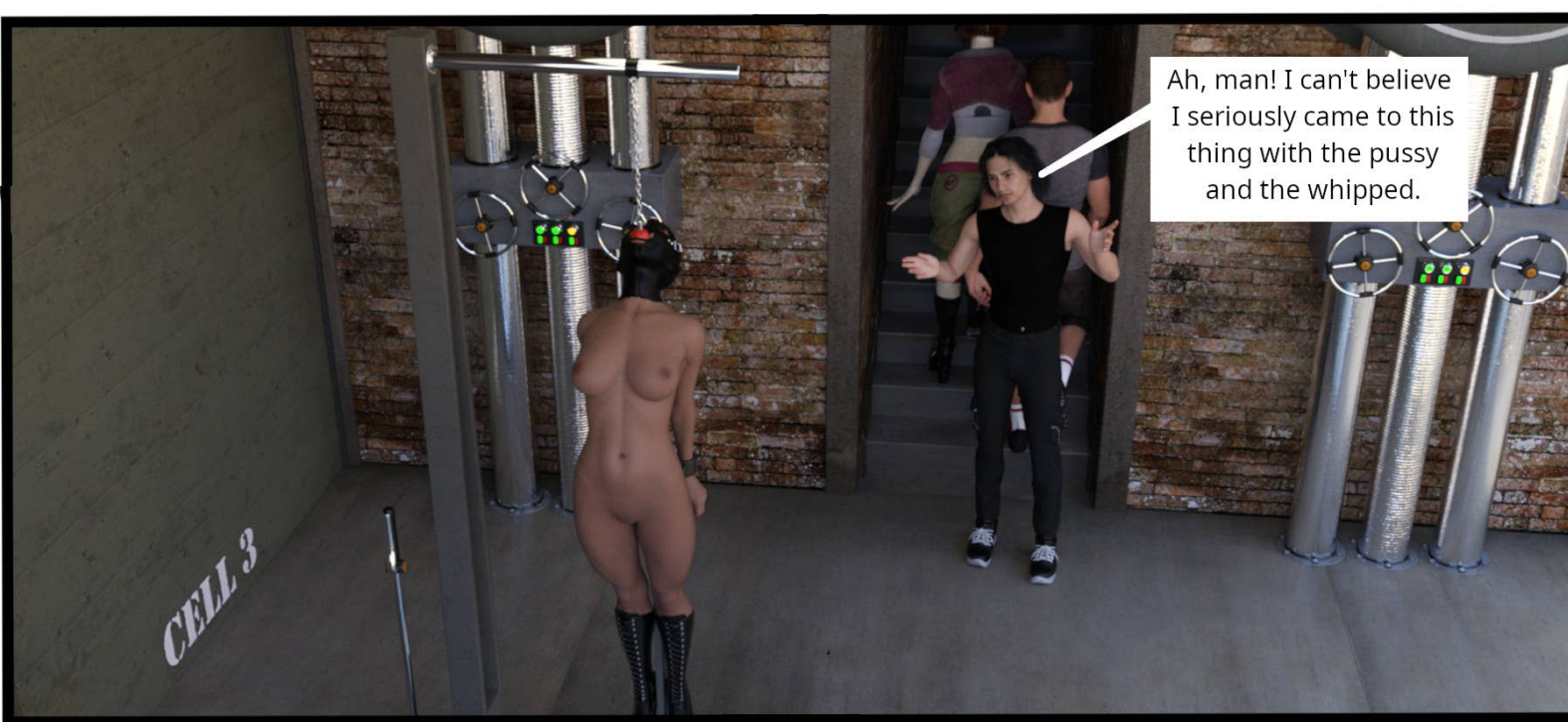
Dunk-a-Bitch! Get
one of these bea-
uties wet and she'll
get you wet in re-
turn. Do it from the
pro-line and she's
yours to take home
for a day.

Hey! quit staring at her.
Your eyes are only for
me, remember? That's
why I wore this midrif.



Now's the time to play, fellas. The early
bird gets the fattest worm. In a few
more hours they'll all be well used.

Ah, come on, guys! What
was the point of coming
if you're not going to
play any of the games.



Ah, man! I can't believe
I seriously came to this
thing with the pussy
and the whipped.

Gez, Jen! If you were going to be a fucking prude once we got here, why did you even drag me into coming to this thing?

It's a church festival! How was I supposed to know it was going to be an orgy of sex games.

That's not cool. Don't even kid about that, Jeff.

You've always been such a bleeding-heart liberal, Gen. Better watch what you say or you might find yourself being sold as a slave yourself. He, he... Don't worry, if Tommy doesn't buy you, I'll buy you myself. Okay?

Alright, my fresh little pussies. The bets are in, it's time to load yourself up. The race begins in 5 minutes.

That's right, Jeff. Quit being such an ass! These days I can say anything I want! It's called free speech, stupid.

I'm just trying to be helpful, Jen. Just last week I was reading about that subversive little bitch the SBA nabbed for being an agitator. One call from some offended bystander is all it takes.

That's what's wrong with our country then, isn't it?

Speaking of slaves... this looks interesting.

Well, I for one appreciate what they did to save our country from bankruptcy... and the slaves are just a bonus, if you ask me.

I'm not sure I can do that.

Don't worry, Shorty. I'll be more than happy to give you a hand.



Damn, Jen! I bet you'd look fantastic walking one of those ropes.

It does look like fun, doesn't it? a tad painful, perhaps, but definitely fun.

If you boys want in on the betting action, there may still be time to put down a bet. Or, if you want you can even have your girl volunteer. If she wins the race you get 20% of the proceeds.

What do you say, Jen? Want to earn a little money by giving that hot pussy a ride?

Come on, Jen! Be a good little liberal. It will help you empathize with what they're going through. It will help when they make you a slave.

You boys need to move along now. The viewing screens are downstairs. And she can sign up down there too, if she's interested.

That's just gross.

Alright, girls. Get your balance. It's three minutes 'til race time. Time to wake those cunts up. This is a loser spends the night with the raffel winner event. So do your best, unless you like being tortured and fucked.

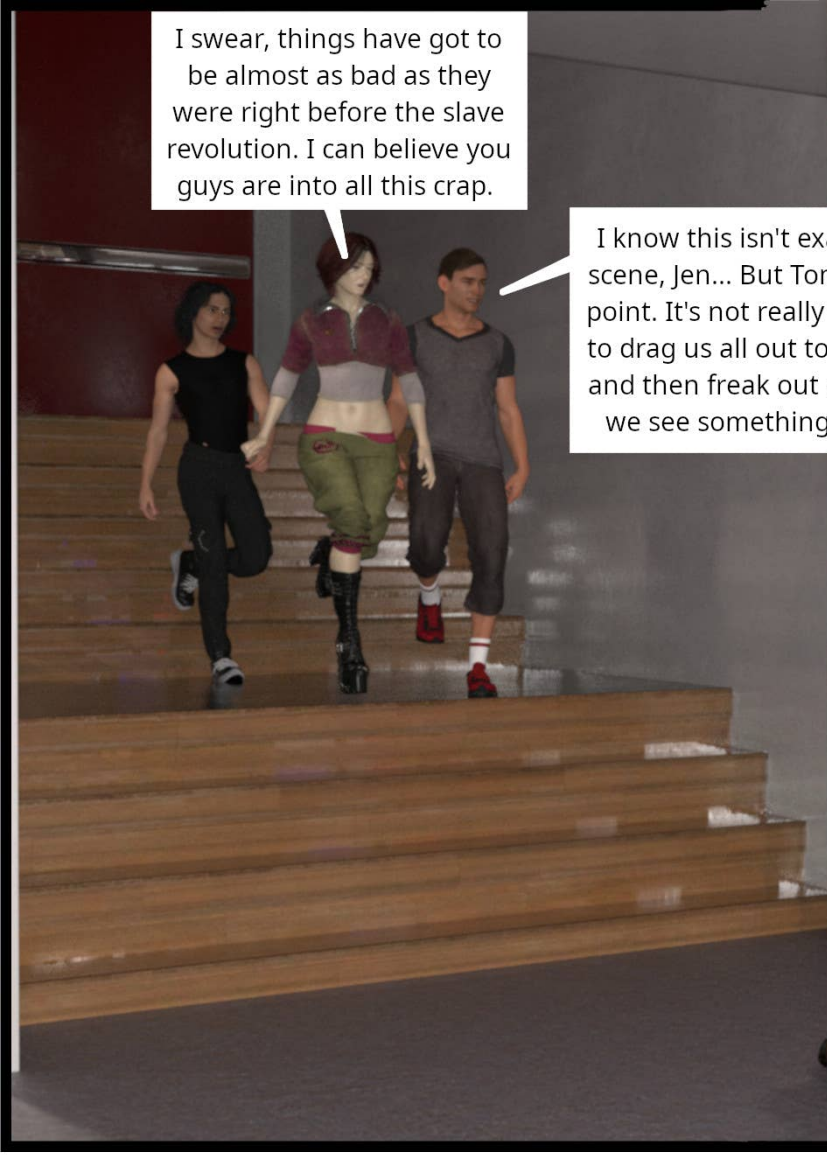
Move it Tommy! Unless you want to experience a pussy drought once we get home?

Ah, come on, Jen! Be a good sport, huh?



I swear, things have got to be almost as bad as they were right before the slave revolution. I can believe you guys are into all this crap.

I know this isn't exactly your scene, Jen... But Tommy has a point. It's not really fair of you to drag us all out to this thing and then freak out every time we see something we like.

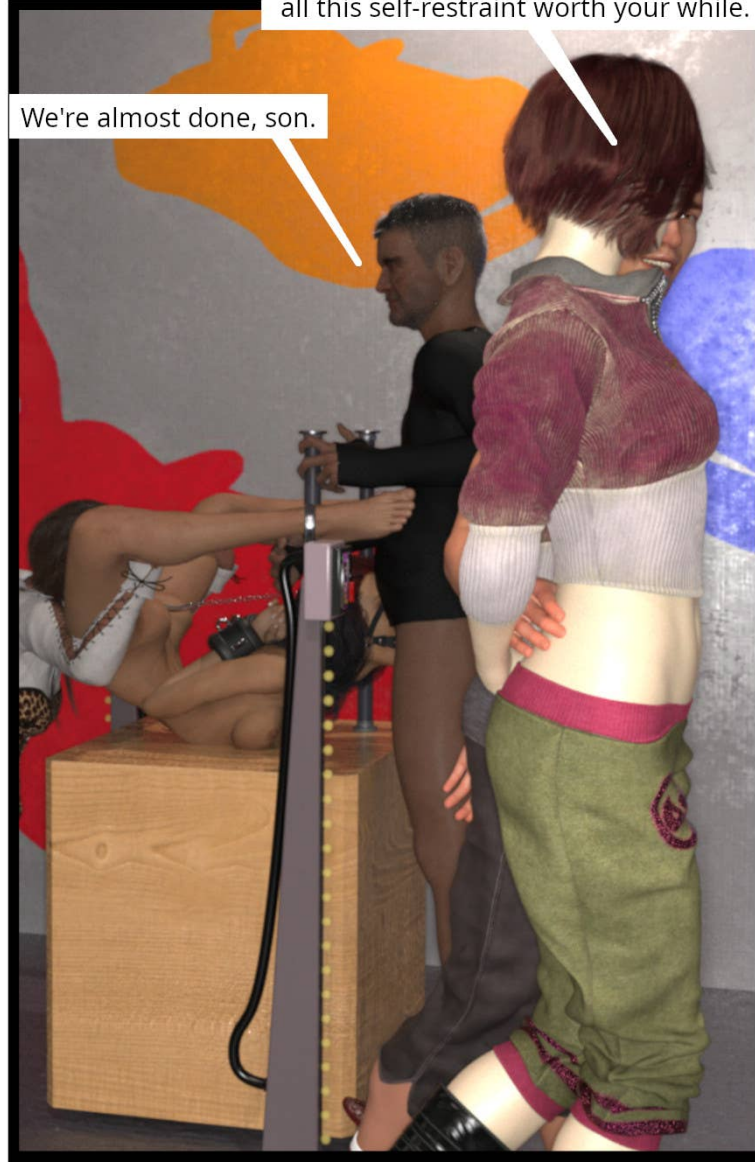


I know this isn't really fair, Tommy, but trust me, when we get home I'm going to give you something that will make all this self-restraint worth your while.

Damn! Talk about seeing something I like! This little bitch looks extremely fuckable.



We're almost done, son.





Unnnh

If you can afford the price, our step-daughter is all yours kiddo.

Legally, she's our slave. My wife cloned herself when we first got married and we've been raising this slave as our daughter--until she turned 18, about a year ago. Since then we've been training her as our slave. But we figured it was about time to give back to the church. The Reverend was the one who set us up with the cloning institute that we used.



Ahgggh

Oh my God! Are you kidding? This is really your daughter

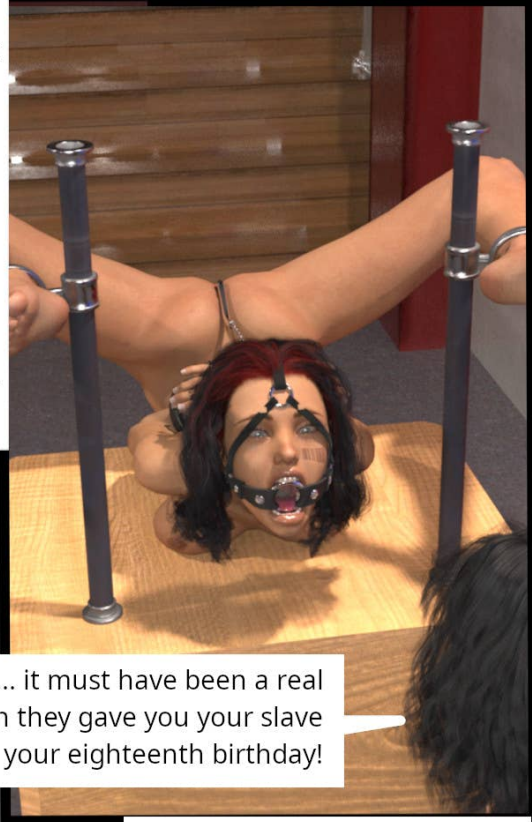




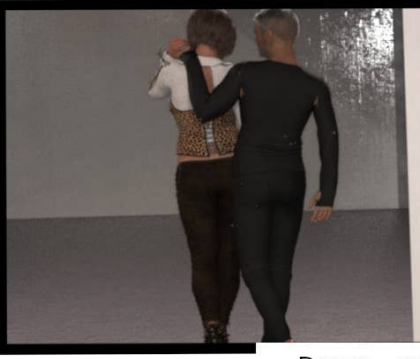
Don't act so shocked, kid. It's not like we aborted her. My body, my choice, you know. I gave her life, I have every right to choose what kind of life she'll have.

No, man. I feel you. She's...

My wife began as my slave, but I agreed to make her my wife instead, if she'd give me her clone as a replacement. And I have to say, it's worked out perfectly for the both of us.



Damn girl... it must have been a real bitch when they gave you your slave papers on your eighteenth birthday!



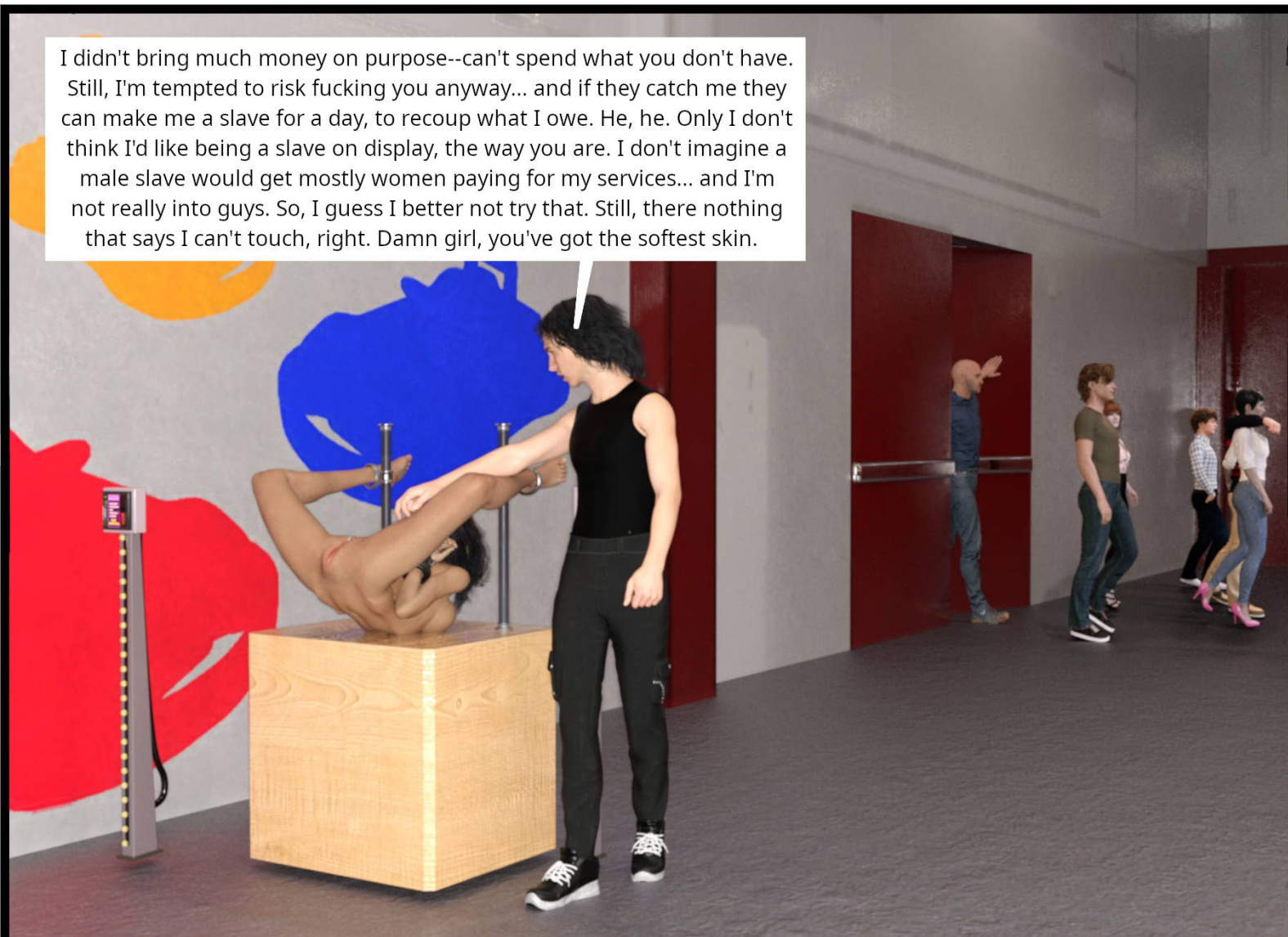
Did they treat you well during your childhood? Or did they let you know how things were going to be and groom you for your new role. Hum... Did you have a boyfriend? I bet it blew his mind too. Or did he know? Did your parents let you wear sexy clothes and encouraged you to gain sexual experience? I can see how that might have saved them some time, when it came to training their slave.

Damn... you're such a pretty girl. How does it feel to know that you came so close to having virtually everything, and instead, here you are... Nothing but a slave.





I wish I had the money to fuck you, but I only brought so much... Still, I'm guessing you're going to get all the dick you can handle today.



I didn't bring much money on purpose--can't spend what you don't have. Still, I'm tempted to risk fucking you anyway... and if they catch me they can make me a slave for a day, to recoup what I owe. He, he. Only I don't think I'd like being a slave on display, the way you are. I don't imagine a male slave would get mostly women paying for my services... and I'm not really into guys. So, I guess I better not try that. Still, there nothing that says I can't touch, right. Damn girl, you've got the softest skin.

Whoa! Now this is what I call a real pin-ball machine.

Oh no, Tommy! You are not playing this game.

Sorry babe, but I'm playing. This is the one game that doesn't involve me actually touching one of the girls. So I'm playing, whether you like it or not.

Yeah, me to. I don't care if I have to walk home! I'm playing.

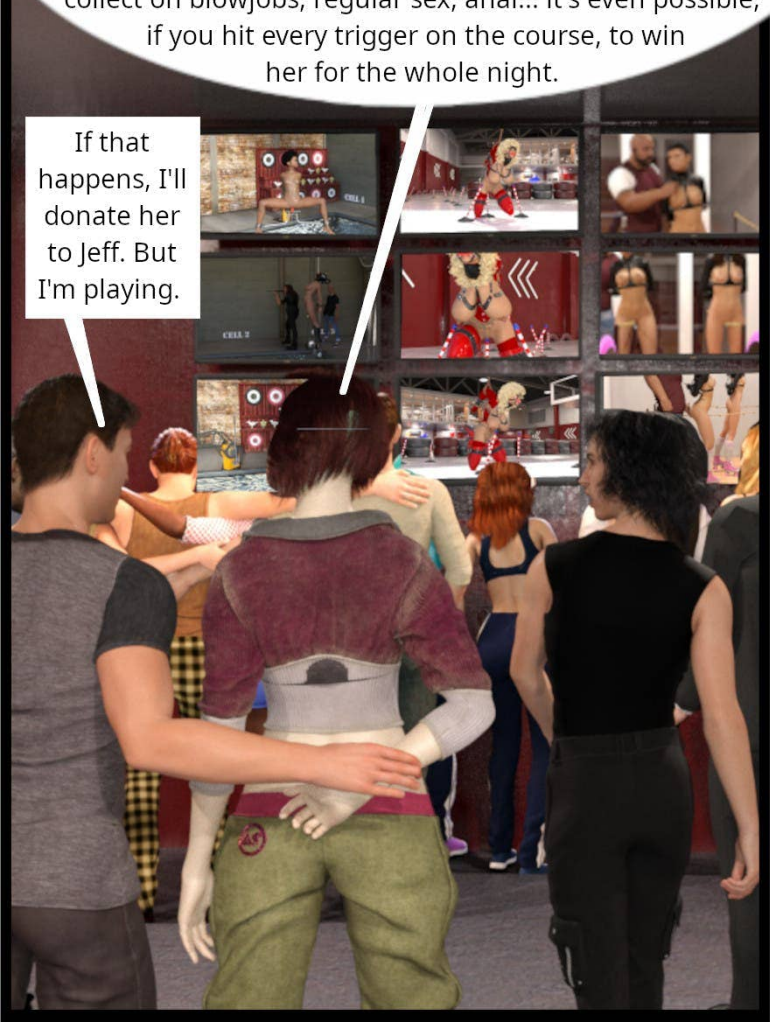
That poor girl! I can't believe you're even thinking about adding to her pain.

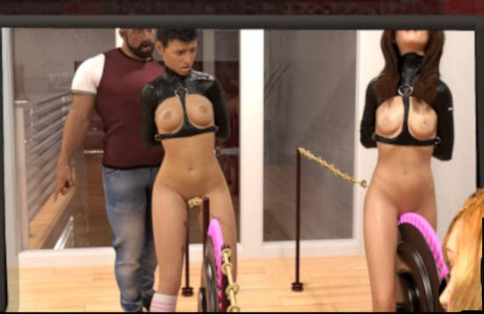
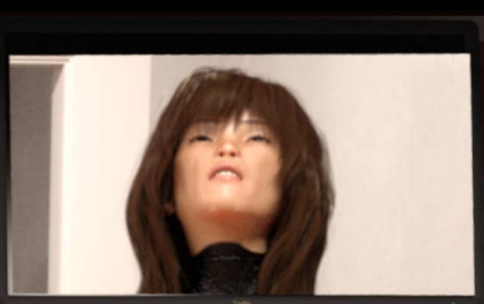
That doesn't make any sense, Jen. Someone is going to be playing this game, so me not playing isn't going to save her anything... You can't drag me to this thing and then expect me not to play a game that doesn't even involve me having sex with one of the slaves.

That's not entirely true, Tommy. According to the sign, some of the triggers have different results. Some cause an electrical shock, but others do things like shoot a spray of cold water into her face, or activate a paddle to spank her body somewhere. And a few combinations of triggers (mostly the one's that are harder to activate) can give you access to her sexual favors. The girls take turns being the... "ball" but while they're resting, winners can collect on blowjobs, regular sex, anal... it's even possible, if you hit every trigger on the course, to win her for the whole night.

If that happens, I'll donate her to Jeff. But I'm playing.

Thanks buddy, but I'm going to be playing to win my own slave for the night. I've already got plans for them... he,he, he. Of course, if we both win, I don't suppose it would hurt (at least not me) to have two slaves to play with.





Meanwhile, on the actual playing course, Elsie was living the game.



This was only her first time around the course and already Elsie was wondering how she was going to make it through a whole day of this shit. Her arms ached and the only relief was when the zaps from the probes made her forget about the pain, by delivering even worse.

No, no, no! Where did the floor go? I was lead up a ramp, but did it just end, or does it go back down.



Usually when she moved over a rope she tried to get off it as soon as she could, but she didn't want to end up hanging from the rope around her elbows, so instead of moving forward her right leg searched aimlessly for any sort of purchase, as the probe continued to deliver it's load.

Damn! Why isn't the elbow rope pulling me forward, like it usually does. It's just sitting there, like it's waiting for me to solve a puzzle or something.



Elsie pumped her legs a few times in painful desperation, as she prepared herself for the pain that might accompany her next move.

As soon as Elsie moved forward enough for the probe to stop buzzing, the rope began moving again and dropping down as well. It was a new, awkward move.

Mother fucker!
You did that
timing on
purpose!



Good job man!
You forced her to ride the apex for
maximum points.

It will be
tougher next time. This is
her first run through





Hey, Jen! I think the name of this game ought to be don't let the high rod hit ya where the Good lord split ya. Ha!

Why thanks... it's a God given talent, you know.

You're disgusting Jeff.



Hope you don't mind having another passenger, after I win her for the night. She'll be tightly bound so she won't take up a lot of space.

Don't worry, Jeff. If you win her, I'll make sure you get her home.

I can't believe you guys are so callous.

Tell you what, Jen. If you want to put your money where your mouth is, I'll let you take her place for the evening

Fortunately I won't have to make that choice, because you're not going to win.

We'll see.