

THE Department OF CARNAL RELATIONS

BOOK ONE

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CHAPTER ONE

SUZANNE'S TALE: PART ONE

Suzanne Wright was raising her hand and waving it around. It was hard to get the professors to call on a woman. They just weren't interested to hear what she said. She thought that she had something important to say and she was determined to get the opportunity to say it.

She was in Female Submission in Western Literature. It was a mandatory course for females. The men didn't have to take it, but many of them did. They had gone through Frank Harris, most of the excerpts contained in the Grove Press omnibus edition, *The Pearl*. They had read *The Blue Train* by Manton, DeSade, of course, a *Man with a Maid*, and a few 17th, 18th and 19th century stories by Anonymous that had been recovered from Scotland Yard archives after the Global Unity Convention revolution that shook the world. And they had read *The Story of O* and *Return to the Chateau*. They were discussing the latter book now. The professor had called on Reggie Newman, who she considered a jerk, and he was expounding on the meaning of the end of the book.

"It's clear that she's going to stay at the end of the novel," he was saying confidently. "She has learned that she needs a master. Just from the fact that she's still at Roissy after Sir Stephen has dumped her there 10 weeks ago."

"Yes, think of that," the professor responded. "As Anne Marie is telling her, you have the diamonds, you can go, but you can also stay. But she has had the diamonds for weeks. Sir Stephen hasn't even sent her word for almost three months. And yet she stays. The diamonds, as valuable as they are, are not enough to undermine her basic nature. The whole message is that women have a need to be mastered. Not only do they need it, but they know they need it."

This really pissed Suzanne off. They were missing the whole point as far as she was concerned. She waived her hand frantically. The professor gave her an indulgent look. "Yes, Miss Wright?" he asked her, taking off his glasses in seeming exasperation. All the women had to sit at the back of the class. Suzanne raised her voice so that he would be sure to hear her.

"I don't think she stays at all," she maintained determinedly.

"And why is that, Miss Wright?" the professor queried. "And why does Miss Wright believe that her opinion is more important than the men who have critiqued the book?"

"It's true that O has stayed even though it is clear that Sir Stephen is using her for some ulterior purpose," she replied a bit petulantly. "But that's just the point. By staying, she has learned something important. She is just a thing as far as the men are concerned. She knows that now. And, she has the diamonds. The diamonds are a symbol of the new knowledge that she has gained, that you can't rely on men to be truthful or to act for your benefit. That you have to look out for yourself. The fact that the German guy, or South African, or whatever he is, has given them to her is crucial. He has been the one to show her what Sir Stephen really thinks of her. That he has no affection for her after all. He had led the German guy to believe that he can take her away, without even asking her what she wants. Then he gives her the diamonds. The diamonds represent the important knowledge he has given her. That's why she doesn't stay. She takes the diamonds, her newfound knowledge, and leaves."

There was silence in the room. Suzanne knew that she was skirting with apostasy, but she just couldn't stand these self-satisfied males go on and on about something they knew nothing about. It was bad enough to have to go through all these tales of women who really wanted to be dominated, who resisted at first and then, with a fainting air, surrender to their assailant. Women who went willfully and knowingly to their doom.

The professor was about to respond when the bell rang to end the class. Everybody got up, almost as one, gathered their CPads and headed out. Some of the girls gave her strange looks. The men just ignored her. They probably hadn't even been listening.

It was just her and the professor in the room. "Suzanne, you ascribe to some very dangerous ideas. Have you taken Female Obedience Theory? I'm teaching it next semester."

"No, Professor Haber," she replied.

"I think you ought to take that course before you go spouting off about things of which you are ignorant."

Suzanne didn't say anything. She was burning up inside and was afraid of what she might say.

"Okay," he said after a long pause. "Don't forget, next week we're discussing *The Contract*, by J. G. Leathers, Books One and Two. See if those don't get your panties wet."

“Yes, Professor Haber,” she answered.

“If you want, I can take you out to dinner tonight and we can discuss it.”

“No thank you, Professor Haber,” she said.

He paused. “You know Miss Wright, you have very fine breasts. You ought to show more of them.”

Suzanne had to hold herself back. Yes, she had fine breasts, but was that the best thing he could say about her? She stood about 5’5” tall, with just slightly too large hips and a pretty face. Her hair was pulled back into the regulation ponytail and she was wearing a short skirt as required. It was a pain in the ass because every time she sat down she felt like she was showing off her panties. She tried to keep her well-toned legs crossed. But that just showed off more of her thigh.

On top, she was wearing a loose, royal blue sweatshirt. She knew that she was probably in violation of the female dress code, but that was the point. She didn’t want to wear a tight sweater, or a tight t-shirt, or show off her taut belly. Or wear one of those blouses with a neck line so low that your tits practically just hung out. But there was only one response she could give Professor Haber.

“Thank you, Professor. I’ll give some thought to it.” She gave him the prescribed curtsy and left.

Professor Haber stood there for a while leaning against his desk. “I’d sure like to tap that,” he thought. He had already offered to give her an “A” for the course in exchange for a weekly blow job, but she had turned him down flat. As her professor, he was entitled to demand it, but he didn’t want to go that far. Women would stop taking his courses. He would miss all the pretty scenery. Besides, Amy Shiller came by his office at 4 o’clock every afternoon to give him a hummer. He looked up at the clock. It was a quarter to four. He picked up his briefcase, put his books in it, and left.

At about 4:05 he was leaning over and fondling Amy’s bare tits. Her t-shirt was on the floor. He always made her take it off when she blew him. They were not what he would call great. Amy was a little flabby and her tits were flouncy. But they were ample and he loved to squeeze them. He had ordered her to stop wearing a bra a couple of weeks ago. He loved to see her mammaries shifting and swaying when she walked. He knew it embarrassed her, but that made it all the more fun.

Amy looked up at him sheepishly. He rarely gave any female student in his class a grade higher than a ‘C’, but Amy needed a “B+” so she could get into graduate school. He hadn’t yet decided if her blow jobs

were of “B+” quality. She had great tongue action and she had learned, after much coaching, how to take his cock into her throat. But there was just something sloppy about her mouth. He couldn’t pin it down. It was like it was too soft. He decided to be frank with her. He squeezed her nipples.

“Amy, I’m sorry to say that I don’t think you’re blowjobs are ‘B+’ material. It’s like you don’t put enough effort into it. Like you had a lazy mouth or something.”

Tears welled up in Amy’s eyes. The semester was almost over. She had blown him maybe thirty times, every week day for the last six weeks. Like clockwork. Every day at 4 p. m. She was not allowed to speak unless he asked her a question. He could see that she was straining to beg and plead with him. He felt sorry for her.

“Just try and do a little better,” he advised her. “Keep your mouth tighter around my prick. Press it between your tongue and the roof of your mouth.”

He leaned back in his chair and gave the issue some thought. Maybe he had a solution.

“Okay, Amy, here’s what we’re going to do. Professor Idibi is looking for a good mouth next semester. I owe him a favor. You can take his History of Female Slavery course. I’m sure he’ll make room for you in his schedule. It may require you to go to his house after hours, because I know he’s very busy during the day. And he does have some very pretty girls taking his classes, so his afternoons are pretty full up. I’ll give you an incomplete and if Professor Idibi tells me that you did a good job for him, I’ll reconsider.”

Amy looked up at him sadly. Professor Idibi and he were the only black faculty in the Submissive Studies Department. They traded girls back and forth all the time. Idibi had really told him that he needed a bed warmer. If he liked her, he would convince Amy to make him her RM. Then he could fuck her anytime he wanted. She wouldn’t replace his wife, who was very beautiful, but Amy was just the kind of girl who was fun to humiliate and shame. She was turning beet red now.

“Y-Yes, Professor,” Amy replied.

“Okay, then,” he said. “Lower my zipper and take out my cock.”

Amy knelt up and reached for his crotch. He felt her hand on his fly as she pulled it down. She reached in and fished his cock out from his boxers. It was rubbery and tumescent. She went to put it in her mouth. He held her head back for a moment. “Remember now, Amy, nice and tight. And show some enthusiasm.”

“Yes, Professor,” she replied. She lowered her face and took his cock between her lips. Haber leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and released a sigh. He hardened quickly.

His mind floated to Suzanne Wright. He’d give a lot to see her tits. She always wore those baggy tops. He had a mind to report her to the Female Discipline Office. A few strokes of Dean Webber’s flogger on her bare ass would probably get her into line. He put that on his list of possibles.

But that got him to thinking about today’s class. She really had been borderline counterrevolutionary. Maybe more than borderline. All this about men using women and O’s insight into men’s perfidy. He would like to see Suzanne Wheeler wearing bracelets and a collar and kneeling at his feet with her tits hanging out. Maybe some marks from his riding crop across them.

Amy was doing a remarkably better job. He felt his juices rising. Warmth from his cock was spreading all over him. “Slower, slower, Amy,” he told her, touching her head. “We’ve got plenty of time.”

“...eh aheeheraher,” she replied, his cock muffling her words.

“I’ve told you, don’t talk with my cock in your mouth. Understood?”

“...eh aheereraher,” she mumbled again.

Haber leaned back again. Women are so stupid, he thought. There had been a movement to keep women out of colleges and all other institutions of higher learning. He was glad it got defeated. He hated the idea of having to get in line at the college sexual service facility to get his ashes hauled, even though the University maintained one just for professors.

Amy was bringing her mouth slowly, slowly, slowly up and down his cock. He groaned. Maybe her blow jobs weren’t so bad after all, he thought. On the other hand, if he compared them to Gina Ambruzzio’s or Shakila Watson’s, the only black female student in the Department, well, that was something different. He was going to miss Shakila. She had plans to go off to engineering school as soon as she was done with her requirements in Submissive Studies. It seemed she saved all those courses for the end. She had asked him for a letter of recommendation. He was glad to give her one and mentioned her wondrous blow jobs. He was not surprised that she was admitted.

He felt his juices rising. He looked at the clock on his desk. He had promised his wife that he would be home tonight before 6 and he had some papers to grade. It was his 3 year old son’s birthday and they were going to have a little party.

He tapped Amy on the head. “Okay, make me come,” he told her. She quickened her activities. Within a minute he felt himself ready. His cock started to jolt and throb. He grabbed her by the hair and pistoned her head up and down. He groaned. She squealed, but she kept her lips fastened tightly to his pole. His orgasm went on for about 15 seconds.

He let himself lay in her mouth for a few moments as he recovered his equilibrium. Then he pushed her head back. “That was much better, Amy,” he told her. She beamed.

“Okay, put your shirt back on and scoot out of here. I’ll talk with Professor Idibi tomorrow morning. He might want you come over tomorrow night to give you a tryout. So cancel whatever you have planned just in case.”

“Yes, Professor,” she said back in a low, subdued voice. He wondered. Did she have an objection to blowing black men? If so, then he was doing the right thing. He couldn’t stand prejudice.

Amy left and he pulled out the file with all the essays in it. He separated all the ones from female students. They all had pink tags on them. Without reading them, he marked them, “C”, “D”, “C+”, “D+”, and an occasional “F”, all at random. He then went to the pile of male essays.

He was half way through them at about 5:30 when he decided to leave off. He would bring the rest of them home and grade them tonight. He couldn’t get Suzanne Wright out of his mind. She had real balls, if she had had them that is, to talk like that in his class. He was pissed that it came so close to the bell. He should have shoved her theory up her ass.

And then a thought sprung into his head. He looked around on his desk. He found it after a minute. It was a memo from the local DCR¹ Police about professors’ duty to report subversive female students.

College instructors who received any ‘questionable’ essays, reviews or commentaries from female students, or had female students who made such ‘questionable’ comments in class were required to report them. The girl would be picked up by the Sexual Thought Enforcement Squad, (STES), and made subject to an evaluation, during which she could be held for up to 60 days. Females who were deemed to have been subject to insidious influences could be declared an Ideologically Suspect Female, (ISF), and placed on ideological probation or sent to a DSSC² for re-education. Females who were deemed to possess ‘permanently deviant

¹ Department of Carnal Relations

² Disciplinary Sexual Service Center

viewpoints”, (PDV’s), were drafted instead into the Sexual Service Corps, (SSC).³ An investigation of the student’s possible negative influences would be conducted and appropriate action taken.⁴

He read through it. There was a detective’s phone number on the bottom. He looked at the clock. He picked up the viddy phone and dialed. His wife wouldn’t mind if he was a few minutes late. Well, put it this way, she better not. A voice came on. “DCR,” it said, “Detective Snyder.”

* * * * *

About a week later, Suzanne was on her way home from her feminists’ meeting. It was totally secret and only nine or ten women knew about it. They got together every week on a Wednesday night at Sylvia Lewis’s house. Her RM went out bowling with the boys every Wednesday. She had told him that it was her book club. They were supposed to be reading some trashy spy story about how some secret agent infiltrated a conspiracy of counterrevolutionaries. In the end he gunned down all the men. The women, all luxuriously beautiful, had all seen the errors of their ways and volunteered for the Sexual Service Corps. The book ended with him giving one of them a goodbye fuck up the ass.

It was pure trash, but they all had to read it in case anyone asked any questions. Sylvia Ryan was in her late fifties and was way past her useful life as a whore, but they still had some pretty harsh prisons and work farms, so she had as much at risk as the other, younger women. It was great to hear her talk about the days before the Global Unity Convention and the civil war. She had lost a lot of her friends. She had been pretty active in the resistance and it was a great wonder why she had never been

³ See Chapter Two, *infra*.

⁴ It was often an older sibling, or a female parent who substantially influenced a relatively immature ideologically suspect female, (RIISF). The RIISF could avoid more significant consequences if these influences were revealed. This would not be the case if the investigators had to resort to Corporal Persuasive Techniques, (CPT’s). It was not unknown that a responsible male, (RM), or some other male in the family had conveyed poisonous and corrosive doctrines (PCD’s). Those males found guilty of such influences would have their RM rights revoked, sometimes permanently and they would be forbidden to cohabit with any females during the period of their suspension. Their Sexual Facility Rights (SFR’s), would be unaffected and, in fact, regular full use of his sexual service opportunities, (SSO’s), could be an important factor in restoring a male’s Female Supervision Rights, (FSR’s). There has been much discussion over the years concerning the RIISF category since there are no measurable standards by which ‘immaturity’ under this provision could be judged. In the end, it was left to the discretion of the investigating STES officer, but an age limit was instituted of 22 years old.

picked up. She minded her p's and q's since the Peace Declaration and, so far had survived.

The meeting had been a raucous one. Seven women had turned up. Three of them were college students like her. The other four were young housewives. Boy, they had some nasty stories to tell. It made Suzanne shiver. Her parents were both dead. She was lucky that her step brother was her RM. She lived with him, his wife and his two young daughters. He was really nice and let her do practically anything she wanted. He had never laid a hand on her or ordered her to service one of his friends. She thought that he probably knew that her weekly meetings were not book club nights, but something else entirely. He never asked though.

His wife was really nice too. Sometimes she was tempted to tell her about the meetings, but she just wasn't sure enough about her to do that. And she wouldn't do that without the permission of the rest of the group. Besides, Peter was so good to her, it would be a shame if she rewarded him by getting his wife in trouble.

Sylvia had an impressive library of women's literature. She had lots of stuff from the latter part of the twentieth century. When she showed the group the text of the proposed Equal Rights Amendment and told how close it came to passing, everybody was thrilled. Somehow, someday, they would have to get back to that. It was up to women like Sylvia and Dawn and Rene, and the other women in the group, and even her, Suzanne, to keep the candle burning. She was sure that there were other groups out there like theirs. There had to be.

She was just getting off Route 395 when she noticed the flashing lights behind her. She got a sick feeling in her stomach. Sylvia had leant her her copy of "The Feminine Mystique" by Betty Friedan. Suzanne had never heard of her, or of the book, but if Sylvia recommended it, it had to be good. It was hidden in the trunk inside a box, inside another box. The outer box was sealed at the top with packing tape. In order to get the other box out you had to open it from the bottom. It wasn't foolproof, but it might fool the casual searcher.

But it made her nervous that it was there. She hadn't been speeding, she was careful about that with such dangerous contraband aboard. The car's registration was up to date. Why was this cop stopping her?

She pulled off the exit ramp and over to the side of the road. There were no street lights and no houses. The only light was from the freeway, but that was a good quarter mile off.

She waited while the cop car pulled behind her. She looked in her rear viewer, but nobody got out of the car at first. She figured that he was

running her data.

It was amazing how much information you could get from a data chip in your license plate, at least for the cops. All he had to do was scan it and it told him everything. It linked into a large database. Before the cop got out of the car, he would know her name and address, of course, but also where and when she was born, that her parents were dead, that Peter was her RM, that she went to college, what she was studying, and who knew what other secret information had been developed about her from the many and myriad government spies. You couldn't go to the store and buy toothpaste without the government knowing what brand you bought, how much you paid for it, whether you had ever bought that brand before. It would link to your dental records and medical records and school records. It was really frightening how much the government knew about everybody.

She heard the door to the cruiser behind her shut. She looked at the display on the dashboard. It was a DCR policeman walking towards her. She became really nervous. Why was a DCR policeman pulling her over?

She knew that some DCR guys scanned cars to find young females driving alone to check them out. You might get lucky and catch her without her Female Classification Card, (FCC), or without her pass from her RM, or something else. Or you might just get to banter with a beautiful young girl. Maybe get her to show you her tits. Maybe cop a blowjob. Maybe take her down the station for a 48 hour inquiry, which was permissible under the law, and then she could blow everybody. The cop didn't even have to have a good reason. Spending 48 hours down at the DCR station was not something she would want to do.

She had been stopped a few times. One cop did make her show him her breasts, but that was all that he did. The other times were routine. Maybe this one would be routine. Maybe not. But that was the problem about being an oppressed group in a dictatorship.

He came to the driver's side window. She had already zipped it down. He had a flashlight and he shined it directly in her face. It blinded her. He didn't need her license or the car's registration, he had it right there in his handheld. He was comparing her picture on his handheld to the real thing. He took a long time inspecting her face.

He proffered her his handheld. "Put your right thumb there, miss," he said neutrally.

She did as she was told. He pulled it back and looked at it. There were three beeps meaning that her identity had been confirmed. She was nervous. Her throat was dry. She could feel her hands trembling. She

looked up at the officer. "Is there anything wrong, officer" she dared to ask.

"Turn off the engine miss, and hand me the key," was all he said.

His demand seemed ominous. She turned off the electric engine, pulled out the coded key and handed it to him.

"Now get out of the car miss. Put your hands on your head and stand with your feet together."

It was dark and the flashlight was still in her face, but she could see that he was tall and well built. He had on the blue uniform of the DCR Police. He had on the hat with the black brim and the golden shield in the middle. Her stomach was roiling. She kept thinking about the book in the trunk.

She slowly opened the door. The officer stepped back. She got out of the car. She was wearing her green miniskirt and the same royal blue, loose sweatshirt. She had on a pair of high heeled sandals only because that was part of the mandated dress code for young women.

He pointed to a spot on the grass across the street. She stepped over to it. The ground was a little uneven and she stumbled a little. She felt like she was on the verge of crying. She turned and put her hands on her head. She brought her feet together.

The police officer came up to her. He had a chain on his belt. He pulled it off. It was a pair of manacles. She cringed and released a whine as he crouched down and attached the manacles to her ankles.

"Okay, now get down on the ground on your knees," he told her. None of the other DCR cops who had stopped her had had her do this. She suppressed a sob.

She lowered herself to her knees with some difficulty and looked at him. She was leaning back on her haunches.

"No," he said, a little annoyed. "Kneel up straight. Don't be a lazy cunt. And spread your legs."

She rose to her full height and did a little hop, moving her knees further apart. Her hands were still on her head.

"Now off with the sweatshirt. Where'd you ever get that anyway? It's not regulation."

"It's my brother's," she replied weakly.

"Well, take it off. I want to see your tits."

She cringed and tears filled her eyes. She knew she had to do it. He could make up any story he wanted about her and they would believe him. He could get her classified MR with a snap of his fingers.

She reached to her waist and pulled the sweatshirt up over her head.

She tossed it aside. He was shining his flashlight on her. She could hardly make him out behind it. The light was concentrating on her chest.

She was wearing a plain white bra.

“The slingshot too,” he ordered her churlishly.

She suppressed a sob and reached behind her and unhooked it. She hesitated just one moment, to think about whether there was any way she could get out of this. She decided no, drew the bra down her arms and placed it on the ground next to her on top of the t-shirt.

“Okay, now, miss, put your hands behind your back,” he instructed her. She did as she was told. He stepped over and went behind her. He cuffed her wrists together.

The ground was wet from the recent rain. It was cold out, but somewhat warm for early December, a little over 50 degrees. There was just a little sliver of a moon. Her lips were trembling. The cop moved away from her and everything got dark.

He got into her driver’s seat and turned on the overhead light. She could see him going through her glove compartment and the side pockets of the doors. He looked carefully at everything he picked up. He opened the compartment between the seats and looked in there with his flashlight. She knew that it contained all kinds of gum and candy wrappers, little notes and receipts, pens, a spare key for the house, and other junk. He looked and examined it all. He got out of the car and looked under the seat. He pulled out an empty water bottle and tossed it onto the grass.

He looked under the seat of the passenger side. He found a book. She had been looking for that. It was a monograph about 17th century English Kings. She knew that most people read electronic books these days, but her, and a lot of other people, still liked the heft of a real book in their hands. They were getting harder and harder to find. The book was harmless, but she hoped that he didn’t open it to the chapter on Charles I. The execution of a king might seem subversive to him.

It didn’t interest him in the slightest. He tossed it on the passenger seat. He went into the back. The book they had agreed to pretend to talk about was on the rear seat. He took it out and shined the flashlight on it. He took his time. He read the back cover. He looked up at her. “Dick Straight,” he said offhandedly. “I’ve heard of him. Any good?”

Suzanne was startled by so odd a question from a DCR policeman with her kneeling and pointing her naked breasts at him and all bound up.

“I-it’s great!” she told him.

“Mind if I keep it?” he asked.

“N-no,” she answered haltingly.

He went over to the police cruiser and tossed it in. He came back and opened the trunk. He spent some time looking at everything in there. She had the normal tools, a spare tire, an old throw rug. And the box.

He rummaged around for a minute or so. Then he came over. He was carrying the box. “What’s in the box?” he asked suspiciously.

“Some clothes and stuff,” Suzanne answered.

“What’s it doing in your trunk?”

“I-I keep on forgetting to mail it. It’s supposed to be going to a friend of mine in Ohio.”

He was towering over her, even with her kneeling up as high as possible. She tried to stay still to keep her naked breasts from swaying. But she was shaking and she could feel them quivering.

She had in fact put a label on the box with her girlfriend’s name and address on it. It was a real address in case they checked, which they could do in an instant. She had also put some clothes in it, some old blouses and t-shirts, some new socks, a couple of her old miniskirts.

He shook the box. She hoped that the box with the book in it didn’t slide around. He put the box down on the ground. There was a small flashlight on his Sam Brown belt. He turned it on. He reached into his pocket and took out a switchblade knife. He popped it open. He slit through the packing tape and pulled the box open. He rummaged around inside it. Suzanne thought she was going to throw up, she was so scared. She felt desperately like she had to pee.

He stopped looking in the box, satisfied. He went back and tossed it back into the trunk and slammed the lid.

He went back into the driver’s seat of her car. He had saved her pocketbook for last. She only carried a small one with a long brown strap that went over your shoulder. He opened it. He looked through all of her papers and things. He looked at her laminated license. He had already seen that. There was a tuition receipt. He looked at that and put it aside. He looked at her celly and put that aside. There were some receipts and stuff that he looked at and tossed into a separate pile. He pulled out a menstrual pad and her hairbrush. He looked at the three condoms she was required to carry at all times. There was her student i.d. He put that aside.

Most importantly, he pulled out her Female Classification Card. The pass that Peter had given her was attached to it. He looked them over carefully. He looked back at her. The flashlight on his Sam Brown belt was pointed right at her, like he was shining a spotlight on her breasts. All else around him was dark. It was like he had an eye in the middle of

his chest. "This Peter Murphy, he's your RM?" he asked her. Of course he was. It was right on the card.

"Y-yes," she answered.

"Is he your boyfriend?" he asked.

"N-no, he's my brother," she replied. It had started to rain again very lightly. She was getting completely drenched. She could feel the droplets running down her breasts and dripping off of her nipples. It was cold and it was dark. And she was scared shitless.

"If he's your brother why does he have a different last name than you?"

"He's my step brother."

"A step brother? As an RM? Does he fuck you?"

Suzanne grimaced. "No, he's doesn't," she answered him as civilly as she could.

"You sure?" the cop asked, incredulous.

"Yes, I'm sure," Suzanne replied.

"You're living with a guy who's not your real brother and he's your RM, and he's not fucking you?"

"N-no, sir," Suzanne replied tearfully. She was really getting scared now.

"Well, he must be stupid or he must be a fag," the cop said. "Is he a fag?"

"N-no," she answered.

"Cause if he is, just let me know, I'll pick him up. Maybe I could be your RM. You're quite a dish."

She felt like she was about to break down and sob. She had heard of things like that happening. Some cop got the hots for you so he arrests your father or your brother or your boyfriend, even your husband, whoever was your RM, and appoints himself his substitute. Then he lets the old RM go. No court, no hearing, nothing. Just a notarized transfer signed by your RM releasing you to the cop.

"No, he's not gay," she answered him tearfully.

"Then he must be stupid," the cop replied. "If I were him I'd be bopping you day and night. Is he stupid?"

"No, he's not stupid," Suzanne whined.

"Seems stupid to me," the cop insisted.

"So where were you going? Where were you coming from?"

"I was going home. I was coming from my book club. We meet every Wednesday night."

"And who's in this book club?"

“Just some friends.”

“Guy friends or girl friends?” he asked.

“Girl friends,” she answered.

“Just girls?” he asked a bit skeptically.

“Yes, just girls.”

“And you discuss books.”

“Yes, sir.”

“And what do you say about these books?”

“I don’t know, it depends upon the book. Maybe whether we liked it, or whether it raises any issues we want to discuss. That kind of thing.”

“And what book did you read for this week?”

“The book that was in the back seat. ‘The Thrill of Danger’ by Dick Straight.”

“That book?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“No, it’s true!” she insisted, maybe with a little too much intensity.

“You’re a college girl. College girls don’t sit around and talk about books by guys like Dick Straight. Don’t bullshit me!” His voice had an angry tone to it.

She wished that they had picked a better book this week.

“One of the other girls picked it. She didn’t go too far in school. She likes him a lot.”

“I thought you said that you liked it.”

“Y-yes, I did.”

“Yes you said it, or yes you liked it?”

“I-I liked it,” she replied sheepishly. She had already said that she did. It was too late to say anything different, although she wished now that she had.

“You’re a lying sack of shit,” the cop told her. Her heart began to thump in her chest.

“What did you have, a fuckfest? Did you all lick each other’s cunnies and stick things in your twats? Are you some kind of lez?”

Suzanne started crying. Unauthorized lesbian activity, sometimes even a kiss, depending on how it was given, was a very serious offense. She twisted her bound wrists behind her. She had never felt so powerless before. He was like an all-powerful alien visitor and she was naked, or near naked, and totally, totally defenseless. She felt his eyes crawling all over her breasts. She was shamed and frightened.

“No, I’m not!” she whined unhappily.

“You’re not a lez?”

“Noooooooo!”

“So what do you do, sit around and watch?”

“No, I don’t watch,” she whined again.

“So they do all their fucking in another room?”

“No! They don’t fuck!” she cried out. “They’re not lesbians! Honest!”

“Well, it kinda makes sense to me. You say you’re a member of a book club that reads shit like Dick Straight. That’s a fucking lie. But if you were a lez, it might explain why you’re RM doesn’t fuck you.”

Suzanne remained silent. The cop did too, for a moment. Then he asked, “If you don’t fuck him, do you at least suck him off?”

“N-no,” she whined. She was shaking. She was certain that the cop was going to do something mean to her.

“You mean he gives you a place to live, he protects you by being your RM, and I’ll bet he supports you too, since you’re a measly college student, and you don’t give him a blowjob once in a while? That sounds pretty shitty to me. It sounds to me like you’re an ungrateful cunt.”

“Nooooooooo! I’m not!” she cried out.

“So are you fucking somebody else, somebody he doesn’t know about?”

This was dangerous territory. This was unauthorized sexual act territory. Was he going to frame her?

“No,” she said quietly.

“You don’t sound too sure of that,” the cop said. “You know it’s a crime to lie to a cop.”

It wasn’t a question. It was a statement.

“I’m not lying,” she replied sorrowfully.

He turned off the light on his belt. She could see him better now in the overhead light from the car. It had a kind of halo effect, making him seem like he was shimmering with power. He picked up her Female Classification Card. He pulled off her pass that Peter had given her. He looked at it. “Is this your pass?” he asked her.

“Yes,” she replied.

“It’s out of date,” he informed her. A chill went through her.

“Out of date?” she asked, fearfully.

“Yeah, it’s more than six months’ old. It’s out of date.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“Does your stepbrother, who doesn’t like to fuck girls, does he know where you were tonight?”

“Yes!” she insisted.

“Prove it!” he spat at her.

“But, he does! All you have to do is call him. He’ll tell you!”

“Listen, cunt,” the cop said spitefully, “I don’t have to call anybody! I don’t have to do anything! I’m a law enforcement officer and you’re in violation of the law. That’s all I know.”

“Please. Let me go,” Suzanne begged.” It was just a mistake.”

“You lie right to my face. You have out of date documents. You’re a hot looking babe and supposedly you’re not fucking anybody. And you ask me to let you go?”

“Yes, please!!!” Suzanne whined.

The cop shook his head. He piled everything back into the purse. He got up, taking the purse with him and closed her car door, locking it. He strolled lazily down to his patrol car. He opened the door, tossing the pocketbook in, and spoke into a microphone. Technology had passed by the old radio in the squad car a long time ago. However, the old radios broadcast on special frequencies which were jammed if you didn’t have a decoder. Besides, it made them feel like cops in those old movies.

“Central, central, this is unit 20. Do you read me?”

A man’s scratchy voice came on. “Loud and clear, 20. What’s up Gil?”

“I got a Code 47 here just off the off ramp to Route 395 northbound in Fulton. I’m bringing her in.”

“10-4” the scratchy voice said. “What’s your ETA?”

“About 20 minutes,” the cop answered.

“10-4 to that. Make sure you program the car to come to the station. We’ll pull it into the garage and give it a once over.”

“Roger and 10-4 to you,” the cop said. “See you in a bit. Over and out.”

Suzanna was sobbing. She had been arrested on something stupid like an out of date pass. If that hadn’t been screwed up, he might have let her go. Now her car was going to be sent to the DCR station. And the book was still in the trunk. She felt like her whole world was coming apart.

He went back to the car. He couldn’t use her key because it was coded only to her. But cops had pass keys that fit every ignition and every door. It really wasn’t a key, more like a small beeper. He used it now. The car started up. She saw him programming in the instructions to the station. He turned off the overhead light and got out of the car. It wouldn’t move until he closed the door. He closed it now. The car went

slowly into motion. It performed a perfect k-turn right there in the street and went the other way. Suzanna watched it pass out of sight in sorrow.

The cop came over to her. He bent down and took hold of her arm. "Come on, get up," he ordered her.

She struggled to her feet. "Please don't arrest me! Please! My brother will be worried about me! I've got school tomorrow! I haven't done anything wrong!"

He let go of her arm. "Stay right here," he said, as if she had anywhere she could go. He opened the cruiser door and stuck in his head. He came out a second later and walked back towards her. He had something in his hand. She looked at it. It was a roll of silvery tape. He tore off about 6". He moved it to her face. She frowned. "Please don't," she whined. He covered her mouth with it.

"Shut the fuck up!" he told her. He tore off two more strips and placed them above and below the first one. He grabbed her arm and began pulling her towards his car. Suzanne was sobbing violently. Her naked breasts were swaying this way and that. She stumbled and lost her footing and fell. He held on to her arm and pulled her back to her feet. "Cut the shit!" he told her gruffly.

He brought her to the rear of the cruiser. He opened the rear door and pushed her towards the opening. She bent down and let herself be guided to a seat. Her arms were behind her and she couldn't lean back. She moaned. He did something down at her feet and she discovered that they were locked in place. He drew a seat belt over her chest diagonally and locked it in place by her hip. He placed his hands on her breasts, squeezed them and said, "Nice!" He rose and closed the door. He got in the front and turned on the engine. He turned on the overhead flashers. He put the car in gear and slowly pulled away.

Suzanne looked out the window. Her bra and sweatshirt were still out there, lying on the grass.

CHAPTER TWO

CATHERINE'S TALE PART ONE

Catherine came to consciousness slowly. Her last memory was having been loaded in a crate and having a mask pressed on to her face. A couple of breaths later, everything went dark.

She had received a sentence of two years severe treatment. It was the third time she had tried to run away and the judges had determined that she was 'incurable', a special status that called for drastic remedies.

Five years ago, when she had turned 18, she had been drafted into the Sexual Service Corps. (SSC). The SSC was instituted just after the gender wars of the mid 2020's. It was a conflagration that had swept the globe as a result of the collision of so called 'Western' values with true religious spirit. It had been sparked by the imposition of the precepts agreed upon in the Global Unity Convention, (GUC), in which the five principal religions on earth had come to agreement upon strict sexual morality codes to be applied worldwide, by force if necessary.⁵

In the United States, civil war broke out. Vast swaths of the country rebelled against the codes and formed rump governments which had to be put down. Over 950,000 females between the ages of 18 and 30, from the Rebellious Areas, (RA's), were declared 'state assets' pursuant to the subsequent Peace Declaration⁶ and scattered about the country to staff the new brothels licensed by the Department of Carnal Relations (DCR) pursuant to Article Five, Section 7 under the new constitution.⁷ These females were referred to as Section 7 Females, (S7F's). As they were aged out of the system, at age 30, they were turned over to the Office of Mandatory Procreation, (OMP).

DCR studies done in the early years deemed that 950,000 sexual service workers (SSW's), were insufficient to provide the 2 sexual service opportunities, (SSO's), necessary to provide optimal male sexual

⁵ The anti-technology principals of the GUC are not within the purview of this report. Suffice it to say, that with some exceptions, research and development on technological innovations was severely impeded, leading to the continued use of early 21st century technology in many areas.

⁶ The full text of the Peace Declaration was not published until 2047.

⁷ Article V is still deemed "Material Not Suitable for the General Public", (MNSGP), and has never been fully released.

health, (OMSH), to all sexually active males, (SAM's). This mandated an immediate draft of an additional approximately 950,000 SSW's.

Sexual Service Riots broke out and had to be put down. Many eligible females, (EF's) tried to avoid service by failing to register, but birth records were preserved during the civil strife and it was not difficult to track them down. Recalcitrant Eligible Females, (REF's), were drafted immediately as were any EF's with a history of anti-social behavior. Under the Carnal Relations Law, (CRL) which created the DCR, views deemed critical of the government or "corrosive of the general welfare" were draftable offenses.

Any female who had advocated female equality in any printed or online media was declared a "Female Hostile to Public Order", (FHPO), and drafted. Females who had subscribed to anti-social female advocacy publications were put on a watch list and compelled to write public 'confessions' disavowing any radical sexual equality views. Or they could be subject to mandatory re-education in a Disciplinary Sexual Service Center, (DSSC), for a period from between 30 days to 2 years. Such females as were deemed "irremediable" were drafted instead as FHPO's.

All of these inducted females were known as Mandatory Recruits or MR's. MR's were not subject to the 12 year term for conventionally drafted females, known as Involuntary Recruits, (IR's), but were sentenced to life terms.

A draft was conducted for the rest on a county by county basis according to DCR quotas. Most counties initially conducted general lotteries either based on birthdates or the new female registration numbers, (FRN's).⁸ Others conducted suitability examinations, (SE's), in which the most sexually responsive girls of the cohort were determined and selected. (See Chapter Three, *infra*).

With approximately 2 million SSW's under the jurisdiction of the DCR there was an annual replenishment need for 166,000 new SSW's a year due to aging out.⁹ This was offset by approximately 100,000 Section

⁸In late 2026, all females were mandated to carry with them at all times a Female Classification Card. It contained their Female Registration number, the name of their RM (see *infra*), their marriage status and any other important information, e. g. females who were on probation for ideological reasons or by way of being declared GU had that noted on their FCC's. See discussion of GU, *infra*.

⁹This need became more severe when DCR, in 2036, adopted a long range plan to raise the weekly sexual service opportunities, (SSO's) per SAM from two to three over the next five years, creating a need for 3 million SSW's nationwide. DCR capped the production of new Section 7 babies in 2039. This meant that the new SSW's necessary to meet the new national target of 3 SSO's per week and the growth in the male population had to come from the general pool of eligible females (EF's). There was a spike in male births between 2028 and 2033 as parents took genetic steps to ensure male births rather

7 Female offspring attaining the age of 18 every year.

Unfortunately for Catherine, although the draft in her cohort was only 60,000, her number had come up. So it was off to 3 weeks of SSW training. She was bought by a sexual service facility, (SSF), in Atlanta, in the Southeastern Sexual Resource Zone, (SRZ), for her initial service.

In her second year, Catherine was traded to an SSF in the Southwest SRZ in exchange for a Venezuelan SSW. From there, she was sold to an SSF in the San Francisco SRZ. That SSF sold her, along with several girls of Asian descent, to a brothel in the Miami SRZ. One of the reasons she was traded and sold so often was that she was marked as a troublemaker right away. She had to be sent to an SSW retraining center, (SSWRC), twice. Her sexual proficiency quotient, (SPQ), was a measly 75 on a score of 100. That put her in the lower 5th percentile of SSW's.

In Phoenix, where she served in the SWSRZ, she managed to flee from the SSF by sneaking through a door that had been left unlocked due to a mechanical malfunction. She fled into the customer waiting area and almost made it out the outer door to the world beyond. She was overpowered by three customers. Even though she hadn't been able to exit the facility, it was deemed an escape. She was sent to an SSW correction facility, (SSWCF), outside of Omaha, Nebraska, for a six month term. One year was added to her term as an SSW.

The second escape was more devious. She had been trading services with one of the security officers, (SO's) for several months. This was in the San Francisco SRZ. Her SSF was located just north of the city, in Santa Rosa. SO's were usually allowed to avail themselves of SSW services on Sunday afternoons, in addition to their allotted 2 sexual service opportunities (SSO's) per week. You couldn't expect the SO's not to develop yens for particular SSW's after seeing them naked and chained and available for sexual use all of the time. Catherine had allowed herself to be 'enticed' by a particular SO into providing him with unauthorized sexual services (USS's) in exchange for chocolate. He would sneak her out into the security officers' locker room, where she would fellate him and then be given the treat. It had been going on virtually every day for three months.

Security Officer Mongiardo was small for a SO, coming in at a little

than risk having a daughter subject to compulsory sexual service, (CSS). Genetically modifying the sex of a zygote to male was made illegal in 2032. Females found guilty of violating the Anti-Genetics Modification law were sent to a Mandatory Procreation Facility until they produced 2 female offspring.

over 5'6". He was actually below regulation height, but a cousin of his managed the facility and he bent regulations to get him in. On this particular day, SO Mongiardo had left his baton on the bench while he sat and had Catherine service him.

Just when Mongiardo achieved orgasm, Catherine leapt up, grabbed the baton and gave him a solid whack on the head. She undressed him while he was unconscious and handcuffed him to a pipe. She donned his clothes, pushing her long, chestnut colored hair under his service cap and waited for another SO to come in since she didn't have the code to open the locker room door. When one entered, a female SO named Marylou McGiver, Catherine ran up to her and grabbed the open door. In as low toned a voice as she could manage, she yelled, "Escape! Escape!" and dashed past McGiver. McGiver went immediately to give SO Mongiardo aid.

Once into the administrative section of the facility, Catherine was able to make her way to the front door. She told the guard there that she had been detailed to check the perimeter. The guard buzzed her out.

But what Catherine didn't know was that she had been implanted with a security device in the bottom of her right foot. The device was about 22 mm's long and as thin as a needle and was inserted without her knowledge during the mandatory period of unconsciousness, (MPU), immediately following her induction into the Sexual Service Corps.¹⁰ She set off the alarm as she passed through the detector. She made it out into the parking lot and into the neighboring woods. It took 15 DCR police 45 minutes to find her. In the meantime, the whole SSF had to go on lockdown.

After that, she was sent to the Repeat Offender Punishment Center (ROPC) outside of Dallas. She endured rigorous discipline and repeated physical corrections over the six months she spent there. She was then sent back to Omaha for an additional six months. Although Omaha was not as severe as the ROPC, it was serious enough.

She was ordered to serve another 2 years as a SSW, which would be served at a Discount Sexual Service Facility (DSSF) after she turned 31, where she would be required to provide SSO's, (Sexual Service Opportunities), to upwards of 20 men a day. Those facilities were

¹⁰ The pins contained GPS technology so that the location of an SSW within an SSF could be detected easily. Each device was coded to the specific SSW. The system which maintained their location in the SSF was tied into a computer at the Sexual Resource Zone administrative offices and then forwarded to the national database maintained by DCR. Thus, any SSW within the United States could be located instantly.

designed to provide solace to men whose sexual needs exceeded their twice a week allotment and could not afford an upgrade for Additional Sexual Services, (ASS's).

Officer Mongiardo had his sexual facility rights, (SFR's), suspended for six months. Officer Glover, who had let Catherine run past her unhindered, was sentenced to 90 days of service at a Disciplinary Sexual Service Center (DSSC). Because of numerous disciplinary infractions there, and because she was so popular, SO Glover's sentence was ultimately extended to 18 months.

One might ask what would motivate a female to become an SO at an SSF. Liberation from a repressive RM would provide one reason. Once hired, her commanding officer was eligible to become her RM and she would be subject to his authority instead. But the most important motivator was the fact that she would get 2 weekly SSO's under the supervision of her RM, and the right to use of an SSW of her choice for 2 hours every Sunday afternoon.

Catherine's third attempt, in Miami, was the most desperate. It was in the middle of hurricane season. The windows on this SSF were not barred, as per regulation, but were double paned with 2" thick glass. Theoretically, they were impervious to destruction. During a hurricane, a tree trunk which had been uprooted crashed into the facility cracking the two panes of glass in a window in the facility chapel. Three days later, Catherine, while setting up the chapel for services, had noticed the cracks. In an effort to appear remorseful for her wayward past, she had volunteered to assist the chaplain.

After the ceremony, while she was cleaning up, she took her chance. She grabbed the heavy crucifix off the altar and smashed it into the window. The glass shattered. She was out the window in a flash. Of course it was the middle of a Sunday morning and it's hard not to notice a naked young woman running down the street. She was seen entering a culvert about a mile from the facility by two women out for a stroll. They reported her immediately since the news of her escape had been broadcast over the Ultranet almost as soon as it happened.

She was caught about 2 miles from the facility when a middle-aged woman, a former pro wrestler, saw her taking down clothes from her clothes line. The ex-wrestler ran out and tackled her as she tried to get away. She subdued her easily. She tore a shirtsleeve from the shirt she was trying to steal to bind her wrists together behind her back and the other sleeve to bind her ankles. She took off her socks and jammed them into Catherine's mouth to stop her screaming and yelling and woeful

begging to be released. She hoisted Catherine onto her shoulder and brought her into the house. She dumped her on the living room floor and called the cops. The DCR Police, who had been closing in on her, were there in a matter of minutes. The woman, Consuela Rodriguez, received commendations from the DCR and the governor's office and a pass for 20 additional sexual services (ASS's) for her husband, to use or to sell.

This time, Catherine was sent to the DCR holding facility in McLean, Virginia for an appearance before the DCR judicial tribunal. Catherine was wheeled sobbing and moaning in a corrections chair into the judicial chamber to hear the charges against her and the sentence. Since there was no dispute about the salient facts, and no mitigation to the mandatory sentence was permitted, there was no need to remove her gag to hear any testimony from her or to permit her to plead for mercy.

The three judges, a man and two women, found her guilty as charged and sentenced her to two years of severe treatment and reclassification from an IR to an MR, thus dispelling any hope she might have had to eventually be released to the community.

She didn't even have to be released from her chair. Right there in the hearing room, before the crowd of spectators, she was adorned with a three inch high tattoo of "MR" in black block letters on her lower belly just above her mons. She was then wheeled directly out to prisoner transport. Her corrections chair was rolled into a large crate and bolted in place. In the base of the crate was a tank of isoflurane mixed with nitrous oxide sufficient for a 12 hour trip. They didn't even have to remove her gag. They just placed the facemask over it and strapped it to her head.

A small crowd assembled to watch the gas be turned on and the crate sealed up. Catherine struggled and pleaded and screeched through her gag and begged for mercy, but it was far too late for that. Nobody told her she should escape, and to try three times. There was just so much indiscipline that could be tolerated. And her performance record was so poor to begin with. The Sexual Service Corp. was a bedrock of the New Society Program, (NSP), in effect nationwide. She had had as much chance to avoid service as any of the other 2,000,000 18 year old females in her cohort. If she was allowed to escape, somebody would have to be recruited to replace her, and would that be fair?

After she passed out, there was a round of applause among the small mixed male and female crowd for a judgment well rendered and the crate was sealed up. A DCR van delivered her immediately to the awaiting DCR transport plane at Reagan International Airport. A tow motor picked up the crate and placed it into the cargo compartment. She was in

the air less than two hours after her sentencing.

The plane arrived at Denver's Stapleton Airport about 3 hours later. She was off loaded to an awaiting DCR van which transported her to the Rocky Mountain Institute for Female Correction (RMIFC or IFC). Once there, her crate was offloaded and brought into the reception garage. It was opened, the correctional chair was unbolted, and she was wheeled out of the crate. Vital signs were taken.

The RMIFC is located about 200 miles northwest of Denver. It is a 2 hour drive via hovercar in good weather. It is located 10 miles off County Road Route 129, a winding, two lane secondary road that leads through the mountains. The only marker for the entranceway off Route 129 is a 4' x 4' dark green sign that says "RMIFC 10 miles." The sign is parallel to the roadway and about 50' back, so you really have to be looking for it. The facility itself consists of 3 pods linked by underground tunnels. Only the reception and administrative areas are on ground level with everything else built down to 3 stories beneath. The surroundings are barren, the only greenery being small evergreen bushes and lichen on the craggy rocks that jut out around the mountaintop. From atop one of the correctional pods (CP's) you could look a hundred miles in any direction and fail to see any signs of human civilization.

At any one given time there are anywhere from 300 to 400 female 'penitents' at the RMIFC. After mandatory preliminary processing, they are delivered to penitent residential units, (PRU's). Each PRU houses up to 15 penitents.

There are four IFC's around the country. One in northern Montana, one on a small island off the Alaskan panhandle, the Rocky Mountain IFC, and one in the mountains of West Virginia. You would think that with between 2 and 3 million SSW's all of whom have been subjected to compulsory sexual service (CSS), the need for maximum security correction centers would be more acute. The fact that they are not is a testament to the training given at the Female Adjustment Centers, (FAC's), the discipline maintained at the SSF's and the efficacy of the retraining centers. The SSW's are also proscribed a psychotropic cocktail which encourages docility and obedience while stimulating sexual responsiveness. Each SSW undergoes a psychoanalytic interview every six months, or as needed, and an individual SSW's cocktail might be adjusted.

Involuntary recruits, (IR's) have the additional motivation for dutifully energetic and obedient service by the hope of discharge upon fulfilling their 12 years of service. Repeated disciplinary infractions or

failure to achieve a satisfactory sexual proficiency quotient, (SPQ), could result in an extension of an IR's service terms or being converted to an MR, which was essentially a life term.

For the MR's, there was always the hope that once they attained recommended retirement age, (RRA), at 30 years old, they would be transferred to a mandatory procreation facility, (MPF), where they would be subject to a profoundly less rigorous protocol. However, if their performance was deemed overall unsatisfactory, they could be sent to a Discount Sexual Service Facility (DSSF) until their usefulness was over.

Catherine was permitted to recover naturally from her ordeal before being moved into the reception area. When she was deemed sufficiently alert, a staff member trained a hose on her to wash away the sweat and urine which had accumulated on her during her trip. Since the water came directly from a nearby spring, it was nearly as cold as ice and caused Catherine to shriek and contort in her chair. Protocol was that she be inundated for a full minute.

She was sobbing when the water finally stopped coming. No one bothered to dry her off. A hood was pulled over her head and she was brought into the facility proper. Her papers were reviewed at the reception desk. Her hood was raised temporarily so that a retina scan could be conducted to reaffirm her identity. Once confirmed, the hood was reinstalled and she was rolled over to the service elevator. When the door opened she was taken down one level and rolled into a waiting room. Captain Rogers, who did all initial penitent assessments, wasn't due on duty for another 2 hours. At this point, Catherine's hood was removed and the chair locked in place. Her escort left. Before he left, he doused the overhead fluorescent lights, leaving on a single spotlight mounted on the ceiling. It was directed at the wall which Catherine faced. Illuminated on the wall, in bold black, block letters were the words, 'OBEDIENCE IS JOY'.

CHAPTER THREE

REGINA'S TALE: PART ONE

Poor, little Regina. She had been jilling herself off for months. She couldn't help herself. Once she had started, she couldn't stop.

She quivered and shook as the dourly dressed matron bent her over the stanchion and bound her wrists behind her back with a leather thong. She whined when she felt the woman's hands flip up her skirt, the mandatory, short little thing that all the 18-25 year old girls were forced to wear these days, and draw her panties to her ankles. She stepped out of them obediently and spread her legs when the matron firmly kicked at them. She began to cry as she felt them tied off. Her pussy, which she, as per instructions, had obediently shaved clean last night, was already burning and she cursed it.

Once all the 45 girls over 18 from her graduating class were lined up, the supervising matron came down the line. They were in their high school gym. Classes were out for the summer and there was nobody unrelated to today's exercise in the building.

The matron had a clipboard and called out each girl's name as she went by, checking it as the girl confirmed her presence. Another matron followed her, draping a black hood over each girl's head. The matrons were dressed in black ankle length robes as befitted the formality of the occasion. The Suitability Inspector, (SI), a practiced hand, so to speak, was kept in isolation until the testing was to begin. The girls were lined up in predetermined, random order and hooded to preserve their anonymity. There would be no favoritism here, no special consideration for the mayor's daughter or the daughter of the wealthy banker. They would be treated the same as those whose fathers were factory workers, truck drivers, street sweepers. All the girls would face the same test regardless of status, lineage, race, religion, nationality, sexual preference or wealth.

When the head matron came to Regina, she answered to her name in a tiny, pip squeak voice. No matter. All the girls were nervous, although the good girls, the pure girls, they had nothing to fear. A black hood was pulled over her head. A following matron pressed a stamp on her rump, producing the number 32 in big, black, block letters.

Originally, it had been the practice to muffle the girls' voices during the test. It was thought important since the girl's voice might give an indication as to her identity, and the gags would not stifle the truly violent moans of passion, which were considered one of the most reliable indicia of salaciousness. But Dr. Dorothy Calderon, in her groundbreaking study in what she termed gynostics, the study of the functioning of the pussy, proved indisputably that being denied the ability to freely release her passions orally was, to the truly slutty girl, an inhibitor of her lusts. Suppression of the release of these indicators tended to produce a large number of false negatives, as much as 12%. Dr. Calderon also proved incontrovertibly that even the softest moan could be a reliable indicia of the girl's lack of self-control, and for some girls, until she was actually brought to the point of orgasm, the only one.

At the start of the very next testing season, the gags came off. Dr. Calderon's Institute of Gynostic Studies in Minnesota continues to do important work, even though the doctor passed two years ago.

The final preparation took place when one of the matrons went down the line of girls from the other side and placed a strap around their pretty little necks to hold their heads down.

The signal was given for the Suitability Inspector to emerge. He was an older man, in his late fifties. He had been testing 18 year old pussies for many years and had helped develop the protocol that was now used in most states. He had grey hair, curly, was a little bit wide and had a slight paunch. He was dressed impeccably in a stylish pin stripe suit and a fashionable silk tie.

He came up to the head matron, a thick boned, quite unattractive, heavysset woman pushing 50. "Good morning matron. Is everything ready?" he asked.

The chief matron confirmed that it was. The inspector went to the head of the line. On the table there was a bottle of hand lotion. He squirted some on his right palm and rubbed his hands together. He looked down the line of 45 youthful, anxious tushies which were awaiting him. White ones, brown ones, black ones, a couple of Asian girls, but you couldn't really tell that from just the backsides. Some, belonging to the heftier girls, were round and bulging, some cute and compact, some plump and inviting and a few thin and boney ones. Every girl was mandated to go through the procedure, no matter her shape and size. If she qualified, there was a niche every one of them could fill.

He approached the first girl without ceremony. He reached his left hand between her thighs. The inspector was right handed, and you would

expect that he would use his dominant hand for such an important assignment. But his right hand was in constant use and had, naturally, developed a certain lack of sensitivity. The left one, on the other hand, to coin a phrase, had nerve endings that were untrammelled. Also, using the left hand put him just a little off his routine, preparing him better for the unexpected and ensuring each girl a fair and equal evaluation.

The test commenced with a firm patting of the hairless and exposed pudenda, giving it a wakeup call. After a good 5 or 6 rhythmic pats of emphatic intensity, to get the blood flowing, he placed his hand over the delicate organ and then drew it upwards very slowly 10 times, touching it very lightly. The first girl, Anna Neubauer, who wanted to be a dental technician and was scheduled to begin her course in 2 weeks, gave a little shudder at the fifth stroke. Her reaction was not abnormal, but it wasn't a good sign.

Then he drew his finger the length of her hairless gash starting from the bottom, as it was presented to him, from just under its apex, to the top, towards her perineum. He did it several times. You had to have just the right touch. Too light and the girl might not get the full effects of it. Too heavy, and the test might have to be invalidated and repeated another time since the stimulation would have gone beyond protocol.

On the fourth stroke, the inspector heard Anna draw in her breath. This did not portend well for the girl at all, since he had just started and the test called for ten full strokes. He gave her the other six. She began weeping.

He tested her slickness. Her labia were already parted and he was able to slide a finger part way into her little opening easily, a solid indicator that the girl was in trouble. He tested it a bit, running his finger in and out until he felt the girl shudder. Her legs stiffened and her knees began to wobble. Things were not looking good for Anna.

Of course, he didn't know it was Anna. He knew her only from the thick, black '1' stenciled on her right rear cheek. In fact, she was the oldest daughter of a fellow he played golf with regularly. The man would be sorely disappointed if Anna flunked the test, but his dismay would be mollified somewhat by the commission he would earn off her services. After all, he had paid all that money to raise her and was entitled to some compensation. Fair was fair.

But Anna wasn't over the line yet. She was tottering. Some girls got this far in much worse condition but were still able to hold themselves through the final test.

The inspector gathered a dollop of Anna's moisture on his index

finger and slid it down to her little nubbin. Some girls spent weeks trying to desensitize it, rubbing anesthetic ointment on it every night, standing in the shower and running ice cold water over it for long periods of time. Some girls rode in their cars on their way to the test with an ice cube on it. You could always tell those girls because their panties would be wet and the matron who had removed them would make a special note about it to him. He would make it his business to examine them with particular meticulousness and was inclined to fail them as a punishment for trying to cheat. After all, a good girl would have no reason to try and fool the test. It was only girls who were unable to control their carnal thoughts who were at risk. In this light, cheating was tantamount to a confession.

But it didn't really matter. None of these stratagems worked. Nothing really worked except cutting the damn thing off which was strictly against the law and carried very severe penalties. The girl, of course, would be immediately inducted upon discovery and shipped off to Saudi Arabia or somewhere like that where they preferred their women buttonless. The parents, whether they had anything to do with it or not, would face heavy fines and mandatory jail terms for failing to preserve her integrity. And if they had any other daughters who had not yet taken the test, they would be whisked off to a special state run residence where their nubbin would be well protected. There were nasty rumors about what went on at those residences since almost all the girls graduating from them seemed to fail the test.

The doctor, or whoever had performed the operation, would be punished very severely. And even if the girl tried to keep his or her identity a secret, they had well proven ways to make her tell; there wasn't a single girl who had ever failed to talk.

Ironically, the best defense was not to pay any attention to it at all which, unfortunately, the vast majority of girls could not do.

He stretched out his index finger and made contact with the girl's clitoris. He slid his thumb into the edge of her lubricated hole. He began rubbing her clit very lightly, lightly, lightly, in small, counterclockwise circles. He began to slowly count to 10. "One... two... three...." He counted aloud so that everyone, including the girl would know he was being fair and when the test would be up. "Four... five... six...."

It was then that poor Annie broke. Her hips gave a distinct gyration and she issued a small moan. Small or not, it counted as much as a heavy, loud one. The inspector continued the test, pressing harder and rubbing faster as protocol dictated. The rule was that every girl was entitled to a complete test, regardless of if she succumbed earlier. "Seven... eight...

nine..." At this, Anna broke into a woeful wail as her knees bent and her body shuddered. The inspector never uttered '10'. Anna was way beyond that.

He began to jiggle her clit with intensity so that the girl could finish off. Unsatisfied orgasms were not healthy and the girl's sexual health was now a matter for the state. The girl groaned and moaned and wept and rotated her hips. She started to call out, "Ooouu! Ooouu! Ooouu! Ooouu!" from her hooded head. Her buttocks clenched and her thighs quivered. She was primed, but not yet over the top. There was a quick fix to that. The inspector commenced a heavy flicking of her bud with his finger and began to move his thumb in and out of her channel. Anna released a shriek and her body began to convulse. She pulled at the strap around her neck and tried to rise. Her ankles strained against their bindings. Her head waved back and forth and she called out, "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop! Ouuuu! Ouuuu! Ouuuu! Ouuuuu! Ouuuuuuuuuuuu!"

And then she slumped down. Her breathing was heavy and she was weeping. No dental technician school for Anna. She would learn some new skills over the next few weeks, and be expected to pick them up with alacrity.

The inspector turned to the chief matron. "IR," he confirmed, although everybody already knew the result. The chief matron stamped it on her behind. Two others started to untie her feet and neck so that she could be taken away. Poor Anna. Everybody really liked her. Her boyfriend would be heartbroken. Anna had been making him wait before they consummated their relationship although he had been after her to fuck him for months. If he wanted, he could wait for her for 12 years when, hopefully, if she had been a good girl, she would be released back to the community.

Anna's career as a slut would be considered confidential. There would be no central registry available to the public to tell her family or friends where she might be serving. She would not be permitted to reveal any private information to any other SSW, such as her original name or the town in which she had once lived. IR's from the same town were never permitted to serve in the same SSF knowingly, although these things did happen.

Anna had been right to preserve her virginity. Since the original passage of the Carnal Relations Law (CRL), it was expressly forbidden for any girl to engage in an act of intercourse until she had gone through the test or passed draft age. Girls who were not *virgo intacta* at the time

of the test would be immediately failed and inducted as a mandatory recruit (MR) as would any girl drafted according to any other protocol if upon her arrival at the training facility it was discovered that she had been naughty. The inspector had confirmed Anna's virginity when he had slid his finger in her channel.

Girls being what they are, many girls tried to circumvent the ban through the other course of pleasure. Detection of girls who ass fucked was not as simple. But there were ways. If Anna had passed the test, the inspector would have used his gloved right hand to tickle at the wrinkled entrance. If a girl had been ass fucking regularly, she often developed what he termed 'the wink reflex' where, upon contact, her sphincter would react by quickly compressing and widening. That was a very good indicator. Next, he would slip in his two longest fingers and run them around the edges of the opening. If it stretched too easily the girl was ass fucking for sure. She would be marked as failed and treated accordingly.

Of course, neither of these tests was foolproof. There were false positives as well as false negatives. Some girls only ass fucked a few times and they might get away with it. Some, unfortunately might not have ass fucked at all. But in a series of tests at the University of Colorado in Boulder, the wink test was deemed 85% effective and the touch test 75%. The girl had to fail both tests. That was an acceptable margin of error for most professionals.

Anna wailed and wailed. Once she had been stood up, one of the matrons pulled off her hood while another clapped a heavy pad over her mouth. It went from her nose to her chin, cupping it, and was tied off tightly in back, one strap on the back of her head and the other on her upper neck. The hood was restored and she was dragged away, her protestations muffled and indistinct. The inspector's decision was final. There was no appeal.

The inspector would see Anna later. All the girls who failed would be stripped right away, usually the last clothes they would wear other than Sexually Tantalizing Coverings, (STC's) issued to them at their SSF, until their terms as an SSW were over. The testing would be over by noon and all the girls would be ready for transport to the classification center by 1 p. m. There was no sense waiting. Once the girls were processed, examined mentally and physically, and classified, "A", "B", or "C", they would be put up for purchase by the various Female Adjustment Bureau licensed training centers, who would give the girl a five or six week course in whoring and then sell her 12 year lease over the Ultranet to one of the numerous Sexual Service Facilities (SSF's)

around the country. An IR's lease term did not begin until she was finally situated in a service center and started performing work and producing revenue. Otherwise a girl would get the benefit of intransigence or difficulty in training. It also acted as an incentive for the training centers to keep a girl as long as was needed to make sure she would be a productive, skilled and untroublesome whore rather than rushing them out the door because they were losing value on her every day.

There would be pictures of her, of course, her training videos, copies of her evaluation reports which would include marks on adjustment, skills, obedience, responsiveness and deportment. There would be a video of her self-administering pleasure while kneeling naked and facing the camera. They usually made the girl go through three orgasms.

It was traditional that the inspector would have the opportunity to select one of the girls who failed the test that day for a nice fucking first. And Anna, known only to the inspector as No. 1, she would be given a new, permanent number in a short while, to be tattooed on her lower left foot, seemed to him to be a likely candidate. Her rear end had been particularly appealing and that was always his preferred path to pleasure.

The next few girls passed, one marginally, but the inspector gave her the benefit of the doubt.¹¹ Rosa Rodriguez was next. Rosa was a special case. She was a little plump, some would say a lot, and rather plain. But true whoredom does not relate directly to outward appearance. That was what Rosa considered herself, a born whore. Her heartfelt desire was to receive official recognition of her nature and be blessed with a life full of fucking and sucking. But while Rosa's mind was willing, her flesh was weak. Ironically, she was one of the girls here least likely to qualify. Not that she hadn't been practicing regularly. But it often took her 20 or 30 minutes to get off, and rarely more than once a night.

Now she could have condemned herself easily by getting one of the boys to fuck her. She had managed to get a boyfriend, Hiliberto Lopez, and she knew he would do it if she asked. She often jerked him off and gave him blow jobs.¹² But Rosa's family was staunchly religious and she

¹¹ Inspectors were kept ignorant of the number of IR's needed to fill a quota. Otherwise, he might be tempted to fail a girl who would have otherwise passed in order to satisfy it, especially at the end of the test.

¹² Editor's note: There had been a long debate as to whether oral sex should be included in the ban on pre maturity sexual activity under the CRL. Ultimately, efforts to include it, mostly from religious groups, had failed. It was almost impossible to enforce unless you caught the girl *enflagrante delicto*, and, it was privately thought by many that the boys, whose sexuality was developing rapidly during the late teen years, should be given at least one outlet for their lusts. Also, it was argued, that any girl who started regularly giving out blowjobs was probably getting reciprocity in one form or another and would, by the time she was 18, fail the test anyway. However, if incontrovertible facts revealed that the

knew it would break her family's heart if they found out that she had been reduced to whoredom because she had had intercourse outside of marriage.

So when the inspector's left hand found Rosa's conch, she almost immediately started to grye and gymbol her hips. When he stroked her divide she released a loud sigh and a deep moan. When he tickled her nubbin, she called out and wriggled frantically.

But the inspector could not be deceived. Her pussy had been just a little bit too dry. And her reactions were not natural. He had seen maybe 5,000 girls climax in his career and he could tell a fake right away. He turned to the matron and said, dourly, "Passed."

Rosa broke out into sobs. The inspector patted her behind. He had some sympathy for her. He said to the matron, "Retesting in 6 months."

Rosa heard it and joy leapt in her heart. All was not lost. She would get a second chance.

There were programs for girls like Rosa. Many of them were sponsored by SSF's or buyers' associations. She would have to sign a conditional enslavement contract with them, to be voided if she failed to qualify again. Normally it was strictly verboten for an "agency", as they were termed in the statute, to recruit girls prior to testing. But since it was considered in the public interest to get girls with serious interests in whoring to qualify, an exception had been made for girls who had not met qualifications in the first round. The price paid to the state as her enslavement fee, if she passed the second time around, would be determined by a neutral panel.

He would make sure that Rosa was given information on them. She could apply, and if she were accepted, they would give her a 4 months course on developing her sexual responsiveness, using many of the techniques that Dr. Calderon had pioneered. She would have aftercare that would last right up to the day of testing. She would have to agree to strict dietary and exercise regimens to shed some of those excess pounds, but if her desire was strong enough, she would be able to do it.

Poor Regina was horribly frantic. She had heard Anna's cries when she failed the test and the cries of 3 others. She was next. Her pussy was already burning and watering at just the thought of having the inspector's hand on it. Each time she had heard one of the girls scream out her orgasm, she had gotten hotter and hotter. When the inspector patted her

pudenda, her hips shuddered and she began to cry. When he drifted his hand across it, she began to tremble and her body shook. When he ran his finger the length of her crevasse, she could no longer hold it in. She released a deep moan and her knees buckled. That was all she wrote. Her pussy had already been a mushy mess when the inspector first inserted his finger. He decided to shortcut the test and finish her off quickly. He immediately began to flick at her nubbin and Regina went immediately into spasms.

There were some girls like that. They didn't realize it consciously, but they were born whores. Just the act of tying them down and exposing their vaginas made them jolt into heat. It wasn't really right, but the inspector had a little side deal with one of the major SSF's. He would give them the high sign on any girl who was especially whorish and receive a nice gratuity. This one, no. 32, fit the bill. Within 6 weeks she would be delivered to one of the high priced specialty houses that allowed gentlemen their special pleasures. She would be very popular and a high earner for the next five years or so, when she would probably be all worn out and be jobbed off to a "B" or "C" facility.

She jumped and shuddered and screamed when she came. Nobody would criticize him for shortening the test in this case. This girl was so clearly intended for a whorehouse that no one could possibly object.

Five girls out of the 45 were selected as involuntary recruits. Two were deemed to be violators of the CRL and marked as mandatory recruits. Delphine Green, an African American girl, failed the wink test. She had passed the vagina test barely, which indicated to the inspector that she was probably guilty of Unauthorized Self-Administered Sexual Activities, (USASA's). Since that couldn't be proven, and was really an issue for her Responsible Male (RM) to consider, he let it go. But when he placed his finger at the edge of her rear aperture it resulted in a marked contraction. He demonstrated it three times for the benefit of the matron.

He felt around the internal edges of her opening and it expanded easily. He shook his head. He didn't like to classify 18 year old girls as mandatory recruits. They were usually too immature to really know what they were doing and had often been talked into performing the sexual act at the behest of an older boyfriend. The Society of Responsiveness Testers, of which he was a board member, had petitioned the Governing Board several times for a relaxation of this standard to no avail.¹³

¹³ When Suitability Examinations first began to take place, Suitability Inspectors were required to be male. In 2036, Liyana Rashid, a Pakistani immigrant, and one of the first female graduates in Female Submissive Studies, became the first female SI. More qualified, after year long internships, over the

The matron stamped “MR” on Delphine’s behind in big black letters. Because of her black skin, she circled it in red so that it would stand out. Delphine broke out into sobs. The inspector patted her behind sympathetically and moved on.

The other MR was the next to last girl, Michelle Zhao. She was Chinese-American. Her figure was slim and she had dainty little teacup sized breasts. She was very attractive and all the boys liked her. Her rear, which was all the inspector could see was nice and round if a bit demure.

When he approached her, she immediately broke out into woeful sobs. About a week after her 18th birthday, she had gone to a party with her boyfriend Andrew Velez. She had had too much to drink. She and Andrew went up into a bedroom on the second floor. She had been giving him hand jobs and fellating him for months. She expected to do the same now. She had forbidden him from touching her coosh since she had been told in Health Class that improper handling of her mons could result in failing the upcoming responsiveness test. This night, she grew so hot from kissing and handling Andrew’s cock that she did not protest him sliding his hand into her underwear under her regulation mini-skirt.

She didn’t remember too well what happened next. It all seemed a blur. She came to her senses when she realized that her panties were down and around her right ankle and Andrew was atop her sliding his cock up and down her leaky crevasse. She felt him poke his cock into the gateway to her entrance and was about to shout, “No!” and begin to struggle to throw him off, when he just pushed forward and tore through her virginal membrane. She screamed and then nearly passed out with pleasure as he rogered her. Andrew was 22 and very experienced and he held himself off for a long time. It was only after they were done and he was laying exhausted on top of her that she broke out into sobs.

She stopped seeing Andrew right away. She waited in terror for her next period. When it came, she was relieved. Pretest pregnancies resulted in the girl sent out to a breeding farm and marked as MR.

But the moment she discovered the tell-tale redness on her underwear, the real dread struck her. There would be no way she would pass the suitability examination. She had heard that there were medical procedures which could restore her hymen, but they were very expensive and had to be obtained on the black market since the procedure was outlawed. And she would have to tell her parents what had happened.

next five years. Some governing entities came to prefer female SI’s because they were more adept and sensitive to handling pussies and because they were much less likely to feel sympathy for any marginal candidate.

They didn't even know she was having sex with Andrew in the first place. They would be mortified. Her father was such a straight arrow that he might report her to DCR himself.

So she spent the next 2 months until the test in a dreadful depression. The brochure that the school had handed out at graduation extolling the benefits of being a sexual services worker and how important such women were to General Public Order (GPO) were not convincing. None of the girls she knew wanted to be a SSW, except Rosa.

She spent the days before the test in total denial. Maybe the inspector would skip her. Maybe he wouldn't put his finger all the way in. Maybe he would take mercy upon her. Maybe, when they went to take her away, she could explain how it wasn't really her fault. Maybe God would intervene.

None of these things happened. The inspector, based on Michelle's anguished wails, knew what he would find. Once he teased her pussy into its flushed state, he was easily able to slide two fingers deep into her hole, all the way to his knuckles.

The matron was very disappointed. She was a good friend of Michelle's mother and would have the sad chore of advising her that she had been classified MR. She waited until the inspector finished exciting the unhappy Michelle to orgasm. The matron was impressed as her orgasm caused her stanchion to rock. It was good for a selected girl to have a degree of sexual voraciousness, especially the MR girls, since they would be doing so much fucking from here on in for such a long time.

When Michelle's orgasm began to wind down, the inspector stated flatly, "MR". The matron placed the stamp mark on her right rear buttock. Michelle was screaming and yelling for mercy and forgiveness as she was removed from her stanchion, gagged and hauled away.

The test was all over. There were 38 very happy young girls. As they were untied, they pulled up their underwear and practically danced off. There was a little party arranged for them. The list of inducted girls would be posted outside in the meantime and worried parents would scan the board to see how their daughters made out. There would be winners and losers.

The matron went into the wrestling room to supervise the inducted girls' transformations. When she came in, the five girls who had been classified IR, were standing in a line, naked and sobbing, waiting to get their numbers tattooed on their feet. Their hands were still bound behind

them and they were wearing the bandage-like gags that had been installed upon their classification, but were otherwise unharmed.

With Delphine and Michelle it was a different story. Upon being brought into the room, leather hoods had been placed over their heads and thick, leather prongs had been inserted into their mouths. Leather collars and bracelets had been installed on their necks and limbs. Michelle was on the floor, hogtied and sobbing, while Delphine was in a confining chair, her feet and wrists bound to it and straps drawn across her torso holding her in. She was struggling and bawling but she was well secured. The mandated “MR” was being tattooed upon her lower belly. Because of her jet black skin a reddish ink was being used. The crates in which they would be transported were awaiting them.

Once the IR girls had been tattooed, they had bright pink leather bracelets placed on their wrists which were then confined in front of them. Instead of the head harnesses administered to Delphine and Michelle, large red ball gags were placed in their mouths. A smiling matron from the local classification facility, (CF), greeted them. Four of the girls sat and waited on a bench while the inspector had his way with Anna on the sofa in the private office. Anna’s wails as she was anally penetrated for the first time could be heard through the door. The inspector was done with her quickly. There were two more tests he had to conduct today.

Anna came out, her face wet with tears. The matron wrapped her arm across her shoulder and comforted her. Then all the IR girls were hustled outside into a waiting van. Delphine was already in her crate and Michelle was being strapped into the chair where she would receive her tattoo.

CHAPTER FOUR

CATHERINE'S TALE: PART TWO

Captain Dennis Rogers was sitting in his office going over Catherine's file. The more he read the more he wondered why she hadn't been sent sooner. An escape attempt was almost the worst offense an SSW could commit, and she had committed it three times. He could have saved them a lot of time and trouble if they had sent her here after the first one. But regulations were regulations and they had to be followed. Part of the reason they didn't send her, he knew was the fact that he was always near or at capacity. The Director of the Department of Female Corrections, (DFC), went on about it with him over the viddy all the time." Why don't you move the girls out of there faster? Why does it take so long? When are you going to make room for more girls?"

He talked to the other Punishment Directors at the other Institutes for Female Correction, (IFC's), and they all got the same thing. Their answer was the same as his. He wasn't running a factory. He was running a process. And females processed slowly at times. You had to take time if you really wanted to change their nature. Anyone could wield a whip and make a girl obey. But how to get the girl to think differently about herself? How do you get a girl to beg you for the opportunity to be obedient? How do you get a girl to believe, as the IFC's motto went, "Obedience is Joy?"

You had to really get inside their heads. And different girls sautéed at different rates. And it didn't help for them to wait until a girl had gone on for years and years calculating and scheming on how she was going to get out, or get over. The rebellious gene got stronger and stronger the longer that it went on unchecked.

He looked at Catherine's service record. Born in a small town west of Boston. Disciplinary issues in school. She had refused to remove her top at the request of her gym teacher. A low grade in the sexual technique course all 18 year old girls were required to take before they graduated high school. She had slapped a boy who had pinched her ass.

Her responsiveness scores in her initial SSW training had been very low. That should have been an indicator right there that she was a

troublemaker. The better practice was to send her off for special responsiveness training at one of the advanced facilities, but the mighty buck was king and somebody wanted to start earning on her right away. There were numerous complaints from clients. She had refused once to engage in cunnilingus with another SSW at a party sponsored by a company to reward its employees for a good sales year. That had earned her 30 days in solitary during which she was subject to repeated use by the SO's and ten mandatory orgasms a day. After, they had made her perform it with ten SSW's in succession before the whole staff.

That bop on the head to the SO in San Francisco should have earned her 500 lashes administered 5 a day for 100 days, but there was nothing in the files about her receiving them. Well, her sentence here included 1000, which would be administered 20 a week while she was here. And the cunnilingus thing. He would have her do a monthly round robin with the penitents in her punishment unit.

He closed her file on his computer pad. He scanned the disciplinary reports. Many of the entries were incomplete or with little detail. He would have to send out another memo on that. The penitents were often shuffled around from unit to unit so that they didn't get too familiar with other females and their new punishers needed to have all the information they could about them.

A number of the penitents had been marked down for special sessions in a Kowalski trainer. They were always full up. He had put in for 15 more, but he was told that he could only get 5 this budget cycle. And where would he put them anyway? Work on the new adjunct pods wasn't scheduled to start until next summer. The temporary unit was due to arrive next week. It was more like a Quonset hut and the girls would have to be transported out of the pods to get to it.

There current director of the DFC was due to retire next month. Col. Tom Brenner, the commanding officer, (COIFC), of the Montana IFC, had been named as his successor. He knew Tom very well. He was a real mustang, having started out as an SO in a SSF in Topeka in 2033. He had worked his way up and done some time in several retraining facilities, a Disciplinary Sexual Service Center (DSSC) and managed a SSW Correctional Facility, (SSWCF), before he became the Punishment Director at the West Virginia IFC in 2048. Three years later, he was appointed as the COIFC in Montana and had been doing that for the last 5 years. He had earned a Ph. D. in Female Submission at the University of Chicago somehow during all that time and taught seminars at the DFC Academy in Houston.

Tom knew that there was a need for a new IFC and that the current IFC's should be expanded to 4 pods. He was a bureaucratic infighter and would know how to get the capital budgets necessary to get the work approved. Rumor had it that he had an uncle who was high up in the National Governing Board Administration, (NGBA), although those things were not supposed to be talked about since everything about the NGB was confidential. Only the identity of the Chairman of the NGB, The Blessed Leader, was generally known, because he was the one who made all the speeches and whose name was on the NGB directives.

He scanned his notes files. He saw that PO Dolores Nitti hadn't performed her all her monthly mandatory oral servicings, (MOS's), this month. He had balked at having females as punishment officers, (PO's) and was glad that DFC had conditioned their employment on five hummers a month to executive staff. He would get Nitti into his office later today and have her give him one. Bill Puller, head of commissary, was her RM and he would have a word with him.

He stretched. The new penitent had been in the preadmissions holding room for about 4 hours. It was time to get her processed and ready to start her session with a Kowalski. He got up from his chair. Across from his desk was Penitent 348. She was mounted on the restraint stand. She was forced down kneeling with her breasts pressed into her thighs, her hands confined behind her and her head held up at presentation. She had been there since yesterday and was due to be switched out. He gave his cock a rub. It was best to get his edge off before he dealt with the new girl.

He stepped over to her and removed her hood. She gave a jump and her confined body shuddered. She probably hadn't even known he was in the room. Absolute and total silence was the rule at any IFC. No verbal commands were given to the penitents. Since he had to make phone calls and have conferences with PO's in his office, her ears had been stuffed with white noise generators.

The restraint stand encapsulated her body with leather straps that held her totally and absolutely still. Twitching was about all she could do. She would be used to it since all the penitents had spent considerable time in one in their cells. They weren't used as punishments but were a standard training tool. They all spent a few hours in one every consciousness period. There were no such things as days and nights. The lights were on all the time. Meals were irregular and the penitents in the Punishment Units (PU's) were kept on different and irregular schedules. Several times a cycle they would all be brought out for joint exercises

and punishment routines. The cycles varied from eight to fourteen hours depending on the randomly generated schedule.

He drew out his cock. It was rubbery already. All PO cadets at the academy went through ejaculatory training, which was much more intense than the mandatory training they all received when they graduated high school. If you couldn't come at least six times every day, you couldn't qualify as a PO. Some of the guys slacked off after graduation, but every year there were refresher courses and if you couldn't make grade you were placed on probation and retested in 60 days. The Viagra derivatives that had been developed since the early part of the century were of big help and every PO took at least one a day. The guys called them "hardies".

Using the tag on the end, he pulled out the big red ball all the penitents were required to keep in their mouths when not in use and presented his cock to Penitent 348. He knew her number because of the band across her forehead. He always looked up the record of the penitent they mounted in his office. It was a kind of informal quality control thing. 348 had been with them 17 months of her 2 year sentence. She hadn't earned any extensions. She had been a little bit light in the tit department when she arrived, but they had done an upgrade on her and she had a nice set now. Not every penitent got a tit upgrade, but quite a lot of them did. Some of them needed nip and tucks if their breasts were too saggy. There was a vagina tightening and clitoris sensitivity procedure they did and they did a thing with the nerve receptors just inside their anal openings. No penitent was allowed to reintegrate into the SSW system unless she was in tip top form. She would wear a deep red band on her left buttock with the letters of her certifying IFC before she left. Here it was 'RMIFC', which, if they had done their job right, she would wear proudly. The staff referred to it as 'earning their letters'.

348 dutifully opened her mouth. He released the lever that allowed her to move her head forward and she took his cock in between her lips. 348 had very good oral scores and he knew she would do a good job. Connie, his administrative assistant, saw to it that the girl that she sent to his office every day had good marks. He was Connie's RM and he made sure that he saved an ejaculation for her every day. She was also entitled to 3 SSO's a week from a penitent which she usually performed for him on the rug in his living quarters. He would give her her daily ejaculation right afterwards because munching on a penitent's twat usually got her really hot.

He closed his eyes while 348 fellated him. She soon had him rocking

back and forth, reveling in the hot softness of her mouth. She slurped and sucked and used her tongue to excite him. He looked at his watch. It was 0500. He would give 348 three minutes of her mandatory cock time and enter it on her daily log.

Visions of all the hairless pussies that he had known swirled through his head. Although they tried to keep the penitents as anonymous as possible, there were inevitably ones that were your favorites. Currently he was hot on 036. She was over in Pod 3. She was nicely petit and did a little thing with her tongue on your balls that drove him wild. Her pussy was very hot and tight and it pulsed mightily when she came. She only had 3 weeks left on her sentence. He had been thinking of extending her so he could fuck her some more, but it wasn't really fair to her since she had been so obedient and cooperative. Obedience is Joy had really been drummed into her head so that it was now a second nature for her. A couple of the other PO's liked her too and he had had to place a limit on how many times she could be pulled out of her punishment unit, (PU).

No, he wouldn't extend her. Like he said, it wasn't fair to her and they really needed her slot.

He felt his passions surge as 348 gave his cock a good working over. She was humming now, not loud, but sort of *sotto voce*. Her eyes were dutifully directed up at him so she could catch every nuance of his developing lust and watch for the signal to go all out. It wasn't three full minutes yet, but he could barely hold himself in. He gave her head three taps and she ratcheted up her efforts. He felt that wonderful surge coming. He started thrusting himself into her mouth with unfeigned enthusiasm. He held on, he held on, he held on, and then he let himself go. His cock jerked and pulsed and he sent 348 a flood of his essence. She moaned and groaned, dutifully grateful for what she was receiving. He groaned and moaned too. He never got tired of it. Each ejaculation seemed like a new adventure. He knew that part of it was the effect of the 'hardie' he took every day, but mostly in was inborn. You couldn't be a decent PO if you didn't have it.

As his orgasm wound down, he slowed his movement. 348 slowed hers, as she had been trained. She would keep a nice gentle suckle going until he popped himself out. Finally, his cock gave out its last, pleasing throb and he was done. He slid his prick out. He would have to thank Connie. She really liked it when he brought her off with his hand and he would give her a hand job tonight for sure.

He had the red ball he took from 348's mouth in his hand. He felt like giving her a little pat on the head for a job well done, but those kinds

of things were never done. You didn't reward a penitent for doing her duty, even if she did it well. He showed her the ball. It had "OBEDIENCE IS JOY!" printed on it in black block letters. On the other side it said "SILENCE!" You always showed it to the penitent before you reinstalled it. He thought he saw a little gleam of unhappiness in her face. He would put it in his session notes. It was something that would have to be watched.

348 spread her lips as wide as they could go. He popped the ball into her mouth and reinstalled her hood. She pulled her head back so that it could be locked in place. He pulled the lever and the steel frame captured it.

He went back to his desk and entered his notes on his session with 348. He hadn't taken his 'hardie' yet and it was sitting on his desk in a little plastic cup. Connie put it there for him every day. After all, it was in her best interests as well as his.

He went to the cooler and got himself a cup of water. He tossed the big red pill into his mouth, poured in a splash of water and swallowed it. Now he was ready for the new girl.

* * * * *

Catherine had been sobbing intermittently. She couldn't help looking at the big sign on the wall opposite her, OBEDIENCE IS JOY! She knew she had really fucked herself this time. She had heard about the IFC's but she had certainly never thought that she would be sent to one. And now she was an MR! It just wasn't fair!

Like most girl's she had been horrified when she had been selected as an IR. She didn't know how her county determined which girls would be drafted, but she believed that that gym teacher that had always been after her to show him her tits had something to do with it. I mean, how fair was that?

She had been taught in history class about the heretical principals of female equality that had been the vogue in the 20th and the beginning of the 21st centuries. But she had never thought them heretical at all. Despite the female submissivity lectures the girls got in school, despite all those, "Women is made secondary to man and God's will is for women to obey him," sermons she had to listen to in church every Sunday, despite all the lecturing she had gotten from her mother and father, especially her mother, which used to really piss her off, she had never believed any of it.

Somehow one of the girls had gotten a copy of a Women's Liberation anthology published in the 1990's. They had devoured it in secret sessions they held during some of the mandatory 'slumber parties' they had been required to submit to. Before she blew him for the first time, in the spring of senior year, she had gotten Steve Buonacorre to promise that he didn't believe any of those things. She thought that Steve probably reported her, not the blowjob thing because he would have gotten into trouble too, although not nearly as much, but what she said about feminine equality. Besides, if he had reported her for the unauthorized sexual act, there would have been no more blowjobs.

Her father had said that it was her own damn fault that she had been selected when they saw the DRC cruiser pull up at their house. When the DRC police rang the doorbell, she had jumped out of a window in her bedroom and tried to take off. There was a female DCR officer there waiting for her and she had her on the ground and cuffed in a flash. Her father had to give the sergeant in command of the detail \$1,000 not to report her escape attempt so she wouldn't be classified MR.

And then all the training to become a whore. She had hated it and thought a million times how she could commit suicide so that she wouldn't have to endure it. The first time she was whipped was really horrible, even though all the girls got it first right off. The director of her training center had developed a thing for her and he used to fuck her in the behind every day. He would give her five strokes of the flogger on her buttocks first each time.

And then the SSF. She had gotten a good whipping when she arrived there too, even though she hadn't done anything. The owner was a total creep as were most of the SO's. And forget about the so called 'clients'. She didn't know that so many gross, abusive men were out there. She was supposed to give them 12 minutes of pre-ejaculatory services, (PES's), each time before they came, but most of them couldn't hold it for more than one or two. She had been taught to stroke them and kiss them and caress them before they performed coitus, but they weren't into that at all. It was a good thing that they let the SSW's use lubricants because otherwise they would all have had torn up pussies and assholes by the end of the day.

Some of the clients were better than others. In Phoenix there had been this guy who would fuck her for what seemed like a good hour before coming. She would come two or three times before he shot himself off. The problem was when he wanted a BJ, he would take forever to come. Her jaw would get all tired and her back would ache

from crouching down and bending over. He liked to get it while he was kneeling down and she was bent down over her knees. And when he came, mother fucker! It felt like it was a gallon, even if he had already come once.

She didn't really plot escapes. Something just came over her. When she saw that door unlocked in Phoenix, something had just told her to make a run for it. If it hadn't been for those three guys in the customer waiting area she would have got out. She couldn't understand how men could accept the fact that some women should be sexual slaves when they had mothers and sister and daughters at home.

And in San Francisco. It hadn't been her idea to sneak into the locker room and give SO Mongiardo those blowjobs. He had given her three disciplinary whippings over three days in order to get her cooperation. And the chocolate, she didn't even want it, but ate it so he wouldn't get pissed off. When she saw that baton on the bench while he was coming in her mouth, the urge to strike him with it just came over her. Once she did it she knew she was fucked and so she took his clothes and handcuffed him to that pipe so she could get away.

Which brought her to the Miami thing. Miami was just about the best place she had been, especially after all that retraining and the Female Correction Facility. She really liked one of the girls there and one of the SO's use to sneak them into a party room so that they could go at it with one another while he watched. Despite what happened at that party that one time, she didn't have anything against sucking a pussy. She kind of got to like it after a while, especially if the girl was doing her at the same time. She had just had three guys brutally jet their gunk down her throat and she had been nauseous. She guessed that it would have been better if she had tossed her cookies all over the girl she was supposed to be servicing.

So, in Miami, a couple of days before her escape, the owner had had her brought into his office in the afternoon. There had been these three Asian guys there. They spent a good half hour examining her, squeezing her tits, stroking her pussy and getting her hot. And then she had had to fuck all three of them. The owner of the place was Chinese and they kept talking that kooky language to each other.

She didn't have to be told what it meant. She had heard of IR girls like her being sold to smugglers who would take them out of the country to never be heard from again. There was no doubt in her mind that that was about to happen. So when she saw the cracks in the window in the chapel, she had seized the moment. She knew that it was an act of

desperation, but she had to do something. And, she figured, if she got caught, she would be sent to one of those corrections centers again, which were horrible, but a hundred times better than spending the rest of her life as a whore in Hong Kong or Shanghai or someplace like that. She had never thought that she would be marked MR and shipped here.

If only that lady hadn't seen her stealing clothes from her clothesline, maybe she could have gotten away. She had no idea what she would do after that, but it might have worked. She didn't understand how other women could be active supporters of this whole New Society Program. First her mother giving her all those lectures, then the DRC lady officer who stopped her from running away, and now this middle aged lady in Miami. Boy was she strong! She had her tied up in knots before she even knew it. She had begged and pleaded with the lady to let her go, but she had just shoved her socks into her mouth. How could other women be so cruel?

And now here she was, though she had no idea where 'here' actually was. She could be on the moon as far as she knew. They did have some permanent colonies up there now and she wouldn't put it past DCR to have a punishment facility there too. It would be impossible to escape from since as soon as you got outside without a space suit, all your insides would come rushing out of your mouth.

She was scared. Very scared. Those judges had said two years 'severe treatment'. Christ! That sounded like forever! And now she was going to be a whore for the rest of her life! "Obedience is Joy, Obedience is Joy, Obedience is Joy". She couldn't look away from it. She knew that that was the whole point. What scared her about it is that even though she knew, generally speaking, what they might do to her, it wouldn't matter to them if she figured it out since it would work anyway. She had seen a couple of girls with those IFC brands on their ass. They were fucking fanatics! They had a kind of manic look in their eyes and would jump a mile high when anybody gave them an order. She had had to '69' with one once. She had thought that she was going to die of excessive orgasms. That girl really went to town. She was so distracted that she didn't think she got the other girl off at all.

Was she going to become one of those? When she thought about that was when she would really stop sobbing. She could endure the punishments. She could even endure, like she had any choice in the matter, of being a whore for the rest of her life. But to be one of those brainless zombies! She never wanted to become like that!

It was a long, long time before anybody came into the room. She had

had to pee again. The chair had a mesh in its seat and all the urine flowed through it, but it was still humiliating and she was afraid that she would get punished for it.

It was thought it was good that a new penitent should spend some time in contemplation of her new status before being processed. Believe me, this had all been thought out very carefully. The protocol for penitents was well developed. After a haphazard start, the Department of Female Corrections, (DFC), had adopted the recommendations of the Manual on Intense Female Persuasion put out by the Brookings Institute in 2032. New editions had come out in 2038, 2044 and just last year. The original manual was based on studies done by Dr. Margaret Wolfe and Dr. Deborah Cohen at the Experimental Female Correction Institute, (EXFCI), established by Harvard University in 2028. Studies are still ongoing and new and modified findings are reported quarterly in their newsletter. Every year they get a shipment of 50 newly drafted MR's to work with.

In 2035, Dr. Cohen was retained by the Galworthy Corporation which owns more than a hundred SSF's throughout the country and now is semi-retired and sits on its Board of Directors. Dr. Wolfe continued her work at EXFCI until her death three years ago. Both doctors were awarded a New Social Order medal in 2051.

Captain Rogers paused before entering the waiting room. He looked at the monitor on the wall. It showed the girl from head on, where she was looking. Just enough light was reflected from the overhead directed at their motto to be able to see her. She wasn't sobbing, but the redness in her eyes told him that she had been. She looked miserable and frightened, as well she should be.

He placed his thumb on the reader by the door and the bolts drew open with a loud, 'clang!' The designers had initially installed locking systems throughout the facility that were virtually silent, only releasing a slight hiss. But he and other experienced SO's objected, saying that they wanted the penitents to feel oppressed every time a door was opened and closed. New locking systems had been installed that made it sound like one of those old fashioned jail cells.

The girl had begun whining and was trying to turn her head to see who had come in. The correctional chair wouldn't allow it. He had brought a black hood with him and he draped it over her head from behind, closing it around her neck. He unlocked the wheels of the chair, spun her around and brought her over to the door. He placed his hand on the reader again, it made that loud metallic noise and he pushed her out

into the hall.

The processing room was down the hall, just a ten seconds walk away. But he wheeled her past it, through another locked door, around the corridor that circled punishment unit “A” and then back again. He brought her back through the security door and up to the door of the processing room. It was all part of the disorientation process. He opened the door and pushed her in.

She was still whining. She had good reason to whine, but that kind of shit would stop right away. He pulled off the hood and let her look at him. He was 6’4” and a solid 235 lbs. He had broad shoulders and a firm face. The lower portion was covered with black growth. His hair was black, cut short, but not a crew cut. He wore what all the PO’s wore, black pants, a black t-shirt with RMIFC in white letters over the left side. He wore black combat boots. Attached to his waist was a 2’ long quirt with five knotted and vinegar stiffened knots. It had a black handle.

All of the PO’s were over 6’ tall and heavyset. All were judged on the fierceness of their mien when they were recruited. All wore what amounted to a few days’ facial hair. PO’s with black or deep brown hair were preferred. They all looked like they had been cut from the same cloth or had been spat out from the same machine. There was mandatory weight training to maintain muscular physiques and their diets were heavily proteined. Steroids were banned, but muscle building supplements were permitted.

The girl had fear in her eyes. He was standing in front of her with his hands on his hips. He stared at her for a full minute. She squirmed in her chair, to the extent that it permitted it. Her eyes were bubbly with tears. “Well, you should have thought of that sooner,” he said to himself.

It always went around that you had to be a sociopath to be a good PO. This wasn’t far from the truth. You had to pass a psychological test that showed that you would not have any empathy for your charges. None of the PO’s had any real relationships, although a few were RM’s. Female wards, (FW’s) were not allowed in the PO dorms, but the PO’s got 4 days off every two weeks. They usually kept their wives, although very few had wives, or girlfriends, if you wanted to call them that since they were usually FW’s that had been purchased on the black market, at a popular black market brothel just outside of Denver called Monty’s. You could go down and spend your 4 days with them, doing anything you wanted to them, and then take the shuttle back. This way you always knew what your FW’s were doing. And they didn’t dare put up a squawk because as Unlicensed Brothel Participants, (UBP’s), if it was ever

brought to the authorities attention that they had ‘worked’ there, they would be immediately declared MR.

Black market Sexual Service Facilities, (BSSF’s), were declared illegal by the Carnal Relations Facilities Enforcement Act of 2029 (CRFEA) citing quality control concerns and the fact that they were a drain on eligible females (EF) subject to the draft. There were concerns for quality of services and its effect on OMSH, (Optimal Male Sexual Health). Quality of life concerns for SSW’s in the BSSF’s also existed. Principally, though, CRFEA gave the government a monopoly on SSF’s and BSSF’s represented a drain on revenues.

Once a BSSF was uncovered, all the SSW’s were arrested as unlicensed brothel participants, (UBP’s), and immediately classified as MR’s, whether they had been there voluntarily or not. BSSF’s were usually allowed to apply for licenses if the facility could be brought up to DCR standards. There would be a fine, but they would thereby be able to keep all the SSW’s who had been there, although clearly on much different terms.

Some RM’s, like many PO’s, mandated the females under their charge to participate in BSSF’s in exchange for remuneration. These females were known as Wrongfully Compelled Sexual Workers, (WCSW’s). Unfortunately for them, no exceptions were permitted for UBP’s whether they were compelled or not.

Females who privately engaged in sexual services work, known as Unlicensed Private Sexual Workers, (UPSW’s) were, when discovered, also drafted into the Sexual Service Corp (SSC) as MR’s even though not technically falling under the unlicensed brothel participants (UBP’s) provisions of CRFEA. Not only were most of them performing unauthorized sexual services (USS’s), but their activities were held to fall within the spirit and intentions of CRFEA in the landmark case of DCR v. Alma Rodriguez, 22 DRC Reports 335 (2028). In essence, even though technically not in a brothel, the UPSW’s were held to be performing “brothel-like services” and therefore fell within the statute.

Unfortunately, since rewards were issued for anyone who provided any information leading to an UPSW’s arrest, SAM’s were known to set up girlfriends to be declared UPSW’s by providing them with ‘gifts’ which were later alleged to have been a quid pro quo for sexual relations. The SAM would be entitled to a percentage of her sale as an MR. It was difficult to weed these frauds out since convicted UPSW’s were initially counted towards a municipality’s SSW draft quotas. This was discontinued in 2034, but the problem remained since local SSW brokers

were often in collusion with SAM's. Any SAM or SSW broker found to have been in collusion with regard to any deceived sexual service worker, (DSSW), were usually fined.

A proposed amendment to CRFEA excluding Wrongfully Compelled Sexual Workers, (WCSW's) and Deceived Sexual Service Workers (DSSF's) from UBP status was approved by the governing councils of 31 of 59 of the New States, and went all the way up to the National Governing Board (NGB), but was vetoed by the College of Ecumenical Bishops, Rabbis and Imams, (CEBRI) in 2037. In 2038, the same fate befell an attempt to amend CRFEA to provide that DSSW's and WCSW's would be classified as Involuntary Recruits, (IR's), rather than Mandatory Recruits, (MR), with the concomitant consequence of life service.

MR classification is considered permanent and irreversible. The effects of the law are somewhat alleviated because sympathetic DRC detectives sometimes gave a female accused of being an USSW, who didn't exhibit the typical signs of being a whore, the option of volunteering for the Sexual Service Corp., (SSC), as what is termed a Voluntary Recruit, (VR), who are treated in all respects as an IR, rather than risk being sentenced as an MR. This practice has been highly criticized in many journals and publications, notably the American Journal of Sexual Health in a well-known article by Dr. Elizabeth Pomoroy, entitled "Ramifications of Prematurely Terminated Prosecutions of USSW's". 122 AJSH 222 (September, 2031).

The PO's didn't have to worry about any of this. The existence of black market brothels where PO's wards were serving as wrongfully compelled sexual service workers were officially ignored and unofficially tolerated. Otherwise their wards could be running around all over the place unsupervised. Moreover, it was a good supplement to PO's earnings and obviated the PO's need to underwrite their wards' living expenses, which minimized wage demands. Captain Rogers had three wards working at Monty's, a younger sister and two former girlfriends. He had made a deal with his uncle to have two of his nieces, girls in their early 20's, his cousins, transferred to him. He was due to pick them up on his next 4 day leave and then drop them off at Monty's.

Any unruly girl at Monty's was brought down to the local DCR police station, classified as an unlicensed brothel participant and brought back as an MR.

After his period of pregnant and ominous silence, Rogers released the girl from the corrections chair. It was necessary to give her assistance

to slip off of the two electrified punishment prongs which had been up her apertures. She would spend ample time in it as the months progressed. Once up, he pushed her to her knees and removed her leather collar and bracelets. He took a firm grip of her hair, bending her over, and dragged her, squealing and squawking to a 'T' shaped steel processing mount on the other side of the room. While he used her hair to pull her up onto her tip toes, he adjusted the vertical pole with his other so that its end, which had a steel band mounted on it, was right around her neck. He pushed her neck into it, pressed a button and it snapped closed. There were bands on the 'T' bar and he placed her wrists in them, adjusting them to her arm length, and popped those closed.

On either side of the 'T' were rings in the floor with chains that had manacles at their ends. He kicked the girl's feet apart until they were spread enough so that he could capture her ankles. She just barely had purchase on the floor with her big toes.

The room was about 40' by 40'. It had black and red vinyl tiles on the floor. The walls were all white painted cement. It was lit by overhead fluorescent fixtures. There were various cabinets and shelves around the room containing supplies and implements. A whipping stand was in one corner and various whips were mounted on the wall. Behind the 'T' stand, there was a sink and a toilet and a rubber hose coming from a spigot. A cabinet stood next to the sink.

The girl was blubbering and sobbing. He went to a drawer in one of the cabinets and drew out one of the red rubber balls they used as gags. He brought it over to her and put it in his pocket. He reached behind her, making her flinch, and unbuckled the gag from behind her head. He drew out the thick prong that had kept her lips widespread and tossed it aside. She looked like she wanted to say something to him like, "Please don't hurt me!" or "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" but she was too frightened to let any noise escape from her mouth.

He took the red rubber ball from his pocket and showed her the side that said "SILENCE!" Then he showed her the other side which said "OBEDIENCE IS JOY!" She cringed. He patted her roughly on the cheek and pulled on her jaw. She opened her mouth, her lips trembling. He pushed the ball between her teeth. The ball was a little bit spongy, so that when he got it past her teeth it filled her whole mouth. He made sure that the tab end was jutting out from between her spread lips.

He looked at her. She was crying. He patted her on the cheek playfully.

There was a small, rectangular pan on the floor. He picked it up and

placed it under her sex. He stroked her pussy several times and waited. The girl knew what he wanted right away. She released her water into the pan. There was not a lot since she hadn't had anything to drink since that morning. He poured the pee down the toilet. He took a fold of toilet paper and cleaned her inner lips with it, tossing that into the toilet as well and flushed it.

From the cabinet behind her he took out a pair of barber's scissors. He went before her and showed it to her. She frowned. He proceeded to snip away all of her long, chestnut tresses. She sobbed the whole time. Hair fell away everywhere around her. When he had her hair down to a 1" stubble all around, he returned the scissors for the cabinet and got the shaving kit. He ran the hot water in the sink and then filled a quart sized metal bowl. He took out a shaving brush and mug, and a razor from the cabinet along with a small towel. He put them all on a little cart and brought them over to the girl.

Her sobbing had been reduced. She started whining when she saw the shaving implements. His hand snapped out like lightning and he slapped her across the face. She shrieked and then looked up at him miserably. He looked her firmly in the eyes. "Get the message!" he was saying.

He proceeded to work up a nice lather in the shaving mug. It was ornate, like an old fashioned mug and had the RMIFC logo on it, a black outline of a craggy mountain. She didn't whine when he spread the shaving soap all over her head even as some of the liquid rolled down her neck. He carefully scraped off all the remaining hair, cleaning the razor after every long stroke in the hot water. Soon her head was totally bare. He ran the razor all over it again to make sure that he got all the stubble. He toweled off all the excess soap and then shaved off her eyebrows.

He felt her pussy. She gave a little jump. That earned her another fierce crack. She wailed. He put his hand back down on her mons and rubbed it. There was a little stubble. He whipped up some more shaving soap on the brush and roughly covered her lower belly and pudenda with it. Then he crouched down between her legs and shaved it all off. After toweling the remaining soap off of her, he put away all of the shaving implements, pouring the water down the sink and making sure that all the bristles went down the drain. He swept all the cut hair into a little pile in the corner. One of the maintenance guys would clean it up later. He removed a plastic bottle of soap from the cabinet and poured some into a bucket near the sink. He turned on the spigot and filled the bucket with soapy water. It was the same water from the spring and it was ice cold.

He brought the pail over to the girls' back. The bracket with the steel collar on it extended enough so he could get her entire body. There was a hard bristled brush in the bucket. He swirled it around in the soapy water and then brought it to her shoulders. He began to scrub away.

The girl wailed and screeched and sobbed during the whole process. Verbal reactions to being abused, just like exclamations of passion when being used, as long as they weren't words, was permitted and even encouraged. So the only time the girl heard her own voice was when she was in extreme pain, or in the throes of extreme pleasure.

He worked his way down her back, over her rear and down her legs. He dipped the brush into the bucket repeatedly to make sure that it was covered with cold, soapy water. The brush left her skin shaded a deep pink. She howled and danced and shook the whole time.

He came around to the front. Her body attempted a little dance. Her eyes were wide. Tears were flowing down her cheeks. He did her breasts first. "We won't have to fix these," he thought as he belabored them with the brush. The girl stiffened and squealed and tore at her bonds. He did her chest and her belly and all the way down the front of her thighs. He did her feet right down to her toes. Then he came up and ran the sharp bristled brush along and over her pudenda. That really made her wail.

When finished, he poured the excess water down a drain near the sink. He picked up the hose and ran the water again. This time he rinsed her soapy and reddened body down. He spread the freezing water all over her liberally until he was sure that she got the full effect of it. She was shivering and shaking by the time he was done.

He turned off the hose and went back to the cabinet. He took out a small bar of moisturizing soap and lathered up a washcloth with it under the water. He came back to her and wiped it all over her face. She closed her eyes and shook. When he was done, he returned to the cabinet and took out a plastic bottle of lotion. He spread some over her face first, then the top of her head and then on her belly and mons. He made sure that he spread the cream rough and hard on her pussy so that it would not be received as sexual at all.

He put that away. He stood in front of her for another minute. You could see that she wanted to beg for mercy or at least some kindness. It wouldn't be coming from him.

He broke off and gathered up her former bracelets, collar and gag. He tossed them into a 55 gallon cardboard drum that they used as a garbage can. Without looking at her again, he went to the door, opened it with a 'clang!', turned out the lights and left.

CHAPTER FIVE

REGINA'S TALE: PART TWO

Four of the girls from Washta High School, Washta, Iowa, in the Central Midwest SRZ, who had been selected as IR's, including Regina, were very unhappy although what had happened had really not sunk in yet. They were sitting on a bench just outside the wrestling coach's office. All their clothes had been taken, stolen as far as Regina was concerned. That blouse had cost her \$75.99 at Wanda's Women's Wear downtown. They had put these pink leather bracelets on their wrists and locked them together in front of them. The big red ball that was shoved into their mouths was offensive and demeaning, and Regina wondered fretfully why they had to be gagged. Nobody was making a scene, although they were all sobbing quietly. There was nothing secret they could tell anybody. And they were all so scared that if someone told them to be quiet, they would have been as silent as the dead of night.

The matron who was dealing with them was somewhat reassuring. She was young, in her mid-twenties, and pretty. She had on a dark blue skirt that went to just the top of her knees, high heels just a bit lighter, and a white blouse with small pinstripes on it. On the upper right hand corner of the blouse were the letters LMCC in dark blue letters. Regina didn't know it, but LMCC stood for LeMars Classification Center, which served the western district of Iowa.

Miss Loomis, nobody used the term Ms. anymore, not since the 20's, had been on the job for a little over four months and her superiors were very happy with her ability to deal with the newly inducted females, putting them at relative ease, at least until she could get them in the van. Nobody liked big scenes at a draft site. The 'civilians' who still hung around the girls didn't need to see the harsher side of life of being an involuntary recruit (IR). Word got back to the parents and there were complaints. The Blessed New United States was no longer a democracy, in fact no one outside a small inner circle knew how things really worked, but public opinion still had to be accounted for if 'brothers and sisters', they were not referred to as citizens, were to remain enthusiastic in their support of the government, the New Society Program (NSP) and the edicts of the Department of Carnal Relations.

It wasn't Miss Loomis that was disconcerting the four girls who were sitting there waiting on a bench in the Washta High School wrestling room. The inspector was in the wrestling coach's office. They didn't know what the inspector was doing in there, but he was with Anna and she was making a lot of unhappy noises. Three of them thought that the inspector had been unfair, although they had not been able to communicate that to anybody or raise a protest. Regina didn't. She had been convinced in her heart of hearts that she would flunk.

The other thing that had put the girls off were the two men with blue LMCC t-shirts on over blue jeans. They had been the ones to adorn the girls with their wrist bracelets and the matching pink collars. Miss Loomis had installed the gags that the bigger man had handed to her out of the black duffle bag he had, which also bore the LMCC initials on it in white letters. She told each girl, "Come on now, open up, sweetie. This isn't going to hurt you. You don't want to begin with a bad start do you?" She said it so sweetly, that the girls all complied, girls that had been conditioned to obedience their whole lives anyway. Miss Loomis would pat their cheeks softly after she brought the thick band of rubber elastic behind their heads that held the big red balls in place. She gave Tammy Haverman a kiss on the cheek and she tweaked Christine Angelo's breast.

The man who had handed Miss Loomis the gags had a scowling look and his eyes wandered over their naked bodies. Regina couldn't help notice the bulge in his pants and it gave her a chill inside. It was him and the other guy who were standing over them while they waited for the inspector to be done with Annie. Regina had a good guess what was going on in there and she was glad it wasn't her.

The office door finally opened and the inspector pulled poor little Annie out. She was sobbing softly and had her head down like she was ashamed of something. Miss Loomis had been standing there looking at her watch and tapping her foot, her clipboard held in the crook of her left arm.

Miss Loomis didn't wait for any ceremony. "Okay, let's get this show on the road," she told the men. "Line up, girls!" she told them. "Come on, come on, we're running late." The girls all stood and turned to their left, towards the outside door. Annie shuffled up behind Regina, who had been last in line. The men brought out some chains from their big blue duffle bag. One of them started connecting their ankles to manacles. The other began connecting chains from the back of the girls' collars to the front of the collar of the girl in back of her.

It was true that there was only a 20 yard walk between the outer door of the wrestling room to the van, but protocol was protocol. When girls were outside and not locked down in a vehicle or not inside a building, or if they were transported anywhere together, such as from the cells where they were mostly kept to the cafeteria, they had to be in a coffle. And their legs had to be manacled. The 18" chain gave them room to walk, almost a normal walk if you got good at it, but nobody could run with one on. There was no sense letting any of the new recruits make a fuss or cause them any trouble.

When the girls had all been connected and manacled, Miss Loomis was handed a leash by one of the men. She attached it to the front of Barbara Wilcox's collar. She was first in line. She gave it a little yank. "Come on, sweetie," she told her lightly. Barbara began moving forward. The chain connecting her to Tammy behind her grew taut and Tammy went into motion. The same for the chain between Tammy and Christine. Christine started walking. Regina waited until there was some space between her and Christine and she started to move. All of a sudden, there was a yank on the chain behind her. She looked back. Then there was a yank on her collar in front and she almost lost her balance. The whole line stopped. Annie hadn't moved. She was stock still, her head down, sobbing. This was bad because out and out sobbing could spread to all the girls and then there would be a mess.

Miss Loomis handed off the leash to one of the men and came back. She leaned over and stroked Annie's head. "It's okay, Annie. It's okay. Everything is going to work out. You have to cooperate now or I'll have to tell Bobby or Karl to punish you. You wouldn't want that, now would you?" she asked.

Regina was shocked. Punish her? Punish her how? She saw one of the men, the smaller guy, reach into the duffle bag and pull out a thing with a handle and several 10" long leather thongs on it. The thongs looked like they were knotted on the ends. Miss Loomis looked at it and gave him an urgent motion to put it away. The man lowered it back into the duffle bag.

"Please tell me that you're going to cooperate, Annie," she said in a kindly voice. "If you don't I'll have to leave you in here with Bobby and he'll punish you."

Annie looked up at Bobbie. He showed no reaction. Michelle was hooting and hollering behind her gag as she was given her "MR" tattoo. The machine was emitting an annoying buzzing sound. Miss Loomis looked like she was just about out of patience. Then Annie nodded her

head sadly.

“Good girl,” Miss Loomis told her. She nodded at Karl, who was still holding onto the leash connected to Barbara’s collar. Karl, who was meaner looking than Bobby, gave her leash a harsh tug, making Barbara squeal. She started forward immediately. Then Tammy, then Christine, then Regina. When the chain tightened between Regina and Annie, she felt a little tug on it and then it became a little bit looser again. Annie, guided by Miss Loomis’s hand holding tightly onto her arm, was in motion.

The girls shuffled out. Regina had never been more mortified in her life. She felt like some kind of convict or something. Why did they have to do this? Nobody was going to run away. There were cops all over the place and they were naked. And where would they run? Everybody knew where they lived. There were only about 30 or so buildings in ‘downtown’ Washta. And then there was clear prairie for miles and miles. It was all fucked up, although she hated using that word. But there was no other term for it. They were like cows being taken out of a barn, dogs on a leash, dangerous criminals.

She tripped a little bit on the transom as she was going through the door. She felt the chain tug hard against Annie’s neck and she heard her squeal. She wanted to turn her head to tell her she was sorry, but the chain from Christine’s collar yanked her forward. She stumbled out onto the grass. Up ahead was the van they were going to. It was longer than a regular van. It had “LeMars Classification Center” painted on the side in red letters. A long, broad, blue streak ran along the side of the van and underneath the letters, as if somebody had wanted the van to look fancy. It just made it look even longer than it was.

The experience of being naked outside was weird. She had worn skimpy bathing suits; they were mandated for women between 18 and 25. But this was way, way different. She didn’t have a stitch of clothing on. They had even taken away her chain and crucifix that she had worn in the hopes that God would protect her. He clearly hadn’t. There were birds flying around. The sun was brightly shining. On the right was the football field. The Washta Tigers had made it to the regional championship. She had done track on the little cinder band that ran around it. It was a little nippy. Her nipples were stiffened, to her embarrassment. The grass was soft under her feet, warm from the baking of the late September sun. You could see for miles from where they were walking, there wasn’t a tree in sight. And here she was, naked! Naked! Naked!

She looked over to the left and she thought she saw some boys

peering out of the computer lab's windows. She looked away, mortified. She was walking behind Christine's naked behind. She watched it shift and shake. It made her realize that Annie had the same view of her. It was so saddening. She had never seen other girls' tits naked and up close before. It was a strange experience.

The line marched on to the van. It was parked on the macadam just next to the sidewalk. They stopped when Barbara reached it. Karl slid the van door open. Bobbie had come up to the front of the line along with Miss Loomis. Bobby had the duffle bag and he put it down. Karl released the back of Barbara's collar from Tammy's. Bobby escorted Barbara into the van. Regina saw them moving towards the back, but she couldn't see anything else because the van had no back windows. Or rather, it had had windows, but they were all painted over, a dark cream color to match the color of the van, but not quite. It had apparently not been done at the factory.

After a short while, Tammy was brought in. And then Christine. Regina thought she heard some whimpering. She was next. Bobbie disconnected her from Annie and urged her forward. She couldn't maneuver the step up with the chain on her ankles, so Bobby took her by the waist and lifted her in.

There were four rows of seats. One row was right behind the driver. Then there was a glass partition. Then there were two more rows of seats, one row of four and a row of five behind it. The seats were bench style and had little depressions where you would sit. Regina was shocked at what she saw. Barbara, Tammy and Christine were sitting in the furthest back row with black bags over their heads. It made her stomach turn cold. They were whining and she now knew why.

Bobby took hold of her elbow and started to guide her to the empty row in front of the other girls. Regina didn't want to be sat down and hooded and she began to push back. Bobby just yanked her and dumped her down onto the seat second from the door. Before she could react, he bent down and put some kind of a clamp over the chain between her feet, locking it in place. There was a chain in the middle of the seat between her legs, near the end. He clipped it on to the rings in her joined wrists. Regina whined and automatically yanked at both her feet and her wrists. They were held fast. She started to cry. When she saw Bobby take out a hood from the seat in front of her, she began to sob and moan. When he opened it and tried to put it on her, she waved her head back and forth desperately. Bobby just waited for the right moment and then drew the hood over her head while she was still in motion, like he had done it a

hundred times before. She shrieked and started kicking and yanking at her bonds. Bobby drew the hood closed around her neck.

When she was in total darkness, Regina calmed down. It was horrible, but not as bad as she thought it was going to be. She closed her eyes and leaned back, drawing in deep breaths through her nose. There were little slits in the hood which did not admit light, but admitted air.

Annie was to be next, but then she heard Miss Loomis say, in a sharp, unkind voice she hadn't used before. "Go get a towel or something for her to sit on. She's got cum leaking out of her ass."

Regina heard Annie sob. She had figured that the inspector was fucking her, but not in the ass! Was she going to have to do that? Were men going to fuck her in the ass? Her whole body went sour as she realized that they could do anything they wanted to her. All of a sudden the dread she had been feeling about the future became rabid. "I'm a whore now!" she thought miserably. "They're going to fuck me and fuck me and fuck me!" She started sobbing.

It took them some time to find something to put down on the seat. Annie was whining and moaning. Regina assumed that she had gotten a peek at all the hooded heads. Bobby leaned down over her. His hand grabbed her right breast and squeezed it harshly. His mouth came up to her ear. "How about a nice blow job later, huh?" he whispered. He laughed and stood up. Regina cringed in dismay.

After a while, they put down something next to her and she felt Annie sit down there and be locked in. Annie tried to shout out through her gag, "...oh! ...oh! ...oh, oh noouuih!" And then the bag went over her head.

She heard Annie break down into sobs. She felt sorry for her. Fucked in the ass and now this! And then she felt sorry for herself. It hadn't really hit her because there had been too much going on around her. She was never going to see her parents again. She would never see her friends again. She would never see her bedroom again, where all her most personal stuff was. Twelve years! She was going to be a whore for twelve years. It was just too horrible to imagine.

Regina didn't know it, and it was a little advertised fact, that a DCR team would come by her house tomorrow morning and clear out everything from her bedroom. There would be no shrine in her household to a missing daughter. Her clothes, her books, her stuffed animals, her track trophies, her diary.

This latter would be sent to her training team as it would prove very useful. She was lucky that her trainer decided to suppress it. In it she

confessed to giving Jimmy Talbot a blow job a couple of times and jerking him off more than a few. These were clear Carnal Relations Law offenses, being both unauthorized and underage. It was enough to have her classified MR. But her trainer had taken a liking to her, even though he beat her very badly each time they were together, and so he let it go. Not before taunting her with it though and letting her know how lucky she was that he didn't turn her in.

Not so Pamela Harding. She was one of Regina's best friends. In the diary Regina had related that Pamela told her that she and Tommy Mikowski were ass fucking. That is, he was ass fucking her. That could not be overlooked. It was an example of one of those false negatives from the inspector's tests. The trainer didn't turn over the diary; that would have doomed Regina. But he passed the word to the local DCR Police.

Two DCR detectives picked up Tommy Mikowski that afternoon in Des Moines where he was attending college. He was on the football team and they took him right out of practice. They sweated it out of him. Pamela was arrested that very night, a little after 11. She was in bed and they dragged her away in her nightie and a pair of panties. After a night of ass fucking by the arresting detectives and blow jobs for the entire night crew, she was brought before the magistrate at 8 o'clock the next morning naked, gagged and bound, crying and sobbing. By 10, based upon Tommy's signed statement (she was not allowed to contradict it; that would have been a violation of male superiority laws) she was tattooed MR and on her way to the LeMars Classification Center. Tommy was placed on probation on condition that he cooperate further. He turned in Helen Greenberg, Dorothy Salsbury and Mitsy Logan. Mitsy, after intense corporal questioning, turned in Betty Burger, Lois Littowski and Maria Sanchez for underage Sapphic violations.

Bobby slid a steel, cross hatched gate across the opening between Annie's seat and the door. This way anyone could get into the second row of the van and the girls could still be secure. Like the back of the second seat, it had a pane of thick, clear plastic glass on it. The girls were emitting a cacophony of moans and whines and sobs. Once the gate was closed, there was utter silence. Nobody wanted to ride around hearing that the whole time.

Karl got into the driver's seat. Miss Loomis got into the front passenger seat. Bobby sat down in the second row. The van started up. It moved away.

There was a small group of protestors at the exit to the school parking lot. They had signs and were chanting something. The girls could

neither see it nor hear it. There were three county policemen there and they herded them out of the way. Miss Loomis saw that a couple of the protesters were young women. A fourth policeman was taking pictures. "We'll probably be seeing them in a couple of weeks," she laughed to herself.

It was about a 45 minutes' drive to LeMars. They were late. It was that stupid inspector taking his own sweet time going down the line and feeling up all the girls. He was a dirty pig as far as she was concerned. And then fucking that girl in the ass before she had even been processed and trained how to take it without pain.

Carla Loomis knew how to take it without pain. She had been dating this guy for several months. She didn't really like him, but her father, with whom she still lived at the time, wouldn't let her go anywhere without a man along. Not even with her girlfriends. Her father was a cocksucker and had been mean to her all her life. She had had to fend him off a few times when she was 16, but her mother caught him at it and gave him holy hell. She didn't have much power over him, but she reminded him of the Carnal Relations Law. Violation of minors was taken very seriously.

So she came home from work one day, her mother had picked her up, and there was Ronnie's car outside the house. When she came inside, he and her father were drinking imported beers that Ronnie had certainly brought over since her father was so cheap. There was a bottle of Jack Daniels out and some shot glasses. They were laughing and joking with each other. The FV was on, but they weren't watching it.

"C'mere!" her father shouted drunkenly when he saw her. She saw that there were some documents on the coffee table. They looked like they had been signed. There was also what looked like a bank check.

"I've got news," he told her. "I've made Ronnie here your RM. You're going to be moving in with him."

Her face fell. "You can't do that!" she protested.

"Oh, yes I can!" he shouted back. "It's all legal. Right there!" he said, pointing to the papers on the table. Her mother was crying. Carla reached down to get the papers to tear them up, but Ronnie beat her to it. He gave her a snide smile.

"You're going to like it at my place, Carla," he said. "It's an old farmhouse out on Route 282. We'll be all alone there. There's nobody for miles."

Carla knew that her father was right. She had been studying the Carnal Relations Law. She had a friend who worked at the LeMars

Classification Center and she thought she might get a job there. It would mean making the manager her RM, but she believed she could work it out. They needed women to help deal with the girls. She knew that she could help them. It was something important she could do in her life. But now?

“How much did you pay him?” Carla snapped at Ronnie. They had been out all of three times and she had had to fight him off like she did her dad years ago.

“That’s none of your business!” Ronnie snapped back.

“Three grand!” her father called out. “Your pussy is worth three grand. You won’t give it up to me, but you’ll give it up to Ronnie or he’ll bring you up on charges!” Her father laughed. Ronnie handed him the check.

“Go get a couple of days’ worth of stuff,” Ronnie told her. “Just your ladies’ stuff. We’re not going anywhere. I’ve got three days off and we’re going to fuck like bunnies!” She looked at him with cold eyes. Then she noticed something by his side. He saw her looking and picked it up. It was a whip. Six months earlier, the DCR had issued regulations clarifying the right of an RM to administer corporal correction, as it was called, to any adult female under his charge. The size and thickness of the instruments to be used were set forth. Whipping was limited to strokes on the behind, thighs and back. It was limited to 10 strokes a day. Breasts could be whipped five times. They did not count towards the 10. No whipping to the face was permitted or directly on the sex.

“You can’t whip me. I’m not registered with you,” she told him nervously.

Ronnie waived the papers at her. “We’ll do that on the way to my place,” he told her. “I’ve got all the papers right here.”

She went with him. It was not as bad as she had feared. The first three days, though, were a nightmare. He drank and slapped her around and made her stay naked the whole time. She had lost her virginity on the last Sadie Hawkins Day, when adult women were allowed to pick a sexual partner without penalty. Problem was that it was only once every four years. So that wasn’t the problem. She had done some cocksucking in high school, practically all the girls did, and so she was ready for that. It was when he took out the tube of KY Jelly and told her to roll over that she got upset.

They argued about it for about an hour. He threatened her with all sorts of things. It was when he threatened to have her declared GU that she relented.

A special procedure was established in the Carnal Relations Law in which a Responsible Male (RM) could make application for Female Correction (FC). The RM had to establish, by a preponderance of the evidence, that the subject female, a wife, girlfriend, sister or daughter had become “grossly unruly” (GU). A series of specified acts were deemed to render a female GU, such as refusal to engage in mandatory sexual acts, (MSA’s), termination of a relationship without the consent of her RM, nagging, scolding or acts which, in the totality of the circumstances, were deemed “sufficiently irritating or disobedient”, (SID). MSA’s were defined as sexual intercourse, fellatio, cunnilingus, anal penetration, manual stimulation or “general sexual contact”, (GSC), which included rubbing, stroking, caressing, kissing or other skin to skin contact.

Oral-anal stimulation and other related acts, such as golden showers, were not included in MSA’s because they were considered unsanitary. Refusal to engage in MSA’s with her RM or with any person or persons directed by him was considered an offense. The DCR regulations made it clear, however, that no female would be required or permitted to engage in MSA’s until she achieved the age of 18.

Unauthorized sexual acts (USA’s) by any female, including unauthorized self-administered sexual activities, (USASA’s), could also render a female GU. Any Sapphic activity, (SA), unless it was done with the permission of and under the supervision of her RM or his designee, was a first degree GU offense.

At the hearing, the defendant female was not permitted to testify or introduce any testimony in contradiction to the charges. Contradicting an RM’s sworn testimony was considered contrary to the principals of Male Authority and Dominion, (MAD), established by the New Society Program.

Once a female had been adjudged GU, the hearing officer could remand her to her RM on probation, order corporal punishment, to be administered by her RM or local authorities, at the option of the RM, or both, or, in addition to corporal correction, (CC), order her to serve a specific term not to exceed 2 years in a Disciplinary Sexual Service Center (DSSC), not to be confused with a Discount Sexual Service Facility (DSSF).¹⁴ Depending on the severity of the offense, or in

¹⁴SSW’s ordered to be sent to a DSSC were sometimes sent to a DSSF in error, or because of bribes made by DSSF owners. Once in a DSSF, however, the SSW was considered ‘tainted’ and, even when the error was discovered, whether the SSW had been drafted as an IR, was a S7F or was a mandatory recruit, (MR), no correction was usually made. Moreover, there was little incentive to endure all the red tape necessary to have a troublesome SSW returned.

consideration of any prior adjudications, or, in the hearing officer's discretion, at the specific request of the RM, she could be immediately declared subject to mandatory recruitment.

So she had agreed. Because she had given him such a hard time he made her bend over a chair and gave her ass five whacks with the whip. It hurt like hell. She didn't scream, but it made her cry.

The first time was painful and she screamed as the membranes of her anus were cracked. The only thing was that it got him so excited that he came right away. But ever since then, for the last two years, he had been at her ass at least two or three times a week. She had learned to take it without pain by reading one of the government issued manuals for women. It was mostly just a matter of relaxing and making sure that you were well lubricated.

He did get addicted to whipping her though. He didn't give her 10 every night, as was his right. He would make her bend over and give her three or four with the switch to get himself excited. As long as he didn't do more than that and pulled his punches a little bit, after a while, it started to warm her up a little bit too. But on nights he got drunk, that was something else. He had bought this whipping stand down at Wal-Mart. It connected right to the wall and the ceiling. You bolted it right into a stud. It had a Rubbermaid base so that any body fluids released during the procedure did not get on the rug. The picture on the packaging was a cartoon of a voluptuous woman standing in front of it naked and smiling, holding out a whip. It was a steal at \$69.99.

So he would mount her on the stand, hands held high and he would go to town on her. He had bought an illegal flail, three feet long with knotted ends, which he used on her instead of the regulation one. It made terrible streaks of painful red on her body. When he did that she really sobbed. He would give her five across her rear, her thighs and her back. Then he would give her five in rapid succession across her breasts. He would wait until she stopped blubbering and then give her the remaining five to her body.

Sometimes he gave her even more. It wasn't legal, but who could she complain to? He never gagged her. There were no neighbors, so what difference did it make? Nobody could hear her when she screamed.

She had considered leaving Ronnie, but since that would be a GU

offense, the cards were stacked against her.

But he let her drive herself around. She completed the course on the Carnal Relations Law and took a class on female persuasion and discipline. She was the only one of two women in the class. The professor kept joking that he was going to try his protocols on her, but he never did.

She got an internship as an SO at an SSF a few miles from town. It was a small one, with between 10 and 15 SSW's at any one time. It varied. She got to use the whip herself for a change. And, even though she wasn't a full time staff member, the owner gave her a free SSO every week for the sixteen weeks she worked there.

She didn't know anything about how to pleasure a woman, but the SSW's were trained in it since SAM's often demanded they perform an MSA with another woman. Also, the owner allowed the girls to pair off twice a week during their rec periods, on Monday and Thursday afternoons. He felt it was good for morale, but he didn't let the girls choose the same partners all the time. That could cause emotional dependencies that weren't appropriate for an SSW. After all, he had to rotate the girls every once in a while and if he sold off someone's love interest it could cause morale problems.

The first was a blond woman she had been admiring for a while. Her legs were long and her breasts, unlike her own, were heavy and full. Her face was very pretty and she seemed to have a nice disposition. She had watched her a couple times through the observation port that was in each service cell and she seemed really passionate and skilled. She was older than her, about 28 or 29. Clara felt bad for her because she was an MR. As a matter of fact, she had just turned 30. The owner shipped her out to a discount sexual service facility (DSSF) the next week while he could still get something for her.

Her name was Samantha, or at least that was her name there. She'd probably had dozens of names. Later she looked up her record. They never gave the SSF's the complete file on any SSW, just a number, her physical characteristics, where she had served, and other relevant information. But not her real name or where she came from other than her Sexual Resource Zone. She was from the Northwest SRZ. Any more information than that stayed at SRZ administration. In case of death or release, it was their responsibility to notify next of kin, if any could be found or if any, by this time, could care.

She stripped before Samantha with considerable nervousness. It must have shown, because Samantha was seemingly extra tender with

her. She allowed Samantha to take charge. It was a stupendous experience. Ronnie had never mouthed her pussy for that long or so well. Her touch was light and titillating, but also rough and demanding when appropriate. Samantha leaned back and spread her legs and Carla got her first taste of pussy. It was marvelous. They kissed and kissed and when her third orgasm had come and gone, they lay together side by side stroking each other and giving each other little kisses, but not talking. She had been warned about that. It wasn't that the whores were not allowed to talk, it was just that the owner suspected she might develop a little thing for her which would be bad, especially since he was going to sell her on.

She felt bad when Samantha was shipped out and went out to the loading dock to see her crate loaded on a truck. One of the other guards gave her a tip. He always made sure that after he used a whore he gave her a good whipping. If you could whip a girl after fucking her, it was unlikely you would develop any attachments. And unlikely that you would withhold your whip later if the girl committed some infraction in front of you or showed a bad attitude. Carla gave that a try on the next girl, a petit brunette. It worked really well. After she was done, the thin, diminutive girl hanging from her wrists, sweating and sobbing, she didn't feel anything for her.

In fact, she had received extreme enjoyment out of it and made the girl service her on her knees afterwards. She got a lot of respect from the SSW's after that. She saw now why Ronnie was so into it. But the big difference between her and Ronnie was that an SO didn't have to limit herself to ten strokes.

After her internship, and the courses she had been taking, she was given an associates' degree in Female Management. She was the only woman who graduated. As soon as she got it, she went to the personnel office of the LeMars Center and filled out an application. They were looking for a woman to assist on one of their acquisition teams and she was hired on the spot. The manager of the facility had already agreed to become her RM. It had taken several blow jobs to convince him. She had not worried about them being Unauthorized Sexual Activities, (USA's), because there was an exemption for acts performed with employment supervisors. He was putting in the papers tomorrow. Ronnie would have nothing to say about it. She had already packed up most of her stuff and taken it over to her manager's house. She was going to meet him there tonight when she got off. He had told her to tell Ronnie that she was working a double shift.

CHAPTER SIX

SUZANNE'S TALE: PART TWO

During the 20 minutes ride to the station, Suzanne did her best not to cry. She knew that women cried more than men because they were more emotional, not because they were weaker. One of the great things about their discussion group was that all the women did their best to find examples of strong women in history. There were plenty. In the American Civil War some women, more than you might think, fought disguised as men on both sides. Women had been important politicians, queens that ruled over empires. There were even examples of women who became tough gangsters.

Men had the physical strength, that's true. Just like they had all the power now. But women weren't stupid. They had fought their way to power and towards equality in the 20th century and they would do it again.

There were still some men who understood that it was in men's best interests to have women as equal partners. Look at Peter, her brother. He and his wife, Cindy, lived pretty much as equals although they had to play the game or someone might report them. And if she ever had a son, she would raise him right, to be like Peter, and a daughter to be like her. Strong, independent, smart.

The problem was that she didn't feel strong right now. She didn't feel independent. She didn't feel smart. If she were smart she wouldn't be in the situation she was in. How could she have forgotten to have Peter renew her pass? She saw him every day. But that was just the way things worked. Everything in society looked normal until you looked up close. There were still marriages and children. Women still had jobs, although the number of them in important roles was dwindling every day. Women could still go to college, even though they had to sit in the back of the class, the professors hardly ever called on them and they gave them miserable grades.

She knew that Professor Haber would never give her a grade better than a C+. He offered to give her an A if she blew him, but there was no way that she was ever going to do that. Besides Alma Gordon had told her that she had given Professor Haber a BJ every day last semester, sometimes even on weekends, and he had only given her a B-. Maybe he

would flunk her for not giving in. If he did, she would just take the course again. Professor Scott was teaching it next semester. He was close to 80 and didn't need blowjobs. She hoped.

But would there be a next semester? What was going to happen to her? Probably the cop was taking her down the station to have some fun with her. She had heard that even the cops weren't allowed to fuck you without your RM's permission if you were a virgin. He might make her blow him. She had never done that, even though many of her friends in high school had. First of all, it just seemed so unsanitary, putting your mouth on the same place that a boy pees from. How would you know that he wouldn't just piss in your mouth?

Then there was the whole dominance thing. Some of the boys asked her to do it in high school. Not any boyfriends, because she hadn't had any. But random guys would come up to her in the halls and say, "How about a BJ, Suzanne?" Or, "Hey, Suzanne, when are you going to let me put my cock in your mouth?" She had seen the graffiti about girls who had done it. The boys drew gross pictures that made the girls look like monstrous sluts. And just the idea of her on her knees in front of a boy, servicing him, made her sick.

And finally, there was the fact that the boys jetted their gunk into you. Darla Tencza had told her that Ray Pastore had given her a slap that rattled her teeth when she spit it out. He made her do it all over again and it took him a long, long time to come. No, the boys expected you to swallow it. She couldn't think of anything more disgusting!

She bet that the cop would do more to her than just give her a little slap if she spit out his cum. She had to close her eyes and calm herself when she thought of the prospect of having to service him. And maybe others as well. It made her so ill she thought she might throw up. But if she did, she knew that she would probably choke to death because of the tape over her mouth.

She tried to ignore the fact that her lips were taped closed, but she couldn't. It was a horrid thing for the cop to have done. She bet that he did it to a lot of girls since he kept a roll of that tape in his car ready to hand. How many? Did he cull one out every night he was on patrol so that he could top off his shift with a little relaxation?

But if all he wanted was a blowjob, why didn't he just get it from her back there where he stopped her? He could have just stood there and she would have had to do what he said. Or if he didn't want to get caught they could have done it in her car. Or his car.

She didn't want to think about that, that there could be some deeper

motive for him stopping her and arresting her on some stupid charge like a technical pass violation. It was too scary. When Sylvia had sworn her to secrecy when she joined the group, she had told her that many women's liberty groups, as she called them, were ratted out by informers within the group. So she could tell no one without the agreement of everybody in their little circle.

"Oh, god, please don't let it be that!" she prayed. She would get certified MR for sure. No one that she knew had ever heard of a woman being classified MR ever being heard from again. Sylvia had said that she knew some women who had been IR's and been released after they did their time, but never an MR. That just couldn't happen to her! It couldn't! It couldn't! Why was she so stupid! She should just have been satisfied to be some guy's whore. At least she wouldn't have to fuck dozens of men a day for the rest of her life. And why did she have to speak out in class, like last week? She could have kept her theory to herself. She didn't convince anyone to change their mind about the story. Well, maybe one or two of the women, but they didn't hold the power.

She went to lean back and miserate, but she leaned on her bound hands. She leaned back up to the extent permitted by the seat belt. It was so awful to have her hands confined. It was like the cop had taken them away from her. And if her hands had been free, she would have been able to shield her breasts from that guy's eyes. There was a little camera in front of her which shone a light on her. She realized that the cop could look up at his dashboard and see her any time he wanted.

In actuality, she didn't really care who saw her breasts. Sometimes all the women at her meeting took their tops off just as an expression of freedom. She had read somewhere that there used to be nude beaches where women took off their tops and basked in the sunlight. And in some states, going about with bare breasts was not even going against the law. But it was when they were exposed in order to demean her or shame her, like the cop had done, to make her feel weak and vulnerable, that was really bothered her and she was feeling all those things right now.

A wave of misery went through her. But then she caught herself. "I've got to be strong! Once they see me weak, they'll eat me all up!" She tried to pray. She didn't believe in the God who allowed them to have their General Public Order or their New Society Program, or the God that allowed them to make slaves of millions of women, convert the rest into no more than property, allow all these cruel things to happen. No, her god was a she. And She would set things straight one day.

20 minutes is a long time when you're half naked and frightened

about what is going to happen to you. But the road kept whizzing by so she knew that she would get there before too long. Part of her wanted to keep just driving around. Maybe she could stay in this car forever and whatever bad and nasty things were going to happen to her would never happen. It was like that guy said, each time you go half way, and then half way again, and half way again and again. If you kept dividing the distance into halves you would never get there. Maybe something like that would happen.

But it didn't happen. You would think that if the DCR Police really wanted to keep public order, they would have this prominent headquarters all lit up with flags and stuff. There would be a big sign with the DCR insignia on it. Lights would be blazing inside to show the world that the DCR Police worked 24 hours a day. Instead, they pulled up to this shabby, two story, old, factory like building. It was made of red bricks which had been nearly blackened by the carbon that it had to absorb over the last hundred years or so. There were no flags or lights. There was just a simple maybe 4' by 4', white sign that said, "DCR POLICE" on it in bold, black letters. You wouldn't even have been able to see it if the lights of the cruiser didn't highlight it as they made the turn into the street. It looked like all the windows had been bricked up. The door was made of tarnished steel and there was a buzzer box next to it that, presumably, a member of the public would have to speak through and state their business before being admitted.

But then, unlike the regular police, people, or most people, didn't run to the DCR Police for help. If anything, that wanted to be as far away from them as possible. And the workings of the DCR Police were totally secret. You didn't see DCR cops lining up and saluting the flag at holidays, not even the anniversary of the Global Unity Convention. They didn't parade down the street on New Public Order Day. They weren't there as the mayor cut the ribbon on the newest brothel licensed by the DCR. No, they were only there when you didn't want them, like tonight!

The only light on the block was a streetlamp on the corner. The building was surrounded by buildings just as dour and foreboding. Suzanne thought that she would be led in through the front door, but the cruiser kept on going until it came up to a gated parking lot. This area was a little better lit and Suzanne could see 3 or 4 parked police cruisers and a miscellany of other newish cars that belonged to people working inside. Ominously, there were two big black vans that she knew were used to transport prisoners.

A few weeks ago, the news on the feelavision showed a

demonstration of about fifty women. Suzanne was shocked to see it. Shocked that it would even happen, never mind be shown on FV. They had signs, whose messages were blocked out by the news editor, and were chanting slogans that you could barely hear. What happened next made it clear why it was being shown. The DCR Police swooped down on the demonstration from, it seemed, all four sides. There were more cops than demonstrators. The cops had these zappers, long, 5' poles that gave out a disabling electric charge. Some of the cops had those, thick, heavy batons that the uniformed ones carried. They beat and zapped the women mercilessly. They were thrown into the paddy wagons, the doors were slammed shut and the vans were driven away.

The next shots were of the women stuffed into jail cells, naked, bound and gagged. Then they showed their so called trial, where all fifty women, still gagged, naked and bound, were herded into this pen they had set up in the courtroom. All their heads had been shaved. The judge convicted them all of Article VII crimes, sedition, treason, rioting, acts against the General Public Order, and other things after about five minutes of police testimony and watching a video of the demonstration. The final shot was of the women, now hooded, with MR's tattooed on their bellies, standing shoulder to shoulder in a big line. The voiceover said that all the women were being sent to Institutes of Female Correction, which, as she understood it, was about the worse place you could go. The camera panned down the whole line. Fifty sets of naked breasts, fifty hairless pussies, fifty hooded heads, fifty 3" high, black MR's on their lower tummies.

A picture of the Blessed Leader, as the head of the National Governing Board was known, nobody knew his real name, or if he was a real person and not an actor, came on next, with the Blessed New United States flag in the background while martial music played.

She never saw the video played again, and there was nothing in the news vids about it. Apparently it was enough to show it once and let the word get around. Somehow, almost everyone she talked to in school had seen it, or said they did.

The cop didn't press a button or anything. The sensors just detected his car being there and opened the gate. The whole parking lot was surrounded by what looked like an 8' fence with a 'vee' of electrified barbed wire on top to discourage anyone from climbing over. The lot was well lit.

"Gil", as the radio dispatcher called him, pulled the cruiser up to a loading dock. He placed a placard that said, "On Duty" in the windscreen

and then got her out of the back of the car. He had her pocketbook strap over his shoulder. He took a firm grip of her arm, led her up some short stairs and then to another steel door. He placed his hand on the reader and the door clicked open.

They went down a short hallway and then into a big open area. On the left was a light green wooden wall that went halfway up. From the wall up to the ceiling was Plexiglas. In the middle there was a 10' wide window with a large open book on it. Behind it sat a fat DCR cop wearing sergeant stripes on his dark blue uniform.

On the right was a long wooden bench. A very frightened looking young girl in a miniskirt and a tank top that revealed her belly was sitting there, her right wrist handcuffed to it. She had silvery tape across her mouth. A couple of beefy cops were standing around talking. There were wooden doors on either side of the bench with frosted glass. One had "Shift Commander" written on it. The other said "Chief-Juvenile Division".

Everyone looked at her when the cop brought her in. Suzanne felt her face turn red. One of the three cops who were standing around whistled and said, "Nice tits!" The other two laughed and they went back to their conversation. She was brought up to what she guessed was the booking desk.

"Heya, Gil," the desk sergeant said. "Looks like you've got a live one."

"Yeah, she's a Code 47 and a lying sack of shit," Gil responded.

"Well, sign her in and I'll get her processed. I assume you want a 48 hour hold on her," the sergeant offered.

"Yeah. I'll do an arrest report. What time's Det. Snyder in?"

"He'll be in about ten tomorrow morning. He's got a school thing with his kids first thing. His fifteen year old is getting her Submission Certificate."

"Great. I know he was worried about that."

"OK, buzz yourself in so we can get started. Trombley and Jenson have a couple of recalcitrants coming in."

"Okay," Gil replied. "I guess they'll be sorry they didn't register now."

"I'm sure," the sergeant replied, chuckling "I don't know how in this day and age any girls can still think they will get away with it, but some always try. Trombley said they found them at this seedy motel out on Route 70. They were in bed fucking when he and Jensen kicked in the door."

Gil laughed. "I wouldn't want to be an MR with that on my sheet."

"No," the sergeant replied. "But, on the other hand, there'll be blowjobs all around tonight!"

Both men laughed.

The vidy next to the sergeant rang and he pushed a button to answer it. Gil pulled Suzanne down to a door at the end of the wall. He placed his thumb on the reader and it opened up. They went through. There were a few desks with officers at them going through files on their computer pads or talking on their vidy's. The space was about 40' by 40'. Along the back wall were three interrogation rooms. You could see into them through the glass which ran their length. One of them had a naked and hooded girl in it, sitting on a bench. Her hands were attached to a pair of manacles connected to the bench between her spread legs.

Gil led her over to a desk on the left side of the room. There was a black haired woman sitting at it with her back to them. The other cops in the room raised their heads to look at her, and then nonchalantly went back to their activities. Gil brought Suzanne up to the woman. She was large and broad shouldered from the back.

"Hey Liz," Gil called to her. She turned. She had a dark brown complexion. Her face didn't look as stern as Suzanne had assumed it would, but it was stern enough. She had dark black, bushy eyebrows. Her breasts pushed out her uniform top. She was of a size and shape and age where she probably didn't have to worry about getting stopped by cops and being made to show them her tits.

"Heya, Gil, how's it hanging?" she said.

"Wouldn't you like to know," Gil returned.

"What have you got?"

"She's a Code 47, but I want her held for a 327b interview."

"Sure thing," Liz answered. Gil had brought Suzanne right up to Liz's desk. Liz reached out and took hold of one of her nipples and shook her breast. "Nice set," she commented. "You sure can pick 'em, Gil."

"I need my cuffs back," Gil told her.

"Sure," Liz replied. She had a 19", thin computer monitor on her desk and a key board. There was a vidy, a desk pad, a container of pens and a cardboard coffee cup. Liz closed the program she was working on while Gil undid her handcuffs. It felt good to have her hands free.

Liz turned to her. "Sit down in the chair, honey, and don't give me no shit! Understood?"

Suzanne nodded sadly back. There was a steel framed, padded chair right next to Liz's desk. It was facing her. Suzanne sat down in it. She

wanted to use her hands to cover her breasts, but she was too afraid to. Gil said nothing to her but stepped up to an unoccupied desk. He rummaged through her purse and pulled out her Female Classification Card and her pass. He entered his password into the computer and a screen opened up. She heard a banging on the desk next to her.

“Hey, honey, over here!” Liz barked at her. “Look at me! Never mind what ol’ Gil is doing. You’re mine now.”

Startled, Suzanne brought her attention back to the big female officer. She felt tears welling up in her again. She had been deadened by the news that she was going to be detained for 48 hours. But now the reality of that came to her. She was going to be in this woman’s power. She asked herself again, how was it that so many women were eager to help the oppressors? Did they take some special joy in seeing other women shamed and disgraced and despoiled? Was it a case of, “Well, honey, it’s got to be somebody and as long as it’s you, maybe it won’t be me.”

Even autocratic governments need to be mindful of public opinion. The National Governing Board and the DCR were constantly taking polls on public attitudes. In 2035, 75% of women agreed that getting smut off the Feely and off of the streets was an important goal of the government. 45% agreed with the statement that, “It is better for the majority of women that some women be compelled to fulfill men’s sexual needs.” As a result of DRC “attitude campaigns”, the percentage of women who agreed with this statement rose to 65% by 2045. A constant 35-38% of women agreed that men were better qualified to run society. In 2050, 67% agreed with the statement that women who violated the principals of the General Public Order should be severely punished. 75% of women agreed that society was better off having an outlet for men to satisfy their sexual needs. In 2057, only 25% of women agreed with the statement, “The Sexual Service Corps. should be abolished.”¹⁵

And of course, there was a solid 15% of women who agreed with the statement “If given the opportunity, I would like to have a female sex slave.” Liz was clearly within that solid 15%.

“Okay, honey,” Liz instructed Suzanne, “give me your thumb.”

¹⁵ The accuracy of this polling has been challenged. It is argued that the display of attitudes hostile to General Public Order carries such high penalties, especially for women, that many women concealed their true opinions. However, the Princeton School of Submissive Studies developed a multipart 300 question test in 2034 that was designed to root out false answers. Their statistics, developed annually, mirror the findings of the DCR polls. In fact, in 2059 in a PSSS survey, out of 2500 tests of randomly selected females, only 13% agreed with the statement that the Sexual Service Corp. should be abolished. Testees who are found to be giving false answers to the test are punished.

Suzanna reluctantly held out her right hand. Liz proffered her the reader and she put her thumb down on it. Immediately, a file opened on Liz's computer screen.

Liz spent about 10 minutes reading through it. She asked her a few yes or no questions. "You still live at 345 Lexington Court, Marlton?" "It says here that you flunked submissiveness in high school twice and that you had to take a remedial course the summer of your senior year in order to graduate. Is that true?" "According to this you have never had a boyfriend for more than three months. Are you a lez or something?"

Suzanne shook or nodded her head no or yes depending on the question. She was getting sadder and sadder. The police matron asked her if she was a virgin vaginally and anally. She asked her about oral sex and if she had ever performed it. Yes, yes, and no.

After about 15 minutes she said, "Okay, that's that. Let's get you processed."

She stood up and grabbed Suzanne by the arm. She took her over to a photo machine and made her stand in front of it. She eased the tape off of her mouth and told her to look at the camera. "I bet you never had anyone take a picture of your tits before," she taunted her. Pictures were taken front and sideways. Suzanne cringed at the fact that there would now be a picture of her bare breasts in her data file. Police data files were routinely shared with schools and employers. Moreover, her school Reliability Officer would know of her arrest in the morning. Depending on what she was charged with, she might get thrown out of school.

The machine spat out a band. Liz peeled the backer off of it and put it around her right wrist. It had her new police department identification number on it and a bar code. When she was done taking the pictures she told Suzanne to turn around. She reached in a cabinet and took hold of her right wrist and pulled it behind her. Suzanne heard a 'whrrrrrr,' and something closed around her wrist. It was soft, but held onto her wrist tightly. Liz brought her other wrist back and performed the same procedure with it. There was a 'whrrrrrr,' and her left wrist was captured. The model T55 restraint was too bulky to be carried by officers in the field. It had two padded manacles and self-closed on the subject's wrist until a satisfactory compression was reached so that it couldn't be slipped off. It held the subject's wrists palm to palm about 4" apart.

She made Suzanna turn around again. She held a device up to her face and told her to spread her lips. Suzanne complied and a momentary light flashed into her mouth. Liz brought the device over to another machine on a counter nearby and docked the device into it. The machine

‘whrrrrrrrd’ for about 20 seconds. Liz opened the cover of the machine and drew something out. It fit neatly in the palm of her hand. She brought it over to Suzanne and told her to, “Open up.”

Reluctantly, Suzanne opened her mouth. Liz pressed the object against her teeth, and, with some force, the object popped right in.

Suzanne whined. The object was just the size of the inside of her mouth, filling it completely. It jammed her tongue down and reached all the way to the back. It spread her lips widely.”...eeeeeeeeee ...ohhhhhhhhn ...oooouuuu ...issssss!” Suzanne tried to plead. Now she was crying.

The matron grabbed a nipple and twisted it, making Suzanne groan. “I guess you’re pretty stupid!” she growled at her. “We don’t want to hear nothing from you! Don’t you get it? Make another sound like that and I’ll put you down for some discipline, you hear!”

Suzanne nodded vociferously. She wouldn’t utter another sound.

Liz went to what looked like a clothes tree and pulled off a chain. It had a bracelet on one end and a leather handle on the other. She put the bracelet around Suzanne’s neck.

“Okay,” she said, “let’s put you beddy bye.”

A wave of woefulness passed through her. Her detention had seemed something vague and ominous, but now she realized that it was to become a reality. Almost nonchalantly, Liz took a black hood from a drawer and draped it over her head. Everything went black.

She felt a tug on the leash and she dutifully moved forward. She had to shuffle along due to the chain that was still on her ankles. She heard a door clang and they went through it. She was brought forward about 15’ and they stood there for a moment. She heard an elevator door open and she was dragged inside. The door closed and the elevator began to descend. It seemed to go on for a long time. When the elevator door opened again, she was pulled out. She was walked down a long corridor and another steel-like door opened. She was brought inside.

She realized that she was in a large room. There were echoes of women’s voices. There was a loud, ‘clang’, like the sound of a prison cell door closing. She heard the faint sound of female weeping. They walked another 30’ or so. A woman’s voice called out merrily, “Hey Liz, you’ve brought me another guest!”

“A real beaut,” Liz answered. “Get a load of them tits.”

Suzanne heard the sound of a chair scraping on the floor. Someone came up in front of her. Two hands grabbed her breasts and squeezed them harshly. She tried to pull away. The hands went down to her nipples

and took hold of them, twisting them. She screeched.

“Don’t you back away from me, you stupid cunt!” the voice said.

Suzanne stood perfectly still. The hands, to her great chagrin, massaged and mauled her breasts. “Just look at them puppies,” the voice said. Suzanne felt herself on the verge of breaking out into sobs.

She didn’t though. She just stood there in the darkness and took it. It was not just that she wanted to be strong. She didn’t want to be known as a trouble maker. She had a feeling that whoever the woman was who was playing with her breasts, she could make her life hell if she wanted.

Finally, the woman released them. She was dragged a short distance and turned around. Something was put up to her right wrist and she heard it beep three times. She was being logged in.

“Okay, I got her Liz,” the unknown woman said.

“See you later,” Liz replied. “The sarge told me that we got a couple of recalcitrants coming in later.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. They were found sucking pussy in some dirtbag motel.”

The other woman laughed. “I guess I’ll make their acquaintance real soon,” she said snidely.

“Save some for me,” Liz replied.

She heard Liz leaving. A second later, she heard the clang of the steel door and heard it bang shut and clang again. The noises echoed through the room. The viddy on the desk of the lady who had taken custody of her went off. Suzanne heard her chair scrape as she sat down to take it.

“Hello, Sherrie, it’s Mama,” she heard the voice state.

“Mama, what’s up?” Sherrie answered. They proceeded to have a long mother/daughter conversation. Mama wanted Sherrie to stop at the store on the way home. Maribel was pregnant again. The repairman had come by to look at their hot water heater, but said that it was shot and they needed a new one. Sherrie told Mama that she had been approved for a promotion of a pay grade. She said that they were very busy and that she had a couple of ‘packages’ to get ready before she went off shift so she would be late.

Suzanne just stood there. She felt Sherrie’s eyes wandering over her breasts and a chill went through her. She could only speculate what ‘packages’ meant, but she assumed that it meant girls who had been convicted as New Society Program offenders and were being shipped out as newly minted MR’s. It made her stomach turn sour to think of it.

Finally, after about 20 minutes, Sherrie and Mama rang off. All the

while, she stood there in the darkness of her hood, swaying and miserable. Suzanne wondered if there were really 'packages' to be sent out or whether Sherrie wanted time to play with the recalcitrant girls who had been arrested. She guessed that being arrested as a recalcitrant was just as good as being convicted, especially if you were found in bed with another woman.

There was the scrape of Sherrie's chair on cement. A second later, Sherrie was at her side. Liz had left her leash on and it had been dangling between her breasts. Sherrie gave it a yank and propelled Suzanne forward.

They walked for about 100' and then made a turn to the right. Suzanne could hear women crying from time to time. Her high heeled sandals made loud clicking sounds on the cement floor. There was a loud, 'whoosh!' which she assumed was the sound of a toilet flushing. After about 20', they made a turn to the right again. They walked down about 50' or so and they stopped. Suzanne heard a 'clang!', and the sound of a moving cell door.

"Here we are, honey," Sherrie said. She took the leash from around her neck and removed her hood. Suzanne saw that she was in the middle of a cell block. The cells were small, about 8' wide and about 12' deep. Some were empty, but others had young women in them. Some of the young women looked up to see who was there. Others did not. There were about 10 cells in front of her and across the way. The cells looked dirty. They were lit by a single, soft, overhead light covered by a steel screen. On the left was a long steel bed, if you wanted to call it that, covered with a very thin, green mat. There was a small pillow at the opposite end from the door. Next to the 'bed', at the far end of the cell was a steel toilet.

Suzanne looked at Sherrie. She was about 5'11", broad shouldered and had what looked like fuzzy reddish hair. Like Liz, she was big breasted and probably wouldn't have to worry about showing them to anybody either. Her nose looked like it had been broken. Her skin was pasty white.

She bent down and removed the shackles around her ankles. Suzanne was glad for that small mercy. What she didn't like was when Sherrie put her hands under her miniskirt and pulled her underwear down to her knees, and then down her legs. She lifted each of her feet and drew them past them.

She stood up straight. Suzanne's face must have been recording her dismay because Sherrie patted her on her cheek and told her, "Honey,

you're going to be in there a while and you can't pee with your panties on, now can you?"

Suzanne sadly shook her head.

Sherrie took her arm and escorted her into the cell. She immediately stepped out and the steel bars slid closed with a 'clang'. Suzanne looked out at her through them. Sherrie didn't look back at her, but was retrieving the leash and the shackles which she had left on the floor. She picked them up, gave Suzanne a disinterested glance and left.

A wave of misery flowed through her. "How did I ever get here?" she asked no one piteously. She had hoped that her hands would be released and the gag removed when she got to her cell. But that was clearly not the case. She was going to spend hours and hours and hours this way.

She looked across from her. There was about 15' dividing her from the cells across the way. A young blond girl was sitting up on her bed, looking at her. She was bare breasted. The lighting was so dim that she could barely make her out. Apparently, Suzanne didn't hold much interest for her because she turned around and lay down on her belly. Suzanne could make out the device that held her hands behind her. She was wearing a dark blue miniskirt that rode up her rear end, indicating her lack of panties.

Suzanne looked about her cell, taking stock. She looked at the toilet. She did have to pee, but how was she going to wipe herself? She saw a little stand. It was in the shape of an upside down 'V'. The top was covered by a dirty rag that had once been white. It was just at the right level so that if she straddled it, she could rub her pussy on it. "No way!" she thought unhappily. She would rather endure a smelly pussy and whatever rash she would get.

She went over to the toilet. She sat down and released a long stream of pee. She had had three cups of coffee at Sylvia's and it was going through her. She waited until she hoped that every last drop had fallen into the bowl beneath her. As she was standing back up, she wondered how she was ever going to flush it, but it automatically, "whooshed!" and all the water was whisked away. It almost embarrassed her how loud the noise was. But then she thought that all the other girls would have to pee sooner or later too.

She looked down at the steel platform with the pad on it. It didn't look too inviting. She thought of her soft, comfortable bed waiting at home. And then she thought about Peter and Cindy, his wife. They would be worried sick. Sex crimes were way down due to the brothel system,

but it did happen. If the victim could prove that she had not 'enticed' it, the perpetrator would be prosecuted and his sex facility rights suspended for up to a year. If not, it would be treated as an unauthorized sexual act and the girl could be charged. Suzanne often wondered if sex crimes were really down or if women just didn't report them.

All the woe she had been experiencing all came back to her at once. She had held back from sobbing, but now she broke out into sobs uncontrollably. She sat down on the platform and just let it go. She realized that there was almost certainly an observation camera on her, but she didn't care. She just needed to release her misery somehow.

Being arrested was for other girls. Miranda Dotoli had been arrested for an unauthorized sexual act about a year ago. She had been in her class in high school. She spent 45 days in a Disciplinary Sexual Service Center in Midvale. She never talked about it, but after that she never was as joyful and friendly as she had been before. She had been thrown out of her house when she was released and couldn't find anyone to be her RM. The guy who she had slept with didn't want anything to do with her after she had been whored out for 45 days. And that didn't include the two week 'training'. She had to put her name in the Unsupervised Females Pool, (UFP). Some 50 year old guy won the bid on her and she had had to move in with him. He let her go back to college for a while, but then changed his mind and made her stay home. They moved away about 3 months later and Suzanne hadn't heard from her since then.

Is that was that was going to happen to her? She had an out of date pass and that cop had said that she was lying to him, which she definitely was. And what if they found that Betty Friedan book in her trunk? What kind of sentence would she get for that? She knew that Peter wouldn't throw her out if she was sent to a DSSC, but everybody in school would know. And she would have to fuck all those men!

She recovered herself after about five minutes. She wondered what time it was. It had been about 11:30 when the cop had stopped her. It was about 3 hours later now. That sergeant had said that Det. Snyder wouldn't be in until 10 the next morning. She assumed he would be interviewing her. So she would have to spend at least 7 more hours in her cell. She looked at the pillow at the end of the platform. She wondered how many heads had laid on it. Her rational self told her that she would need as much sleep as she could get so she could be alert and on her toes during her interrogation.

She crawled up on the bed. She had to adjust herself so that her miniskirt wouldn't ride up on her bare ass like it had for the other girl.

She laid belly down on the bed, her face turned to the wall. She closed her eyes. She writhed her bound hands behind her and squeezed the lump of rubber in her mouth. "Please, please, please get me out of here!" she prayed. Weariness engulfed her and she fell to sleep.

* * * * *

She awoke to a violent sobbing out in the corridor. She heard what she recognized as Sherrie's voice yelling, "Cut the shit, bitch!" There was the sound of a loud slap and more sobbing. Suzanne crawled off of her bed and rushed to the bars of her little cell. The blond girl across the way was at hers and she gave her a nervous look. Suzanne couldn't see very far down the corridor, but she thought she saw a cell door open about three doors down from her and on the opposite side. There was a hulk in the cell door opening.

"Don't tell me you don't know how to lick a cunt, bitch!" the voice screamed. There was more sobbing and a young women's voice said, "Please! Please!"

There was another 'crack! ' and another squeal. "Just shut the fuck up and get to work!" Sherrie screamed.

And then there was silence for a little while. Then she heard Officer Sherrie's voice again. "Oh, yeah! That's it cunt! That's it! Give it a good suckle! Yeah! Yeah!"

Her voice went on like that for a while. Then it seemed to get more excited. "Oh fuck me! Oh fuck me! Oh, motherfucker! Yeah! Keep going! Faster! Faster! Oh, yeah! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

At that point Officer Sherrie's voice lowered to a hum. It went on for a little while. "That's it," she said more calmly. "Lick it clean."

A few moments later, the matron's voice said, "Open your fucking mouth!" An instant later there was the sound of a moan. She saw Officer Sherrie come out of the cell. She was tucking her uniform shirt into her pants. She turned and fastened the belt. The cell door slammed shut. Officer Sherrie stared in.

"Next time, if you give me any shit I'll beat your brains in, cunt! You're going to be here for a couple of days and until you leave, I'm your daddy!"

She saw Officer Sherrie move off. There was moaning and sobbing from the cell. Suzanne shook in fear. "That poor girl," she thought sadly. And then she thought, "Is that what's going to happen to me if I get declared MR?" She shuddered at the thought.

She went back to lie on her bed facedown. She didn't fall asleep for the longest time.

She awoke sometime later with a harsh noise going off in her head. She jumped and tried to turn over. She immediately felt a sharp pain in her back as she leaned on her wrists' confinement. She rolled back and swung her legs off of the bed. She immediately remembered where she was. She saw the girl across the way from her standing by her cell door.

After a minute or so, the ringing stopped. She looked around and there were a couple of other girls she could see on the other side standing at their cell doors as well. Something was going to happen. She was afraid to find out what it was. She stood there and waited.

About 2 minutes later, a cart came down the corridor and stopped in front of her cell. There was a middle sized Hispanic girl there. She wore the blue of the DCR Police. The cart was about 8' long and 5' high. It had shelves with containers on it. The girl abandoned the cart and went to the beginning of the corridor. She came down both sides opening a little gate at the bottom of the cell door on each cell. As she did, the girl in the cell knelt and stuck her head out of it. The Hispanic girl came up to her cell and opened the gate. "Get down on your fucking knees if you want to eat," she snapped at her, and then moved on.

Suzanne only had to think about it for a moment. She was starving. She knelt and eased her neck out through the opening. It was just wide enough for her head. Her shoulders jammed up against the bars.

The Hispanic girl came around again. She was of medium build and seemed much younger than Officer Liz or Officer Sherrie. She had an attractive, even friendly face. She came down the line of cells and slid a panel behind each girl's head. When she did Suzanne's she found that she could no longer ease her head out of the gateway. On the back part of the cart were little plastic stools all stacked up on each other. She took out a stack and dropped one at each cell that had a head coming out of it. When she dropped it in front of Suzanne she saw that it was about 2' high. Just high enough for her to lower her face to it.

Then, one by one, the Hispanic guard brought a covered bowl to each girl and placed it on the stool. She reached to their mouths and pulled out their rubber gags, not without some difficulty, making their heads jolt. She put the gag down on the stool and then moved on. None of the girls started eating yet. She brought a bowl over to Suzanne and yanked out her gag, making her squeal. The pot below her was still covered.

The girl came down the line once more and collected the pot lids.

When she had them all, she stood in the middle and looked at everyone. She had an amused look on her face. "Okay, eat!" she said merrily.

Suzanne looked down. The bowl was just wide enough for her to stick her face into it. It was filled with a steaming mush. Her stomach revolted against eating it, but she realized that she didn't know when she would get to eat again. She felt so demeaned that it made her body turn sour. Nonetheless, she lowered her head to the mess and started to eat.

It was some kind of pasty glop. There were lumps in it of god knew what. It had a strange aftertaste. She nearly broke out into tears. But she held herself in and ate as fast as she could. There was no telling how long the guard would give them. It was good that she did since she was just licking up the remnants when she said, "Okay, that's it! Heads up!"

All the women raised their heads. Suzanne noticed that the girl who had been assaulted by Sherrie last night hadn't come out. "You'll be sorry," she couldn't help thinking.

The guard then came down the line with a pitcher. She poured about a pint of milk into each bowl. Suzanne waited for the signal. Not only was she thirsty, she couldn't wait to get the taste of the farina or whatever it was out of her mouth. The guard had to use several pitchers to get all the bowls full. Then she stood in the middle of the corridor and said, "Okay. Go get it!"

Suzanne and the eight or nine other young women who she could see dipped their heads into the bowls and started drinking. Suzanne had feared that it would be gross and sour, but it was fresh and cool. She lapped up all she could. The guard gave them the signal to stop and then retrieved all the bowls. Before she lifted the bowl off of the stool, she put the rubber balls that had been in each girl's mouth back in place. Suzanne moaned unhappily when hers was restored. The woman noticed it. She stopped and gave Suzanne several hard pats on her face. "Let's keep that kind of shit to ourselves, shall we?" she said ominously. Suzanne almost broke out into tears.

After she retrieved all the plastic stools, she went down the line with a wet cloth and cleaned off all of their faces. She went to each cell, pulled out the wooden sheath that had kept their heads in place and pushed their heads back in, locking the gate again. When all the women were completely back in their cells, she turned the cart around and went back the way she had come without comment.

Suzanne knelt there for a while shamed and humiliated. She wondered fretfully how many more indignities she was going to have to suffer. Her stomach was full, and that was good. But, frankly, she felt

like heaving the whole mess. When she heard several toilets flushing, she realized that she had to pee as well. She went to the toilet, released her water. She avoided the grimy little pad again.

For a while, she just sat on her bunk. There were some echoes of things happening all around her, the clanging of cell doors, women's loud voices, presumably the guards, toilets flushing and the occasional faint sob of a female in distress. She got bored with that and laid down on her belly on her bunk and tried to get some more sleep. The constant worry in her mind prevented that. A cell door opened in her corridor. She went to the cell door and looked out. A tall brunette, naked but for her miniskirt, had been led out of the cell. There were manacles connecting her ankles. A large black female guard was placing a hood over her head. The girl was whimpering. The guard connected a leash to her neck and pulled her away.

Suzanne noted that the brunette still had on her red high heeled shoes, just as she still had on her sandals. They had woken her several times during the night as she kicked herself with them. She had thought of kicking them off, but she was afraid that she would be violating some regulation. The blond girl across the way was at her cell door too. She just looked at Suzanne sadly and went back to her bunk. She was wearing a pair of red high heels.

It was several hours when the African American guard came back for her. Ominously, the brunette had still not been returned. Suzanne stood in the corridor as the chain was placed back on her ankles and the hood restored to her head. She was shaking like a leaf when the guard put the collar from the leash around her throat. A chill went through her as she was walked down the corridor, around the two corners, and up to the reception desk. Someone put something next to her wrist and it beeped three times. Her departure from the cell block was being recorded.

They went up the elevator and through another steel door. She was marched for a while. She could tell that she was in the area where all the desks were from yesterday. She was brought to a door, it opened and she was pulled through. She was brought a short distance and stopped. The guard turned her around and removed the cuffing mechanism from her wrists. The leash was removed from her neck and she was forced to sit down on a bench. Something else went around her neck and was locked in place. The hood was whipped off of her head.

She was in one of the conference rooms. She could see the officers out in the desk area. The floor was of dirty, scratched yellowish vinyl tiles. The wall to her left was whitewashed brick. There were no

windows. Light was coming from double fluorescent fixtures in parallel on the ceiling.

To the side of the room, on her left hand side, there was a wooden table. It looked like it once had been stained maple, but the stain had been rubbed down practically to the bare wood in most places. The table was rectangular, about 6' by 4'.

Sitting at the head of the table was an older man, maybe in his late forties or early fifties. He had grey and black hair with a halfhearted part on the left side. His hair was a little longer than you would see on most men his age. It seemed less by design than from the fact that he disdained haircuts. He wasn't heavysset, but he was bulky and looked as if he stood he would be about 5'10" or 5'11". He was wearing a white, short sleeved dress shirt. His top button was open and his clip-on tie was lying on the table. He certainly didn't look friendly, but he didn't look overly mean either. Her pocketbook was next to him. Everything had been taken out and placed in little piles. The history book that had been in her car was on the table as well as the Dick Straight novel. The man was looking at her celly. He didn't look up at her or seem to notice her at all. Next to him was a CPad. Something was on the screen, but she couldn't see what it was.

And, to her everlasting dismay, the box from her trunk was there as well.

The man remained silent for a while. Finally, he looked up at her. He showed her her celly. There was a picture of her friend, Gail, on the screen. It had been taken when she was in Florida last year. She was in a bikini and it showed her off very well.

"Is this a friend of yours?" the man asked.

Suzanne wasn't sure what he was after. Surely Gail wasn't in trouble too? She had just gotten married and was on her honeymoon. Her husband Nick was a really nice guy. He had tried to get her interested in his brother Luis. Suzanne had turned him down. But there was no sense in lying. Why else would she have her picture on her celly?

She nodded carefully, yes.

"She's a beaut," the man responded. "Does she live around here?"

Now Suzanne was really scared. She didn't want to get Gail in trouble. But they would find out anyway. They had everybody's picture on file and even the most outdated, simple facial recognition program would identify her. She nodded, yes again.

The man turned the phone back to himself. He pressed the play button. Gail's happy voice came out of the celly. "Hi, Suzanne!" it said

happily. "Hope you're not too cold up there. It's 83 degrees here."

A man's voice came on that was indistinct. "Oh, Nick says hello too!" And then she said to Nick, "Show her the beach, honey."

The camera panned. It showed an almost snowy white beach. There were bunches of people on it all seemingly having fun. The water was azure. It was a bright sunny day. The camera panned back to Gail. Suzanne had watched the viddy a million times.

"We haven't seen much of the beach, actually," Gail said, smirking. "We've been too busy studying the sayings of the Blessed Leader up in our room, if you know what I mean." And then confidentially to the camera. "You don't know what you're missing, Suzy. When I come back we've got to get you laid!"

Nick's voice came on again. You couldn't hear what he said.

"Nick!" Gail burst out. "Don't say those things! Or I won't do you know what again!" Gail laughed. She looked at the camera again. "I think we're going to go back up to our room and study the Blessed Leader some more," she said, laughing. "Talk to you soon!"

The viddy went off.

"Cute girl," the man said. "She ought to watch what she says about the Blessed Leader, though," he continued. "Somebody might get the wrong idea."

Suzanne looked at him unhappily.

"Oh, don't worry," the man said. "Not from me. I don't care if she has her little joke. Somebody else might not take it the same way, though."

He looked at the picture for another moment or two. "I'd like to get those lips round my pole," he said. "It gives me a hard on just thinking about it."

He put the phone down. "I'm Detective Snyder," he said almost warmly. "I'm here to do your Section 327b interview. Do you know what that is?" he asked.

Suzanne shook her head.

"I'm supposed to find out if you're ideologically suspect," he said by way of explanation. "Don't worry, I'm not going to cross examine you or try and beat a confession out of you. That's not how it works. We're just going to have a little chat. Okay?"

Suzanne felt like bursting out sobbing, but she kept her calm. She nodded her head. "And what if I said no?" she wondered briefly.

The detective stood up. "Don't be afraid," he said. "I'm just going to take out your gag. You can't do too much talking with that in, can you?"

Suzanne shook her head dourly. The man approached her. "Sorry," he said. "This takes a little effort."

He placed one of his hands on her forehead and he grabbed the little tab on the end of the rubber construction in her mouth. He gave it a little tug, and then a little stronger, and then stronger still, and it popped out.

"There you go," he said as if he had made some great achievement. "I don't think we need this either," he said as he undid the collar around her neck. "You're not going anywhere are you?" he asked playfully. Suzanne gave him a sad little shrug.

He went back to the table, tossing the gag ball onto it. He reached into the box. Suzanne's heart almost stopped. He pulled and sorted at what was inside and pulled out something out. He tossed it to her.

"Here, put this on," he said.

It was one of her old t-shirts. She looked at him for a moment and then hurriedly adorned herself with it. It was red and had a picture of a colorful sunset on the front. It was from a mountain trip she had taken with Peter and Cindy shortly after they got married. It didn't really fit her anymore. She had been 16. Her breasts pushed against it and it only came down to an inch or so away from the top of her skirt. But it was better than nothing. Much better.

"Feel better?" the detective asked.

She nodded her head.

"You can talk, can't you?" he teased her with a slight smile. She nodded her head again. He was standing about five feet away from her. She could smell his cologne. Like most men who used cologne, he used too much. He waited for an answer.

"Y-yes, sir," Suzanne replied unsteadily.

"Good," he returned. "It wouldn't be much of an interview if you didn't do any talking, would it?"

"N-no, sir," she eked out.

There were two cardboard cups on the table with lids on them. He picked one up. "Here, I got you a cup of coffee. Milk and 2 sugars, right?" he asked.

She looked at him warily. He laughed. "Well, we've got a record of every cup of coffee you ever bought," he explained. "I did a little calculation. Four hundred coffees with milk and 2 sugars within the last two years."

Suzanne was dismayed. It was like she thought. They had a record of every time she burped. She nodded her head though. The idea of a cup of coffee sounded wonderful. He brought one over to her and took off the

lid. He went back to the table and took up the other cup and removed the lid to that one.

“Plain black,” he told her. “It’s from my time in the army. We never had milk or sugar, but we always had a lot of coffee.”

This news made Suzanne wary. Only guys who were acceptable ideologically got into the army. Especially 20 or so years ago, when the revolution had only been over for a little while. And he was old enough, he might have even been in some of the battles that took place in 2025. The army had not been too particular about who they summarily executed back then. Her father, who had lived through it, had told her all about it. You wouldn’t find it in the history books though.

He sat down and took a sip. Then he spoke to Suzanne again. “Listen,” he said, “I don’t want to alarm you, but you’re in more than a little bit of trouble.”

Suzanne was in the middle of a sip of her coffee. She pulled it away from her mouth. Her heart was sinking and her stomach turned over.

“I’m telling you that not to scare you, but to let you know how important it is to be completely truthful with me. And by truthful I mean completely truthful. Nothing halfway. And you should be warned, we know a lot about you already, as you might imagine.”

Her hand began to shake. She had to take the coffee cup in two hands.

“Calm down, Suzy, you don’t mind if I call you Suzy, do you?”

Her eyes were welling up with tears. She shook her head no.

“I need you to answer me verbally, Suzy. We can’t have much of a conversation if you just nod and shake your head, can we?”

“N-no, sir,” she replied timidly.

“So, do you mind if I call you Suzy?”

“N-no, sir,” she answered haltingly.

“No, sir, what?”

Suzanne reached way down for this one. “N-no sir, I d-don’t mind if you call me Suzy.”

“Does everyone at school call you Suzy?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she answered. And then she thought about it. “Except the professors,” she corrected herself.

“Very good, Suzy,” the detective responded. “That’s exactly what I mean. Not just truthful, but fully truthful. Now what are you studying?”

“Political philosophy,” she answered.

“A dangerous field. What made you want to study that?”

“J-just to find out how everything works,” she replied.

“I guess a lot of us would like to know that,” he said, chuckling. “Do you think that we’ll ever find out the Blessed Leader’s true name?”

“I don’t know,” she replied with a slight whine in her voice.

“Do you think that we should know more about what goes on in the government, Suzy?”

She realized that this was a loaded question. Criticizing the government was not a very healthy sport. “N-no,” she answered timidly.

“Now that’s just what I mean, Suzy,” the detective said. “I’ve read your Poly Sci final exam. It’s right here on the computer. Let me read you an excerpt.”

‘In conclusion, the healthiest society is where truth and forthrightness is of paramount importance. The Blessed Leader and the National Governing Board would do better if they more freely released information on how the government works and how decisions are made. In this way, the brothers and sisters could better understand the policies of the nation and act in support of them.’

“You wrote that, didn’t you Suzy?”

Her throat was dry. She needed to wet it before she spoke. Also, she had to think carefully about what she said. She took a sip of coffee. It tasted good. Her hand was shaking.

“Y-yes,” she said when she had swallowed.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I wrote that, sir.”

“Well, it’s not very consistent with what you just told me is it?”

She paused before she answered. “I-I didn’t mean it as a criticism of the government,” she said hastily. “Just as something that could be done better.”

“Do you think that the government is doing a poor job of communicating with the public?” he asked.

“N-no,” she replied.

‘But that’s what you imply in your paper, don’t you?’

She had to concede it. “Y-yes, sir,” she answered.

“Yes, what?” he demanded, his voice a little stern.

Her heart was beating wildly. “I-I mean it could be read that way. That’s not the way I meant it.”

“Here’s from a History of the Revolution paper.”

‘Not enough is known about the forces which led to the Blessed Coup in which the legally constituted authority was swept aside. It is not clear why the Faith in God Party could not have acceded to power through legitimate means.’

“That’s what you said, right?”

It sounded so much worse than when she wrote it. She didn’t know what to say. The detective spoke first, before she could answer.

“I mean, you’re questioning the judgment of the Faith in God Party, aren’t you? You’re saying that it would have been better for democracy to take its course. That means that you’re saying that democracy is better than the government we now have, aren’t you?”

“N-nooooooooo!” Suzanne whined. “That’s not what I meant. I was just curious. I wanted it explained. I’m sure that they had perfectly good reasons.”

“And do you think that you have the right to make the government explain itself? Does the Faith in God Party answer to Suzanne Wright?”

She started to sob. She dropped the cup of coffee. It cascaded across the floor.

“Woah!” Detective Snyder exclaimed. “Don’t get so upset! We’re just talking, remember? We’re trying to get to the truth. Crying doesn’t change anything. And if I’m going to help you, I need to know the truth, don’t I?”

She nodded her head. She couldn’t speak. The detective had led her right into a trap.

“Listen,” he said, “I’m going to get someone to clean up this mess. While I’m gone, you just try and relax,” he told her.

He got up from his chair. She noted that he had her gag in his hand.

“Open up,” he told her. She opened her mouth obediently but her crying intensified. The detective knelt down in front of her.

“Listen, Suzy, it’s regulations. I can’t leave you alone without putting your gag back in, understand? It doesn’t mean anything.” He stroked her hair. She nodded through her tears. He proffered her the gag again and she spread her lips. He pushed it in past her teeth. He reached behind her and reattached the chain around her neck. Then he brought up a set of manacles attached to the bottom of the bench. It came up between her legs. He took her right wrist and gently locked it in place. Then he did the left. Then he patted her on the head again. “I’ll be back in a jiffy,” he told her.

He left the room. A few moments later a janitor came in with a

bucket and a mop. He was maybe 70 years old or so. He barely gave her a look. He swiped the floor with the damp mop and gathered up the spilled coffee. It took him all of two or three minutes. Then he took his mop and bucket out of the room again.

Detective Snyder did not come back for a while. She just sat there in high anxiety. Why had she been so outspoken? Why didn't she just toe the line like everybody else?

Police officers came and went in the main room. Some of them looked up at her, some did not. "At least my breasts aren't hanging all out anymore," she thought. Gil, the officer who arrested her came by and peered at her through the window for a long time. It made her squirm. He hadn't gotten his blow job yet. It made her stomach queasy. Last night they had had the recalcitrant girls. Would they have somebody else tonight? If not, was she his next target? Would she still be here tonight? At the current rate, she might be here for a long, long time.

The officer left. She moved and pulled self-consciously at her wrists. It was so terrible to be confined. She wanted the detective to come back and free her. She extended the neck chain as far as it would go, which was not very far. She shuffled in her seat. She had almost forgotten that she wasn't wearing underwear. It made her want to pull her skirt down. But she could barely reach the hem with her bound hands. She looked up and saw the bare breasted brunette she had seen taken from her cell downstairs be led past her window by a gruff looking male officer. She was hooded. She wondered fretfully where he was taking her.

It was about 20 minutes later when Detective Snyder came back. When he came into the room he was holding a paper cup.

"Sorry I was so long," he apologized. "My lieutenant wanted to talk to me. Not about you. About some other stuff. As I'm sure you've seen, we're very busy. He's always after me to clear cases. But I like to take my time, like with you. Besides, Suzy, I like you and want to help you. You believe me, don't you?"

She wasn't sure. She wanted to believe him. But if he wanted to help her, why did he keep bringing up this stuff? Why was he playing cat and mouse with her? She decided to nod yes. Maybe saying it would make it true.

He tousled her blond hair. "Good girl," he told her.

He put the cup down on the bench next to her and he drew the gag back out of her mouth. He picked up the cup. It was filled with water.

"Drink this down, Suzy, it'll make you feel better," he told her.

He held the cup to her lips and began pouring it. She drank it

greedily. Some spilled on her t-shirt. He got a paper towel from the table and came back and tried to dry it. He made her breasts bob and weave. She couldn't move her hands to stop him. He stood up and patted her on the head again. He did not release her wrists or her neck.

He sat down at the table.

"So," he said, "where we left off was that you clearly believe that it's wrong for the government to hide things. We've established that, haven't we?"

Suzanne sadly nodded yes.

"Speak up, Suzy," he told her.

"Y-yes," she said miserably.

"Yes, what?"

Her face formed into a frown. "Yes, I think it's wrong for the government to hide things."

"Good, good, we're making progress. It's good for you to be honest. A lot of people think the same way," he told her. "It's not a hanging offense. The real question is whether we do anything about it, isn't it, Suzy?"

"Y-yes," she said miserably. She felt like the interrogation had passed into a different, more dangerous phase. The fact that he left her confined did not portend anything good.

"Which brings us to this book," he said, lifting the Dick Straight novel. "Now don't bullshit me. It's a stinking pile of trash, isn't it?"

"Y-yes," she replied.

"It's not like anything you've read in school, is it?"

"N-no," she answered.

"But that's mostly old stuff, eighteenth and nineteenth century literature. Emily Bronte, Middlemarch, Dickens. That sort of stuff. Right?"

"Y-yes," Suzanne replied.

"What's your favorite Dickens novel?" he asked as if out of the blue.

She had to give it some thought. Which one was the least offensive? Surely not a Tale of Two Cities. They hadn't read that one in class. It was banned. Her father had had a copy in his library and he had let her read it before he and her mother were killed in an automobile accident. Peter had been horrified at some of the books that were in his library. He didn't want to throw them out though. They were in boxes in his basement. If he DCR ever found out about them, it would be a big problem. He wouldn't even let her read any of them even if she promised to keep them in the basement.

The detective was waiting. "David Copperfield," she blurted out.

"David Copperfield?" the detective asked. "I thought that that was good too, except that rebelling against authority thing in the beginning. I thought that the stepfather thing was a little bit off, though. He was a cruel bastard, but the mother was coddling him. Something we don't allow today. The stepfather got him a start in the world. It's a lot more than some stepfathers do. And it made him strong and industrious, things that held him in good stead at the end of the book, no?"

"Y-yes, sir," she said carefully. That's not what she thought at all.

"And to show you he was right about the mother, she just seemed to fade away and die off. It's a good thing she didn't get to raise little David."

He took a sip of his coffee. "My favorite is Oliver Twist," he said. "If the law thinks that, the law is a ass." He laughed.

Suzy didn't find it amusing. But it was strange to find out that DCR detectives read Charles Dickens.

"Do you believe that, Suzy? Do you believe that the law is a ass?"

She sprung into alertness. "N-no, sir, I don't think that!" she said urgently.

"Well you must have thought that Officer Nutley was an ass if you thought he would believe that your book club was reading 'The Thrill of Danger' by Dick Straight," he said. It wasn't a question. It was a comment.

Suzanne remained silent. She felt a chill all over her body.

"You don't have to answer that," Detective Snyder said. "I don't want you to get into any more trouble. You're in enough as it is. But you have to admit that 'The Thrill of Danger' is crap, don't you?"

"Y-yes, sir," she admitted fearfully.

"Don't whisper it, shout it out. 'The Thrill of Danger' is crap! 'Go ahead, yell it!'"

She looked at him oddly.

"Come on," he said, grinning. "This is your chance to be a literary critic. Shout it out! Now!"

She was too frightened to disobey him. "'The Thrill of Danger' is crap!" she called out as loud as she thought safe.

"No! Louder! Louder! 'The Thrill of Danger' is Crap!" he was practically shouting.

"The 'Thrill of Danger' is crap!" she exclaimed a little louder.

"Louder!" he shouted.

"The 'Thrill of Danger' is crap!" she yelled.

“No, you can do better than that! Louder! Louder!”

“The ‘Thrill of Danger’ is Crap! The ‘Thrill of Danger’ is crap! The ‘Thrill of Danger’ is crap!” she yelled as loud as she could. It felt so good. The detective was beaming.

“Good! Good!” he said. “Now tell me honestly. You weren’t reading this for your book club were you?”

Suzanne pulled herself short. She started to tremble. She would be admitting that she had lied. It was a serious offense. But, she couldn’t deny it now, not after shouting out so loud what a crap book it was. She started crying. “No! No! We weren’t reading it!” she confessed loudly. She started to sob.

“So if you weren’t reading ‘The Thrill of Danger’, you were doing something else, weren’t you Suzy? Something you had to lie about.”

“Yes! Yes!” she exclaimed. All was lost, lost, lost!

“Okay, that’s all for now, Suzy. I’ve got some other things that I’ve got to do. We’ll talk some more later.”

He got up from his seat. He came over and released her hands and her neck. “Take off the t-shirt,” he told her coldly.

She looked up at him. Her whole body was shaking. She was too scared not to obey him. She reached down and pulled the t-shirt up. She brought it over her head, baring her breasts again, and unhappily handed it to him. He took it over to the table and put it in the box. He came back and relocked her hands between her legs. He reinstalled her gag. He put the collar back around her neck. Then he took the hood she had been wearing, the matron had left it on the bench, and brought it down over her head. She heard him walk to the door. It opened and closed.

CHAPTER SEVEN

CATHERINE'S TALE: PART THREE

Captain Rogers left the new girl to stew for a while. He usually made the rounds first thing. It was important that the PO's knew that he was keeping a close eye. Not just to maintain standards, but as a way of ensuring them that good work would not be unnoticed. He didn't hit all the units in all the pods every morning. He usually visited one PU from each pod, sometimes more, especially if there were new PO's just breaking in.

This morning he was visiting Unit 5, Pod 3. Sgt. Pieter Cslosz was on duty right now as the POIC, (Punishment Officer in Charge). He was Hungarian, now a citizen of the European Federation of States, (EFS).¹⁶ He was over here on a two year exchange with one of their PO's, Gabe Helman. Gabe was working at the EFS Commune de L'acclimation Radicale Féminine, (Commune for Radical Feminine Acclimation, CARF), about 60 kilometers southwest of the small village of Longchaumois, in the French Alps. Gabe had sent back some very interesting reports on new behavioral techniques practiced there. He was slated to give a presentation with viddys of the techniques in use at the Department of Female Correction annual four day conference of senior managers in San Diego next month.

¹⁶ The European Federation of States encompasses the former European Federation countries less Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Greece, Southern Italy and the Balkan states. Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland now constitute the Consolidated Scandinavian Republic. Greece and Southern Italy and the southern Balkan states, Bosnia, Kosovo, Montenegro, Macedonia, Bulgaria and southern Romania are part of the New Ottoman Empire which ranges from Azerbaijan to Tunisia, excluding eastern Libya and Egypt, which are part of the Greater Arabic League. Great Britain, which opted out of the European Federation in 2016, was one of the longest holdout countries during the gender wars following the Global Unity Convention. EFS forces did not overcome final organized British resistance until the Battle of Edinburgh in November, 2029. From between 2027, when the southern portions of the British Isles, including London and Essex, Sussex and Norfolk counties, fell, and 2049, the Subject Territories, as the former Great Britain is now known, was mandated to provide the EFS with 35,000 compelled sexual service workers per annum, in addition to local needs. That was reduced in 2049 to 20,000 in light of the Great Religious Resurgence in the Subject Territories that year. Ireland, which now includes the former North Ireland counties, remains independent and a central hub for international sales of CSW's. Today, 50% of the Subject Territories' annual draft of CSW's are marketed directly through Ireland to the world. Ireland and Israel remain as two of the few countries which do not have an annual CSW draft.

Rogers descended the staff elevator to level two. The elevator is summoned by a thumb scan, a combination thumbprint and DNA reader, which also unlocks all the facility doors. The elevator brought him down to the central area. There were six steel doors. Three led to the 3 Punishment Units, 4, 5 and 6. One led to the infirmary where simple medical issues were resolved, those conditions which can be resolved medically or therapeutically within 5 days, a PO lounge and break room and a small conference room. He thumbed his way into the vestibule for Unit 5. He would be unable to proceed further unless whoever was on duty in Central Control confirmed a visual of him. This security procedure was necessary for exiting the vestibule the other way, back to the common areas. He waved up at the viddy camera and a few seconds later the green light went on. He put his thumb on the scanner and the inner door clanged open.

The penitents were on marching drill. A drum beat was played over the loudspeaker and the penitents, with their wrists bound behind them, were required to march along the perimeter to the unit in a big circle, lifting their knees on each step. They usually marched around two or three hours every training cycle. Sometimes they marched with the unit PO's merely observing them from their lounging chairs. Usually one of the PO's would monitor them with a quirt at the ready, ensuring that proper posture, timing and deportment were maintained.

Holly Evans, one of the female PO's, was walking in the opposite direction of the marching women. She was eying them carefully. Pieter and Russ Greenwald were sitting in lounge chairs drinking coffee. A slim looking penitent was kneeling with her head to the floor and her hindquarters raised with her arms behind her. Since no talking was allowed the PO's communicated with hand and facial gestures similar to American Sign Language. He signed a greeting to Pieter and Russ and inquired about the girl. Pieter signed back that she was due two strokes from her 500 stroke sentence which had been handed down by the judicial officer in her case.

Rodgers stood there admiring the girl's form and admiring the uniformity and discipline of the marching penitents. The boom of the marching beat rang throughout the room. He snapped his fingers down low at the girl. She looked up. He gave her a hand gesture indicating that she should knee up. He studied her for a moment or two. She had an attractive, gentle face, which was downturned because of her prospective punishment. Her breasts were not large, but adequate. Her number was 126 as displayed across her forehead. He took Pieter's CPad and scrolled

to her file. She was from Brattleboro, Vermont. Her name had been Edith Hamilton. She was 33 years old. She had been MR'd directly by a judicial officer in Montpelier and sentenced to 1 year IFC for providing shelter to two REF's trying to escape to Canada. For some reason rumors were always flying around about Canada's much less strict system and girls were constantly fleeing north. The girls were apprehended at the border and under corporal persuasion gave up Edith and three other females who had given them protection and facilitated their flight.

Edith had been rigorously questioned but refused, despite repeated corporal persuasion efforts, to give any names of other ideologically suspect females who had cooperated in and facilitated this new underground railroad. She was 7 months into her sentence. So far her marks were good and he didn't see anything that might delay her release. There was a notation that once released from IFC, she would be brought back to Montpelier for further questioning. If she remained recalcitrant, she would be sent back with a more severe sentence.

She looked up at him with anxious eyes, eyes that were well honed in discerning any nuance which might be interpreted as an order or a criticism. Rodgers held her gaze for a few moments and tapped his foot. She immediately resumed her former position.

They often made girls wait for their punishment. Sometimes the girl was called up just to have her kneel there and speculate fearfully if her strokes were going to be imposed now or later. They would kneel there anxiously and then dash off immediately when signaled to do so to take their place in the rotating line while another girl was called up.

Rogers handed the computer pad back to Pieter and signed him that he wanted to fuck her. Pieter smiled and signed him back that she would be worth his while. He picked out the switch from the whip rack and came to his feet. He stepped near the kneeling female. He snapped his fingers, as Rogers had done, and the girl's head snapped up again. He signaled her to rise once more. He took the red rubber ball out of her mouth and put it in his pocket. He showed her the whip and two fingers. Her face blanched. He tapped his foot and she went back down.

Pieter tapped the icon on his CPad which controlled the drum beat. It stopped. All the marching women came to an immediate halt. He clapped his hands once. They all turned left to face him and the subject of this moment's discipline, standing at strict attention, legs spread, backs arched.

The Hungarian exchange officer stepped back to give himself room to swing. He looked at Rogers, who gave him the nod. Making a wide

arc, Pieter sliced the whip onto the buttocks of the trembling woman. She released a half shriek, half wail. A red line formed where she had been struck. When enduring a whipping, a penitent's gag ball was almost always removed. It was good for the other penitents to hear her reaction to the blow. The interior of the unit, except for the small circle in the middle where there was a circular red mat, was all cement and stone and so her squeals of unhappiness would echo through the chamber.

Pieter waited before administering the second stroke. You didn't want to administer blows too close together because the strokes would kind of meld and the pain would overlap. But you didn't want to wait too long in which case the effect of the first blow would no longer be resonant. 10 to 40 seconds was recommended.

The Hungarian waited about 20 seconds. Without warning, he swung the long, thin switch around swiftly and gave her another vicious stroke. Her wail was louder now, more piteous. She released a sob and caught herself. Crying and sobbing were not allowed during a whipping.¹⁷ She had tried to hide it, but everyone had heard it. The unit was designed that any sounds made in the center would resonate throughout. And since everyone had heard it, there could be no forgiveness or leniency. Pieter snapped his finger and the girl looked up and back at him immediately. He gave the hand signal for crying, a single finger stroke down his face under his eye, and made a swiping gesture with his two hands. The woman's face cringed. The blow wouldn't count.

He tapped his foot again and she put her head down. He didn't wait. He swung the whip again, landing a blow between the two others. The girl howled, but she did not sob.

It wasn't easy to get them not to cry. Whipping would be started and stopped, started and stopped, until the girl got the knack of it. Sometimes the punishment session would extend well into retirement time for the other penitents and the only ones out in the common area would be the penitent being punished and her assailant. Tears were not forbidden. You could hardly stop those. But any vocal emanation signaling sorrow was strictly verboten.

Edith, Penitent No. 126, held herself back. She hummed and whined mournfully, but she did not sob. Sounds made incidental to a whipping were normally allowed as long as they didn't go on too long.

¹⁷ The rationale for this is clear. Penitents were not allowed to express self-pity inasmuch as they were making retribution for their crimes, and therefore deserved them, and should instead be grateful for the chance to expiate their sins. Under the New Society Program notions of crimes against General Public Order and sin were closely intertwined.

Pieter snapped his fingers and she looked up. He motioned for her to kneel up. He replaced her gag ball, showing her the words on it first, and gave her the signal that he was waiting. She performed a low bow of obeisance in front of him. She kept her head down for as long as Pieter desired. He waited about fifteen seconds and snapped his fingers again. She rose and looked at him. He gave her the sign for jail cell and then he looked around. He returned his gaze to her and flashed the number 12 at her and clapped his hands. She immediately sprung to her feet and dashed off. She made a running circle inside the circle of marching women until she found cell no. 12.

Penitent 126 scooted through the gap between two girls. It was not allowed to disrupt the marching line and any girl who needed to cross it needed to wait until the PO had stopped it. Once in the cell, she would turn about to face the door, place her knees onto the two small, round red circles on the floor and hold herself erect, staring straight ahead.

Rogers watched her go. Pieter looked at Holly Evans for a second and she signed him not to start the line. She pointed to a large boned girl in her mid-twenties and gave her a come hither gesture. The girl took two steps forward. She signed her, "You march like shit!" The girl's lips began to tremble. She was tall and her face was round with a large nose. Helen gave the girl the signal to get ready to receive punishment. She signaled her two blows across the breasts. Penitents normally are advised as to the number of blows they are about to receive. It's considered the fair thing to do. And it serves the purpose of controlling the impulse that a PO might have to keep administering strokes for as long as it amused him or her. Discipline meant rules and the Penitents need to know that there were rules for the PO's too.

Holly took the quirt off of her belt and waited until the girl thrust out her breasts to receive their blows. Holly gave her a forceful stroke that made her screech. Her breasts recoiled and swayed and jerked. Holly waited, tapping her toe as if she were counting. She got to ten and lashed out at the girl again. She blubbered and moaned, but she did not cry.

Holly gave her another signal and the girl fell to her knees and bowed low to her, much as Edith had done. Holly let her stay there for a few moments and then snapped her fingers. The girl rose. Her face was wet with tears. Holly signaled for her to get back in the line. The girl jumped to her feet and took two steps back. Holly gave Pieter the high sign. He clapped his hands twice. The women all turned right. He pressed the icon on his Computer pad. The beat resumed and all the girls recommenced their trek.

Three more girls were brought out for whippings. PO Harry Benedict who had, in the meantime, just emerged from a cell after a session with a penitent, administered the blows for one. She was an Asian American girl, well put together with grapefruit sized breasts that had just the right hang, a handsome if not pretty face, and was appropriately curvaceous. Wendy Yakamura's crime was that she was a reporter for the Sacramento Bee. She had mostly reported on the news that was handed down by the local authorities, some human interest stories like the commander of State of North California God's Forces donating Christmas cheer to an orphanage.¹⁸ But she had consistently heard rumors of a series of rapes and murders that had occurred in the area. After scanning years and years of obituaries, and picking out ones that involved a female between the ages of 15 and 60 where the cause of death was listed as 'sudden illness', she was able to verify from speaking to family members that over a seven year period 34 women had been murdered and that those murders had all gone unsolved.

She drafted a long, thorough expose. The features editor for the Bee, Doris Findlay, had made arrangements where a rather milquetoast article about violent death rates for women could be 'printed' in the paper, meaning mostly be put out in the online edition. The article had a link to a web site she and Wendy had set up. On the morning of the day they had agreed to go public, both Doris and Wendy were arrested. Doris, a 48 year old mother of four, was serving her 3 year sentence in Pod 1.

Wendy's sentence was only two years, giving consideration to her relative immaturity, she was only 23, and there was the thought that she could best repay her debt to society as an economic resource within a brothel while she was still young. Doris, once she had been spruced up a little bit, had proven to be quite attractive and a regular favorite of some of the guys in the Maintenance Department.

The young Asian American girl had also been sentenced to 350 strokes. She was due to get five of them today. Her number was flashed to Holly and when she came around she signed Pieter to stop the drums. Pieter had clapped his hands once and Holly, who was now right in front of Wendy, No. 109, pulled her out and told her to 'report for punishment' through hand gestures. Wendy's face collapsed into a grimace, but she immediately dashed to the center of the room and fell to her knees before Pieter, her head to the floor. Harry and Russ unfastened her wrists from

¹⁸ California had been split into three states in 2028, the states of North California, Bayside, which ran from San Francisco south, and Orange, which ran from Orange County to the Mexican border.

each other and led her over to the whipping stand. Her wrists were raised high to the overhanging beam, her gag removed and Harry showed her the flogger and showed her five fingers.

Wendy had real strength of character and didn't start howling and screeching until the third blow. Harry concentrated on her front, from her knees to her shoulders. He slashed at her breasts the first and third blow, which accounted for her screaming, and did her belly and the front of her thighs. Wendy, once she had calmed herself, was ordered back to her position in line and the march resumed.

They waited about 15 minutes before culling out the next penitent. Holly went to the break room and got Rodgers a cup of coffee. The penitents continued to march along in their uniform, rigid steps, which they would continue to do until signaled to stop. Pieter, through sign language, asked Holly, jokingly when she returned whether she had done all her mandatory oral servicing yet this month and volunteered to be of service to her. This got Holly a little mad, but the conversation turned to a young blond girl Russ had acquired through the Unsupervised Female pool when he was in Los Angeles two weeks ago.

She was just 19 and her RM, her 27 year old boyfriend, had been caught burglarizing a Denny's in Laguna Beach. He was sent to a work farm and she was assigned to the Unsupervised Female Pool. Nobody wanted to bid on her because she and the boyfriend had been found in possession of resalable amounts of narcix, the latest psycho-opiate derivative, which wasn't strictly illegal, but still not socially accepted, so Rob got a bargain. He had spent the rest of his two week vacation with her up in his cabin in the Sierras. He related how feisty and resentful she had been and how he used some of his 'correctional skills' to drive it out of her. He had dropped her off at Monty's, the black market sexual service facility where almost all the PO's kept their girls, just yesterday.

All of this was, of course, discussed in sign language. They were all so proficient in it that they used it sometimes when they were off duty, in the rec room or in the commissary, or in a kind of pigeon sign language, half sign and half spoken.

So they let the penitents march around some more. After fifteen minutes, Pieter had Harry pull out Marjorie Harris. Her sin was having been GU'd multiple times by multiple RM's. She had done some time in a disciplinary sexual service center. She had grown up in a particular rough section of Chicago. She had been in the Unsupervised Female Pool twice and had been traded off by five RM's. Each time she was GU'd, it was somehow related to her drinking. Charges included refusal to engage

in mandatory sexual acts, nagging, scolding, being irritating and disobedient and, in one incident, the straw that broke the camel's back, with striking her RM with her fist and knocking him down the stairs of their 3 story walkup in South Chicago.

She had fled the scene and shacked up with a fast talking con man named Nick Moltrey. It had taken them six months to catch up with her. Nick gave her up when he found out about the \$5,000 reward put up by DCR. At her hearing, she told the judicial officer that she subscribed to the pernicious proposition that, "It's my fucking body and I decide who gets to fuck me!" Just before her sentencing, she told the judge that he could stick his own cock up his ass.

She had been MR'd and sentenced to 18 months IFC and 750 strokes.

She'd been with them for 11 months and Captain Rogers was thinking of extending her. Her brain scans showed continued hyperactivity in areas related to contempt of authority and aggression. They did a psy test of the penitents once a quarter. They were locked into a correction chair and required to respond to 300 fast moving questions. They would have an answer pad in their hand and be required to click on the truth or falsity of certain propositions. If they failed to answer a question they got a huge jolt. The tests, which varied in their styles and questions, measured delinquent and nonconforming tendencies and were designed to root out efforts to try and mask true attitudes.

Needless to say, Marjorie's continued sense of contempt for the commonly accepted norms of the New Society Program made her an unsuitable candidate for return to the outside world, even as a locked down and rigidly supervised whore. Like all the other penitents, she had done three weeks in a Kowalski when she first arrived but it did not have a lasting effect. Rodgers had put her down for another five weeks which she was scheduled to begin tomorrow. He preferred breaking her to extending her and considered her a personal challenge.

It was Holly's turn to administer punishment. Marjorie had spit in her face two weeks ago, an act that got her five 2 hour sessions in a correction chair. So Holly was eager to administer punishment to her. When Marjorie was fastened off to the whipping post, Holly selected the hickory cane. The results of a fierce caning outlast the agonies of a whipping as the cane causes deep bruises to muscles which stay with the penitent for sometimes days following the experience. Besides revenge, Holly had the added impetus for causing the unruly penitent to suffer that her boss was present and she felt that she had not yet lived down the

ignominy of the fact that she had allowed a penitent to spit in her face.

Once Marjorie was mounted, she gave PO Evans one of her trademark looks of contempt. It really lit Holly's fire. The first blow she delivered with both hands across the front of Marjorie's thighs. Marjorie groaned and for the first time there was a hint of fear in her face. Holly gave her a double handed blow across her rear cheeks. Marjorie whined piteously and struggled in her bonds. It was the blow to her lower back that got her. Holly and the other PO's had been trained to exercise just the right amount of force against the kidneys to cause disabling pain, but not damage renal function. The trick was to strike just above them rather than directly. After all, they didn't want to have to go around replacing kidneys.

Holly gave her a resounding shot exactly across the back, striking just above both kidneys. At this Marjorie howled. She groaned and hung limp and you could tell that she was fighting off sobs. Holly struck next on Marjorie's belly, which made her lose her breath and heave and snort for air. Holly waited until she was breathing clearly to land the final blow across her teacup sized breasts.

Marjorie broke out into sobs. Rodgers thought that it was a stupendous performance. None of the penitents who had witnessed it would ever want to cross her. And he was sure it drove up her stock with the guys too. The male PO's often complained that the female PO's didn't carry their weight. This would change their tune as far as Holly was concerned. And it affected Rodgers in one other way. He would make sure he was on her list for her next month's set of mandatory oral servicings, (MOS's). There was something about getting blown by a woman who could wield a cane like that that made his cock stir.

And Marjorie was due one more stroke for sobbing. When the girl had recovered herself from the last blow, Holly got right up into her face. She made the sign for crying and swiped her right palm with her left, indicating that the last blow didn't count. Marjorie started to whine and dance. Holly gave her a long, hard stare. Then she reared back and gave Marjorie another blow across the front of her thighs. Marjorie wailed and wailed, but she didn't sob or cry. The girl had guts. Rodgers admired that. It was too bad that she was in a physical vessel in which 'guts' of her type were contraindicated. If she had been born a guy she would have been one tough motherfucker.

The mandatory disciplines were over, for now. Virtually all of the penitents had been sentenced to corporal punishment. And if you didn't get to them on a regular basis, a girl could end up short on her sentence

and still have 100 or so more strokes due her. You would have to load her up.

Pieter looked around at the penitents, all standing rigidly at attention, their eyes pinned strictly on him. He clapped his hands four times, extended his hands and spread all his fingers. He made sure they all had seen him. Then he clapped his hands three times. All the penitents jumped into action as if the place had caught fire. To Pieter's right, there were three concentric lines of knee spots on the mat. Each pair of spots was marked with a number corresponding to a penitent. They moved the numbers one spot to the right at the end of every session, like in volleyball. Once you got to the far right of the front line you went to the far left of the back row. This way everybody got a chance for a front row seat.

So you had to remember where you were last time. 14 naked, bald, bound women scrambled around to find their mark. One girl, a frail, skinny thing, got confused where her mark was. She had forgotten that she was on the far right of the first line in her last session. She stood there confused when she didn't see her number. She panicked. All the other penitents had found their positions and were kneeling up in them at attention. She saw the empty spot in the last row too late. As she tried to scurry over to it, Harry grabbed her arm and pointed to the floor. She immediately fell down and put her forehead on the mat. Harry snapped his fingers and she looked up. He showed her his quirt with his left hand and three fingers of his right. She began to shake.

Amy Feldman didn't belong in an IFC, and Rodgers knew it. She had been with them for three months and she was falling apart. Her father had assigned her to a friend who worked at Geller Industries in exchange for a lucrative supply contract. The friend was particularly abusive, making her fuck his friends, beating her with little or no cause. She was all of 110 lbs. and very frail. She had finally run away when she had been abused almost all night by a friend of her RM. He was tall and about 275 lbs. When he placed his weight on her while he fucked her, she could hardly breathe. Afterwards, while Amy sat crouched in the tiny cage her RM kept her in most of the time, she heard him and the big guy discussing a price for her. They were only \$1,500 off and the big guy said he would have to go home and think about it.

The next morning, after serving him breakfast, she clobbered her RM with a baseball bat he kept in a closet from his younger days. She must have put every ounce of hatred and resentment into it, because the guy went out like a light. She took off. She spent almost a year living in

the basements of abandoned houses and eating out of garbage cans. She was only caught because she fainted dead away one day from hunger and got rushed to a hospital.

Her trial was quick. Her RM had spent eight weeks in a medically induced coma. The judge immediately MR'd her and sentenced her to four years at an IFC with 2000 strokes.

Rodgers had made a deal with Dr. Meisinger, the facility physician. He was going to trade him one of his female wards and Meisinger would fake her death. He would surgically remove the GPS implant she had gotten when she was sentenced. Ken Harting, the head of security was in on it too. He owed Rodgers a big favor. Deceased penitents were disposed of in a charity crematorium in Denver. Dr. Meisinger would medicate her and attach her to a small respirator and Ken would have his guys take her out in her body bag. He would make up some excuse to take her remains to the crematorium personally. Rodgers would meet him in Denver, take custody of her and drop her off at Monty's. Ken would bribe someone at the crematorium to issue a false receipt and bill the Department of Female Corrections for a cremation which had not occurred.

She could probably work as an unregistered whore at Monty's for years. Monty had a few customers who liked little girl types, but not little girls. Being a whore at Monty's was a thousand times better than being a penitent at an IFC. After that, who knows? Maybe Monty could sell her to someone who would smuggle her overseas. It would be hard, but she wouldn't have to live under the constant threat of a four year IFC sentence. And if she were in China or the Philippines, he would be able to stop worrying whether his singular act of mercy would come back to haunt him.

Problem was that Harting was on leave for the next six weeks. He didn't know if the girl could make it that long.

Harry gave her three sharp strokes with his quirt. At each stroke Amy let go a sound like, "weeeeeooooooooouuu!" When Harry signaled her to take her place, her face was awash with tears.

It wasn't that he quibbled with Harry's decision to discipline the girl. There was no such thing as a warning at IFC. He was absolutely within his discretion. But he might have let it slide. Rogers guessed that his presence had raised Amy's offence from something mildly annoying which you could let go, to a punishable offense. Harry wouldn't want to be seen to be getting soft by his boss.

While the penitents were assembling, Holly had brought out the

correction chair. All the penitents cast fearful glances at it. Every session, one of the penitents spent one hour in the chair. She would be selected at random through Pieter's CPad. Once the chair was in place, Pieter hit an icon on the screen. He lifted the pad and faced it to the penitents so they could see it. The program had some bells and whistles and initiated a big, colorful swirling circle as if it was processing the request. Actually, the number had been selected within a millisecond of Pieter pressing the icon. It was just good to add to the suspense.

All the girls' eyes were zeroed in on the screen. Finally, the computer displayed a number in large, red numerals. There was a shriek in the third row. Pieter turned the CPad to look at it. It said, '005'.

Pieter clapped his hands and the girl who had shrieked rose and ran to him, falling down to her knees and placing her head on the floor. Holly was greasing up the prongs on the chair. Harry and Russ went up to the girl and pulled her to her feet by her arms. She could barely stand. Her knees buckled and they had to keep her from falling. Holly signed that the chair was ready and Harry and Rob dragged the girl backwards to it. They held her poised over it, lifting her off the floor and holding on to her arms and her thighs. The prongs were at different angles. The anal probe, about 5" around and about 8" long, was pointed practically straight up and was the easiest to align with its target. The vaginal prong which a little narrower at 3", but just as long, was angled in. They were both silvery with copper colored rings around them about an inch apart.

Holly guided the girl until the anal prong was just past her entrance. Pieter came up and guided the vaginal probe to her little hole. Harry and Rob then slowly lowered her. Pieter more or less guided the vaginal probe forward, it was on a sliding mechanism, and it plunged its nose into her channel. The girl was then lowered the rest of the way into the seat. She released an unhappy whine as she was fully penetrated and was already crying even though the procedure had not yet begun.

Once Holly had her seated, she fastened the girl's collar to the back of the chair. Harry and Rob affixed her wrist bracelets to the arms and then clamps automatically closed over her upper arms and her lower arms just past her elbows. She was bound with crossed straps across her torso and her waist was belted in.

Pieter moved her legs into position and the chair automatically clamped them in place. The girl was turned to face the remaining penitents. Holly went to the side of the chair and programmed in a one hour session at level three. There was no particular reason to go up to five, since the girl hadn't done anything wrong.

Uliana Christou had just come off a Kowalski Trainer a few days ago. She still had the round bandages covering the nodules which had been surgically inserted into her skull. It was just bad luck that she had been chosen for the correction chair so quickly. She had ridden one before, of course, during her interrogation by DCR agents and just before her hearing. Uliana was Greek. She was just 23. Her hair had been full, wavy and black, when she had hair. Her skin was of a Mediterranean hue, her face classical Greek with black eyes a strong nose and a firm chin. Her appearance, even without her hair, bespoke elegance and refinement. She spoke only a smattering of English. She was serving a 3 year sentence.

Uliana was the daughter of a very important industrialist in the New Ottoman Empire. Based in Athens, he owned an immense fleet of freighters and tankers which circled the globe. The huge ships were almost totally automated and required a crew of only 4, so everyone would have a 6 hour shift, consisting mostly of watching vid screens or walking the deck to make sure no fish had flopped on board. A SSW was also provided during each voyage and each crew member was entitled to spend an hour with her each day when he got off watch.

Uliana had come to the attention of the Viceroy of the Lower Balkans, Kerin Kortek, which included Greece, Macedonia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Albania and Kosovo. In fact, Kortek had become obsessed with her ever since seeing her in a beautiful, sky blue, diaphanous gown at a party to celebrate the Sultan's birthday. Uliana, while not being disrespectful, had spurned his advances. Despite his efforts to engage her on three separate occasions, a number of expensive gifts that he sent her, all of which she returned, a passionate vid in which he had declared his love for her, she was ice cold to him. In fact, she had a boyfriend, of whom her father approved, who was the son of a Turkish shipbuilder.

Her father was equally adamant about not compelling her to accept the Viceroy as her RM, although Kortek had delicately inquired. The father had very powerful allies in the Sultan's government and could not be touched, bribed or coerced.

A plot was hatched. One of Uliana's rich girlfriends, who was facing serious charges of being ideologically suspect for some chain emails she had sent out to friends, was induced to invite Uliana for a shopping spree in New York, which had remained one of the fashion capitals of the world. Her boyfriend's polo team was on a world tour and she hoped to catch up with him at a match to be held in Far Hills, New Jersey.

Unfortunately for Uliana, her friend had planted a tiny data chip in

her purse while she went to the bathroom during the hover flight. At Blessed New United States Customs, three DCR agents were waiting for her. A scan of her purse readily uncovered the data chip. Once opened, it revealed a whole library of subversive and pernicious materials. In English, which Uliana didn't speak. Uliana was charged with being part of an international conspiracy to distribute subversive literature and being an ideological suspect female. She underwent hours and hours of intense interrogations which included significant corporal persuasion. But, of course, she had nothing to tell them.

It seems that the DCR Commissioner for the Southern New York District, which included Cardinal Cushing Airport, where Uliana's hover craft landed, had a son who had been convicted of serious drug smuggling charges and was serving a very hard 20 year sentence at a maximum security prison outside of Tirana, Albania, which just happened to be under the Viceroy's jurisdiction.

Uliana was convicted, MR'd, and shipped to RMIFC to serve her sentence within days of arriving. Out of courtesy to the Ottoman government, their New York Consul was advised of the charges, her conviction and the sentence, and he was permitted to spend 15 minutes with her. She could do nothing but moan and murmur and approximate words because of her gag.

Since her father had little or no influence with DCR in the BNUSA, he had been frantically seeking allies in an attempt to free his daughter. Just this week he had been invited to the Viceroy's palace to discuss what he might do for him. The Viceroy was going to propose an exchange of the DCR Commissioner's son for Uliana, but on the condition that she serve indefinitely under his probationary supervision. There was little doubt that the father would accept.

So Uliana might only have a limited time left to serve on her DCR sentence. Nonetheless, she was subject to the ordinary rules and regulations of the IFC. In fact, nobody at RMIFC even knew of the negotiations taking place concerning her release. Rodgers had been surprised at the total lack of records for her. There was nothing but the date of her conviction, what she had been found guilty of and her sentence. Not even her name, just a case number.

Uliana squirmed and whined. Holly looked at Pieter. He nodded to her. Holly pushed the icon which started the program. The probes began a slow, steady excitation of the girl. They thrust in and out of her orifices, while maintaining a nice vibration. Any girl just off a Kowalski machine would be highly susceptible to sexual stimulation.

The wealthy shipping heiress was soon moaning. It started off low and barely perceptible. But as time went on and she started to squirm and try to twist in the chair, her moans began getting louder. Within three minutes her body had started to sweat and the shudders of her body were noticeable. A weird cacophony of sounds emerged from her gagged mouth. She bit down on the ball and tried to rise up from the chair. She jerked and pulled and growled. Her mania seemed to increase by the second.

And then her body stiffened and she began issuing a long line of steady grunts, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!” Her eyes fluttered and her chest was rising and falling rapidly. She had very admirable breasts, although a tad long and narrow. They shook and swayed attractively as her body absorbed her orgasm.

She was allowed to wind down. She seemed to recover her awareness of what was around her. She remembered where she was: in the correction chair. She had just experienced an orgasm, not of her own choosing. And that meant only one thing. Her face cringed into a grimace, her eyes grew bold and wide. She pulled and yanked at her bonds vociferously, such as to make her prior efforts seem desultory. She issued a loud, wild, plaintive whine.

There was no noise such as a ‘crack!’ or a rumble. The chair itself did not shake. There was no blinking light to demark the moment. There was only Uliana’s wild scream and the contortions of her body that revealed that the prongs had sent her an electronic charge. Her body relaxed, her facial expression grew haggard. She seemed dazed. And then she screamed again, her body stiffened and her eyes rolled back. There was a pause, and then the probes struck again.

Rogers had seen enough. He had sent a fingernail clipping to a guy who knew who did criminal investigations, real crimes, not ideological crimes, and was in the BBI, the Blessed Bureau of Investigation. He promised to have a DNA analysis done on it and get back to him. Something was obviously fishy about the girl and he always liked to know in particular who he was dealing with.

There would be a lull of a few minutes before the chair started again. Rogers signed he was off to deal with Edith and he strolled determinedly to the cell to which she had been directed. The cells were assigned more or less by random and a penitent rarely occupied one twice in a row. This would not necessarily be Edith’s cell for their rest period as there was much more to go before that would occur.

He walked through the cell door. Edith was kneeling, facing the

door, her back straight, her knees spread. She looked at him sadly. Faint signs of yesterday's whipping were on her breasts. He crouched down and took hold of them. He gave them both a nice massage, squeezing and kneading them. He was looking straight into Edith's eyes for her reaction. Penitents were taught to look their user in the eyes at all time. Her eyes gave off a tell-tale flutter which signaled her unhappiness. There were five more months to erase that from her. It was why they needed more Kowalski units. She could use another week in one herself. He disagreed with these one year sentences. It was not enough time to do a thorough job. On the other hand, Edith had not been a behavioral problem like the new girl or Marjorie. She would make a compliant and dutiful whore wherever she ended up.

He wondered whether if she was given the opportunity to give up her co-conspirators right now whether she would do it. 99% of the general public had no idea even that IFC's existed, never mind what went on at them. If she had foreseen exactly what she would be subject to, would she have broken down and talked?

As he looked her in the eyes, massaging and stroking her breasts, he doubted it. There were hard girls like Marjorie and there were girls who were hard in Edith's way. She had identification with an ideal, a wrongheaded and heretical one, that somehow women were supposed to be equal to men. That idea was so far down in her that it might never be extinguished. She considered herself a casualty of war, a sacrifice. The softness of her demeanor, her pliability and obedience, were all just an outer protective coating to the fierce warrior underneath.

He gave her nipples a pinch, which made her shudder, but which did not make her squeal. He stood up and made the signal for her to turn around. He freed her wrists and ordered her to turn back. He tapped his boot on the floor. Now, in some circumstances tapping a foot meant one thing, e. g. place your head on the floor. But in other contexts it meant something different. In this context, where he was standing over her, alone with her in her cell, after having had taken enjoyment from her mammaries, it could mean only one thing.

Edith leaned forward and began to unlace his boot. She loosened all the laces. He raised his boot off the floor and she pulled it off with some difficulty. She put it down neatly with the heel against the wall to her left and the toe jutting out perfectly perpendicular to it. When she had removed the other one, she put it next to it, right boot on the right side and left on the left. He lifted his foot again while she removed his socks. She put them in his shoes, one in each. The sock that came off of the

right foot had to go into the right boot, etc. An error would lead to being called to attention and the application of a fierce slap.

She reached up and loosened his belt. He had taken his quirt off of it and was holding it in his hand. She lowered his fly and with his assistance and cooperation removed his pants. She neatly folded them, getting the creases exactly right and placed them on a shelf near the shoes. She looked at him. Even though she was expected to continue to undress him, she needed his permission to rise to her feet. He nodded to her and she stood up. There are ways to stand up and ways to stand up. Penitents were required to be graceful at all times, and often, when they are new, they had to practice rising, kneeling, laying down, walking, until they performed these tasks with grace. Some girls were naturally clumsy and had very little grace in them. Even they could be brought to improvement with a whip.

Edith moved very gracefully, as smooth as the flow of milk. She stood in front of him and again waited for a nod of permission. When it was given she began to unbutton his blue uniform shirt. When she had all the buttons done, she went behind him and drew it off of his arms. The shirt too was folded in a regulation manner and placed neatly on top of the pants. She stood in front of him, waiting for his signal and, when she obtained it, placed her hands inside the gusset of his undershorts and pulled them down his legs. He lifted his feet so she could take them completely off and add them properly folded atop the pile.

She took an erect kneeling position in front of him and crossed her arms behind her back. She looked up at him expectantly.

He towered above her. He was 6'2", 220 lbs. He had a nice spread of black hair across his chest, none of it yet gray. His legs and abs were well developed. His arms were strong. His cock hung loose over his balls, surrounded by a sea of black mature hair.

There was a puncture wound on his right side from a stabbing he had suffered during the Rochester, NY draft riot of 2033. He was a raw recruit with the Forces of God, all of 19 years old. He had been wearing a Kevlar vest, but this fanatical guy had stabbed him with a 6" long blade in the lower belly just under the shield. He was lucky that the blade entered him off to the side. It just nicked his large intestine. The guy took off but he was able to nail him with a disabling dart square in the middle of his back. 3 weeks in the hospital and several sessions with a mender, and he was all right. The guy had been taken prisoner and he was allowed to perform the guy's summary execution. He was promoted to corporal and allowed to select a female ward from the 400 or so females who had

been rounded up once the riot had been suppressed.

He picked an older woman, 33 years old, much to the surprise of the guys in his squad. But he had limited sexual experience, although he had been to a SSF a few times, a class C place because that was all he could afford. He figured the older woman would be able to show him the ropes. She had long black hair and nice breasts. She was tall and a little broad shouldered, but he figured that he wanted a female he could ride hard and not some dainty little thing.

He promised her that he wouldn't beat her and that he would help her look for her 4 year old daughter if she cooperated. She was an energetic fuck, making him come multiple times a day, sucking him off repeatedly. He pounded at her as only a 19 year old, 6'2" guy a month out of basic training can do, leaving her limp and spent. When he demanded anal sex she voluntarily greased herself up and went down into position. When his thirty day recuperative leave was up, he sold her to a black market SSF his sergeant told him about. He got \$2,000 for her, the most money he had ever seen in his life.¹⁹ The woman was very upset about it, but then, whose fault was it that she lived in a rebellious area? Not his. Besides, when he asked his company commander about how he might find the daughter, he was told to forget it.

He tapped his lips and touched his cock. Edith gave him a look of understanding. She offered him her mouth, the red ball exhibited between her lips. He placed his fingers into her mouth on either side and pulled it out. He tossed the ball onto the bunk on his left. She leaned forward and crouched down a bit. She nibbled her lips over his crank and the gobbled it up.

She held it in her mouth giving it a slight hum. The vibrations and warmth of her mouth brought him a welcome sensation. As his cock hardened, her mouth became more active until it was hard enough for her to slide her lips up and down it with ease.

He still had his quirt in his left hand and he let it dangle by his side, a potent reminder of her duty to engage in this act with dutiful attention and skill. He rested his hand on her bald head, rubbing its smoothness back and forth, almost as if rewarding her for her efforts.

He always entered a semi-somnolent state when his cock was administered oral devotion. He was not quite fully conscious, but not yet fully dream like. It was a pleasurable zone where his mind drifted. His mind recalled a thousand similar acts as if there was a fibrous thread

¹⁹ He was cheated.

through the portals of time connecting the very first one by Marylou Haber in high school, to this one today. Marylou was from a very poor family on the poor side of town, as was he. She lived several houses away from each other and had gone to school together since 4th grade. Senior year, word had gotten round that Marylou was giving blowjobs for \$15 a pop. Her mother, god knew where her father was, was sick and they were living off welfare. He became enraged that she was servicing his friends and had not told him about it. They were so close that he had almost thought of her as a sister. He confronted her with it almost tearfully one afternoon when they had gotten off the bus. She had just turned 18 a few weeks prior. They were down in the basement of her mother's house.

She explained that her mother's RM, a local, unemployed mechanic, a drunken lout, had insisted that she start bringing some money into the house. If she didn't bring home \$45 every day, he would beat her. Since he was her RM too, there wasn't much she could do about it. He had started fucking her just after she had survived the SSC draft.

Marylou sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. He comforted her, but the idea of all those others having sexual access to her and not him began to enrage him. Giving out blowjobs for money made her more than technically an unlicensed private sexual worker and subject to being MR'd, even though it was at the direction of her responsible male. He angrily threatened to turn her in if she didn't blow him right then and there. She cried and begged him not to do it which made him even more enraged. He gave her a full handed slap, making her screech. Sadly, she finally agreed to do it. Having her move her hot, wet, soft mouth up and down his prick opened a whole new world to him. After he came, he told her that she was going to do it for him every day or he would rat her out.

When he went home that night, he felt guilty about what he had done. He resolved that tomorrow after school he would tell her that he was sorry and ask for her forgiveness. But when they gathered in her basement late that afternoon, his memory of the heavenly sensation of her mouth sliding up and down his pole got the better of him so he just lowered his fly and told her to get to work.

All the next week he collected his blowjob every day. A darkness enveloped his soul for what he was doing, but he was quickly addicted to that feeling he could not get anywhere else. Their friendship, of course, was over, and he regretted that.

She stopped coming to school the week after that. He didn't see her around the yard or anywhere. He was getting more and more sorry for

what he had done to her. And then Tommy Friedman, who lived on the other side of her, told him that he had heard that the mechanic had sold her to a biker for \$5,000 and two ounces of cocaine.

He traced the hardening of his heart towards women from that moment. He knew that she had had no choice about selling her mouth like that, but he still saw it somehow as her fault and a betrayal of their friendship. He came to see her sale to an outlaw biker gang as something she deserved. Two weeks later, when the recruiter for God's Forces came around his school, he signed up. He would be sent to boot camp a week after he turned 19.

All this passed through his mind in an instant as Edith's mouth rode up and down his pole, her lips properly compressed against it. And the thousands of blowjobs he had received since then just rolled into one. The current one. She did a little wiggle thing with her tongue as she drew backwards and forwards that titillated him. Her sole reward for exemplary service would be only a temporary remission of abuse, however if her administration of oral delight was not superlative, there was always the quirt in his left hand.

His cock was sending him trilling pleasure. The warm, soft abrasion of her lips and tongue was driving his passions higher and higher. She knew enough not to bring him to fruition unless he signaled her to do so by hard thrusting his cock in and out of her aperture. She was giving him almost desultory attention, just enough to provoke pleasure, but insufficient to drive him over the top.

After a few minutes of bliss, he tapped her on the head. Maintaining her oral hold on his meat, she looked up at him for direction. He made a motion towards her bunk to the left of them. She slowly, but promptly eased her mouth off of his crank and then scooted over. She propped her pillow against the steel headboard and then lay on her back. She placed her hands over her head and pulled her knees back and up so that her legs were folded wing-like on either side of her. Her lips were parted. She looked at him nervously to ascertain whether she had inadvertently committed any sins.

He went over to her bunk and looked at her. Her legs were trembling. Her breasts shimmered invitingly. Her hairless puss was presented to him in a gesture of availability and surrender. He sat on the bed just below her. He took the flails of his quirt and draped them over her breasts and down her belly and over her proffered mons. She shivered and issued a whine. There was nothing stopping him from belaboring her for his pleasure. He knew that he had fucked her several times before, but

he couldn't remember whether he had whipped her first or not. He was tempted. Her readily apparent fear and vulnerability almost demanded it.

He decided against it and tossed the quirt aside. He took his left hand and caressed her breasts, squeezing each of them, and then lowered it over her belly until he reached her sexual mound. He ran his thumb down along her crevasse, up and down, up and down several times. Edith's body tensed. He kept working the narrow gap until his thumb's traverse was facilitated by the release of her fluids. He pushed his thumb deeper, covering her inner tissues and then slid it up to her little button, giving it a caress. Her body seemed to relax and tense all at the same time.

He had been watching his thumb's wanderings but now looked up at her face. Her eyes were glistening and her face exhibited an exquisite sadness. She was looking back directly at him. She knew that if he caught her with her eyes closed, or looking up at the ceiling, or wandering any place else to try and alleviate her shame, he could easily retrieve the weapon of punishment he had discarded and put it into use.

Satisfied at her obedience, he redirected his eyes to her quim. Her pussy had started to unfold, loosening and engorging. He slid his thumb up and down her slit again and again. He slipped it into her entrance and thrust it in and out. He brought it back up to her nubbin and worried it. He kept looking up for her reaction. He could see her sexual arousal reflected in her face. Her uplifted thighs were vibrating. He kept at his task. There was no other contact between them than the surface of his thumb. Her breathing began to get heavy. Her belly was fluttering. She knew that her duty was to produce for him an authentic and untrammelled orgasm. If she failed, or if it was inordinately delayed, well, there was always the quirt to use as an encouragement.

He went on and on and on, increasing the tempo of his attentions. She issued a moan and a sigh and her hips started to grind and push up to meet him. He looked at her face again. Her eyes had rolled up temporarily, but she brought them back down to resume their obedient gaze. She had started to issue a low, droning hum. Her lips were compressed and she looked like she was doing her upmost best to fulfill her obligation to him: to produce for him what was his and not hers. For if she had no rights, if she was totally owned, then anything that she produced was theirs, including her passions. And anything hidden within her, her latent capability of producing orgasmic emanations, was theirs as well. She had no right to deny it to them when they demanded it. She had to draw it from deep within herself and produce it from her crux like a

cornucopia delivering the bounties of a harvest.

She started huffing and shaking. Her hum had matured into a moan. Her puss was lush and fecund. Her nubbin was hard. He began twitching on it rapidly. She shook and shuddered and groaned. Her body was gleaming with perspiration. She started going, “Ummmmmpf! Ummmmmpf! Ummmmmpf! Ummmmmpf!” He met her eyes. They had morphed from liquid pools of sadness to fiery emblems of need. She opened her mouth and released, “Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh!” Her whole physical being was enrapt in a surging potentiality of energy. And then she began to grunt and moan and shudder as her orgasm overwhelmed her. Her eyes floated back and her face exuded a total abandonment to her passion. He kept up his abuse of her button as she groaned and moaned and shook.

When the peak of her excitement had passed, he relented his torment of her nubbin. He crawled up on the bed between her uplifted knees. He rose above her and slipped his rigid ramrod all along her crevasse. Her face exhibited a hint of panic as if fearful of the inflictions of arousal that were about to come. He found her entrance and eased the head of his prick into it. He spread his knees as if giving himself a base from which to propel himself, gave her a possessive glare, and then descended to his hilt.

She released a heavy sigh. Her warmth encompassed him. He placed his hands on either side of her, resting his chest on her breasts and commenced his movements. His own need was on him now. A mist of impassionment seemed to surround him. His mind focused on the pleasures his cock was receiving and transmitting to every nerve ending in his body. He began to pound at her. She resumed her moans. He leaned down and took her mouth, scouring its inner chamber with his tongue. Her tongue responded in kind, both from duty and from passion. He began to grunt and moan. He felt the explosive forces building and building. She was going, “Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm!” into his mouth. Her arms were wrapped around him, drawing him in. Her legs had folded behind his back, urging him deeper and deeper, harder and harder.

His mind blanked out as his cock began to pulse and jerk. Edith released a wail, gripping him tighter and tighter as if relishing the deposit of his seed as something blessed. He could feel her tunnel pulse around him. He groaned and pumped and pumped and pumped until he had urged out every last throb of lust from within. His thrusts ebbed. Edith’s body shuddered with post orgasmic tremors. She released a long, languid

sigh.

He brought himself to a halt and leaned on her, reveling in the heat and softness of her flesh. The philosophies promulgated since the nascence of the Global Unity Movement, held that woman was meant as a receptacle of man's lusts and needs, and that each penetration of their bodies produced a emanation of goodness and blessedness that inured to the male and through him to society. It was the basis of the New Social Program and the polestar of General Public Order. He certainly felt the truth of those assertions now. And he experienced a glint of satisfaction that he had made some small contribution to restoring the female beneath him to her proper role as a generator and satisfier of men's lusts.

He wasn't sure how she felt about it now. The bodily pleasures he had brought her would serve as an insidious persuader. That and the whip, the obedience, the regimentation, the reduction to unpersonhood, the arbitrary infliction of pain and woe, shame and humiliation. It was his job to save Edith, to redeem her, to restore her to her proper place in the universe, so that when she was returned to the place where she came, she would happily and dutifully reveal her co-sinners against General Public Order, knowing that she was not betraying them, but rather proffering them the same redemption and restoration which had been granted to her.

How little society would understand the strength it took to produce the cruelty, callousness and indifference to suffering required of him and his men. The depredation of their human feelings. For even the most depraved of them had some. The staff pastor and psychologist, in addition to her duties in monitoring the psychological progress of the penitents, provided counselling and therapeutic oral servicings, (TOS's), to the men and women who worked there, ensuring them that they were striving for the greater good. That each sob, or wail, or screech of agony they produced was like a prayer going to the heavens beseeching the blessings of the divine power and the facilitation of the implementation of natural order. That their sympathies for the penitents' sufferings were only natural, but that they produced no goodness for their charges. Their duty was instead to impose just such cruelty, callousness and suffering for the reclamation of their charges' souls.

Captain Rogers slipped himself from Edith's crevasse and rose from her bunk. When she saw him rise, she restored her knees and legs to their prior positions, presenting to him her mushy quim. While she awaited his pleasure, he dressed himself. He retrieved his quirt and her gag ball from the bed, snapped his fingers and ordered her to rise. It took some effort, but she was able to scramble off of the bed and fall to her knees in front

of him, her hands crossed behind her back. He showed her the imprecations on the ball, "Silence!" And "Obedience is Joy!" She opened her mouth and received it.

He waited a second and gave her a nod. She gave him a deep, deep bow. He let her linger there for a few moments. Demonstrations of obeisance were crucial to proper learning. He then tapped the toe of his boot on the floor and kept tapping it until she was lying flat, her hands crossed behind her. He rejoined her wrists, joined her ankles and then joined them to each other. She would remain this way, contemplating the lesson he had just given her until one of the other PO's decided to free her.

She looked up at him unhappily, the band with her number, 126, stretched across her forehead, her bald head gleaming with perspiration from their bout. He turned and thumbed the reader on the door. It clanged and rolled open. He emerged from the cell and closed the door behind him. Its 'clang!' as it jammed closed and locked would serve as a punctuation to the girl's helplessness and servility. He turned out the light from outside.

The other penitents were still marching dutifully in a circle. The PO's had one of them kneeling at their feet while they sat in their chairs mulling over what disposition to make of her. Rodgers slipped himself between two of the marchers and entered the inner circle. He signed 'good work' and "keep it up!" and made his way to the unit door. He thumbed it, it opened, and he stepped into the vestibule. It rumbled closed behind him.

CHAPTER EIGHT

REGINA'S TALE: PART THREE

Regina lay there with a man between her legs. She was trying to catch her breath. He was heavy on her and she had her hands up on his shoulders, trying to ease him up a little bit to make it easier to breathe. Her heart was racing. Bruno had never told her his name. It's just what she called him. Some guys did, some guys didn't. Some guys were chatty like they had to pretend you were their girlfriend or something. Some guys just got down to business. Bruno was of the latter category.

Bruno was breathing hard too. He had her legs raised, his arms up under her knees, for better penetration. He was still easing his still hard prick in and out very slowly. Each traverse sent her post orgasmic shudders. There was one thing about Bruno. He knew how to fuck. In the last seven months or so, it was hard to keep track of time, she had come to really appreciate that. As you might expect, some guys slid themselves in, gave you five or six pokes and then went stiff as their cock pulsed inside you. It just wasn't because of the fact that she got virtually no satisfaction from it, well, almost none, it was more like it made her feel that she was just a convenient hole for him to jerk off in. Besides, it affected her ratings. And to Paulie, their SSF manager, ratings were everything.

There was a monitor in their right wrist bracelet. They and their collars were made of shiny steel with foam insides near the skin so they could fit really tight. They also wore them on their ankles. The collar had your name on it etched in bright, bold red. The bracelets carried the place's monogram, also in red. The name of the place was 'the Midland House of Leisure', a euphemism if there ever was one. The monogram was the initials, MHL, done in a bold style with an olive branch on either side.

When they were first put on her it felt like she had been clapped in irons, like they say on those pirate vids. They were heavy, probably on purpose, and you always knew they were there. If they beeped and the red light went on on the inside of your left bracelet, you had better get your ass down to the security circle toot suite.

Anyway, the monitor conveyed your heart rate and body temperature to the central computer. When you first arrived, they put you through four or five orgasms so the computer would have a good read on you. Paulie got a little graph on each girl every morning. It also gave the girl a score based on the individual sessions with a guest, rating each one and giving a cumulative number. If she didn't have enough peaks, or if her score was constantly low, Paulie would send the girl down to the guards' dorm where those bastards would whip and fuck the shit out of her for a couple of hours. Or he could do worse if it was a persistent problem. If nothing worked, you would be sold, and not to an upmarket place either.

Virtually everything she did was watched. She was watched when she was eating, when she was bathing, when she congregated with the other girls and especially when she was in her service unit. The service units were about 20' by 30', kind of big for a room that was used just for fucking. But whoever the interior decorator had been he, it was probably a he because most she's were given shit jobs these days as clerks or secretaries or whatever drudge work was needed, had done his best to make the place seem homey.

Each unit was a little bit different. Some had the mattress platform over here, some over there. There would be hanging faux lanterns or fancy table lamps. One was a kind of modern one with high hats and stark furniture and white walls. Mostly Kiki and Rosie used that one. They were the highest class girls in the place, tall with long legs, just ample breasts, patrician looking faces. They got to wear long clinging gowns. They were mostly by appointment, but you might get lucky and find one waiting in the 'Royal Lounge' as Paulie called it. Rosie was kind of stuck up, but Kiki was nice. She had a fresh, lively laugh and seemed kind.

This unit had paisley drapings and low light sconces. It wasn't her favorite room, but it was one that she liked. There were moveys on the walls. Not the old fashioned vids from the old days. These were kind of moving pictures with beautiful, elegant looking girls fucking and sucking big muscled guys. They kind of set the tone for the place in case he guy got confused. All he had to do was to look up at one of these moveys and be reminded. "Oh, yeah, that's why I'm here!" Or maybe, "I want to try that!" Or if you were kneeling in the waiting circle until the next guest arrived, they would kind of remind you why you were there, in case you forgot.

Each unit had what was called a 'ready room' where you would

clean yourself up after a fucking, check your hair and makeup, or use the toilet. There was a booth that you stepped into that sent a kind of laser light all around your body to get the stink of your last guest off and apply the light scent Paulie had assigned to you. It also stimulated your skin cells and was quite arousing.

There was this discrete little light over the guests' door. While you were getting yourself fixed up again the light would be red. If you're prep time was over or there was a guest coming up the light would turn yellow and start blinking. Once the guest came in your unit, it would turn green. And you better be kneeling in the waiting circle when the light turned green. The computer would know and Paulie would get pissed.

Too many times and he would put you down for a whipping. Or you would lose your dessert at meal time or have to spend rec time in isolation and confinement. There were all kinds of things that could get you punished. Wising off to one of the guards or, heaven forbid, to Paulie, was about one of the worst things you could do, other than give a problem to a guest. You could be punished for having a bad attitude or if some guard thought you were just asking for it. Girls were mounted on these platforms in the rec room while they waited for their whippings all hogtied and gagged so that other girls would get the right idea. There were all kinds of ways to punish you. You didn't want to get sent to the anguish chamber.

The one thing that was hard to disguise was this heavy steel door at the back. That was where the girls came and went. It was like a big prison door. There was no handle or anything. It only opened if the computer sent it the right code. None of the girls were allowed in the front room where the 'guests' hung out. Nobody wanted to create an opportunity for a girl to slip out. All the girl's collars had these zappers in them and if you tried to get out through the guest's door you would get a jolt that would floor you. It would set off a silent alarm and one or two of the guards would hotfoot it there and then you would be in deep shit. Besides the computer would know that you weren't there. If there was supposed to be a hot body in the room and there wasn't, security would know right away. The computer seemed to know everything.

It was kind of stupid since what the fuck would a girl do once she got outside. She would be wearing this flimsy garment that showed practically everything or be buck naked and running down the road in her bare feet. And since everything on the outside was so controlled, where would she live? How would she eat? Where would she go? The girls weren't even sure about what state they were in, never mind the town.

The name said Midland, but was that some phony descriptor, the name of the town, the name of the county? Everybody had these chips now too and you probably passed through a hundred of these scanners every day, never mind the facial recognition stuff from all the vid cameras.

She was also monitored in her cell when she was sleeping in case she attempted any unauthorized self-administered sexual activity. It was hard to do with your hands confined at your neck, and your neck chained to the headboard, but some girls managed to maneuver their pillow between their legs so they could hump it. She had seen one of her roommates do it a few of times. She had been caught once and had gotten five strokes for it, but she kept doing it anyway.

She didn't blame her. She had been as horny as a toad before the Suitability Inspection. She had known she was going to fail. But since training, and especially since arriving at her SSF, this was her first one, it seemed like she was horny all the time. Some of the stuff they did to her in training had been mysterious and she didn't know exactly what they did, but ever since then she had had an itchy cunt.

She would lie there at night jamming her thighs together, trying futilely to squeeze her needy conch. Almost every night, a virulently passionate dream would awaken her. Her pussy would be throbbing, her hands yearning to stroke and caress it. She would lie there afterwards, out of breath. It was odd that that would be the time when she was most likely to start ruminating about her lost life.

It was funny too that, although she had experienced terrible anxiety about what was going to be like to be an inmate in a whorehouse, once she arrived, all her nervousness just seemed to ebb away.

It seemed kind of corny now that she had wanted to go to veterinary school. She loved animals. They had lived on what used to be a farm. They had had a goat, some rabbits, a dog, three cats and a cockatoo. Mary Evans' family down the road still kept cows and chickens. She used to hang out there a lot and had enjoyed milking the cows. Mary had shown her how.

She even invited her to watch while they were covered by the big, usually angry bull that they kept. They used to hide in the upstairs of the barn and look into the corral. The bull would worry the poor cow for a half hour or so, snorting, stamping its hooves, slamming it with its hips. It was all like some kind of dance. Eventually the cow would succumb, seduced by the bull's bullishness. The bull would jump on its back, pound away for maybe all of 30 seconds, grunt and bellow, and then get off. Mary's father would escort the serviced cow out of the corral and

ease the next one in, careful not to disturb King, as they called the bull. A half hour or so later, King would be at it again.

One of the recurring dreams that she has is one where she has been turned into a cow. King chases her around the ring like mad. She's frantic to avoid him, knowing that she is a girl turned into a cow. Suddenly King jumps her and slides his humongous cock into her. When he comes, roaring and bellowing, her pussy explodes and she wakes up covered with sweat, echoes of her orgasm reverberating all through her.

She was like the cow in her dream in a way, although many times she had much less than a half hour to get ready for her next 'guest'. They never called them customers. But it was as if Mary's father had had a herd full of bulls and only one cow.

He used to chase them away when he caught them. It was ridiculous, really. They had learned all about sex in school. There was this whorehouse down at the corner of Gallagher Road and Route 33, Pete's Pussy Paradise. It had bright lights at night and there were always cars coming and going. Regina's father and mother had gone down to the town council meeting along with about 30 other parents to protest the 30' sign that they had with the woman bending over and looking back, her pussy covered by a thin strip of cloth, her eyes inviting, her hands rubbing her buttocks. The town council made them take it down. They substituted it with a smaller sign that wasn't much better. In this one there was a girl with long, brown hair pulled behind her head, wearing these tight little short shorts and leaning forward fondling her naked breasts.

Little had she known that she would be just like that girl. They made these vids of you in all kinds of provocative poses, sucking cocks or getting fucked from behind looking up happily at the camera. They had a little studio where they made them. The guy in the vid would be one of the guards with his face obscured. When a guest came in, he could pick up one of the CPads and scroll through it looking at the girls. They also had these holograms of the girls posing and stuff playing all the time. If you weren't getting enough 'back time' as Paulie called it, he would have you featured for the night, your vid coming up more than the others. Or if you were new. Everybody wanted to fuck the new girl.

They were given diaphanous coverings to wear that didn't hide much. Paulie called them their STC's, short for sexually tantalizing coverings. Every girl had five sets. Her favorite was a translucent rose colored nighty with little white roses sewn into it. It seemed to garnish her the most success. Paulie wouldn't allow her to wear it every day

though. His big thing was SSWV, sexual service worker variety. He even made them change their hairstyles twice a day. They would wear it long and loose, or in a ponytail, bobbed up on the back of their heads or in pigtails. She hated the pigtails the most because some guys would pull on them when they were fucking you from the rear to force your head up and give them more leverage.

Bruno was her fourth guest today. It was late in the afternoon and that was a little unusual since most guys came after work. They were open until 3 a.m. It meant that she might have to fuck up to five more 'guests' before the SSF closed. It was ok though since Paulie had told her that she needed to get her numbers up.

Sometimes some VIP would show up after hours and they would pull you out of bed in the middle of the night to go fuck them.

Five more guests, unless Reggie, one of the guards, a big black guy, wanted to fuck her. Lately he had been fucking her almost every night. She didn't mind so much because he was pretty good with a cock. He liked to make her come with his hand with her on her knees, her hands locked behind her, her legs spread and her head to the mattress. He would put his other hand on the back of her neck, holding her hard down in place like she was his prisoner or something, which, more than technically, she was. She loved being manipulated that way, but not that many guys were into it. He would fuck her then, from the rear, right after.

Anyway, if Reggie wanted to fuck her, which he probably would, that would make it probably six.

Bruno wasn't the only one who had made her come today, although he was the best. She had had a little guy earlier with glasses who had licked her pussy for what seemed to be a half hour. She had screamed when he made her come the third time. It was the only thing the guy really wanted to do. When he was done with her he made her kneel down looking up at him while he jerked off in her face. He smeared it all over after he came and laughed. He said he would be back.

The other two guys not so much. One had made her do him with her hand until he was all hot and bothered. Then he made her get on her hands and knees, slid it in, poked her about ten times and exploded, grunting and groaning. She didn't come, but there was something about it though that when a guy came inside her, her pussy, her mouth and even her rear, something just seemed to go off in her and she had to gasp and moan.

The fourth guy, who had actually been her first guest, had had her suck him for the longest time and then used her rear end. She was usually

able to come this way. Paulie made her practice though. He wanted it 100%. He would fuck her and fuck her and fuck her there, not stopping until she roared out an orgasm. She didn't know where he got the stamina because he usually fucked four or five of them every day. He said that it was a quality control thing, but she thought it was just because he was a randy motherfucker.

She had never talked that way before, but it was how all the other girls talked, when they were allowed to talk, that is. They had rec time every morning between 10 and 12, after breakfast, exercise and yoga, and they were allowed to mingle and watch the FV or read magazines. The girls would talk about "this motherfucking guy" or "this motherfucking asshole." Paulie didn't like them talking that way about guests, but he couldn't really stop it. Besides sometimes he talked that way too when a guest smacked a girl around too much or went overboard with a whip. Sometimes he had to give the girl some time off and he didn't like that at all.

On Friday and Saturday nights they needed every swinging dick, as he said it, which made no sense because obviously they didn't have dicks. He didn't like it when a guest had to wait more than a half hour for pussy, unless they wanted to. They had a little bar and some leather easy chairs that some guys liked to hang out in before they made their choice. A few drinks were sometimes necessary to get their juices rolling. Some guys didn't mind waiting for their favorite girl.

He never allowed the guests to become too drunk. It wasn't just that they would become unruly or beat up a girl. Some guys would get so drunk that they couldn't perform and they would blame it on her. It was bad for business and since there had been a complaint he would have to punish her. Upper management insisted on it. And as much as she despised him, he was forcing her to fuck an average of five or six men every day after all, six days a week, she had to give him credit for the fact that he didn't whip the girls without reason, which some of the other girls had told her didn't pertain in every SSF.

One of her pet peeves was that when one of the guests, or more than one if it was a party, would want to watch 2 girls make it, she seemed to always be one of them. She guessed that she had licked every pussy in the place more than once.

She had never thought of herself as a lesbian or anything, but ever since training, where they had done a lot of girl on girl stuff, whenever she had her mouth on a pussy, the aroma, the texture, the flavor, just got to her. When she heard the girl come and writhe and struggle in her arms,

she would always hold them down tight and keep going, going, going, or if they were belly to belly, when she shuddered and moaned and clenched her the way only another girl can do, she would go off the charts. If the other girl was munching her, she would come right away. If not, all she had to do was worry her little button a few times and she would be off too. And that was probably why Paulie almost always chose her.

Not to mention tits. She loved the feel and taste of tits. She loved to look at the other girls' tits during exercise or rec or in the commissary, or in the showers. Sometimes the girl would notice it and tell her to knock it off.

Bruno finally stirred. He lifted himself off and rolled over. She could feel his jizz leaking out of her. He always came a lot his first time. He sat up and stretched. She covered her leaking pus with the service towel by the bed, she brought a new one out for each customer, Paulie insisted, even if she hadn't used it. She would hold it there until Bruno was ready to go again. Bruno was big. Not the biggest she had had. The biggest had been the guy she called 'the cowboy'. He had been at least 6'4" or more. He had big wide shoulders and thick, muscular thighs. He had only chosen her once, but Christ on a cross, he had fucked her until her eyes had rolled back. Then he made her suck him until he was hard again and fucked her some more. This time from behind. It felt like he was trying to drive her head into the mattress.

He was actually Angel's regular. How she endured it she would never know. Angel was a long haired blond, tall and curvy. She had dainty breasts and a very pleasant face. They had all been given these corny names. Hers was Lulu. She hated it and tried to remember that her name was actually Regina. Guys would say, "That was great, Lulu!" Or "Roll over Lulu." Or, "Oh, yeah! Yeah! Suck me, Lulu! Suck me hard! Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah!" Each time she would think, "No, I'm Regina. Regina Thompson. From Washta, Iowa." Even if she was in the throes of some earth shattering orgasm, a part of her mind would rebel and recite her mantra. "I'm Regina Thompson from Washta, Iowa! I'm Regina Thompson from Washta, Iowa! I'm Regina Thompson from Washta, Iowa!"

Bruno had become one of her regulars. He had been Mimi's, a short, petit, big breasted red headed girl. Mimi had told her that she was welcome to have him. He had been fucking her three times a week for about a year. That was about the average that he had been fucking Regina almost since she arrived. It had been a shock to her to be plowed and rogered so heartily at first. She had only been here three days when he

started. Paulie had been more or less easing her in, steering the more vanilla guys to her. When Bruno had picked her, she had been scared to death. His face seemed to be in an evil scowl. He wasn't as tall as the cowboy, who she would meet about three weeks later, but he was broad shouldered and heavy, like Bill Evans, who had been two years ahead of her in high school. He had gone on to be all state defensive tackle at the U of I his freshman year.

Bruno was older than Bill. He was maybe in his late 30's or early 40's. She had been really shocked at first at the training center to be fucked by guys who were really men. She was used to hanging around with high school boys. The first guy who had fucked her was maybe about thirty or so. He wasn't that big, maybe a little over 6', but he was big to her. She was only 5'4"

She had been lying on a full sized bed in one of the training rooms. Her hands had been chained together above her to the headboard. She had been lying there gagged and hooded for close to an hour. She knew what she was there for. I mean, you had to be really stupid not to know. They had been going through self-abuse exercises for a couple weeks and had been matched up girl to girl more than a few times. It was in the main training room on a big soft mat that went practically from wall to wall. All the new girls, there were ten in her 'class', were made to kneel in a semi-circle.

They had all had beatings when they arrived. She had gotten one at the classification center, but that was because she kept on breaking down and crying. This one was just on principle. They all had to kneel there naked and watch as they were called up one by one and mounted to the whipping stand. A big, burly guy had a thing with five or six knotted thongs on it. She was glad that she hadn't been the first. The first had been this tall, thin auburn haired girl. When she had been told she was first, she had wailed and sobbed and refused to get up.

Two guys, there were four watching the ten of them, more than few of the girls had to be forced, jumped at her and dragged her screaming and yelling for mercy across the room and into the corner where the whipping stand was. They had all been adorned with leather bracelets and collars first thing. They joined her hands together and affixed them to a chain descending from a thick wooden plank that jutted out. The girl danced and wailed and kept repeating, "Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me!" at the top of her voice.

The burly guy just lit into her. Angry red blotches broke out wherever he struck her. She wailed and screamed and screeched. It was

bone chilling. He gave her ten strokes, assaulting her back, her thighs, her rear and her breasts. You could see that he was really giving her his all because he practically jumped off his feet at each blow.

When he was finished, he turned to the group of sobbing, terrified girls who were waiting their turn and growled out, "This is for being a pain in the ass!" He went back to the virtually lifeless, lithe girl and gave her five more. She came to life again when the first one struck her across her breasts. She was sobbing so hard that it looked like her chest might burst open.

When he finally stopped, the two men who had mounted her on the stand released her and brought her back to her position. They dumped her on the mat and she collapsed into a lifeless blob. The men all had these 2' long batons on their waists. One of the men leaned over, stuck the baton against her ass. A half second later there was a 'zap!' and the girl screamed. Her whole body jolted.

"Get up! Get up! Get up you stupid fucking whore!" the man screamed. The girl, sobbing, scrambled to her knees, her flailing hands trying to ward off any further attack. "Kneel up! Kneel up! Put your fucking hands behind your back!" the man screamed. The girl didn't act fast enough for him and he gave her another 'zap!' She screamed again and got herself into position, kneeling as high as she could with her arms behind her.

"Spread your knees, you fucking cunt!" the man yelled. "What the fuck do you think that you're doing? This isn't a country club! You're not a fucking debutante! Stick out your tits! Stop your fucking crying or I'll give you another jolt!"

The girl did as he said. She was shaking uncontrollably. Tears were streaming down her face. Her body was all covered with bright red blotches. The men hovered over her for a full minute, waiting to see if she would be disobedient. She didn't stop sobbing, but she was doing it quietly, her eyes frantically darting back and forth between the two men.

"What are you looking at?" the other man demanded. "Don't look at us! Look at him!" he said pointing to the burly man. The girl's eyes snapped in the proper direction.

All the other girls had been watching this display of viciousness with abject shock. The second man went down the line saying, "What the fuck are you looking at! Kneel up straighter! Let me see your tits! Spread your fucking knees!"

All the girls redirected their gaze at the burly man and the whipping stand. They were all shaking and whining. You have to remember that

they were all just eighteen. They had all come from warm, friendly homes where the most violence they had had to face was a spanking or two. Regina's father hadn't liked to even do that, depending mostly on time outs and taking things away from her. The boys at school were certainly not allowed to hit them. Once in a while a teacher would give you a slap or two. But usually you were given detention and made to write a couple of hundred times, "I must be obedient and docile at all times. I must be obedient and docile at all times. I must be obedient and docile at all times." There was even a class that they had to take freshman year called, "General Female Docility and Obedience." (GFD&O).

The auburn haired girl had not been first in line. She had been picked out seemingly at random. The second man walked up and down the line several times. Then he came to a blond girl second from the last to Regina's left.

"You! Yeah you! Get the fuck up! Get up! Up!"

The girl released a wail, hesitated for a moment but then got to her feet. The second man grabbed her by the hair and dragged her over to the whipping stand. He and the other guy mounted her and the burly guy went to work.

Regina was fifth. It was hard to kneel there knowing that your time was coming sooner or later. Each girl screamed and yelled frantically as she was being tortured. They all sobbed and sobbed and sobbed when they were done and had to be reminded forcefully, sometimes with a jolt, sometimes not, to return to their original position.

When the man pointed to her and yelled, "Get the fuck up, you fucking cow!" she had gotten to her feet immediately. He grabbed the hair at the back of her head, she had long, chestnut colored hair then down to about the middle of her back. He made her lean over as he dragged her to her doom. She had been mentally trying to prepare herself for her whipping, but the brutality of the man who dragged her over was so off putting that by the time they were fastening her wrists to the chain she was already blubbering.

She looked at the burly man piteously, seeking a single spark of humanity. She couldn't help but think of her defenseless, naked breasts and what he was going to do to them. They weren't big, well, not really big. They were torpedo shaped and jutted right out, something the girls used to tease her about in gym class. She had had only minor brushes with sexuality, other than self administered, before the suitability test.

Bo Hubert, a star running back in the fall and a star pitcher in the spring, cornered her at a party. She was actually kind of scared of him. It

wasn't that he was big. He was actually kind of midsized, but really, really fast and strong. He had an older look about him. He bragged all the time about getting into Mindy's House of Delight over in Wattensburg even though he was underage. Carly Bettini had said that when she went out with him, which all the girls seemed to want to do, he had slapped her around until she agreed to blow him. Dorothy Cummings said the same thing too.

So when he kind of edged her into the corner, she became very nervous. She was drinking ginger ale on ice. Bo had a beer. He put the bottle down and leaned in to her. He was saying how big his dick was and whether she wanted to see it. He got closer and closer. He grabbed her chin with his powerful hand and pressed his mouth on hers. It was so shocking that she gasped. It gave him just the opportunity he needed to slip his tongue into her mouth. At first she struggled and tried to push him away. He was too strong and solid. His tongue was hot and active and the sensation it was bringing her was making her dizzy. She had her right hand on his chest, trying to push him away. She had her glass of ginger ale in her left hand and kept waving it around so she could put it down on something so that that hand could join the resistance.

He was holding her jaw with his right hand. His left one was on her right shoulder at first, but then it drifted down and took hold of a breast. She was wearing a t-shirt with a low scooped bodice. He slipped his hand ably into her t-shirt, straining and ripping it, displaced the cup of her bra and eased out her right breast. She whined into his insistent mouth and struggled, but he had his body against hers.

He played with her breast while he kissed her, kneading it, massaging it, twisting her nipple. She had the urge to knee him in the balls like Phyllis Danton had done to Jimmy Jackson at a party once. Phyllis was made to write a 500 hundred word essay on why women were supposed to be docile and obedient, even though Jimmy had put his hand up her skirt and tried to pull down her underwear. Jimmy had to give her a written apology. It was one line. "Sorry Phyllis. Jimmy." She didn't want to create a scandal like that. And she didn't know what he would do back to her if she did.

Finally, he just broke off their kiss, let go of her breast and stepped back. She could see that three of his friends, all football players too, had formed a small circle around them and watched. They all laughed as she struggled to put her breast away with one hand. All the girls had kind of drifted away when they saw what was happening and turned their backs. She didn't blame them. When shit like this happened you could never tell

who would be next. The party was at Ginny Terplitsky's house and her father had seen what had gone on. He confronted Bo and told him to apologize. Bo looked her in the face and said, "Sorry Regina that I pulled your tit out and played with it." Everybody laughed, including Ginny's father. He slapped Bo on the back and told him jocularly not to do it again.

So that was the only time her breasts had drawn what you might call direct attention. And now this scowling, red faced man was going to beat them with a whip. She was shaking like a bird on a frozen wire. She was holding her lips tightly together, trying to prevent her from disgracing herself by pleading and begging for mercy.

It only took two blows of the whip to make her start though. The first had been, as she feared, directly across her breasts. It felt like he had lit them afire. Then she received a blow across the front of her thighs. The pain raged through her like an out of control locomotive. She screamed and started begging and pleading for him to stop. She danced and twisted and sobbed and screamed. The burly man seemed to be able to land his blows wherever he wanted. He struck her again across the breasts about half way through and again at the very end, the very last blow, which felt like he put extra effort in it.

Like the other girls, she collapsed into a puddle when the two men dumped her back at her place in line. She had to be zapped twice to get into proper position.

So when they were told to form a semi-circle later that afternoon and to kneel in resting position, they all did exactly what they were told. Their instructor was a thin, middle aged woman, with black curly hair that ended just below her ears. She was wearing a light blue t-shirt that said Petersburg SSW Training Facility on it in two lines. There were two Petersburg's that Regina knew of, one in Virginia and one in Florida, but she had no clue which of them she was in. And who new, it could have been Petersburg, Arkansas, or Petersburg, Texas or Petersburg, California for all she knew, if there were such places.²⁰ There were no windows so she could see outside and none of the staff ever let on. She was hooded and in a crate when she arrived and she left the same way.

The instructor had told them to call her Mrs. Anderson, although Regina doubted that that was her real name. She didn't have a baton on her waist, but she had a quirt with 12" long thongs on it. She was sharp

²⁰ Regina was thinking about St. Petersburg, Florida not a Petersburg, Florida which does not exist. The training center was in Petersburg, Indiana.

faced and homely in a way. She wasn't hostile, but was very firm and when she raised her voice even a little, it scared the shit out of her. Under the t-shirt she wore a matching light blue, loose skirt that went down to just below her knees. On her feet she wore a pair of low heeled leather sandals.

Once Mrs. Anderson had them all arranged naked and in a semi-circle kneeling on their haunches, she asked everyone who had ever played with herself to raise her hand. The girls looked around nervously at each other, waiting for the first one to react. Finally, a mousy little girl, her name was Sharon, raised her hand tentatively. Mrs. Anderson looked sternly at the semi-circle of girls who extended from her left and her right, four on one side, five on the other. "Look, nobody's going to punish you for it. What's done is done. What I will punish you for is for not being truthful and obedient. I'll bet that there isn't a single one of you who hasn't played with her pussy at one time or another. So I want to see a show of hands. Now!"

Several more hands went up. Then a couple more. Regina raised hers. The only girl who didn't raise her hand was a voluptuous, black haired Hispanic girl. She started to cry. Her name was Esmerelda.

"Okay, Esmerelda," Mrs. Anderson said to her, "I want you to crawl up about 15' in front of our little circle and kneel facing us.

Esmerelda hesitated.

"I mean now!" Mrs. Anderson insisted sharply.

Esmerelda crawled over to the designated spot. Her heavy breasts swung and swayed beneath her. When she had travelled the mandated distance she turned and stopped.

"Now I want you to rest yourself on your elbows and raise your backside, keeping your legs wide apart. Keep your head up looking at me."

Esmerelda complied nervously.

"Okay, you, yes, you, Regina, I want you to get behind Esmerelda a little bit to her right side."

Regina was startled. She never wanted to be the first at anything. Now she was going to be the first at whatever she would be doing. Before Mrs. Anderson could call out an admonition, she crawled over and took the prescribed position.

"Okay, Regina, I want you to reach under Esmerelda and play with her pussy until I say to stop. I want you to make her come at least twice."

Regina looked at her and then Esmerelda. She had never touched another girl's pussy before. That goes without saying. She was reluctant

to do it now. But she had been beaten until an inch of her life not more than two hours previously and didn't want to go through that again. And then there was that thing on Mrs. Anderson's hip.

She kneed herself even closer to Esmerelda. She ran her hand over her plump rear. "She had a nice ass," she remembered thinking. She reached her hand between them from the back and laid it on her hairless puss. Something went off in her. It felt very, very strange.

"Come on, Regina," Mrs. Anderson spit out. "We don't have all day."

She began to stroke the Hispanic girl's pussy lightly. Esmerelda whined and squirmed her hips. Her pussy was thick and fleshy. It formed an actual mound between her thighs. Regina moved her hand back and forth, back and forth. Esmerelda sighed and shook her mane of jet black hair. She dribbled her fingers along her cleft, up and down, up and down until she could feel her slickness. She was too embarrassed to look over at the semi-circle of young, naked women, and so kept her eyes pinned on Esmerelda's back.

Once she had her slick, things began to happen. She spread her slickness over her bud and circled her fingers around it again and again. Esmerelda whined again and shifted her hips.

"Keep looking at me, Esmerelda!" Mrs. Anderson ordered curtly. "I want to see your eyes right on me!"

Esmerelda, who had dipped her head, raised it again and looked at their instructor. Regina was able to slide her fingers deeper within her outer labia and she rode it up and down up and down. She teased the little hole, circling her finger just inside the edge and then returned to the girl's stiffened bud.

In a short while she had her panting. It was actually getting her a little hot. She started flicking at the girl's nubbin and Esmerelda shuddered. She started going, Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm!" in a most plaintive manner. You could just tell that she yearned to close her thighs to deny Regina access. But she had been whipped a short while ago too and she knew the price of disobedience.

"Play with her tits!" Mrs. Anderson called out. Regina reached under her chest and took hold of one of her pendulant orbs. She squeezed and massaged it. Esmerelda whined. She tweaked and twisted the nipple. She reached in even further and grabbed the other one. Meanwhile her other hand was going faster and faster. Esmerelda started to rock back and forth. Her moaning had increased. Then she went, "Ummmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmm!"

Ummmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmm!” Her body stiffened as if she were trying to hold something back. “You have to remember,” Regina couldn’t help thinking, “you’re not a little Catholic girl now who has to run to confession with every impure thought. You’re a whore now, like me, and you’re going to get fucked 20,000 times over the next 12 years. So get used to it! Get used to someone playing with your pussy! Come for Regina! Come for me you fucking Spic whore! Come! Now! Now! Now!”

As if by magic, Esmerelda’s body shook and she started calling out, “Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!” She began rocking her hips back and forth as if she were fucking.

“Look at me!” Mrs. Anderson shouted! “Look at me!”

And then to Regina, “Pull her head up! Pull it up!”

Regina reached out with her left hand and grabbed a chunk of the girl’s sleek black hair. She pulled on it and forced Esmerelda’s face upwards. Esmerelda’s ecstatic groans were diminishing.

“Keep going! Keep going!” Mrs. Anderson shouted. Regina looked over. All the girls were peering at the tableau, mesmerized. This was certainly something that they had never seen before. “Oh! Please stop! Please stop!” the young, curvy girl called out. And then, “Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh!” and then, “Noooooooooooo! Nooooooooooooo! Nooooooooooooo! Nooooooooooooo!” She struggled to lower her head, but Regina had a firm grip. The girl exploded again. She grunted, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!”

After the second orgasm, Mrs. Anderson told her, “Okay, slow her down. Slow her down. Let her down easy.”

Regina slowed her efforts and tried to convert her touch from one designed to excite to one designed to give comfort. Esmerelda shuddered a few more times. Then she burst into tears.

“Cut the shit Esmerelda!” Mrs. Anderson called out, “Or I’ll give you something to cry about!”

Esmerelda struggled to hold herself in. Regina felt bad about taunting her and using that bad name even though it had only been in her own mind.

After a few moments, Mrs. Anderson said, “Okay. Esmerelda, get back in line. Regina, take her place. Carol, you go take Regina’s place. Same rules. Keep her coming until I say stop.”

Regina got into position. She looked up at Mrs. Anderson. When Carol first touched her pussy, she jumped. The difference between her and Esmerelda was that she was already wet.

Carol led her through three orgasms. At the last one, she thought that she might jump out of her skin. "She knows I'm a slut," Regina thought as her third orgasm was relentlessly building. "That's why she's making me do three." She exploded and roared and groaned. She couldn't keep her head up anymore. She felt Carol grab her hair and yank her up. She looked at Mrs. Anderson. There was something cold and evil in her eyes, like a demon who had selected her next victim. It was piercing, measuring, demanding. Regina shuddered at being under her power.

She let Carol stop and she took her turn under someone else's hand. They all took their turns. First you were the masturbator and then you were the masturbatee. Mrs. Anderson had Esmerelda get up behind little Sharon and do her last. You had to give Mrs. Anderson some credit. Esmerelda was much more enthusiastic about her task than she would have been if she hadn't been made to come first. She had to watch all the girls who came after her go through the same thing. None of the girl's hesitated to put their hands between the other girl's thighs and each of them rubbed and caressed and tweaked and worried the other girl's pussy until Mrs. Anderson told them to stop.

Every training session began with Mrs. Anderson's version of a circle jerk. They did it twice a day. After the first day, they moved on to cunnilingus afterwards. Mrs. Anderson showed them a couple of vids of girls really going at it. The camera was so close and the focus so good that you could see the cunnilingor's tongue as it darted here and there, as it licked and poked and twiggled. The cunilingee always came to a roaring orgasm.

Mrs. Anderson would make them pick balls with numbers on them from a bowl she held over their heads. The balls had their names written on them in indelible ink. If you got your own, you put it back and picked another. Then they picked from the basket again. This time there were numbers in it, from one to ten. If you got one, you did your girl first. If you got ten, you went last.

Regina got to be a cunilingee before she had to be a cunnilingor. It was the black girl, Amy, who did her. When she reached her height of bliss, her eyes rolled back and she almost lost consciousness. She had never imagined that her body could be so good to her. She was the next to last cunnilingor. She serviced the Asian-American girl Tina. The taste and smell of her pussy was exhilarating. Now she understood why lesbianism was, for the most part, illegal, unless your RM told you to do it. If women could do this to each other, who needed men?

From cunnilingus, they moved on the self-abuse. You had to kneel

in front of the group and do yourself three times. Esmerelda, still held back by ethical and moral norms had to put her head down and let Mrs. Anderson give her ten vicious lashes from her quirt across her buttocks. Then, tearfully, she did it.

There was other stuff going on. One by one the girls would be pulled out of the training session and taken to a room where there was this chair kind of like dentists use. A smiling young woman, about 23 or 24, in a white nurse's uniform would give you a liquid to drink. It was light green. She would then strap your torso into the chair, around your waist and down from each shoulder, between the breasts and then fastened at your hip. Your hands and legs were firmly tied down. The ring in the back of our collar would be slipped into something that kept your head erect and in place. By this time you would be getting very, very woozy.

The doctor would come in and look under your eyes. There were two. One was an older man, kind of thick in his body with a well-trimmed salt and pepper beard. The other was a young woman, maybe 34 or 35. She was thin, had a long face and piercing eyes. She wore brown rimmed oval glasses, which was weird because hardly anyone wore glasses anymore because of what they could do surgically. Regina didn't know why, but she was more afraid of the woman than the man. She just seemed colder and more inclined to do you harm.

The nurse then put a kind of helmet over your head. It pressed in hard and was strapped under your chin. There were wires coming out of in the back. That was when things got really scary. The helmet would start to hum and give off a slight vibration. The doctor would be holding a CPad wired to the back of the helmet. She or he would watch it carefully. Somehow, it eventually told them what they wanted. If not, they pressed some buttons on their pad. Sometimes it did nothing and sometimes you could discern a change in the humming or the level of vibration.

At this point you would be at a level of semi-consciousness. The doctor would start asking you questions. Regina never remembered any of the questions or her answers. The doctor would say things and you would have to repeat them again and again, but you would never be able to remember them. Your mind kept sinking further and further away from consciousness and awareness. Then it would all go dark.

It was impossible to tell how long you were out. You would wake up gradually, sitting in the chair and the nurse would be standing there watching you. You would be all wrung out like you had just run a big, long race or had come ten times in a row. Once you were fully awake,

she would call the doctor in and he, or she, would look under your eyelids again and check the computer pad. Most times at this point the helmet would be removed and you would be taken out of the chair.

A few times the doctor, especially the female one, wouldn't be satisfied. You would be ordered to drink another glass of light green translucent fluid and the process would start again. Regina would beg and plead to be released. The procedure wasn't painful. There were no obvious side effects, but there was something dark and foreboding about it all. Since they started on her, that's when her sex dreams began. Sometimes they were so powerful she would wake up all sweaty and weepy.

It got so she had to be dragged to the chair. The male doctor stood by and looked sympathetic, but the women doctor would just stand there coldly and disdainfully. A couple of times she heard the woman doctor say to the nurse as she was forcibly strapped in, "Double the signal this time." The male doctor never said that.

Any time two of the male guards came into the training room and called out one of them, the girl would start weeping and wailing. Some had to be dragged, for which they were whipped later, others just went along sobbing and weeping.

There seemed to be five different rooms. There were other girls there at different levels of training. Regina would see one of these other girls escorted in and out of the rooms. They didn't seem any happier than the girls in her group about it.

This was when the itching in her pussy started. It wasn't exactly itching, although it was the best way she had of describing it to herself. It was kind of like a yearning. Her nipples would get taut and she would feel her body temperature rising.

Of course, especially initially, she spent a lot of time crying and weeping about her lost life, her parents she doubted she would ever see again, her friends. She missed Mary the most. They literally grew up together, did everything together. And as the age of eighteen loomed, worried together. After the procedures started, after a little while, her sadness lessened and she became more accepting of her fate. It wasn't like the sadness had gone away. It just seemed to have been tucked away somewhere where she couldn't reach it.

And then after three weeks of daily treatments, sometimes more than once a day, all of a sudden she just lost her fear of them. It was like a switch had gone off in her head. When the male trainers came to get her she would feel elated. The female doctor began to grin and be kind to her.

The male doctor seemed very pleased. She would awake rested and content afterwards as if she had had a long, long pleasant sleep in a very comfortable bed.

After learning to lose their shame at self abuse, they would be paired off into lovemaking sessions. They would always start with deep, soulful kisses. They would stroke and caress each other. They would suckle each other's breasts, stroke each other's quims. They would form the doublebacked beast and gemauch each other into oblivion. There would be a morning, an afternoon and even evening sessions. Sometimes you would do it in front of the group, sometimes just under Mrs. Anderson's supervision, and then, eventually, alone together in one of the training bedrooms. Of course you knew that the vid camera was on the whole time, but there was something exciting about being alone in a room with a lover and to be able to spend a long, languid hour together.

As the treatments, or whatever they were, progressed, she seemed to get hotter and hotter when she had sex, either self-administered or with one of the other girls. And licking one of their pussies would send her off the chart.

Obviously, the girls became very close. They were together almost all the time. They slept in the same bedroom in bunks in a row perpendicular to the wall, chained to their beds, their mouths gagged. They ate together, they showered together. The one thing they never did is talk together. Regina couldn't remember saying a single word to any of them. Often a girl would be called out at night for treatment. Those near her would fret and worry about her until she came back.

They would spend several hours every day in this special room. There were ten frames around the room in a circle. Your collar would be attached to one and then your arms held up on either side of you like you were in one of those old fashioned stocks. Your feet would be chained about 3' apart. Then you would be just left there.

Since your gag would be in, you couldn't talk. All you could do was look at the gagged faces of your companions, their frantic eyes, their bare breasts and their hairless pussies. They were always mixed up so you didn't always have the same girls in front of you. You would say, "I fucked that one. That one made me come with her hand. That one kisses really good. That one has a really sweet pussy and screams really loud when she comes. I saw this one or that one whipped. This one cries a lot and this one is mostly always quiet."

It was insidious. Time would go by slowly, slowly, slowly, the only sounds the whimpers and whines of the other girls, or maybe your own. It

really, really made her realize that she was a slave. And she was a slave just like the other slaves. And she was subject to her owner's will, whatever that may be. Even if it was just to have her stand around and display her body.

Sometimes Mrs. Anderson would come in and stroke their pussies into orgasms, on by one, going around in the circle until she had gotten everybody. She knew how to do it really well. She would rub your belly, suck at your nipples, stroke your mons, tickle your little bud, until she had you moaning and groaning, flexing your knees, pulling at your ankles to try and stop her. Then you would roar out your orgasm while all the other girls watched. When she had finished you off, she would pat your cheek amiably and give you a kiss on the forehead.

Or she would make one of you go around the circle on your knees, your hands bound behind your back, orally servicing each girl in turn. Then she would mount you back up and do you. Then she would leave you all there for a while more.

It was right after she became "converted", as she thought of it, that she found herself bound and hooded on a bed awaiting male usage. She was worried about it. She worried about the pain of being deflowered. She worried about satisfying her user. She worried about which one of the guards it would be. Several, such as the burly man and the men who had abused them that first day, seemed especially fearsome and depraved. She would hate it for her first time to be with one of them. She wondered anxiously what it would feel like to have a cock in her channel.

They had spent all their time fucking and sucking each other and never any men. She had wondered about that. She figured that it was being done to develop their sensuality. The odd thing was that everything they were doing was illegal out there unless there was a man present. That had been rigorously drummed into them.

She had watched the vids of men and women fucking. Mrs. Anderson showed them the erotivids, as they were called, every day after the first few days. She would watch in wonder as these men with horridly thick and long cocks pushed their meat into women's apertures. She was amazed at how much their little holes stretched to accommodate them, how they accepted them down their throats. And their rears! Watching a man slip his cock into that little hole always made her bottom itch as if she was going to be next.

Not all the men were superhumanly endowed. Most were regular sized. Still, the women seemed to be driven wild by them, but Regina thought that they were probably acting. But, then again, what if they

weren't?

So there was that too. Was fucking going to be as exciting and passion inducing as those women seemed to make it? Or would it be a dud, like biting into a jellied candy instead of a cream one. The jellied ones were ok, but the cream ones were a delight.

She had been lying there for about an hour when the door opened. She flinched when she heard it and the footsteps of the man who had come in to fuck her. Her pussy had been burning and she had been squirming on the bed, pushing her heels down into it, pressing her thighs together. She felt the bed depress and a hand came across her belly. It wasn't like Linda's or Carol's or Sharon's or even Esmerelda's hand. It was a male hand. Heavy and hot. Her belly flinched, but the hand did not retreat. It glided over her belly, up to and around her breasts, down and up her thighs. She shuddered.

A hand pulled off her hood. It was the one that the other guards called Benny. He was about 6'1" with a well-developed chest. He was fit. Not exactly handsome, but kind of normal. He didn't exactly smile, but his face looked pleased. He got up and drew off his pale blue t-shirt that said "Petersburg SSW Training Facility" on it and dropped it on a nearby chair. He crouched down and untied and removed his boots and socks. He stood up, unbuckled his black, neatly creased pants and drew them off revealing a pair of dark blue jockey shorts. He slipped them off and stood there before her naked.

She had never seen a naked man in real life before. His cock was limp, hanging at about 6". You could see that it was thick though. Not monstrously thick, but big enough, and that it would grow. He had a hairless chest and wiry brown pubic hair to match his head. Like all the other guards, he was clean shaven.

He crept up on the bed and lay down next to her, to her left. He drew his hand up from her lower belly again, up and over her breasts. He leaned down and took her left nipple in his mouth and gave it a gentle suckle. She felt a pull in her sex. He lathered his tongue around it, washing her areola and then moved on to the other. The sensation was so exquisite that she had to raise her knees and spread her legs. His hand slipped down her belly and cupped her mons. Its heat reverberated all through her. He slipped a finger up and down along her gash and she had to draw in her breath.

He reached up and removed her gag. He laid his chest on hers and brushed their lips together. She could taste his hot breath. Her bound hands twisted and she gave the chain a tug in a feeble attempt to free

them. When his tongue slipped out of his mouth and begged entrance to hers, she spread her lips and accepted it.

He kissed her and kissed her and kissed her. His hand varied from exciting her puss to sliding up to cover and massage her right breast. He circled his finger around and around and around her pleasure button until she moaned. He teased her still virgin entrance. She squirmed and writhed beneath him.

There was just something so right about what he was doing. She had thought that the free use of another female's body was the apotheosis of pleasure, but now she wasn't so sure. A vision came into her head of the female doctor talking to her, saying something that she strained to hear. When the unknown words pierced her brain they seemed so perfect, so right that it generated a chill down her spine and stoked the fires of her desire.

Benny crossed her left leg and got in between her knees. He bent his head down and gave her love bud a suckle. It made her swoon. He moved up, brought his chest over hers again. He had his left hand off to her side and he was reaching down with his right. She felt his cock slide up her crevasse, and then down again, and up again. The moment was imbued with a portentousness that she had never known. She felt his prick's head beg entrance to her channel.

She looked at the man's face. He had an anticipatory grin. He started to move forward. Something that the female doctor had said to her crossed her mind. She could see her face and her lips moving. The unheard words seemed to encircle her, pass down her body and center in her sex. The words were inside her channel. They oozed desire and need. Benny's face had lost focus. She looked at him now.

For a second, for a split second, all that had been done to her rushed through her mind. The suitability examination, being stripped and chained and tattooed, the cold impersonality of the classification center, the horrible pictures she had to endure being taken, the physical exam, the isolation, the waiting, and then being chained and bound again, being locked in the crate, riding in the back of a truck, a flight in the air. Delivery here. The horrible beating she had endured, all the things that that woman had made them do, everything she had lost. And then the chair, the buzzing in her brain, the words that were not words, her panic, her fear. And for that instant, everything in her consciousness revolted against what had been done to her. Her inner self raged. "No! No! No! Don't do this! No! No! No!"

The man pressed forward, she felt a stabbing pain, she felt a fullness

down below. The fullness moved and abraded her channel. His cock had clearly grown. Its traverse upwards and downwards seemed wonderfully eternal. And all of that, all of those things, the sadness, the fear, the regret, the rage, the soul deadening sense of loss, were all washed away. They dissolved like butter in a hot pan. Like chocolate in the hot summer sun. Like snow in the first warm days of spring. Benny was stroking her and stroking her and stroking her. It was the most amazing feeling, like something that solved the puzzle of her life, like the answer to a prayer, like the fulfillment of a covenant.

She moaned, she squirmed. Her heels dug into the mattress. He took her mouth again and she blessed his hot, thick tongue as it swirled in her mouth around hers. She pulled and yanked at her bound hands. She thrust her hips up at him, delirious at each blessed stroke of his cock.

She came twice before she sensed his crescendo coming. "Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes!" she thought madly. "Fill me! Coat my cunt! Give me your essence! Wash everything else away!"

When he groaned and began pounding away at her hips she achieved an infinite exaltation. In her mind she could feel the heat of his jism, feel the slippery ooziess coat her walls. She could sense every throb of his cock as if it were her own heartbeat.

It took her a few moments to realize that he was done. He was sliding along her canal slowly back and forth. Her pussy was sending her wonderful echoes of its recent rapturous tumult. He slipped out of her. He tapped her cheek. "Good girl," he told her. Her heart warmed. He restored her gag and her hood. She heard him getting dressed. He left. She turned to her side and curled up her legs. She tried to squeeze her pussy's lips to preserve his essence inside her. She nodded off.

About ten minutes later, the door opened. A man got undressed next to her. He pushed her to her back. He left her hood on. His cock found her slit. "No! No! No!" her mind exclaimed. His cock pushed out on her tunnel's walls and he entered her. He began to stroke, stroke, stroke. Her mind went mad. She circled her legs around his upper thighs and pulled him in.

Five different unknown men possessed her. Each time the explosion of their cocks and the knowledge that she was being flooded with their essence sent her into a paroxysm of ecstasy.

They washed her up and put her to bed. Her hood was replaced by a blindfold. The aura of her possessions had faded. In the darkness, in the silence, she realized what had been done to her. She cried and cried and cried.

And here she was with Bruno lying by her side. Her enraptured excitement of being possessed had faded somewhat, but it was still there. They had done something to her, she knew that. She just couldn't remember what it was. Over the days after her deflowering, as treatments were ongoing, she must have serviced a dozen different men multiple times. Her dismay at anal penetration dissolved once she felt the cock rasping over her hole's tender tissues. When she took a cock in her mouth the first time she nearly fainted. The men gave her lessons, perfected her style. The feel of the cock in her mouth made her so delirious that she had no trouble giving the men the long, languorous oral servicings they desired.

And the dreams, they continued. Regina could hear the voice of a mysterious woman as she said the words she could not hear but innately, joyously absorbed.

Dr. Priscilla Robinson and Dr. Luis Dumont perfected their techniques and their technology over the course of three years at the Petersburg Sexual Service Worker Training Facility in Indiana, which they purchased with a DCR grant in 2047. Regina's cohort, and the four cohorts before hers, was the first to undergo the fully tested and proven protocols. Centered at Purdue University, Drs. Robinson and Dumont commuted daily via hovercar between the training facility and their lab at Purdue.²¹

The technique involved advanced hyperkalemic hypnosis, modified from the pioneering studies and experiments on recalcitrant eligible females, (REF's), done by Dr. Fujiko Murakami at Hosai University in Tokyo, Japan, between 2044-46, in conjunction with polyelectronic stimulus to and changes in brain function. These changes are more or less permanent, or have proved so to date, a full 12 years later. Regina has been assigned the names Lulu, Starlight, Natalie, Haley and Francine during the course of her 12 year tenure as an IR at five different SSF's. Her performance and dedication to duty, as well as all the initial 'graduates' of the process have been continuously monitored by Drs.

²¹ It was alleged that Dr. Robinson programmed over 300 female student 'volunteers' at Purdue during and after the perfection of the Robinson/Dumont Process. Attractive and sexually appealing female students were mandated to volunteer for the 'experiments' at the insistence of their professors. Once processed, the professors would exercise their preemptive male responsibility rights and the girl would usually, after the professor was finished with her and had selected another victim, be sold to a black market sexual service facility. In addition, according to the allegations, Dr. Robinson received substantial gratuities for processing approximately 600 female wards at the request of their RM's. After DCR's thorough investigation, it was determined that Dr. Robinson had committed no violations of law. Cases against the professors and the RM's were dropped.

Robinson and Dumont's teams. Pursuant to the protocols, the last few sessions implanted a gradual loss of memory of going through the process and left only an undifferentiated sense that some change had taken place which could not be eliminated without affecting the altered brain patterns.

The "Dumont Units" became commercially available in 2052, two years after this narrative.²² DCR insured that only specially trained operators would be permitted to administer the Robinson/Dumont Protocols and operate the equipment. By the time commercial sale of the Dumont Units commenced, the somewhat unwieldy prototype equipment was modified and refined.

Instead of a helmet, the subject required only the administration of a cloth head encompassing cap which was secured under the chin. Physical wiring was replaced by wireless and the protocols were adjusted so that programming and physical modifications to certain brain structures could be done at night while the subject slept. Computer assisted recordings obviated the necessity of a live "modifier" as Dr. Robinson termed it.

The computer could adjust the auditory prompts to the subject based on their semi-conscious responses and repetitions throughout the night through the speakers and microphone in the Dumont Cap. Doctor Robinson's voice was always used. The "influencing fluid", as Dr. Robinson termed it, contained specially modified ionized potassium mixed with a morphine derivative. The fluid and technology was and still is proprietary to the Janus Institute, which they formed in 2050. The orally administered liquid 'fluid' was replaced by an intramuscular injection.

Later models, brought out by Dr. Robinson's daughter, Dr. Elaine Robinson-Dumont (she married Dr. Dumont's son Richard in 2053), allow the processing of multiple individuals coextensively. The necessary sessions with the Dumont Units were reduced from 25 to 10. Refresher units were made available a year later, in 2056. Refreshers are usually conducted in a single overnight which can be performed right at the SSF. Regina received 2 refreshers, in 2056 and 2060. Refreshers are not deemed clinically necessary, but do result in measurable upticks in performance comparable to the first few years after initial processing.

DCR created its own independent department devoted to the Robinson/Dumont Process with certain modifications. Initially instituted

²² They were licensed for export to the United European States and the China Hegemony Region in 2054.

to deal with Ideologically Suspect Females (IFC's), the program was expanded to process females who have been declared grossly unruly (GU). As of January 1, 2058, all adult female wards of DCR personnel were required to undergo the process. A dedicated unit for Females Requiring Responsivity and Obedience Training, (FRROT), was established in every DCR Police Station.

All information regarding the Robinson/Dumont Process is deemed MNSGP, Material Not Suitable for the General Public.

Today, all compelled sexual workers (CSW's) go through the Robinson/Dumont process as part of their initial training. Pilot programs are ongoing regarding General Female Docility and Obedience, (GFD&O), training for maturing females despite objections registered with the DCR by Drs. Priscilla and Elaine Robinson. They were arrested in 2061. Dr. Elaine Robinson is currently being held on an indeterminate basis at the West Virginia IFC. Due to her extraordinary contribution to General Public Order, Dr. Pricilla Robinson was allowed to retire to a DCR Mandatory Female Retirement Center in Racine, Wisconsin. Her well-furnished cell has a view of Lake Michigan. She continues to write for the Purdue Responsiveness and Obedience Review based on studies and reports which DCR provides to her. She is allowed one SSO per month from one of the MR's assigned to the Center.

Regina and the other SSW's who underwent the process would normally be aging out of the system at this time. However, in 2055 DCR extended the terms of all Involuntary Recruits then in service and inducted thereafter from 12 to 17 years. Thus, it is not yet known how well the initially processed females who will eventually age out will adapt to their post CSW lives.

* * * * *

Bruno was stirring. Ever alert, Regina, aka Lulu, rose to her knees ready to be of service. Bruno looked at her for a moment, stroking his cock. A light went off in his brain. He pushed Lulu over, spread her legs and delved his mouth into her loins. Within a minute, Lulu was moaning and groaning frantically. When she came, he rolled her over, brought her to her knees and slipped his renewed, rock solid cock into her rear gate. Lulu gasped, lowered her forehead to the mattress and prepared herself for the explosive orgasm she knew was coming.

CHAPTER NINE

SUZANNE'S TALE: PART THREE

Suzanne was brought to a different cell this time. It was in all respects just like the last one. A black haired girl was in the cell opposite her. She looked Asian. She sat on her bunk for a while. She felt lower than she had ever felt in her whole life. She was doomed, she knew it. What was she going to tell the detective about what they were doing? Surely it can't be illegal for a bunch of women to get together and talk about their problems. But he would want to know who was there. What they talked about.

Why had she written those papers? Why had she ever gone to college? Why had she agreed to join that women's group? Sylvia had said it was part of the Women's Liberty Movement. But she didn't feel much like a member of a movement now. She was all alone. She had to face Detective Snyder all alone. He had said that he was her friend, that he liked her, but that was just a lie to get her to talk, to condemn herself. Why didn't they just get it all over and do whatever they were going to do?

After a while, she lay down on her bunk. She had to lie face down because of the cuff thing that held her wrists behind her back. She closed her eyes and tried to sleep. It didn't work. There were horrid noises all around her, cell doors slamming, women crying, toilets flushing. She heard angry female voices from time to time. She realized that Officer Sherrie had almost certainly gone home. She wondered if she picked up those things her mother wanted. Did her mother know what she did for a living? Did she approve? Hearing a voice that was coming from outside the police station had been both comforting and discomfiting. It was comforting because it told her that the outside world still existed. People were still out there leading normal lives. It was discomfiting because she was in here and the voice was outside and she might never be outside again!

She must have fallen asleep eventually, because she awoke with a start when she heard her cell door opening. She turned to see who it was. To her dismay, it was Officer Gil Nutley. She cringed and her belly went cold.

“Get on your knees,” he said to her curtly. She was fighting off sobs as she slid herself off of the bunk and got on her knees in front of him. She remembered when he had called her a lazy cunt for not kneeling up straight. She didn’t want the same insult now.

Officer Nutley was in his dark blue DCR Police uniform. He had on black jackboots and there was a baton hanging from his waist. He towered above her. She knew why she was on her knees, but she hoped, hoped, hoped that she was wrong.

But she wasn’t wrong. Officer Nutley lowered his fly and pulled out his prick. She had never seen one in real life. They had made sure that the girls had seen plenty of pictures in Sexual Education class and in the Female Submission course after she turned 18. All kinds of cocks, long ones, short ones, fat ones, thin ones. Some soft and lifeless, some erect and aggressive looking. There had been a video showing them various ways of fucking. The teacher, Ms. Martin, had a rubber facsimile of a rock solid cock and had shown them how to take it into your mouth and suck it. They were all made to take a turn.

The worst was when she made them all take off their underwear and kneel with their heads to the floor. She had greased each of them and slid a faux cock, she had one for each of them, into their rear entrances and made them hold it there for about 20 minutes. Up till now, it had been the most humiliating moment of her life. “Remember girls,” she had said, “the trick is to relax. Just let it enter you. Don’t fight it. It’s going in anyway. What I do when my husband is ass fucking me is play with my pussy and try to make myself come when he does. This way you get to associate ass fucking with pleasure. And that makes everything much easier.”

So she had never sucked a cock, but, in a manner of speaking, one had been in her mouth. And she was familiar with what they looked like, but had never seen one in real life. And here it was, right in front of her. She looked up at Officer Nutley, a sickness wafting through her. She pulled her head back when he went to take off her gag. He just gave her a big slap that made her scream. He didn’t say anything. Just the slap. He didn’t need to. His violence carried its own message.

Tears were rolling down her face when he urged her gag out. He tossed it on the bunk. He held out his cock to her. She cringed. What if she refused? What would happen? She looked at his baton. They doubled as a smashing tool and an electric prod. He could use either one on her. Or both. Nobody would stop him. And then she would be charged with another offense, resisting an officer.

No, she wouldn't resist. Maybe this was all they wanted. She would suck off Detective Snyder too if she had to. She would suck off the entire police force if they would let her go. She would drop out of college. She would never go anywhere again. She would stay home and babysit Peter and Cindy's two 2 and 4 year old daughters. Maybe she would sneak them out of the country so that nothing like this would ever happen to them. But to where? There was almost no news about what was going on in other countries other than vids of the Blessed Leader visiting this capital or that. But what were the lives of the people like? Were they worse than they were here? Did they have a Sexual Service Corp.?

Nutley was stroking his cock impatiently. It had grown bigger and harder since he had taken it out. He proffered it to her again. His facial expression conveyed an anger which bordered on hate. Why did he hate her? Did he hate all women? Did he have a female companion at home? How did he treat her? Why is he doing this to me when he can get all the blowjobs he wants at a SSF? And better ones too, she was sure.

She sensed that time was running out. In a second the baton would come out. She shuddered. She moved her head forward. She pressed her lips against the head. It seemed hot. The prick they had used in class had been cold. She opened her lips and tentatively surrounded the helmet. Suppressing a whine, she closed her mouth around it. She felt like she was going to heave. That would be a fucking mess! Nutley would beat her for sure. The head of his cock was a sickening presence. It felt a lot bigger than it had looked. She felt Nutley's hand grip on a skein of her hair. He pushed her head forward harshly, until she felt its massiveness strike the back of her throat. She whined and gagged. She wanted her hands to defend herself, but they writhed uselessly behind her.

She felt her head pulled back and off of his cock. She winced, about to tell him that she would do a better job when he slapped her again. She howled loudly this time, her voice unmuffled. He brought her mouth to the tip of his cock again. She suppressed all of her feelings, all of her emotions. She spread her lips, captured the head and slowly, slowly, slowly, as Ms. Martin had shown her, let her lips descend his pole, keeping the tightly pressed against it.

He kept his hand locked in her hair, but he made her do all the work. She brought her head back and forth, back and forth, all the while giving his meat a soft suckle, making a hot, wet tunnel for it with her tongue. She went on and on. She would have cried, but she was so afraid of losing her timing on the man's cock that she held it back. On and on she went. The cock was this immense, demanding presence. It was hard and

soft and hot. Not hot, hot, but more than just warm.

Nutley was sighing and moaning. He still hadn't said a word to her other than to order her to her knees. She could feel her breasts flopping as she moved back and forth quicker and quicker. Maybe I can get him done! Maybe I can get him done!" she thought desperately. He hadn't objected when she picked up speed. His moans got louder and his hips had started to thrust back and forth to match her strokes.

Suddenly, he took a firmer grip of her hair and started to pump her head up and down wildly. She moaned and whined and complained, but she kept her lips tight against his rod.

"Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" he was shouting. She was sure that every girl in the cell block could hear him and knew what she was doing. It was all so shameful! He would go up and tell his friends. Miss Wright will be happy to suck your cock. She's not half bad for a beginner. You don't even have to say anything. She'll just get on her knees and blow you.

His shouts became louder and his thrusts harder. He was banging his cock against her throat. His cock jumped to life. It began pulsing and jerking in her mouth. She felt the warm spume oozing all over. She was crying now. This was the worst thing that had ever happened to her! Was this what it was going to be like? Would she have to do this a hundred times, a thousand, ten thousand? Forever and ever until she died?

His thrusts were slowing. The throbs of his cock became less intense. The grip on her hair loosened. Officer Nutley released a long, pleased sigh. He stopped and left his cock in her mouth. She wanted to spit it out. "I've done what you wanted," she screamed inside, "now get it out! Get it out!"

Finally, he let his softened prick slide from between her lips. She watched as he tucked it away. After he had zipped up his fly, he looked at her. Her mouth was jammed shut, his cum pooled in her mouth. She couldn't bring herself to swallow it. He looked at her sternly. "Open your mouth!" he ordered her curtly. She tentatively spread her lips. He grabbed her chin and spread them wider. He looked inside. He released her jaw and rose to his full height. "Swallow," he commanded. Sadly, she closed her mouth and her eyes and forced it down. It felt slimy going down her throat.

"Open up and show me," he ordered. She spread her lips again and opened her mouth wide. He took her chin again and peered in and then, satisfied, released it.

He picked up her gag from the bench. He brought it to her mouth. She spread her lips to accept it. He jammed it in hard, making her squeal.

He grabbed her hair again and shook her head. "Shut the fuck up!" he screamed at her.

He released her without striking her as she had feared. He just stepped back, out of the cell. He pressed a button in his hand and the cell door started its journey closed. He stayed there while it rumbled, watching her until it released its final sounding, 'clang!' He smiled and stepped away.

She doubled over and began to sob woefully. How did it all come to this? It was like a horrible nightmare that she couldn't awaken from. It was so unreal to be in the bowels of that terrible, ominous building and be an abject prisoner. All around outside the building, people were going about their normal lives. They had said that Detective Snyder would be in by ten. He probably took an hour or so to review her file and Nutley's report. Maybe he joked and kidded with his coworkers and co-conspirators first for a while. Maybe he had a meeting with the lieutenant. Maybe they spoke about her and the best way to break her. So maybe she had been brought up to see him at 11:30 or so. Their conference, or, rather, her interrogation, had taken maybe 45 minutes, a bit longer if you include the time she had just sat there, waiting for him to come back. So maybe 1 or 1:30 she came back down to the cells. And how long had she laid there? It was difficult to say, since she had fallen asleep. Let's say 3 hours.

So it was maybe 4 or 5 p.m. It was probably dark again outside. The winter solstice was only a couple of weeks away, so it got dark early. She had spent the entire day without seeing the sun. Peter and Cindy would be frantic with worry. Would the DCR Police at least notify them that she was in custody? Would they just deny it if Peter called to see if she was here? She believed that they probably would. Everything about the DCR was so secretive. He would call the hospitals, her friends. Her school. Everyone he could think of.

It occurred to her that she didn't even know where she was. She had not paid much attention to where they were going last night. She had been too distracted by fear and unhappiness. She didn't even know where the DCR Police Station was! The cop had said that it would take him 20 minutes to get there. But with today's technology, even on city streets, he could go 50 or 60 miles in that time. There were at least five or six towns within that distance. Mercerville, Cliffside, Dawton, Riveredge, Canton, Farmdale. At least them. She could be in any one of those towns. Deep, deep, deep within the earth of any one of those towns.

Her sobbing stopped. It wasn't doing her any good. It was making

things worse. Listening to the other women sob had been hard on her and she assumed that they would react the same way to her crying noises. She rose from her crouch to her feet. She had to pee. She went to the toilet and did her business. The Asian girl across the way was watching her. "Better me than you, huh?" she thought.

She finished and crawled up on her bunk face down. The matron had left the chains on her ankles and they rattled. She wanted to kick off her sandals, but had second thoughts about it. Do nothing you can be criticized for, she told herself. All the other girls seemed to be wearing their shoes so they must want them on. It was just another humiliation. All the girls knew why men made them wear them all the time. They pushed their breasts up and made their legs seem elegant and long. And it made it hard for them to run if they wanted to catch them. And they made distinct, feminine 'click clacks' as they walked. Each 'click clack' a reminder that men had made you wear these shoes and that the noise signaled that you were an inferior being.

She knew that she didn't fall asleep this time because when the dinner cart came by she was not startled by the noise. It had been about 3 hours, she figured. Eight o'clock at night? Later? Did Snyder just work days? Would the continuation of her interrogation be put off until tomorrow? She had heard the Asian girl taken away, but she had not looked up. Cells had opened and closed all over the place. Each 'clang!' drove a nail through her heart. Each woman's sobs had driven her deeper into despair. Each flush of a toilet reminded her what a terrible place she was in. Each actual voice she heard, which could only be one of the guards, struck terror into her.

At one point, after about an hour of lying there, one of the guards came by and banged her cell door with her baton. She was a thin, attractive black woman. "Get up! Get up!" she shouted. Suzanne frantically came to her feet. "Give me ten deep knee bends!" the guard commanded. Confused, she did what she said. At the end, she was out of breath and her heart was pumping.

"It's unhealthy to lie about all day," the guard told her. "Make sure you get up and move around every once in a while."

Her voice was almost friendly. Suzanne thought that if she met her outside they could have had a friendly chat, maybe a cup of coffee. They would laugh and tell stories about their lives. When she told her that she was a guard at a DCR police station, it probably wouldn't have meant much to her. I mean, somebody had to do it, didn't they?

The guard moved off. She heard her banging on a cell a few doors

down. "Get up! Get up!" she shouted. "Give me ten deep knee bends!"

She did all the cells that faced her corridor and then moved off. She could hear her for a while, making the rest of her rounds.

When the dinner cart came, she was too depressed to eat. The woman who was bringing them their dinner banged on her cell a few times. "Come on, get on your knees! Time to eat!" But Suzanne just lay there.

"Suit yourself," the woman finally said and moved off.

About 4 hours later, another cart came by. This time the guard was not so acquiescent. "Get the fuck up and on your knees or I'll come in there and break your arms and legs!" she shouted.

Suzanne jumped off of the bunk and took a kneeling position at the cell door. When the guard, a heavyset white woman, opened her little gate, she stuck her head out. It was not dinner. She put the bowls down and poured some kind of punch or something in it. Suzanne imagined that it had electrolytes or something in it for their health, like vitamins. The woman poured something like a quart in her bowl. It took her a long time to drink it. When they were all done, the guard cleaned them up, regagged them, and pushed all their heads back in.

About ten minutes later, Suzanne began to become very tired. Her head was all woozy. She sat up on the edge of her bunk and tried to shake it off. She looked across from her. A chunky black girl had taken the Asian girl's place. She was fast asleep on her bunk. She realized that they had all been drugged. She lay back down on her belly, not wanting to fall. She tried to fight it off, but it was impossible.

When she awoke, somebody was standing in her cell. She turned and looked something not easy with her hands confined behind her. It was the black matron from yesterday. "Come on, honey, get up," she said, sternly but not hostilely. Suzanne struggled to her feet. The bag went over her head and the leash around her throat. The woman pulled her out and she shuffled along behind her. They didn't go far. It was a couple more twists and turns than yesterday. She had the impression they were entering a room. The sounds that her heels made sounded like she was walking on tile instead of concrete.

Her hood was whisked off. Two of the guards were standing there. It was the young black guard and the Hispanic one. Seeing good looking, young women made her even more embarrassed of her bare chest. It was different when the bars of a cell were between them.

They were in a shower. There were five shower heads and three toilets on the other side. She felt her wrists being released. The Hispanic

guard came up to her and pulled out her gag. "Do you have to take a shit?" she asked matter-of-factly. As a matter of fact, she did. She had been too shamed to take it where she could be seen and where she couldn't wipe herself. She nodded.

"All right, come over here," she indicated.

Suzanne followed her to one of the toilets. She sat down on it unhappily. She strained to go. She closed her eyes and pretended that the other women weren't there. After she was done, she looked up. The Hispanic girl nodded and she reached for some toilet paper and cleaned herself. When she got up the toilet flushed automatically. She looked for some place to wash her hands, but the Hispanic girl said, "Never mind about that."

She took her arm and led her to a shower spigot. The black girl had turned it on. There was a steel bucket on the floor with suds in it. "Take off your shoes," the black girl said.

She realized that she was going to get a shower, but not under circumstances that she would have wanted. She crouched down and unstrapped her sandals. As she removed them from her feet, the black matron took them from her. When she had both, she walked away.

"Now take off your skirt," the black girl said.

She reached behind her and lowered the zipper. She was reluctant to separate herself from her last article of clothing but she knew that she had to obey. All of the guards carried that dual purpose baton on their belts.

She stepped from it and the Hispanic girl took it from her. She tossed it aside. Suzanne looked at it sadly. The Hispanic girl cuffed her on the head. "We're over here, honey," she said sharply.

The black girl motioned for her to come over. "Get in the shower," she said curtly. She walked over to the stream of water. She placed her hand in it, testing the temperature. It was hot, but not too hot. She stepped under it. It was wonderful. She closed her eyes and let it stream down over her head. She tried to think away the two oppressors. She could be home, in her own shower. She could be under a wonderful waterfall. She could be standing out in a beautiful field of flowers and God could be showering her with her blessings.

"Okay," she heard a sharp voice say. Her back had been to the guards. She turned to look at them. The black guard was standing there holding a dripping, soapy sponge. She stepped sadly towards her. "Put your hands up over your head," the Hispanic guard instructed her.

She raised her hands high. The black guard started smearing soapy water all over her. It wasn't cold, but was cooler than the shower. She

flopped her breasts this way and that. She did her belly. "Spread your legs," she said matter-of-factly. Suzanne widened her legs and the girl washed over her coosh. She washed under her arms and took each arm down, washing down its length and doing her hands. She always clipped her nails short and she never wore polish. It was just part of her rebellion, she guessed. It seemed absurd now.

"Turn around," the woman said. Suzanne turned and faced the Hispanic guard. She was ashamed of her gleaming, soapy tits. The Hispanic guard looked at them wryly. "Nice set," she said in a self-amused tone. Suzanne did not answer her.

The other guard did her back and neck, the back and front of her legs, made her lift each foot, and, after soaping the sponge up good, did the crack between her rear cheeks. "Bend over," she said softly. Suzanne bent over and the woman washed her little star.

"Okay, rinse yourself off," she told her. Suzanne stepped under the heavenly flow and let it wash all the soap away. She didn't know if it was allowed, but she ran her hand between her buttocks to make sure all the soap got out.

"Come on, come on, get out," the Hispanic guard said roughly. She stepped out again. The Hispanic guard had a bottle of shampoo. She poured some of it on Suzanne's hair and started to work it in. Her hands were strong and unfriendly. She made sure that everything was soaped up and told her to get in the shower again. She had her come out and put some conditioner on her head, worked it in and then had her wash her hair out again.

The black girl turned off the shower. The black matron had come back and was watching with interest. The Hispanic girl escorted Suzanne to a sink where she washed her face with moisturizing soap. They didn't bother to towel her off, just let her drip dry. The black girl ran a brush through her hair making sure that it was all straight and unknotted.

Unless giving her instructions, other than the Hispanic girl's one comment, they didn't speak. Neither did she. She had a million questions but knew better than to ask them. The last thing they did was hand her a toothbrush with some toothpaste on it and told her to brush her teeth. There was a little cup there and she rinsed out her mouth when she was done. She was thirsty and she put the cup back under the water and filled it. She looked at the Hispanic guard hopefully because she seemed to be the one in charge.

"Okay, drink it," she told her. "And take another if you want it."

When Suzanne had drunk the first cup down she filled it up again

and drank again. She put the cup down on the sink. She wanted to thank the Hispanic guard, but she knew better than to say anything. "See how low I've fallen," she thought. "I have to be grateful for being allowed to have a glass of water."

They pulled her back into the center of the room. The Hispanic guard pulled her hands behind her back and the confining mechanism was applied. It whirled shut around each wrist. The black guard presented her gag to her. She opened her mouth sadly. It had been so good to have it out. Couldn't they just accept her promise to stay quiet and if she was disobedient then gag her? But things didn't work that way. Besides, the gag was to demean her in addition to keeping her quiet. Free people without sin got to talk and laugh and smile. She wasn't one of those. So in went the gag.

The big black matron came over to her. She had a pair of bright red high heels in her hand. Her sandals were nowhere to be seen. It didn't make her happy. She figured that she had matched the sizes. The matron came over and lifted her right foot. She slipped the red shoe on. Then she did the left. They were a bit tight, but not too uncomfortable. She had seen the blond girl with red shoes on. And the brunette. This explained it. But she didn't want to wear red high heels. She wanted her own shoes. And the heels were higher on these shoes and skinnier. The sandals had 2" heels and were thick so you could actually walk on them. These were different. At last 3". She tottered on them. The black matron looked at her. "Don't ever take them off, honey, or you'll find out why," she said ominously.

The leash was put back around her neck. The young black guard had her hood in her hands. "No! No! What about my skirt!" she wanted to shout. "I need my skirt! Please! Please! Please!"

But she didn't get the chance to talk. The hood went on her head and was fastened around her neck. She felt a tug. "C'mon, honey," the black matron said. Miserable, she followed her lead.

They made some turns and then the big steel door clanged. Suzanne clickity clacked along as best she could. She kept on feeling like she was going to fall. They had made them practice on high heels in gym class in high school, but she hadn't really worn them since then. Her mind kept going to her naked loins and all the people who were going to see it. She didn't have a single thing that she had when she was arrested, unless you wanted to count the fillings in her teeth. She guessed that if they could figure out a way, they would take them too.

The elevator opened. She drew back, whining. The matron pulled

her leash harshly. "C'mon, honey," she said in an exasperated tone. "There ain't nobody up there who ain't seen a pussy before. There's nothing special about yours."

She stumbled into the elevator. Her whole body was shimmering and vibrating with shame. They were going to see her like this! All of them! Completely naked! The elevator went up. She wished it would take forever. It didn't and the door slid open. They went through another steel door and they were in the office area of the station. She felt and heard people all around her. She felt that they were all staring at her. Her belly roiled but she held back her sobs.

The matron opened a door and they entered an interrogation room. She couldn't tell if it was the same one as yesterday. She brought her across the room to the bench. The matron removed the machine that held her wrists together. She maneuvered her until she sat down. She removed the leash and replaced it with the collar from the chain in the wall above and behind her. Suzanne heard her leave when the door opened and closed.

"Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought miserably. She remembered the girl who had been sitting in an interrogation room nude and hooded when she had come in. She had wondered if that would be her soon and here she was. She remembered how easy it was to see the girl and shuddered.

She put her hands down to cover her loins. They had already seen her breasts yesterday. That was bad, but somehow didn't matter as much as them seeing her pussy. She didn't know why, but it did. Half the human population, more than half, had pussies. So what was the big deal? The matron was right. There was nobody up here who hadn't seen one before, or hadn't seen dozens and dozens. There was nothing special about hers. She thought that her inner lips peeked out a little too much, but otherwise it was a normal pussy. Why should it bother her so much?

Well, she guessed that it bothered her because it was hers. It was private. Nobody had ever set eyes on it except her doctor and the Suitability Inspector and the matrons during the selection when she was 18. All the girls in her class were terrorized by the prospect of it. They agonized about it all through high school as soon as they were old enough to know what it meant. She had almost burst into tears when she had felt the inspector's hand on her. It was shaven, like required, not that her blond hair did much to shade it. She had held her breath as the fingers danced on her mons, drifted along her crevasse, tickled at her nubbin. She had felt ready to scream and it was all that she could do to suppress

the roaring moan that was growing in her chest. She only gasped once and then had regretted it. Either the inspector didn't notice, which was unlikely, or it wasn't enough to condemn her. He had tested her asshole and then moved on. She had never felt so elated in her life. Three of her classmates failed and were hauled away.

Susie Miller was MR'd because she wasn't a virgin anymore. Everybody had known that. Todd Florenz had bragged about it and it had spread through the school like wildfire. Susie sobbed and sobbed and sobbed in the days leading up to the test. And she had sobbed and sobbed and sobbed as she was leaning over the stanchion awaiting the inspector's hand. She had moaned and groaned enthusiastically when the inspector made her come. It was astounding. She was ashamed of the thought later, when she was more mature and knew more about it, but she remembered that at the time thinking that maybe Susie should be a whore. She's cut right out for it.

Somehow that thought came into her mind now. Maybe she was cut right out to be a whore too. A mistake had been made during the selection. All of the things that she had done and which she now regretted was her subconscious telling her that she should get caught so that she could fulfill her destiny. By accepting the Betty Friedan book she had signaled to the world that she was ready to assume the mantle of whoredom.

But she knew that that wasn't true. After that day on the stanchion, she had shied away from sex. Sure, she self-pleasured, but who didn't. But the idea of another stranger's hand on her pussy again just turned her to stone.

No, she didn't want to be a whore. "Please! Please! Please! Please!" she prayed to Maia, the name she had given to her female deity. "Please don't let them make me into a whore! Please! Please! Please!"

Just then the door to the room opened. She assumed that it was Detective Snyder, but it wasn't. She heard a gruff voice state angrily, "Get your hands away from your pussy! Put them behind your head and spread your legs!"

Suzanne jumped when she heard the voice. She started to cry again. From out in the utter darkness had come a mean, vicious voice. She tentatively moved her hands away from her crotch. She didn't want to put them behind her head. It was too obscene. She edged her legs apart a little bit.

"Do what I say or I'm going to fuck you up you stupid cunt!" the voice raged. He had come closer to her. She released an anguished whine

and brought her hands behind her neck. She spread her legs so that her pussy would be exposed.

“Wider!” the voice demanded. She spread them some more. “Wider, you stupid fuck!” the voice called out. “As wide as you can!”

She sobbed from inside her hood and spread her knees as far as they would go. Her thighs were virtually parallel to the bench. She felt her pussy yawning for all to see.

“Now stay like that!” the voice commanded. “If you move, I’ll have you thrown into the hole for a couple of days! See how you like that!”

There was a pause where the only sounds were her sobs. Then the man walked away. She heard the door slam.

She sat like that for a long time. She felt the eyes of the people on the other side of the glass crawling over her like a thousand bugs. She wanted desperately to close up her legs and roll into a little ball, but she knew that she daren’t. She didn’t know what ‘the hole’ was and she didn’t want to know.

After about 25 more minutes, the door opened again. It closed and she heard someone walking into the room. She heard some things being dropped on the table. There was heavy, male breathing. She hoped it was Detective Snyder, but then hoped it wasn’t. She didn’t want him to see her this way. Her hopes were dashed when she heard his voice.

“Sorry I’m late,” he said. “Like I said, we’re very busy. I had to go out on an emergency call. This guy’s girlfriend was going all GU on him. It took three of us to subdue her. She was a real wildcat. What it was all about is anybody’s guess. But she’s in deep shit now. The guy swore out a complaint against her, repeated failure to engage in MSA’s, nagging, disobedience. She had even threatened to leave him. And now she’s got charges of assaulting a DCR officer times three. They’ll MR her for sure.”

This did not make Suzanne feel any better about anything. “Take her! Take her! Don’t take me!” she pleaded to nothingness.

“I see you’ve met my captain,” the detective told her. “He’s a bit of a prick, I don’t mind telling you. Something had probably pissed him off somewhere and when he came by here and saw you, he vented his spleen. Sorry about that. It’s my fault for being late.”

There was silence for a few seconds and she panicked, thinking that he was going to leave her this way. Then she heard him come close. He pulled off her hood and disconnected her collar. He took out her gag. “Here,” he said, holding out his hand, “come over here and sit at the table. It’ll put your back to the window. Besides, I’ve got something for

you.”

She reached out her hand and he pulled her to her feet. The table was set up longways against the white painted wall. Snyder had sat at the far end. There was another small wooden chair in the middle of the long way. He pulled it out and invited her to sit down.

Her papers were all spread out on the table in front of her, including the offending expired pass. The ominous box was there. Her celly and now empty pocketbook were within reach of her. By Snyder’s chair was his computer pad and a small cardboard container about 10” long and 3” high.

Snyder sat down in his chair. She was an arm’s length away from him. She was kind of crouched over, her shoulders rounded. She was so ashamed to be naked.

“Come on,” Snyder said to her enthusiastically, “aren’t you glad to see me?”

She nodded to him dourly.

“Well, you don’t look it. Don’t sit there all crunched over, sit up straight. Get your shoulders back and stick out your tits. When you’ve got them, flaunt them, isn’t that what they used to say?”

Suzanne didn’t know what they used to say. She didn’t want to advertise her breasts. They had engendered enough comment. It wasn’t that they were large so much, which they were, as much as they stuck straight out with only a little dip. They almost looked like the tits on the make believe fantasy girl in the billboard down the street from her house advertising The Magic Pussy brothel downtown. She was virtually naked and smiling and thrusting out her prefect breasts with thick, erect nipples. She had blond hair like hers, although she wore hers all curly around her head. Her hands were on her hips and her legs were spread. She wore a tiny, tiny thong. They weren’t allowed to show pussies in public advertisements.

She leaned back in her chair to straighten her back. She felt her breasts rise. They wobbled slightly.

“Come on, come on, let me see them!” Snyder said merrily. “Thrust them out like you’re proud of them.”

She pushed her breasts out more fully.

“Okay, that’s better,” he told her. “Now let me see you smile.”

She trembled. Was this what being a whore would be like, shoving out your tits and smiling at men who, even if you didn’t dislike them, made you scared? Was he prepping her for her new role? She gave him a little smile.

“Come on, come on, you can do better than that, can’t you?”

She broadened her grin.

“Ahhh, that’s good,” he told her.

He reached out and cupped her right breast. He gave it a gentle squeeze. “Your tits really are spectacular, you know,” he said.

She nodded yes, on the verge of tears.

“Yes, what?” he asked her, getting a little impatient.

“Yes, sir,” she returned meekly.

“No, no ,no,” he rejoined. “Yes, sir, thank you for admiring my tits, sir,” he said.

She frowned. “Yes, sir, thank you for admiring my tits, sir,” she said as loud as she could.

“That’s better,” he responded. He released her breast. “After all, we’re friends, aren’t we?”

“Yes, sir,” she answered.

“Yes, sir what?”

“Yes, sir we’re friends, sir,” she replied.

“And don’t call me sir,” he told her. “Call me Duke. It’s not my real name. It’s what they all call me. It’s supposed to be after some old baseball player. Do you watch baseball?”

“No, sir,” she responded.

“That’s no, Duke,” he corrected her.

“No, Duke,” she replied.

“No, Duke what?”

“No, Duke, I don’t watch baseball.”

“I don’t watch it that much anymore either,” he told her. “Not since they started throwing 115 m.p.h. fastballs. It makes the games too boring. Do you agree?”

“I-I don’t know,” she answered him. “I never watch baseball.”

“There’s a good girl. I knew you could talk. Does your RM like baseball, what’s his name, Peter?”

“No, sir,” she answered and then realized her mistake. Her breasts were jiggling around as she talked and it embarrassed her.

“No, Duke, Peter doesn’t watch baseball,” she corrected herself.

Snyder smiled. “So what does he watch? Educational stuff I’d guess.”

Suzanne realized that Snyder probably knew exactly what he watched.

“Yes, Duke, he watches educational shows.”

“And what do you like to watch, Suzy?”

She hesitated. She could say that she watched all those terrible and corny propaganda shows that they put out. But Duke would know she was lying. Besides, what she watched was no sin. Otherwise they couldn't put it on the Feely.

"Mostly movies, Duke," she answered. She couldn't believe they were having this conversation.

"What about the Battling Bickersons? I thought everybody watched that."

She did, in fact, watch it. She understood that it was based on an old time audio show. She and Peter and Cindy got together on Sunday nights and watched each episode as it came out after the kids went to bed. It was hilarious. It was a little racy for kids and Mrs. Bickerson certainly walked a fine line between being merely uncivil and being GU. It wouldn't be something good for the kids to see. Especially since they were girls and would all through their school days be judged on their deportment and demeanor.

It humored her that a DCR policeman would watch and like the Battling Bickersons. She issued a little laugh. "Yes, Duke, I watch the Battling Bickersons," she replied.

"That's the girl," he said, smiling back at her. "That's what I like to see. A nice smile. You ought to smile more often. It makes you seem joyful and pretty."

She knew that his complement needed an answer. "Thank you, Duke, for admiring my smile," she said. As soon as she said it, darkness overwhelmed her again. Here she was, sitting with her oppressor, naked, getting interviewed to see if she was too ideologically impure to remain in the general population, and he was admiring her smile. How long would she be able to smile, she asked herself. He had her calling him by his nickname, but she needed to remember that he was Detective Snyder of the Sexual Thought Enforcement Squad (STES).

The Duke changed tack. "Here, I got you some food," he told her pushing over the cardboard container. "I heard that you didn't eat last night. And there's a small container of orange juice in it."

She looked at the box. It was true that she was hungry. She didn't realize how hungry until he mentioned it. She tentatively opened it. On the right was a small container of orange juice covered by foil. On the left was a delicious looking omelet. There was gooey cheese oozing out of it. There looked to be pieces of red peppers and bacon. The top was a nice golden brown. It smelled wonderful. First showered, now fed. Were they telling her something? Life could be better if she cooperated? She

looked at the Duke and then at the omelet. There was no way she wasn't going to eat it. Naked or not.

"Th-thank you, Duke," she murmured. "It's very thoughtful."

He tousled her hair. "Nothing's too good for my little Suzy," he joked. And then, "Go ahead and eat."

There was a plastic knife and fork taped inside the lid. She took them off and cut up a big wedge. She stabbed it with the fork and brought it to her mouth. It tasted heavenly. She released a pleased moan. Much better than the sludge she would have had to eat last night.

He let her eat in peace. A couple of times he tweaked her right breast playfully, smiling afterwards. She didn't mind if that's all he did. It was worth it to eat such a great meal. When she was done, she drank down all of the orange juice. The pleasure was exquisite.

She pushed the empty container away when she was done. Her belly felt wonderfully warm. She remembered to keep her breasts shoved out. The Duke smiled at her. She gave him a little smile in return. He was a cop on the worst kind of police force you could imagine, but he wasn't cruel. Not like Gil Nutley.

"Okay" he said. "Let's get you back on the bench."

He rose from his chair and proffered her his hand. She took it and got up. She had almost forgotten that she was naked. When she saw the officers in the next room she remembered.

The detective led her over to the bench. He indicated that she should sit. He connected the collar to her neck. "Now put your hands behind your neck and spread your legs," he told her with some seriousness.

Her face cringed. He was going to make her do that again! She didn't want to. She hesitated.

He looked exasperated. "Don't make me regret my kindness to you, Suzy," he told her. "Remember, I'm a police officer and you're in a lot of trouble. So don't fuck with me, okay?"

She frowned and a coldness went through her. Yes, he was a cop and she was in a lot of trouble. She raised her hands behind her head and spread her legs. Only a little bit at first, but then she remembered what the captain had said. She spread them as far as they would go. Duke Snyder smiled. "Good girl," he said. "I'm going to help you keep your legs spread properly," he said. He crouched down near her right ankle. She felt something being attached to it and pulled tight. He went over to her left and did that ankle too. He stood up. Her knees were spread wide apart. "That's better," he said. "But keep your elbows up and push out your tits like I showed you." Sadly, she obeyed.

“Very good,” he said jovially. He tousled her hair and patted her cheek.

He picked up his computer pad and dragged his chair until it was about 10’ away from her. He sat in it and scrolled through whatever was on the screen.

“Let’s review,” he started out. “Yesterday you admitted that you believe that the government is withholding information important to brothers and sisters, right?”

Suzanne cringed. In effect, that was what she admitted. “Yes,” she squeaked.

“Yes, what, Suzy?” he asked her. “Do we have to go through this again each time we start?” He seemed annoyed.

Her stomach was sour. All of that food was sitting there dangerously. She glanced to her right. Two burley officers were standing there watching her. Tears came to her eyes. She looked back at the detective.

“N-no, Duke,” she answered timidly. “We don’t have to go through this every time we start.”

“Well, it seems like we do. I’ll ask you again. Do you admit that you believe that the government is withholding important information that the brothers and sisters are entitled to have?”

“Yes, Duke,” she replied. “I admit that I believe that the government is withholding important information.”

“Okay then. Was that so hard? And you believe that the current government is illegitimate. You believe that too, don’t you?”

“I never said that!” she whined.

He looked at her, exasperated. “I read a direct quote from your paper yesterday, Suzy? Do I have to read it again? You said that the Faith in God Party didn’t achieve power through legitimate means. Didn’t you say that?”

She cringed. It was what she said. She felt like she was going to explode. How could this man be so kind one moment and so cruel the next. He was staring at her, looking for an answer.

“Y-yes, Duke” she finally said. “I believe that the current government is illegitimate.” She broke out into sobs.

“Suzy, Suzy, Suzy,” Snyder said to her. “Don’t take it so hard. We’re on a truth mission here. Sometimes the truth hurts. But I’m never going to be able to help you unless we uncover it all. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Duke, I understand,” she said tearfully. He got up from his

chair and retrieved one of the napkins that had come with her breakfast. He came over to her and wiped the tears away from her eyes. He looked down on her. "You're going to be completely honest with me, aren't you Suzy?" he asked.

"Y-yes, Duke, I'll be completely honest with you," she answered.

"Good girl," he said beaming. He put the tear stained napkin in his pocket, retrieved his computer pad from the table and sat back down in his chair.

"We also established that you lied to Officer Nutley to cover up some other unlawful activity, didn't we?"

Her heart was beating wildly. If only she could close her legs. She felt like a butterfly pinned to a page. She felt vulnerable and weak and humiliated. The officers by the glass had gone away. She was grateful for that at least.

Snyder was waiting for his answer.

"Yes, Duke," she confessed. "I lied to Officer Nutley."

"And you lied to prevent him from uncovering other, unlawful activity, didn't you? And please don't quibble!"

"Y-yes, Duke," she admitted tearfully. "I did it to hide other unlawful activity."

"I'm not going to tell him! I'm not going to tell him! I'm not going to tell him!" she repeated in her mind again and again.

"Oh, and I don't know that it makes much difference in light of the other charges, but did you know that 'The Thrill of Darkness' was on the Blessed Leader's recommended reading list for the last four months?"

"N-no, I didn't know that, Duke," she answered.

"Yeah. Amazing, isn't it? Thus your vociferous criticism of the book is a slander on the Blessed Leader. Did you know that?"

"N-noooooo!" she wailed. "It's not! It's not! I didn't mean it that way!"

"Well, the facts speak for themselves, Suzy," he told her.

He let her stew on that for a few moments. And then he said, leaning back, "I'd like to change the subject a little bit, Suzy, is that okay?"

She looked at him. She was happy to discuss something other than her sins.

"Y-yes, Duke," she replied, and then realizing her mistake, said hurriedly, "I mean no, Duke. I don't mind." Her voice was more whiny than she wanted it to be. She couldn't put aside the fact that she was flashing her naked breasts and pussy at him. And yet, he was sitting there calmly as if it were an everyday occurrence. Maybe it was. But it wasn't

for her and she couldn't get the fact of her lude display out of her mind.

"Let's talk about the sex thing, Suzy," he said. "It's astounding that a girl who is twenty three years old is still a virgin. I blame your RM, Peter. He should have forced you to have sexual relations years ago. Think of all those orgasms you missed. If nothing else, if your sensibilities were delicate, he should have deflowered you himself. Maybe then you would have gotten over your squeamishness about sex."

There was no question pending, but Suzanne didn't like the direction this was taking.

"You were 14 when you first came to live with him, yes?"

"Yes, Duke," she murmured in reply.

"And your parents had just died?"

"Yes, Duke," she answered.

"So he was your RM during all your formative years. He's responsible for all your foolish ideas about men and women. Let me play you a tape."

He fiddled with his computer pad. A voice came on. It was her voice.

"I don't think she stays at all," her voice said.

"And why is that, Miss Wright?" Professor Haber replied.

"And why does Miss Wright believe that her opinion is more important than the men who have critiqued the book?"

And then she went into her explication of the ending of 'Return to the Chateau'. He stopped the recording just after she said, "The diamonds are a symbol of the new knowledge that she has gained, that you can't rely on men to be truthful or to act for your benefit. That you have to look out for yourself."

He let her words hang out there for a little while. He was staring at her disapprovingly. Then he resumed. "Have you ever read the General Public Order Declaration?" he asked her. She was sobbing.

"Yesssss!," she whined miserably.

"I'd say that that last statement goes directly against it. I could cite you chapter and verse, but you studied it in school. You know what it says, don't you?"

"Y-yes," she said. She wanted to hang her head and hide, but there was no way she could do it with her elbows up and out and her hands behind her head.

“That’s, ‘Yes, Duke,’” he reminded her.

“Yes, Duke,” she said.

“Professor Haber called me right after that class. He was kind enough to send me a recording. Given all we know about you now, he did the right thing, didn’t he?”

“Y-yes, Duke,” she replied unhappily.

“Yes, Duke what?”

“Yes, Duke he did the right thing,” she whined.

Snyder’s eyes floated down over her thrust out breasts to her mons and back again. She felt like his eyes were burning holes in her. He was only 10’ away. If he wanted, he could practically reach out and touch her. She had never, ever, ever, been naked in front of a man before. And now she was about as ludely displayed as you could be.

“I have to say that it is a very interesting theory and you can see how it might work with the rest of the novel,” he continued finally, ignoring the interruption. “But I think that you’re missing the essential point of the book. Let me read you something.”

He swiped at his computer pad a couple of times. “Here it is,” he said. “It’s just after O has come back to Roissy. She’s in bed on her first night back.”

“...in the dark and unable to sleep, O asked herself for the hundredth time why, whether or not she derived any pleasure from it, someone, no matter whom, from the fact that he penetrated her, or simply opened her with his hand, beat her, or only made her strip naked, had the power to make her submit to his will.”

He paused to let the passage sink in. “That’s the true message of the book,” he went on. “It is in O’s nature to be submissive. Touch her cunt, she’s yours, stick your cock in her, she’s yours, tell her to take off her clothes, she’s yours. She can’t help herself. And neither can the vast majority of women. When Carl, he’s Flemish, not German by the way, gives her the diamonds and tells her that he’s going to take her away to America, and she says that she’s going to run away with the diamonds, does she do it? No.

“No amount of mere money or jewels or anything in the world will make O leave Roissy. She can’t leave Roissy. It’s impossible for her. She’s finally found her true self. She can curse herself, struggle when Carl whips her, but she can’t help herself from looking at Jose the valet’s

prick. Frank catches her at it and has her beaten. Later, after she has submitted to him, he asks her if he has done the right thing. She tells him yes. She needs to be punished and disciplined, as all women do.”

Suzanne looked at him with astonishment. “This is a cop?” she wondered to herself. “How does he know so much? How can he rattle off these theories? And how can he generalize from O to all women, even if his theory is right, which she didn’t believe for a minute. O is one woman. Noelle doesn’t feel that way. She comes and goes as she pleases. And what about Ann Marie? How do you account for her?”

“I guess you’re wondering where I got all this stuff. I have a masters in Female Submission from the University of Delaware. It’s mostly a correspondence course. But my thesis assessing the themes of ‘The Story of O’ and ‘Return to the Chateau’, in light of about a thousand interviews I did with SSW’s in brothels around the state, was published in the Journal of Female Discipline put out by Brown University last spring. So it must have been good. If you ever get the chance, you should read it.”

He paused. “But my point is,” he continued, “you hold very dangerous and nonconformist views. Where did they come from? You didn’t learn them in high school. You didn’t learn them in college. Professor Haber was astounded at your audacity. So the only conclusion is that you learned them at home. If not from Peter, then from Cindy, his wife, who he married when you were 16. Probably from both of them.”

Suzanne cringed in horror. What had she done? Had she condemned both Peter and Cindy? It wasn’t right. It didn’t seem fair.

“And Peter’s failure to take your sexuality in hand once you turned 18 is virtually proof positive. Do you know whether he fucks Cindy up the ass?”

She looked at him, shocked. “N-no, Duke,” she answered quickly.

“Tell me the truth, if Cindy told him that she wouldn’t do it, is Peter the kind of guy who would make her?”

“N-no, Duke,” she admitted.

“And if Cindy told him, not tonight, I have a headache, would he insist on fucking her?”

“N-no, Duke,” she admitted miserably.

“No, I didn’t think so. And if his best friend came over who had hadn’t seen in many years, would he tell Cindy to blow him for old time’s sake?”

Suzanne just shook her head.

“Did you know, as a STES officer I can terminate him as your RM and get you assigned to someone else who’ll do the right thing by you?”

Do you want me to do that?"

"N-no, Duke!" she cried out.

"You see, that's the problem. You're practically intransigent."

"Do you play with yourself?"

She looked at him. She didn't want to answer the question. It was so private. But she knew she had to. He sensed her reserve.

"Listen, Suzy, if I'm going to help you I need to know all about you. So answer me truthfully, do you masturbate?"

"Y-yes, Duke," she answered, ashamed. She couldn't help but think of her exposed pussy.

"How often?"

"Once in a while," she whined.

"I don't believe that," he told her. "Don't lie to me Suzanne. Is it more than once a week?"

"Y-yes," she admitted, defeated.

"More than twice a week?"

"Sometimes," she answered.

"Three times a week? More?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she screamed out.

"And did you ask Peter for permission to abuse yourself? Did you ever do it in his presence, so he could watch and evaluate you?"

"Noooooooo!" she replied. She had forgotten all about calling him Duke.

"You see, that's my point. Peter is no good for you. He's made you ashamed of your own sexuality. You're too embarrassed to ask him for permission to jill off. And so, he's led you to commit another offense. Unauthorized self-administered sexual activity. Now we have to add that to the list."

Suzanne sobbed and sobbed. She was damning herself at every turn. And now she had gotten Peter and Cindy in trouble. If Peter was not good as an RM for her, how could he be a good one for Cindy? And now he and she were ideologically suspect. And if they raided the house, which they might, they would find all those forbidden books downstairs.

"I think we need a little break, Suzy," he told her. "I've been looking at your cunt and it's clear that you don't trim it. You know that the hair needs to be trimmed around the pussy lips and extend no more than 1½ " from the central point of your vagina. Your hair is all over the place. It's just another instance of your ideological corruption. You wear baggy blouses, you wear non-regulation high heels, barely high heels at all. You watch that show, the Battling Bickersons which, in my opinion should be

taken right off the air. That whore of an actress who plays the wife should be sent to a Disciplinary Sexual Service Center for a couple of years at least, if not worse.”

He paused as if imagining himself in judgment of her. “I’m going to go for a smoke and check my mail,” he continued. “I’ll have one of the matrons come in and trim your pussy for you. In fact, I’ll have her take it all off. That’ll just make it simpler.”

She was sobbing. She strained to bring her legs together. She had forgotten about her pussy hair. But she never thought that she would be arrested by the DCR Police.

He took her gag off of the desk and brought it to her. Tears were flowing down her face like a river as he proffered it to her and she accepted it. He looked at her. “I can’t leave your hands free and I can’t lock them between your legs because they’ll get in the way,” he said pensively. He looked at the T55 handcuff sitting on the bench next to her. “Give me your hands,” he told her. She brought her hands forward reluctantly. He captured one wrist and then the other so that they were bound in front of her. He looked under the bench. He moved to her right and pulled out an old cardboard box. He rummaged around in it. “Here it is,” he announced. He pulled out a four foot long chain. It had clips on both ends. He clipped one end onto a ring on the T55 and stepped closer to her, right up against her body. He pulled her bound hands up over her head. He strained to reach it, but he was able to clip the other end of the chain to a ring about six or seven feet above her.

He stepped back. Her arms were raised high. They pulled her spine absolutely straight and flattened out her breasts, but just a bit. It was hard to hide those babies. Her ass was pulled a little bit up off the bench. He could see it was a real strain for her, but it would make it easier to shave her pussy. Her eyes pleaded to him for mercy. He took hold of a nipple and shook her breast. “I’ll be back in a little while and we’ll talk some more. Okay?”

She just looked up at him miserably.

If “Duke” had gone out for a smoke, it was a very long one. Suzanne sat there for an hour before anyone came to see her at all. Snyder had purposely left her hood off so she could see all the other officers staring at her with googly eyes. She tried to close her eyes to block them out, but she couldn’t stand not knowing if somebody was watching her so that her eyes kept springing open to see.

Frequently no one was taking special notice of her. After all, naked or near naked women were held for interrogation every day. At other

times, one or more people stood there and stared. There was a little bit of a stir at the station about her fine tits, and everybody wanted to take a look. A group of secretaries from the second floor came down and ogled her for twenty minutes. It was not just that they were titillated by the sight of a beautiful girl in such distress. There was that, of course and each of them hunted down their RM later, during the course of the day, for some relief. Everyone from lieutenant on up had couches in their offices for just such occasions.

There was some pity for the poor girl, don't get me wrong. None of them would have wanted to be in her position. But the videos of her interrogations had been circulated around and had achieved some buzz. They had been broadcast live.²³ Snyder was an old pro and he was really outdoing himself. He hadn't dealt yet with the issue of who the girl had been meeting with that night and what they had been doing, and already he had 2 new suspects.

The girls all stood and watched when the matron came in to shave her pussy. Suzanne looked at the small assembly of young women miserably. How they could stand there and watch her humiliation she didn't know.

It was Cassie Kramer who got the call. She was on duty downstairs when the call went out. She had been disciplining a young Asian girl, the same girl who had been opposite Suzanne's cell. She had thrown a tantrum when she was brought up to the patrolman's leisure lounge for some fucking. She kicked and screamed and yelled so much, that they had sent her back downstairs and brought up instead an attractive African American girl who had been classified MR and was awaiting pickup. She already had been tattooed. The Asian girl had been brought to the punishment room where Cassie had just finished giving her ten strokes of the cane. Brenda Vasquez, who we have met, volunteered to give her the additional ten strokes of the flogger she was due so Cassie could go upstairs.

The Asian girl, Patty Li, would be allowed to contemplate the errors of her ways overnight and be sent back up to the patrolman's leisure lounge in the morning.

Cassie was the newest recruit and they were giving her as many 'hands on' jobs as possible as part of her training. Brenda would report later that Cassie had seemed reluctant, at first, to administer body

²³ The sessions were distributed as training videos and are the central focus of the Female Persuasion class at the DCR Police Academy outside of Tuscaloosa.

numbing blows to the attractive Asian girl, but that after the third blow she had gotten into the spirit of the thing.

Patty had been caught giving a female friend of hers a rather soulful kiss. No other evidence had been found against her or the other girl, despite repeated interrogations, but the judge gave her and the other girl, Pamela Adams, six months each at a DSSC anyway. They may have been telling the truth, but why take a chance?

They both had been at the DCR jail for two weeks awaiting pickup. It seems that the local DSSC was full up, or so it was said, and so they were both being shipped to the Chicago SRZ for reasons that were not particularly clear. Unfortunately for them, their sentences would not start until they actually arrived.²⁴

Cassie Kramer was a lanky, bright, red headed Irish girl that everybody liked. She had a sweet disposition and was always eager to do anyone a favor or to volunteer for any duty. She had small pointy breasts, but her RM loved her long legs and able mouth. She wasn't too keen on anal use, but she tolerated it amiably. Lieutenant Schaeffer, a supervisor in the Patrol Division, had his eye on her. He had gotten a nice offer on his current female ward, (FW), a hairdresser over in Mercerville, from a nightclub owner in Canton, who had seen her one night when he was out there with her. They were only \$1,000 apart and he expected they would seal the deal tonight. He had told Lisa to meet him at the club at 8. He was meeting the owner at 7 and expected to have the deal done by then.

Jack Fuller technically didn't run a whorehouse. Let's just say that the cocktail waitresses had extra duties. Lisa would be kept in one of the basement cells until she got up to speed on her new profession. Jack liked the idea that she could do the other girls' hair as well, which would save him some money.

Lisa had been running a little heavy lately and she had a sharp mouth. Schaeffer had considered filing a GU complaint against her, but that wouldn't have looked good on his record because it would imply that he couldn't control his FW. Jack would thin her out and correct her

²⁴ Both girls disappeared sometime after their arrival at the Chicago Sexual Resource Zone Transfer Facility, (CSRZTF). A later investigation revealed that over 700 CSW's had been 'misplaced' over a four year period, between 2039 and 2043. Faulty GPS needles were initially blamed. The director of the facility and five staff members were indicted and charged with selling the girls to Jamaican smugglers. Jamaica was a notorious hub of black market girls in and out of the Western Hemisphere. For unknown reasons, the trial kept on getting postponed until, ultimately, the indictment was dismissed in 2047. Once cleared, the director, who had remained in his job, was appointed as Inspector General of the Western Central Sexual Resource Zone where he is currently under investigation on similar charges along with seven WCSRZ district managers. Approximately 1,000 SSW's are unaccounted for there. An audit is ongoing. All court records have been sealed.

disposition. She was 28, which depressed her value a bit, but still had six or seven good years in her.

Cassie probably wouldn't like the shift to Lieutenant Schaeffer since she was particularly enamored of her current RM, a guy she had met in college, especially since Schaeffer was a dedicated ass fucker. But she knew, or should have known, what being a female employed as a DCR officer entailed. Schaeffer had had to clear his pick of Cassie with all the other senior officers. Commander Genova, the head of station, had approved it on the condition that Schaeffer make Cassie available to him once a month in addition to her 5 monthly mandatory oral servicings, (MOS's), of senior personnel.

Cassie ultimately would come to terms with her new status. There was no job anywhere in the world which would have given her so much access to pussy. There was a female officers' lounge in the subbasement and they were allowed to keep a couple of the MR girls there who were awaiting transport. All the girls had hopes that they would soon have Suzanne there for a week or so.

Suzanne had given up hope that anyone would come by and relieve her of her tortuous posture. She was almost glad to see the freckled faced Irish girl come in. She was unhappy to see that she was rolling a cart which had on it a big covered bowl and a number of implements in it.

"Hello, Suzy," Cassie greeted her gaily. "I'm here to shave your pussy."

Suzanne frowned and gave her bonds a fruitless tug. She could see all the finely dressed, attractive secretaries peering into the room and the idea of having her pussy handled before their eager eyes mortified her. She could see them laughing and kidding each other.

Cassie brought the cart close to where Suzanne sat and crouched down between her legs. She had an unrequited thing for Mavis Curtis, a svelte, attractive black girl who worked in accounting and who was looking on. She wanted to put on a good show for her. Mavis belonged to Captain Ellis who was in charge of the motor pool and later Cassie would convince Lt. Schaeffer to ask Ellis if she could do Mavis, with them both watching of course. Mavis wasn't very happy about it, but what could she do? Cunnilingus was a mandatory sexual act.

Cassie gave Suzanne's shrouded pussy a couple of rubs. Suzanne stiffened at the contact. No one had touched her there since the Suitability Inspector had laid hands on it 5 years ago. She didn't even go to a gynecologist, which was against regulations. It was unfortunate for her since she probably would have enjoyed the Mandatory Orgasm,

(MO), that the gynecologist would have performed.

“Easy, Suzy, easy,” Cassie told her. “This isn’t going to hurt. It’s best to just relax. I’ll bet you have a very pretty pussy in there that you’re hiding.”

She stroked the line of her crevasse until she had moisture. She twiggled her little button until she started squirming and released an unhappy moan. Then she gave her pudenda a little tap with her open hand.

“Just seeing if it works,” she said, smiling.

She took down the bowl from the cart together with a safety razor, a shaving brush and cup. There were more modern ways of shaving pussy hair. Most women used a laser trimmer put out by Remington that got right down to the skin and left everything nice and smooth. It fit comfortably in a woman’s hand. It had a trimmer in the event that it was desired to leave a little trail of hair on both sides of the outer lips. Known to the manufacturer, but not generally to men, was the fact that many women used the bottom of the buzzing device as a very effective stimulator to top off their daily chore with a little fun. The buzzing was not necessary for the proper operation of the unit, but had been added to make it more attractive to women.

DCR regulations mandated a physical shave. It was much more tactile and intrusive. It was also much more fun to be able to manipulate the girl’s pussy to and fro.

Cassie dipped the brush in the hot water and stoked up a nice lather in the shaving cup. Suzanne’s hair was light and thin, although she had allowed it to spread to non-regulation areas. It also shrouded and obscured her inner lips and could be annoying to anyone giving her oral servicing. There was nothing so offputting as having to draw a pubic hair out of your mouth.

While Suzanne sobbed softly, Cassie began to stroke the fine but wiry hair away. She stayed off to the side so that the girls could get a good view of it. They had all grown silent as they watched.

“Oh, what a lovely pussy, what a lovely cunt you have, Suzy,” she kept saying. “Oh, nice and smooth and pretty. Someone’s going to have a lot of fun playing with this. Would you like me to kiss it, Suzy? It wouldn’t take much to have you twisting and moaning. I hear that you’ve been a naughty girl, but that doesn’t mean that you can’t enjoy yourself.”

It didn’t take long. Suzanne cringed as Cassie’s hand pulled and pushed at her outer labia to make sure she got everything. She had closed her eyes, but that couldn’t prevent her from feeling all those female eyes

scouring her flesh. When all the hair was gone and her loins nice and smooth, Cassie applied some moisturizing cream that would assuage some of the irritation to the skin. She lingered at her task longer than strictly necessary. Suzanne's hips started shifting from side to side as much as she was able and she began to whine. Cassie wasn't allowed to bring the young girl to orgasm, but she could bring her close. She tickled and stroked and rubbed and caressed until Suzanne was writhing and moaning. She stopped and started several times. Each time she stopped, Cassie cast a sideways glance to see if Mavis was looking. She was.

Finally, Sergeant Harper came by and seeing the five secretaries huddled by the interrogation room window clapped his hands several times loudly and shooed them all away. Cassie saw them go, gave Suzanne's clean shaven sex a few friendly pats, and put all the shaving implements away.

As she went to roll the cart from the room, Cassie said, "I'm sure I'll see you later, Suzy. Goodbye for now."

Suzanne sat there in misery for a long time. Her pussy had a strange feel to it. The sensation of having it handled seemed to be lingering and was causing reverberations to waft through her. If she had been at home and in bed she would have finished herself off. She couldn't do that now even if she wanted to.

The officers and staff on duty generally lost interest in Suzanne after that. One would occasionally stop at the window and look at her for a bit, especially if they had just come in from patrol. Det. Johnson had a 38 year old waitress who had been doing some tricks on the side in Interrogation Room 3. She was naked and bound to the bench, sobbing and wailing as she was informed of the mandatory penalty for being an unlicensed private sexual worker. She had three kids at home and an RM who was a drunken bum who hadn't worked in three years. Social Services had been contacted and had taken custody of the kids. The RM had been passed out on the floor. Due to her age, she would probably be sent to a Discount Sexual Service Facility or be designated for export.

Det. Margolis, a female officer, had 19 year old Terry Novak in Interrogations Room 1. Her black hair was cut short, shorter than regulation. She was a bit on the heavy side and was pugnaciously dueling with Det. Margolis, perhaps not fully appreciating what trouble she was in. Her father had filed a GU complaint against her for being "sufficiently irritating or disobedient." Terry was still wearing her miniskirt but Det. Margolis had pushed it up to her waist so she could see if it was properly trimmed. It was hairless, but she found an illegal adornment, a golden

ring affixed to the lower portion of her right labial lip. She also had a tattoo of a blooming flower above her mons.

Terry's hands were confined to her waist with a belt and her neck was collared and chained to the wall. She had heavy, round breasts which jiggled as she angrily reposted Det. Margolis's questions. She had just told Margolis "Go fuck yourself!" when Margolis asked her about unauthorized sexual activity. Margolis had written "MR" on her computer pad with her stylus. Now she wrote, "IFC?" next to it.

About an hour after Officer Kramer had finished with her, Det. Snyder returned. Suzanne was glad to see him. He was carrying a brown paper bag. He had his suit jacket on. He put the bag down on the table and took his jacket off, draping it around the back of his chair. He was wearing the same blue and yellow clip-on tie he had had on earlier. He pulled it off, placing it down on the table and loosened the top button of his blue dress shirt.

All of her stuff was still on the table. Snyder swept up all the papers except her female registration card and the invalid pass and put them back in her purse along with her mandatory 3 condoms, her maxipad and her hairbrush.

"I think we're finished with all this," he said more to himself than to her. He picked up her celly. "I'm going to need this for a little while longer. I haven't finished going through it yet. I may have some more questions about it later. There are some very disturbing text messages from your friends that I want to talk to you about."

Suzanne suppressed a whine. She felt like she had betrayed the whole world. Gail, maybe Peter and Cindy, and now all her friends.

The box that had been in her trunk was still there as well. Snyder hadn't asked her any questions about it and she hoped it stayed that way.

Snyder closed her small brown leather pocketbook and tossed it aside. He gazed over at her. "I almost forgot," he said. "Let's have a look at your pussy."

He pulled his chair to within a few feet of her, between her legs and sat down on it. His eyes were focused on her organ. "Very pretty, very pretty," he commented. "It has such nice long lines. Your inner lips are just visible. Kind of like poking out their head and saying, 'Here I am!'" He laughed.

"You don't mind if I feel it, do you Suzy," he asked.

She wanted to say yes, she minded it very much, but her entire future rested on what the detective recommended and she didn't want to make him angry. She shook her head sadly and murmured, "nnnnnnnnnn"

through her rubber filled mouth.

Snyder sat on the edge of his chair and leaned forward. He ran his hands down her extended thighs, from her knees to her crux and back again. His hands were warm and strong. "Nice and smooth," he said. "You have very nice legs, Suzy," he told her. "Too bad you didn't put them to good use. I bet Professor Haber would have given you an A+ if you had let him get between them."

He drew his left hand back and extended his right. She felt his fingers slide up over her mons from the very bottom to the very top. It gave her an unwelcome tingling. He did it a few times and then he slid two fingers between her labia and drew them along her divide up to her button and back down again.

"Very, very nice," he said softly. Her eyes were pinned to her crux. He rubbed her over her lower belly and then down over her mons again. Suzanne shuddered. He took a finger and circled it very, very lightly over her nubbin. Suzanne closed her eyes and wished it away. He kept going until she shuddered again and moaned.

He laughed and pulled his hand away. "Very nice and very responsive," he told her happily. "I can see why you've been after it so often. If I had a pussy like that I'd be getting off three times a day."

He looked her in the eyes. "We still have a few things to clear up, but I've brought you some lunch. Let's get that out of the way first."

He went over to the table and opened the paper bag. He pulled out a small, square carton, a plastic tablespoon, some white napkins and a bottle of what looked like fruit juice. He slid the extra chair over from where he had been sitting, opened the carton and placed it down on it along with the paper napkins. He unscrewed the top of the bottle. He looked at her smiling, "Apricot juice. My favorite."

He leaned forward and eased the rubber ball out of her mouth. He edged his chair even closer to her, dipped the spoon into the carton and spooned out a brownish mixture. "Chili," he announced. "It's from a little deli about a block and a half from the station. I get it all the time. It's not too spicy, but it's very good. Do you like chili, Suzy?" he asked.

She could smell the food. She was very hungry. She looked at him. He was not her friend. She knew that. But he was the only source of kindness she had known since she had been arrested. She wanted him to unbind her so that she could eat it like a regular human being, naked or not, but that didn't seem to be in the cards.

"Y-yes, sir, I like chili," she said softly.

"Duke. Not sir. Let's try that again."

She made a small frown. "Yes, Duke, I like chili," she said a bit stronger than before.

"Good," he returned.

He leaned over and proffered a spoonful to her. She opened her mouth and received it. He was right, it was good. He kept feeding her spoonful after spoonful without any commentary. She would chew it, savoring its flavor, swallow it and give him a little nod signaling that she was ready for more. Occasionally, he would give her a healthy sip of the apricot juice. It was smooth and flavorful and cool.

When he had scraped the bottom of the chili carton and given her her last spoonful, he brought the juice bottle to her lips and let her finish it off. He wiped her face with the napkin and then took everything away, replacing the extra chair to the table. He had brought a little steel pan with him. He brought it over along with one of the extra napkins and sat back down in his chair. He pressed the pan up against her pussy, near the top.

"Have a nice pee, Suzy," he told her. "I'm sure you need it."

She didn't want to pee this way, with him looking on and ready to tap her like she was a beer keg. But her bladder was full and she had begun to get worried about it. She closed her eyes to block him out, pressed, and released her fluid. She heard it strike the bottom of the pan. She went on longer than she thought she would, as if all the little pee molecules were escaping while they had the chance.

Her flow reduced to a drip. He held the pan there patiently to make sure she had finished. He took the pan away and wiped her with the napkin. He tossed the napkin into the pan and put it down in the table. He returned with his computer pad. He looked at her. "Does that feel better?" he asked.

She nodded and then remembered that she was supposed to speak. "Yes, Duke, that feels better," she replied calmly.

"Good," he replied.

He was wiping at some screens on his computer pad as if looking up something. She strained and stretched at her confinements. She really wanted desperately to be able to sit like a normal human being and answer his questions calmly and comfortably. She was so spread out and open to him that she felt like he could look clear into her. She looked at the window. An officer was passing by but he didn't look in.

"Okay," Snyder said after a couple of minutes, "I'm not going to rehash what we've already covered, but I do have a few questions. One has to do with an incident yesterday involving Officer Nutley." He

looked her in the eye. He had a very serious look on his face.

“Here I am doing my best to get the best result I can for you and you’re going after Officer Nutley’s cock like a bitch in heat!”

“Nooooooooo!” Suzanne blurted out, panicked. “It wasn’t that way at all!”

“You did give him a blowjob, didn’t you? I mean there’s no sense in denying it. It’s all on viddy.”

“Yes, but it wasn’t like that!” she whined.

“Wasn’t like that? Was he blowing you?”

“Noooooooooooo!” Suzanne begged. “that’s not what I meant?”

“Then what do you mean, Suzy?”

“He made me! I didn’t want to do it, but he made me!”

“He made you?”

“Yessssssss!” Suzanne screamed.

The Duke paused and looked at her askance. “There’s no sense lying, Suzy, like I said, the whole things on viddy. I’ve reviewed it several times and I didn’t hear him ordering you to do anything.”

“He told me to get on my knees!”

“He told you to get on your knees and so you blew him. Is that what you’re saying?”

Suzanne was sobbing. “No, he took out his cock and slapped me!”

“He slapped you because you flinched when he was going to take your gag out.”

“Yesssss! He slapped me and took out his cock!”

“So you’re saying that all a guy has to do is slap you and take out his cock and you’ll blow him? You should be careful that doesn’t get around your college or you’ll be on your knees all day.”

“Nooooo, he forced me!”

“Listen, Suzy, the law on this is clear. In order to sustain a charge of sexual assault, a female must be able to establish that she resisted and was not guilty of enticement. I didn’t see you resist and being naked and on your knees in front of a man with your mouth open sounds like enticement to me.”

“It wasn’t that way at all!” she cried out miserably.

“You’re just making things worse, Suzy,” he told her sternly. “First, you have unauthorized sex. Then you make a false allegation against a public officer that he committed a sexual assault against you, when you never even said no. And it’s all on viddy. That’s at least three offenses as I see it. One, unauthorized sexual activity, unless you’re going to tell me that you called Peter last night and he gave you permission.”

“No,” she answered him sadly.

“Second is a false sexual assault allegation. That alone would get you an MR tattooed on your belly. Third, and this might qualify you for an IFC, slander against a public officer. I’m very disappointed about this, Suzy. After all I’ve done for you!”

Suzanne just cried and cried. It was all so unfair. Who knows what Nutley would have done to her if she said no? He had that baton on his hip. He was bigger and way, way meaner than her.

Snyder let her wear herself out. It was a nasty trick, but she had fallen right into it.

Her face was full of tears and snot was running from her nose. He got up and took a paper towel from the roll on the table and brought it over to her. He wiped her nose and the brushed away her tears. She was looking up at him miserably. He patted her cheek softly. “Poor Suzy,” he said softly.

He tossed the used paper towel into a small trash can and sat back down on his chair. Suzanne had stopped crying, but was sitting there all morose and defeated.

He paused for a minute or so. Then he spoke.

“Listen, Suzy, I’m not out to hurt you. I’m going to let the false allegation and slander slide. We’ll keep them between you and me. But I’m going to have to put down the USA. It’s on viddy for Christ’s sake.”

She nodded at him sadly. Maybe there still was a chance. Maybe they’d sentence her to a DSSC, like Miranda. She would do her time and never do anything wrong again. She’d go get herself an RM, put herself up for auction if she had to. She didn’t want to get Peter and Cindy in any more trouble.

“Okay, now that that’s out of the way, tell me, Suzy, what were you trying to hide from Officer Nutley?”

She hung her head and murmured an answer.

“I can’t hear you, Suzy,” Snyder told her.

“I was at a meeting,” she said a little bit louder.

“What?” Snyder demanded.

“I was at a meeting!” Suzanne shouted.

Snyder paused. “What kind of meeting?”

“A women’s meeting.”

“And what did you discuss at this women’s meeting?”

“Just stuff.”

“Stuff?”

“Yes, just stuff.”

“All you did was discuss ‘stuff’ and yet you had to lie about it? Why was that, Suzy?”

“It might be misinterpreted.”

“Well, what is this ‘stuff’, Suzy? You have to be more specific.”

“Just women’s stuff, like relationships and school and stuff like that.”

“By relationships, you mean problems that women were having with their RM’s?”

“Yes.”

“Problems like being required to engage in MSA’s?”

“Yes.”

“Problems about disciplines imposed by their RM’s?”

“Yes, some.”

“Problems about being ordered to furnish MSA’s to their RM’s friends and co-workers?”

“Some.”

“Problems about being slapped around, or having to do all the work at home, or their RM being out fucking other women or spending too much time with SSW’s? That kind of stuff?”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!”

“And with regard to school, complaints about low grades and having to sit in the back of the class and not get called on and having to perform MSA’s for the professors, that kind of stuff?”

“Yessssssss!” Suzanne Admitted miserably.

Snyder paused as if taking this all in. Then he spoke. “I can understand why you wanted to hide all of this, Suzy,” he said. “It’s all against General Public Order. In fact, it sounds like a conspiracy against General Public Order. And that’s why you were hiding it. Yes?”

“Yes,” Suzanne eked out. She was quietly sobbing. She pulled at her bonds. She felt like she had been stripped bare. She was in the perfect position for it, all extended and everything private about her exposed.

“So where did this meeting take place?” Snyder asked her.

Suzanne looked at him. A well of resistance arose within her. She was not going to rat on her sisters. She would take whatever they were going to dole out to her. She didn’t care if she was tortured to death! She would never tell him that!

He looked at her. She stared back at him, defiant.

Suddenly, he laughed. “You’ve got a lot of spirit, Suzy. It’s why I like you. The meeting was at 448 Turnstile Rd., Twin Bridges. The owner of the home is Gregory Lewis. His wife is Sylvia Lewis and she

organized the meeting. Isn't that true?"

Suzanne was stupefied. All this and they already knew! She was probably followed right from there. They had just been toying with them and decided to finally pick her up because of Professor Haber's complaint. She was doomed from the start.

"Yes, it's true!" she hissed.

"And who was there?"

"I'll never tell you that!"

"You don't have to. The reason we know where the meeting was from the responder in your car. As you know, it records everywhere you go. You spent three and a half hours at Mrs. Lewis' house the other night. And we were able to track all the other cars that were there too. Dawn Rogers' car was there as well as Rose Valente's. China, I love that name, Perkins was there in her father's car. She goes to school with you, doesn't she?"

Suzanne nodded sadly yes.

"And there were others?"

She nodded again.

"Tell me this, we suspect Mrs. Rogers of having an illicit affair with China, a beautiful girl by the way. Is this true?"

Suzanne looked at him. "I won't tell you that!"

"Oh, you'll tell me, Suzy. We don't just have little chats here. There are other ways to get the truth out of a nice girl like you. And if not you, one of the others will certainly tell us. A secret known by too many people is not really a secret. So if we're going to find out anyway, why not tell us now? It can only help you and, believe me, Suzy, you need all the help you can get."

Suzanne thought about it for a moment. Snyder had totally defeated her. There was no reason to believe that none of the other women would talk. It wasn't really fair for Dawn and China to be doing it right under their noses. They would sneak upstairs at the beginning of the meeting and not come down until it was almost over. Why did they have to do it in front of them? Besides, lesbianism is outlawed. It's depraved.

"Yes! Yes! They fuck every time we meet!"

"Good girl, Suzy," Snyder said warmly.

He got up and drew his chair back to the table. "We're finished here now, Suzy. I have to go over my notes and make some decisions. But before I go and send you downstairs, is there anything you haven't told me?"

Suzanne looked quickly at the box on the table. She brought her eyes

back right away, afraid that she had signaled something. Officer Nutley had searched it and found nothing. Snyder had at least rummaged around in it to get her the t-shirt yesterday. Maybe he hadn't found it. But he knew everything. Right from the start. And if she didn't say anything about it, all hope would be lost for sure. But it was very, very bad to have a book like that. It was about the worse thing she would have done. She looked at Snyder. He was waiting patiently. She broke down.

"Yes! Yes! There's a book in the box. Sylvia lent it to me! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Please! Please! Have mercy on me, please!" She started sobbing again. Snyder reached into the box and pulled out the book. It had already been taken out of the little box that it had been in. He placed it on the table.

"Thank you, Suzy," he told her. "That was very brave. I was hoping that you would own up to it. It's going to be a big factor in my decision about this case."

He stepped over to the door and opened it. "Get me a matron," he called out.

He came back in. He tossed her pocketbook, 'The Thrill of Danger', the English history book and finally Betty Friedan's book into the box. He took the empty chili carton and put it in the brown paper bag along with all the used napkins. He put the bag into the trashcan.

A tall, medium build female officer came in. She had sergeant's stripes and about a dozen golden hash marks on her sleeve. She had black hair that went just past her shoulders. She was young, maybe 33 or 34 and had a handsome if not pretty face. There was a slight ruggedness about her.

"Take her downstairs," Snyder told her.

The matron went to walk past him. He took hold of Suzanne's gag and handed it to her. "You're going to need this," he said.

She took it and walked slowly towards Suzanne. Suzanne tried to look past her. Snyder had put his suit jacket back on and put his tie in its pocket. He picked up the box, and with his computer pad in his other hand and stepped towards the door, which the matron had left open. He passed through it without looking back.

"Okay, honey," the matron said to her, "open up." Her voice was not hard, but it was persuasive. Suzanne meekly opened her mouth and the gag was jammed in. The matron had to put one foot on the bench next to her to reach the end of the chain Snyder had connected to the ring above her. She disconnected Suzanne's neck and her ankles and told her to stand up. Suzanne saw that the door to the room was still open. She had a

momentary urge to dash out it. But then, she had the red high heels on and wouldn't get far. Besides there were at least a half dozen other officers there.

"Put your hands behind your back," the matron said curtly. Suzanne did as she was told. The small machine whirled around her wrists, locking them together. The matron took the black bag from the bench and draped it over her head. She attached the leash around her neck. She attached the chain to her ankles. She gave the leash a tug and Suzanne stumbled forward.

She was grossly downhearted as she was led into the elevator that would take her back to the jail. She felt too dead inside to cry. There was no sense giving herself any recriminations. What was done was done. She had been doomed from the very beginning. Why bother to go through all that charade? The answer was easy. To make sure that she was thoroughly and ultimately defeated.

They went down the elevator. But instead of going directly to the door to the cells, the matron pulled her the other way. A door opened and she was dragged through. She was shoved up against the wall. Her hood was pulled off. The matron was up against her. Their faces were inches apart. She could smell her breath.

"Don't worry, honey," she said in a sultry voice. "There's no cameras here. We can do whatever we want."

Her hand reached down and seized a breast. She squeezed it possessively. She pulled at her nipple and squeezed it again. Then she moved to the other one, the one closest to her. She massaged and kneaded it. "Ohhhh, you're pretty, honey," she cooed. "And your tits are spectacular. I could eat them all up." She lowered her head and took Suzanne's right nipple in her mouth. She suckled on it and licked it. Suzanne could feel a pull in her loins. The matron's hand descended her belly, stroking it and caressing it. She felt it covering her denuded mons. She squirmed and squealed.

"Don't give me any trouble, honey," the woman said as she lifted her mouth off of her teat. "Just keep still and spread your legs. You're going to be with us for a little while and you're going to need all the friends you can get."

Suzanne whined, but she obeyed. Her ankles spread 18" apart. The hand lightly stroked her mons and the fingers delved in between her labia. They rubbed and rubbed and rubbed until Suzanne could feel her own slickness.

The matron brought her hand up. "Smell it, honey," she said snidely

as she stuck it in her face. “Doesn’t it smell good?”

Suzanne squealed and tried to shift her head. The matron just laughed. “Get used to the smell of pussy, dearie,” she said. She used her hand to remove Suzanne’s gag. She put it in her pocket. Then she squeezed her cheeks. “Open up, Suzy baby,” she said. “Or I’ll pound your face to shit!”

Suzanne opened her mouth. The matron placed her lips on hers and slipped her tongue into her mouth. Suzanne had done this once with Harry Feldman in sophomore year. She had really liked it but didn’t do it again because it scared her. The heat of the tongue inside her made her warm all over. The matron had hold of her face and was pushing hard against her lips. Then her hand went south. It flitted over and squeezed her breasts. It slid over her tummy. It captured her mons. Two fingers slid up and down her divide and then centered themselves on her little nubbin. They began a delicate, delicate rubbing.

Something surged through her. She moaned. She wanted to push the hand away, but she had no way to do it. Her bound hands were pressed against her back, the confinement jamming into it. Her body ignored the discomfort as it reveled in the wondrous sensations coming from her crux. “Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!” her mind begged even as her tongue started pursuing and mingling with the intruder.

She felt her lust building. She was familiar with it, having experienced it a hundred times at her own hands, but that had been nothing like this. She rebelled for a moment, writhing her hips and arching her back, but the matron had her held down tight by her body. The fingers started flicking rapidly on her bud. She began to moan and gyrate her hips. “Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop,” her mind repeated again and again. But the feeling kept coming. She groaned deeply and went, “Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!” in the matron’s mouth.

The matron broke their kiss. “Go ahead, dearie! Go ahead! Let me hear you shout and scream!”

“Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhh!” she called out. Her pussy throbbed and convulsed and pulsed and contracted. Something was pounding away at her organ like a hammer. She groaned again and again as the relentless fingers pushed her beyond her extreme.

Her contractions began to wind down. She released a deep, deep sigh. “Oh, god!” she thought. “So this is what it is like!”

The fingers were still caressing her nub. Her body shook a few more times as post orgasmic shudders went through her.

“Oh, you’re a good little girlie,” the matron told her, grinning. “We’re going to have a lot of fun. I’ll be down to see you later and you’re going to give as good as you get. My name’s Sergeant Barnes. I’m the top gun down here and as long as you’re my bitch, nobody else will touch you. Cross me and I’ll throw you to the wolves, understand?”

Suzanne nodded her head fearfully.

“Say I understand, Sergeant Barnes.” She told her.

Suzanne repeated the words meekly.

“Say, ‘I’ll be your bitch as long as you want me.’”

“I’ll be your bitch as long as you want me,” Suzanne eked out mournfully.

“Good little girl,” Barnes said, smiling.

She took her gag from her pocket and jammed it back into Suzanne’s mouth. She picked up the hood from the floor and placed it over her head. She tweaked her nipples and ran her hand over her conch again. “You’ve got great tits, honey and a sweet cunt. We’re going to have a lot of fun.”

She yanked on her leash and pulled her through the door.

* * * * *

The next morning, she was brought up to the interrogation room again. She had spent a long, long night despondent in her cell. She had refused to eat. This time, it was Officer Sherrie. She was yanked out of her cell and beaten right there with the baton. She ate after that.

She spent about 2 hours with Sgt. Barnes in a private room off of the matron’s lounge. Suzanne had never thought that she would have to service another woman’s pussy ever in her life, but Barnes was relentless. She wasn’t satisfied until Suzanne had made her come three times. It was very, very strange to be handling another woman’s breasts and sucking at her nipples. Later, weeks later, she realized that there had been something compelling about it. But her attitudes about everything were changing by that time very fast.

And she made Suzanne come a few times too, twice with her mouth and once with her hand. She nearly rocked herself off of the bed when Sgt. Barnes suckled her into oblivion. She had been exhausted and limp as a rag after they were done. Sgt. Barnes escorted her back to her cell. She gave her one more deep, soulful kiss before she locked her in. She lay down on her belly on her bunk, her arms bound behind her, her mouth gagged, her ankles chained, and passed off to sleep almost at once. As

promised, no one else bothered her.

She was brought up to interrogation room 2 sometime after breakfast. It was the young black guard who brought her up. In the elevator she gave her pussy a few pinches and squeezes.

Sgt. Snyder was there. He was going through his cases on his computer pad and planning the rest of the day. Suzanne had turned into a sort of bonanza. And he hadn't even gone through all of her text messages and emails yet.

Gail, Suzanne's friend from her celly, had already been picked up. She was downstairs stewing, waiting for him to get finished with Suzanne. She had been on their watch list for some emails she had sent to friends for some time. Snyder had discussed it with the captain. After he broke Gail, he would use her to draw in all of her friends. There is no question that Gail would cooperate when faced with being classified MR, which she would anyway once they were through with her. Nobody got away with a crack like that about the Blessed Leader. The captain was going to see if they could get her for the DCR brothel in Newton.

And Cindy and Peter. They were ransacking the house right now. Cindy was in the back of a cruiser on her way to the station. Peter was still at the house undergoing interrogation. And not the kind of interrogation that Cindy would be facing. Snyder almost never found it necessary to resort to violence.

Unfortunately for Cindy, the search team had possession of her computer pad. When she had seen the DCR units pull up in front of their house, she had run up the stairs and tossed it into the shower and turned on the water to ruin it before its contents could be discovered. An agent had come into the bathroom right after her. They had come in through the back door while the family's attention had been directed to the front of the house and he had come up the back stairs. He snatched it out of the shower and rescued it. He was able to pull off of it love letters, pictures and notes of serial lesbian affairs she had been conducting for years behind Peter's back and from before they were married. All her past lovers would be picked up over time.

There were also several coded files he could not open which seemed promising. DCR technicians would have no trouble getting into them. There were indications that the files were communications between several Women's Liberty Groups. Cindy appeared to be the go between between them and the state organization. Cindy would probably be sent to an Institute for Female Correction since her attitudes and beliefs were so poisonous that she wouldn't be trusted to serve at a regular SSF until it

had been all driven out of her. Five year IFC terms were not unusual in cases like Cindy's.

Millie and Charity, their children, had already been turned over to foster care

Suzanne was plopped right down in the chair at the table. He was all business. He explained that there were numerous charges against her ranging from lying to an officer, unauthorized sexual activities, two counts, failure to report a lesbian relationship, conspiracy to violate General Public Order, failure to comport herself in accordance with the New Society Program, and others. He dropped the bringing false charges and the slander counts in connection with Officer Nutley, but added one for attempting to bribe a law enforcement officer which he thought was fair, since she blew him after all.

He did not charge her with slander of the Blessed Leader as a result of her criticism of the Dick Straight book. Frankly, he thought that it was crap too. And last, but not least, possession and attempted distribution of a banned publication and spread of poisonous and corrosive doctrines (PCD's). It was true that there was no actual attempt to mail it, but she had put the book in the box addressed to her friend in Ohio and somehow it might have made its way to her.²⁵

Suzanne was sobbing up a storm when he was done. He put his arm around her and comforted her.

"Suzy, Suzy, Suzy," he called to her as he stroked her. "Do you think that old Duke Snyder is going to let them classify you as MR? I wouldn't let that happen to you. I told you I liked you and you were so cooperative. Outstanding is the word in my report."

This calmed her somewhat. He had brought a cup of water. He took out her gag and let her drink it. Her hands were still bound and so he had to help her. When she got it all down he sat back. "Okay, Suzy," he said. "I'm going to give you a choice. I can submit my report without recommendation. If I do that, you'll certainly be classified as MR and spend the rest of your life as a whore. You're a nice girl, Suzy, and so I

²⁵As to the girl whose name was on the box, DCR detectives from Ashland had picked her up on the same day that Snyder had found the book. She was so scared when she got down to the DCR station that she started spilling everything she knew about anybody she had ever been in contact with. It was going to take a few weeks to fully debrief her. A sister and 3 female cousins had already been picked up because of some 'games' they had played while on summer vacation in Virginia Beach after their senior year of high school. After a full interrogation at the DCR station in Ashland, they would be flown to the Northern Virginia Sexual Resource Zone for prosecution. The sister had already given them the names of 3 other girls who had been there.

don't want that to happen to you. I'm going to give you a chance to volunteer for the Sexual Service Corp. It's a twelve year commitment, but you'll be out when you turn 35. There'll be plenty of life ahead for you. You'll be treated better too and you won't be subject to export. So what do you say?"

Suzanne looked at him sadly. A few days ago she had been free and independent, happy and excited about her future life. Now she was faced with being a whore for 12 years or being a whore for life. Was there really a choice at all? Part of her felt like volunteering for the SSC was a kind of surrender, an ultimate defeat, voluntarily putting herself into slavery. But did she want to spend the rest of her life as a whore just on principal?

Finally, after many tears, she nodded yes. He patted her on the head. He pulled up the volunteer form up on his computer pad. He had already filled it in. He released her hands from behind her back. He pointed the computer pad camera at her and had her repeat the volunteer's oath. He instructed her to place her right thumb on the space provided. After she did it, he turned the computer pad back to himself, made sure everything was kosher and he hit the send button.

It was done.²⁶ He ordered her to stand. He relocked her hands behind her back. He reinstalled her gag.

Then, he told her, "Suzy, I want you to get on your knees, spread your legs and put your forehead on the floor. I'm going to fuck you in the ass."

Suzanne released a deep wail. But she obeyed. She was still wailing and sobbing when Sgt. Duke Snyder placed his prick at the entrance of her bowels. He had brought a little tube of lubrication with him and her

²⁶ Snyder was able to convince his captain that Suzanne qualified as a relatively immature ideologically suspect female, (RIISF), despite all of her crimes. Fortunately, Suzanne's voluntary diversion into the Sexual Service Corp. came 2 weeks before the new regulations were issued denying RIISF status to any female over the age of 22. Snyder argued that she had been led to her crimes due to the influence of persons older than her who had direct influence over her. This, of course, referred to Peter and Cindy but not to Sylvia Lewis despite her having organized the Women's Liberty Group meetings. Mrs. Lewis was an asset belonging to the DCR and specifically assigned to STES. Although Suzanne may have been influenced by her, the Carnal Relations Law eliminated entrapment as a defense to crimes against the General Public Order or the New Society Program. Mrs. Lewis had been an active counter revolutionary during the religious civil war, or the War of Purity, as it became known after the Peace Declaration. Mrs. Lewis was captured and turned and assisted in the uncovering of many counter revolutionary cells. Under threat of MR classification, she continued to foster and betray groups like Suzanne's, moving from jurisdiction to jurisdiction as required. In 2053, it was found that she had warned off a girl she was particularly enamored of. Her cover was blown and she was summarily executed, being too old for brothel service. The girl was apprehended anyway and was immediately MR'd.

little ring sparkled. It wasn't just that she had a nice ass and he wanted a piece of it. He wanted her first use as a SSW to be with someone who liked her and cared about her. He wouldn't have given her a break unless he did. He had sent plenty of girls off to MR. And, to some extent, he thought he deserved it for helping her out.

As he eased himself forward Suzanne groaned and squeaked with pain. In the training center they would teach her how to accept a cock there and how tensing up and crying about it wasn't the best way. Her little ring was tight and he sighed happily as he slid himself into her murkiness. He rode her slow and long. He knew that the other officers were watching, but he thought that this would cement his reputation as a son of a bitch and maybe they would overlook his kindness to her.

Suzanne was in mental agony. This was far worse than sucking somebody's pussy. He felt so large there and it made her stomach queasy to feel him pumping back and forth across the tender tissues of her anus. The lesson in Mrs. Martin's class had been nothing like this. The pain eventually subsided and she started getting a little tingling in her pussy that she tried to ignore. The presence of the rasping, thrusting tube of flesh revolted her. She drew on all her mental powers, her spiritual access to divine intervention, all of her wishing power to try and get it to stop, to get it to leave her, but it just kept on going and going and going. It was soul crushing.

She heard Snyder grunting and groaning. She cringed at the idea that he was going to pour himself into her. From her point of view, of course, Det. Duke Snyder had betrayed her and stolen her life from her. She did not see his allowing her to volunteer for the SSC as a favor at all. Each thrust of his cock magnified her hatred for him. Later, when she met many more SSW's who had been classified as MR's on much less evidence, she realized how lucky she was.

Snyder's hands tightened on her hips and he started pounding away. He released a great roar, and went, "Augh! Augh! Augh! Augh! Augh!" and he was done.

Snyder was out of breath. It had been better than he had hoped. She was going to make a wonderful whore, he was sure of that. He probably wouldn't get to see her since she would be sent to another SRZ²⁷. He rose from his knees, dusted off his pants and gathered his computer pad. He tossed the empty cup in the garbage. He patted Suzanne on the behind. "You just stay there until someone comes and gets you, Suzy," he said.

²⁷ This would not necessarily have been the case had she been classified MR.

“And good luck.”

It was Officer Brenda Vasquez who came to get her. She hooded her and led her away on her bright, shiny, red high heels. She took her to the showers and washed out her rear. All the matrons really liked Suzanne. They had watched her interviews and saw her go through her agonies. They were all happy that Snyder had not MR'd her. Except Corporal Sherrie who was a bitch and a cunt.

When she came out of the shower, Sgt. Barnes was waiting for her. She gave her a hug and held her close while she cried and cried and cried. She took her down to the matron's leisure room and kept her on high boil for the rest of the day.

CHAPTER TEN

CATHERINE'S TALE: PART FOUR

Rogers visited Unit 2, Pod 2 and Unit 6, Pod 1. Everything was in order, penitents marching dutifully, punishments being handed out ruthlessly. Trent Brogan was having a chunky, pink skinned penitent blow him while the other penitents watched. She gurgled and spluttered and moaned as she worked. He saw the fresh marks of the switch on her breasts. Their redness complimented the hue of her skin. He told Joel Connor, the POIC, that they should try and work some more of the fat off of her.

When he was done he stopped at the commissary to have an early lunch. He selected a grilled chicken wrap with Cesar salad dressing and a glass of iced tea. He sat down next to Marv Brown, a solid, good looking black man and Irv Wallace, a white guy with brown hair and glasses. They both worked on second shift in Pod 1. They had come early to do some working out and had just finished. They were discussing the latest DFC employee newsletter which described a pilot project that was still in the planning stages for the establishment of female instructional camps, (FIC's). They would provide a service for RM's to send their female wards for correction of bad attitudes or sexual performance or when the RM's were away on extended trips related to business or pleasure and their FW's might otherwise be unsupervised, or just to get them out of the way for a while. They were looking for DFC employees who might serve as directors.

Marv was telling Irv how when he took over his latest FW, she had been unruly and ill-tempered due to slovenly discipline imposed on her by her prior. It was probably why he had been getting rid of her. Marv had to spend a lot of time and energy getting the FW on the right track. He didn't want to file a GU complaint because it would look bad on his record. If there had been a FIC for him to send her to, it could have saved him a lot of time and trouble.

Irv pointed out that the camps would probably only benefit rich guys who could afford them and anyway, there were already private companies which performed the same services and why did DFC want to put them out of business.

Marv pointed out that the FIC's as licensed by DFC would be able to provide brothel services to defray costs, which would bring down the fees considerably, which private services couldn't do without being accused of being an unauthorized sexual service facility.

Irv responded that it just sounded like the DFC wanted to get into the whorehouse business and this was how they were going to start off.

Marv and Irv were always arguing about something. Rogers was glad when they finished their sandwiches and moved off. Connie, his administrative assistant, stopped by to remind him that Dolores Nitti, the PO from Pod 2 who was short on her MOS's, was scheduled to come by his office at 2 p.m. for one of her blowjobs and to make sure that he saved a 'servicing' for her tonight.

He finished up and brought his tray to the service window where a cute blond girl wearing an apron and nothing else came to collect his tray from the other side. She was one of the MR's from the facility brothel who doubled as cafeteria and cleaning workers due to budget cuts. She went to take it and he stopped her. "What's your name," he asked her."

"M-mary, sir," she replied.

"Do you give a good blowjob, Mary?" he asked her. Her eyes were downcast as she answered him affirmatively.

"Let me see your tits."

She loosened the strings from the apron from behind her neck and brought the top of the apron down. She had two beauties, heavy and full, with maroon areolas and fat nipples.

"They're very nice, Mary," he told her, "but you have no business hiding them. You may be working in the kitchen but you're still a whore. Tie that apron string around your waist and don't let me see you like that again, understood?"

"Y-yes, sir," she replied soulfully.

"How long have you been a whore," he demanded of her.

"Six months, sir," she replied sadly.

"Then you ought to know better. Tell Hank McAdams over there at the brothel that he should give you a good whipping. And don't think I won't call and check up on you!"

"Y-yes, sir," the girl replied tearfully.

"Ok, then get back to work."

He walked away thinking of her pouty lips and wonderful breasts. Hank had a connection at DCR in Denver and they always sent up nice, fresh girls. He was due 4 hours of leisure time tomorrow. Maybe he would tell Hank to make the girl available for him and let him give her

her punishment.

He came to the door to the processing room. He tapped the display outside the door and saw that the new girl had been mounted on the 'T'-bar for 4 hours, 27 minutes and 22 seconds and counting. That was just about right. He stopped for a moment so as to get into character and then thumbed open the door. As he came in, he switched on the lights. The girl blinked and tried to hide her eyes from the glare. She was all spread out as if she were about to practice flying. He came over and stood in front of her for a moment. She looked back at him miserably. He said nothing.

He went over and got the pan he had used before and placed it under her pussy. She obediently released her storage of wastewater into it. He wiped her and dumped the contents and the tissue in the toilet and flushing it. It made a big roar, almost certainly the only sound the girl had heard for the last 4 hours except for the opening and closing of the door. He came back in front of her. Her body was shaking. He reached out and took her heavy breasts in his hands. He gave them firm squeezes. He took the nipples in his fingers, twisted them sharply, making the girl squeak, and then used them to jiggle her breasts back and forth.

He released them. He stepped back. He looked at her. Her fear was palpable. He broke their gaze and went over to the side of the room. He stripped off all of his clothes. When he was naked, he returned. He stood in front of her for a minute or so, letting her get a good appreciation of his strength and power. He then went to the nearby cabinet. He took out the heavy flail with the vinegar soaked knots. He came over and showed it to her. Her body stiffened immediately and she started to whine and cry. She struggled in her bonds, making a desperate effort to pull herself free of them. He didn't smile or give her any reaction. He just stepped back, reared his right arm and let fly.

The girl's scream echoed through the room. He had struck her across the breasts and a bloom of redness had sprouted on them. He waited about 20 seconds and he gave her a second blow across her belly. Her body jerked and spasmed and she released a mighty wail. She had undoubtedly spent the last four hours dreading his return and imagining all kinds of terrible things happening to her. This was almost certainly one of them. In a sense, it was a dream come true, or at least a nightmare.

He then brutalized the inside of her right thigh. Her leg jerked and she screamed. He did her left. He did her right and then her left again. He swung the flail from underneath her and struck her middle. She danced and wailed and blubbered and cried.

He paused, holding the flail at his side. It took her about 20 seconds to stop sobbing. He waited until she was almost completely calm and he started again. This time he did her breasts twice and her belly twice. He struck the outside of her thighs twice each and he delivered another agonizing blow to her sex.

When he paused this time, the girl could not calm down. She kept blubbering and blubbering watching him fearfully, praying that he would not begin again. He turned and returned the flail to the cabinet. He came over to her and seized her breasts again, mauling and kneading them. He put his mouth on her nipples, suckling them, teasing them with his teeth. He ran his hand over her damaged belly. She pulled it in when he touched her, something she would have to get over. He cupped her tortured crux and stroked it again and again. His cock was long and rigid and it poked at her while he stood there.

Bringing his hand up, he reached towards her face. She cringed and tried to avoid his touch. He reared back and gave her a mighty slap that made her screech. He reached for her face again. This time she remained still, tears falling down her cheeks. He reached into her mouth and pulled out the red ball that had lived there for four hours. He tossed it aside and it bounced a few times and stopped. She closed her mouth and swallowed. He squeezed her cheeks, forcing her mouth open again and pressed his face into hers. He forced his lips on her lips and his tongue entered her mouth. She shuddered and whined, but did not resist. He scoured her mouth with his tongue, reveling in its heat. His right hand was holding her head in place. His left hand slid up and over her breasts, pinching them mauling them and then descended over her belly. It found her crux and began to stroke it and probe it.

It didn't take long for her pussy to begin to ooze her discharge. He kissed her and kissed her and kissed her while his left hand worked her puss. He flitted over her button, teasing it, pulling on it, rubbing it. He delved his fingers deeply into her and drew them in and out while his thumb worried her nubbin. She was holding herself back from any expression of passion, but she could not disguise it when her knees became weak and her whole body took a little dip.

He broke their kiss and began to kiss and suckle at her breasts. He massaged them with his right hand while his tongue lathered over her areolas, slipped around her nipples while he suckled. His left hand was now stroking her quim assiduously. She closed her eyes, grimaced, her body sagged and then she moaned. She began to pull and tug at her bonds. Her moans were coming more frequently and louder. She rotated

her hips to avoid his hands, but he held it on her puss. He abandoned her breasts, slid his mouth down her belly while he dragged his hands down her extended thighs. He crouched on his knees and placed his lips upon her conch. He seized her hardened button and sucked on it hard. He circled his tongue around it and then licked her from her perineum to her apex and down again several times.

She was moaning and thrusting her hips at him to expel him, but he gave her no tolerance. He began flicking at her bud with his tongue rapidly, while he caressed her thighs. Suddenly her body shook and she begun to grunt, “Unngh! Unngh! Unngh! Unngh! Unngh! Unngh!” she went on and on as her juices flowed and her thighs shook. When her groans started to subside, he slowed his efforts, but keeping his pointed tongue in touch with her inner skin, flitting it about her hole. She was issuing deep breaths and her body had calmed. Then he seized her love bud with his lips and began a soft, languid suckle on it.

She moaned and shook her hips. He ignored her. He just kept working and working and working her bud. Her moans resumed. Her body began to vibrate. She yanked and pulled on the devices that held her. She moaned, “Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm!” she groaned, “Auuuuurrrggggh! Auuuuuurrrggggh!” Her body shook and shook as if she were attempting to pull the building down around her. Her body collapsed and she struggled to draw in breath. He relented for a few moments, and then he went back to work. She released a long, anguished whine. He probed, he suckled, he licked, he flicked his tongue at her nubbin. She was practically sobbing now. He rose to his feet. His left hand replaced his mouth. He started jiggling and stroking and squeezing her sex forcefully. He brought his face close to hers, their eyes only a foot or so away. Her face was a masque of agony. She jerked and shuddered and pulled and writhed, but his hand’s assault on her central self continued. She started screaming, “Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!”

This time when her orgasm wound to its completion, he had mercy upon her. He rubbed her pussy a few times and then stood back to let her recover. Her head was drooping, her whole body sagging. He stepped away and came back with the switch. He patted her hard on her face to get her attention. She looked up him and then looked at the whip. She whined miserably. He made a talking motion with his hand and shook his head. He stood back and gave her five quick vicious lashes, across her breasts, her belly both of her thighs and her breasts again. She howled and screamed. He let her go on. She started sobbing and sobbing. They

would work on that when she got down to a pod.

He put the whip away and came back. He released her ankles from the manacles and then her hands. She struggled to keep her balance. He placed his left arm around her and released her neck. He weight fell into him. He took her by the back of her neck and dragged her over to a chair. It faced a small machine. It had a base and an upper portion. On the top of the bottom one was a 'U' shaped section where you could rest something in. He turned on the machine and it began to hum. When a green light came on, he took hold of her hand and placed it in the 'U'. She looked up at him, grimacing. He maneuvered the top of the machine down so it was just above the 'U', pressed a button and released it. Like lightning the top of the machine came down at her wrist. There was a loud, 'clack!', the machine held for a moment and then the top came back up.

Around the girl's wrist was a circle of shiny steel. The girl wailed. He went to pull her other wrist in, but she pulled her hand back. He gave her face a resounding slap, making her scream. He then pulled her wrist forward and placed it in the machine. He held her arm down so that she wouldn't pull it out. He pressed a button and the machine went into action again. "Clack!" it went and another band of steel appeared, this time on her other wrist.

She did not resist him when he placed her right ankle in the 'U'. A band was applied there. Then he did her left. He made her kneel down. He brought her wrists together behind her back and flicked on the magnetic device on her right wrist. Her wrists were bound together as if they had been welded. She pulled at them fruitlessly. He grabbed her by the back of the neck. He pressed her head down so her neck was in the 'U'. She sobbed and whined, but she did not move. A second later, the machine went, 'clack!' He pulled up her head and there was a sliver band around her neck. She blubbered and cried.

The collar had rings fore and aft. Her right wrist bracelet and right ankle bracelet contained on the inside the magnetic devices that could be activated by sliding a little button. If you wanted to release her limbs from each other, you slid the button the other way and the magnetic force subsided.

There was no way to reach the button on her right wrist with your hands together and it was recessed so that if your hands were joined in front of you, you couldn't move it with your tongue. The bracelets had rings that folded out on both sides so that her wrists could be attached to her collar or to chains or her ankles attached to chains or rings on the

floor.

The collar and bracelets had foam padding on the inside so they could not slip and so nothing could be slipped underneath them.

She was sobbing and whining. He took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and brought her to her feet. There was a ring dangling from a chain from the ceiling. He pulled her over to it. He slipped down the button which controlled her wrist bracelets and brought them in front of her. He slid the button on again and pressed her wrists together on opposite sides of the ring. It was just big enough so that her bracelets made contact. They joined together again. She pulled and yanked at it, but her wrists would remain there for as long as the tiny battery had power, and they were guaranteed for ten years.

There was a control mounted on the wall near the chain. He took it out of its holder and pointed it at the top of the chain where there was a little box. The box started drawing the chain into it and the girl was raised until only her tip toes were on the ground. He retrieved the red ball from where he had dropped it and washed it off. He brought it back to her, showed her both sides and pressed it into her mouth.

He got dressed and went over to the display near the door. None of the PO's carried watches because it wouldn't due for a penitent to know what time it was. He pressed an icon and it showed him that the time was 1:45. He had fifteen minutes to get back to his office and get his blowjob from Officer Nitti.

The girl was struggling to keep contact with the floor. Her hands were pulled almost straight up above her. She gave him a desperate, unhappy look. He thumbed the door turned off the light, went through and closed it. The girl was wailing as the door rumbled closed. Her sounds cut off as soon as the door was closed.

Officer Nitti was waiting outside his office when he arrived. She looked nervous.

"Good afternoon, Officer Nitti," he said to her. He thumbed his office door open. "Come in and have a seat."

"Good afternoon, sir," she replied. "Thank you sir."

She followed him in. He went behind the desk and sat in his leather chair. Officer Nitti took one of the padded chairs in front. She was young, a little over 23. He had not been sure of her when he had learned that she was being sent here directly from the academy. He thought that she should have been sent to a disciplinary sexual service facility first to get some experience. Or even worked in one of the many DFC jails around the country. But somebody thought she was a hot shot and sent her here.

She had slightly longer than shoulder length brown hair. She kept it in a ponytail while she worked. He didn't like that because if a penitent got her hands free, she could use it to pull her down. He wouldn't say anything about it. He would let her learn that the hard way.

Her face was pretty, too pretty to be working at an IFC. Her nose was delicately small, her mouth sweet. She had a roundish chin and an oval face. Her eyes were blue and crystal clear. She wore just a little bit of eyeliner and mascaraed her lashes. She wore no lipstick, which he was grateful for.

He had seen a picture of her breasts in her department file. They were a little greater than apple sized, graceful and full. Her areolas were small and her nipples petit. The file did not have a picture of her pussy. He would have to have that corrected.

"Excuse me while I check my messages," he told her. He picked up his CPad and quickly checked his text messages and emails. There was nothing remarkable except that Connie had sent him a picture of her breasts with the message, 'Remember, save some for me!' He laughed.

"Have you ever seen Connie Morris's tits?" he asked her.

"N-no sir," she replied nervously.

He turned the CPad so that she could see them. "Nice, huh?" he remarked.

"Y-yes, sir," Nitti replied.

"And how are your tits, Nitti. Do you have nice tits?"

"Y-yes, sir," she replied again and squirmed a little in her chair.

"So tell me, Nitti," he said as he put the picture away, "don't you like giving out blowjobs?"

"N-no, sir, I mean yes, sir," she answered nervously.

"Well, you couldn't tell that by your record. You've been here, what, six months?"

"S-seven, sir."

"Seven months and you've been late on you MOS's three times. And this month, in which there are only two days left, you're short three."

"Y-yes, sir," Nitti replied unhappily.

"Don't you want to be a PO?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Why?"

"It-it's an important job, sir. And I like to think that we're helping the penitents, not punishing them. And I want to have a long career in the DFC and experience here will be very valuable."

“So, we’re just a stop on your way to the executive offices.”

“No, it’s not that way at all, sir!” Nitti exclaimed.

“You have a relative high in the DFC or something?” he asked.

“I-I have an uncle who works in Administration. He’s the head of the budget office.”

Rogers rolled his eyes. “That explains everything. That’s why you’ve been sent to a post way beyond your age and experience, why there’s no picture of your pussy in your department file and why you think that you don’t have to follow the rules.”

“No, it’s not like that sir,” Nitti replied. She was having difficulty in keeping her voice from sounding like a whine.

Rogers leaned back in his chair. He had suspected something like this. He glared at her.

“Take off your shirt!” he spat out at her.

She looked at him, startled.

“You heard me, take off your shirt! I want to see your tits!”

“Y-yes, sir!” she snapped back at him.

She quickly unbuttoned her blue uniform shirt and pulled it out of her pants. She drew it down her arms and looked for someplace to put it.

“Here, give it to me!” Rogers snarled.

She stood up and handed it over the desk. She was wearing a frilly, half cup bra. Her nipples were peeking out of the top.

“And what’s with the bra?” he asked her harshly.

“My bra, sir?” she asked.

“Yes, your damn bra! Listen, Nitti,” he told her sternly, “It’s your duty to fuck the penitents, isn’t it?”

“Y-yes sir,” she replied.

“And if you want to order one to suck your tits, what are you going to do, ask them to wait until you’ve taken off your bra?”

“N-no, sir,” Nitti replied. She was almost crying.

“Maybe you want them to hold it for you while you take down your pants!”

“N-no, sir, I-I don’t!”

“Or maybe you want them to put it on, so they can be like your pretty little girlfriend in high school!”

“No, sir,” she whined.

“Did you have a pretty little girl friend in high school, Nitti?” he asked scornfully.

“N-no sir,” she answered. This was very dangerous territory.

“Didn’t you have girlfriends?”

“Yes, I had girlfriends, sir,” she replied.

“And didn’t you ever have the urge to suck on their pretty little titties or have them give your cute little pussy sweet little kisses?”

“No, sir.”

“And maybe that’s why you want to work at an IFC so you can have access to all those pretty titties and all those pretty cunnies. No? Isn’t that true?”

“No, it’s not true, sir!”

He paused. And then he said in a calmer voice, “Nitti, you still have your bra on.”

“S-sorry, sir,” Nitti answered. She reached behind her back and unfastened it. She pulled it down her arms and handed it to Rogers. She sat back down in her chair.

He stared at her breasts for a while. His vidy buzzed. It was Lt. Johansson. He flicked it on. “Yes?”

“I’ve got those papers you were looking for. Can I bring them over?”

“Sure. Bring them right over.”

“Connie said that you’re in with Officer Nitti.”

“Yes, but bring the over anyway. I want to see them.

“OK,” Johansson replied. The vidy went black.

Rogers sat here. Nitti looked nervous. It was funny how with all their computers and technology how much still came down to paperwork.

They waited. The only sound in the room was a whine from the penitent mounted on the stand in the corner behind Nitti. He noticed that she had been switched. Her number was 333. He would have to look her up.

There was a knock on the door.

“Come in,” Rogers sang out.

The door opened. Lt. Johansson stuck his head in. He looked at Officer Nitti. Nitti looked like she had to fart but was too afraid to stink up the room. She kept her eyes directed at Captain Rogers.

“Don’t you stand when a superior officer comes into the room, Nitti?” Rogers asked her harshly.

“Yes, sir,” Nitti replied sharply.

She rose to her feet. She kept her eyes downcast. Johansson was looking at her tits.

“And don’t you salute a superior officer when he comes in the room, Nitti?” he asked snidely.

“Yes, sir,” Nitti exclaimed loudly. She turned to Lt. Johansson and

snapped a salute at him.

“Don’t you look him in the face and show him your tits, Nitti,” Rogers asked.

She raised her eyes to the lieutenant’s and thrust out her chest. Her firm, round orbs gave a little jiggle. She was still holding her salute, waiting for the lieutenant to return it. She looked him in the eyes. Hers were watering.

“Nitti here is short on her MOS’s,” Rogers told Johansson.

“Again?” Johansson replied.

“Well, not technically yet, but she has three to go and only two days to do it.”

“Well, that’s not good,” Johansson observed.

“Are you busy this afternoon?”

“Not particularly.”

“Is it all right if I send Nitti over to your office when she’s done here?”

Johansson smiled. “Sure,” he replied. “Oh, and here’s the papers,” he added.

“Just put them on the desk,” Rogers replied.

Johansson stepped fully into the room and put the papers on top of another pile.

“That’s all,” Rogers said.

“Ok, Captain,” Johansson responded. He turned to Officer Nitti and returned her salute. He left and closed the door. Nitti remained standing. She turned back to her captain.

“Stand at attention, Nitti!” he told her harshly.

She snapped to attention, thrusting out her chest.

“I don’t think that you’re cut out to be a PO, Nitti,” Rogers told her. “You’re lazy, you’re irresponsible, you’re out of uniform, wearing frilly things under your regulation shirt. You don’t see any of the men wearing bras, do you, Nitti?”

“No, sir!” Nitti replied.

“You want to be treated just like the men, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir!” Nitti shot back. She was acting like she was on parade ground back at the academy. She had had to go through a lot of shit there too.

“In fact, I’d bet that you’re wearing frilly, non-regulation underwear too, aren’t you?”

“Yes, sir” she snapped back.

“Let me see them!”

She immediately fell to a knee and unlaced her boot. She pulled it off and put it aside. She removed the other one and placed it next to it. She took off her regulation white socks and placed them in the boots.

Standing back up, she lowered the zipper of her uniform pants and pulled them down her thighs. She pulled them past her knees and then off of her ankles. She stood back at attention. Her pants were still in her hand.

She was, in fact, wearing non-regulation underwear. They were creamy white, frilly at the top and were bikini style. She stood there nervously.

“Hand me your pants,” Rogers told her calmly.

She leaned over the desk and gave them to him. He folded them into a ball and tossed them on the floor to join the shirt and the bra.

Rogers looked at her delicate legs. “She should be in a whorehouse sucking dicks,” he thought to himself. She had her legs tight together, forming a ‘Y’ with her lower belly.

“You should be in a whorehouse sucking dicks, Nitti!” he told her scornfully. She didn’t answer.

“Would you like me to send you over to the brothel where you could put in a couple of days every week?”

“No, sir,” Nitti snapped. So far, he hadn’t broken her and she was determined that he should not.

“Remove that non-regulation garment, Nitti,” he snapped at her.

She didn’t hesitate. She hooked the gusset of her panties on either side and pulled them down to her ankles. Then she stepped out. She leaned over the desk, handed them to her commanding officer, and returned to attention. He looked at them, rolled them over in his hands a few times and then tossed them aside.

He looked at her pussy. It was covered with a forest of brown pubic hair. Definitely non-regulation.

“Bill Puller’s your RM, isn’t he?” he asked her calmly.

“Yes, sir,” she replied.

“Do you like him as your RM?”

“Yes, sir.”

“He’s not doing a very good job. Does he fuck you regularly?”

Nitti paused. Lying to a superior officer was a serious infraction. Especially for a female officer. In some ways, it could be considered a crime. And for committing a crime you could be MR’d. But wasn’t skirting around regulations wrong too? Could she lose her job? Could Bill Puller lose his? If she wanted to remain a PO, and she did in spite of

everything, she would have to tell the truth.

“N-no, sir,” she answered finally.

Rogers rolled his eyes again and leaned back in his chair. He turned his face away from hers. He couldn’t believe it. He knew that something was wrong when he saw her MOS deficiency report that Connie had given him. Connie, like most women, was of the mind that a woman in a man’s job had to be twice as good as him. And any woman who slacked off was bad for all women. She kept a close watch on all the female officers.

Officer Nitti was thinking, “All I had to do was give out five blowjobs a month. All the other female officers do it. Why couldn’t I? Then I wouldn’t be in this mess. I wouldn’t be standing here in my commanding officer’s office buck naked. Bill said they never checked that kind of thing. Clearly he was wrong.”

Rogers looked back at her. “And why, may I ask, doesn’t Bill Puller fuck you?”

“He’s my cousin, Captain,” Nitti replied. Now she felt like crying.

“You’re cousin,” Rogers repeated quietly. Not a question. But a statement.

“Yes, sir,” Nitti replied sharply.

“Isn’t there a regulation about having a relative be your RM as a DFC officer?”

“N-no, sir.”

“There’s not?”

“No, sir.”

“How do you know?”

“I looked it up, sir.”

“You looked it up,” Rogers repeated like before.

“Yes, sir.”

He paused again. “And I guess you had this all worked out before you came here, didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And that’s the reason you want to work here rather than anywhere else, because Bill will be your RM and you won’t have to fuck him, isn’t it?”

“No, sir!” Nitti shot back. “That’s not the reason, sir!”

“Then why? And don’t tell me that your heart was set on helping the penitents. That doesn’t wash with me!” Rogers was angry, fuming. It was like a fraud had been committed right under his nose.

Nitti just blurted it out. She knew how it would sound, but she

couldn't tell a lie. Any other reason was just bullshit and Rogers knew it.

"I wanted to serve under you, sir!"

"Under me?" Rogers was incredulous.

"Yes, sir!" Nitti shouted. Just like boot camp, stripped down to your core.

"And why, pray tell, would you want to serve under me?" Rogers asked her slowly.

"Because I was told that you were the best commanding officer in the Department, sir!"

Rogers laughed. Either she was telling the truth, or she was very, very good. She was in serious shit and what was the best way out of it? Brown nose your boss. He would smile and say, "So that's all it is? Why that's wonderful! I'm happy to have you on board. And while your nose is up by ass, would you use your tongue to give me a wet willie?"

He leaned back in his chair again. She was cute, he had to give her that. But he couldn't see her cunt with all that hair.

"You know your pussy's non-regulation too, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"So what are we going to do about that?"

"Shave it, sir?"

"And when are you going to shave it?"

"When I get off duty, sir?" she answered hopefully.

"No. You're on duty now. If you had the wrong shirt on, or your boots weren't polished or you were wearing jewelry, you'd be expected to rectify the situation immediately, wouldn't you?"

"Y-yes, sir."

He paused.

"Should I go to my quarters and do it now, sir, or do you want me to blow you first?" she asked nervously.

"No. No. We're going to do it right now. Right here." He pressed a button on the viddy.

Connie's face appeared. "Yes, boss?" she proffered sweetly.

"Go get me a shaving kit and a bowl of hot water."

"A shaving kit?"

"You heard me!" he shouted. "Or am I not still the boss around here? Maybe we could get everybody together and ask them, 'Hey, what do you want to do today?' Or bring some checker boards and jacks down to the penitents and let them play all day!"

"Shhheeees, boss!" Connie replied. "I'll go get one. I'll be back in about ten minutes. You can answer your own damn phone while I'm

gone too!”

He rang off. He looked at Nitti. She was still standing there at attention, but he had the feeling that she was about to fall apart.

He took his eyes off of her. He scrolled up the file on No. 333. Her data was unremarkable. She and a girlfriend had been caught tonguing one another one night in her bedroom. Her father had called DCR Police and they were both arrested. Now normally, on a first offense, and in light of the girls’ age, they were both just 19, the most they would have gotten was a few months in a disciplinary center. Maybe a year if the judge was a fanatic. He wouldn’t even have expected her to get MR’d, but at least that was possible. But to be IFC’d, why did that happen?

And then he saw the reason. Her father was pastor of the Restored Ecumenical Church in Palo Alto. It was the one the Blessed Leader visited when he was on the west coast. It was clear now. The judge was not a fanatic. The father was a fanatic. And he had done this to his own daughter!

The pictures of her before her sentencing showed that she was very pretty and happy. “Sure she was happy! Sucking on her girlfriend’s twat, that’s what made her happy!” he thought. If there was one thing the General Unity Convention had gotten right, it was the worldwide ban on lesbianism. It was corrosive to General Public Order. Women existed for men’s pleasure, not each other’s. He could understand it if a girl had a thing for girls. Some females were just made that way. He could understand it. He liked girls too. But there was a way to do it so that a male got some pleasure out of it. That was only right.

He looked at 333. She had been here 27 months of a 3 year sentence. That was rough. But why hadn’t he ever seen her before? He didn’t remember ever fucking her and he usually had a good memory about things like that. After her 24 hours in his office she was going to be assigned to Pod 2, Unit 4. Well guess which pod until was going to be on his inspection list the day after tomorrow? In the meantime, he would have her blow him later.

There was a light knock on the door. “It’s me!” Connie announced sweetly. She didn’t wait for him to answer. She just turned the knob and pushed the door open. She was coming in backwards because of the awkwardness of handling a bowl of hot water and a shaving kit. When she got past the door she turned and saw Officer Nitti naked and at attention. Nitti’s blush made her red practically all over.

“Well, I’ll be,” Connie said.

“Never mind that, Officer Nitti here needs a shave. I want it all off,

got me?”

“Yes, boss,” Connie said somewhat unsure of herself. And then, “I can’t do it with her standing up!”

“Nitti, “Rogers said sharply, “get on the floor, spread your legs and raise your ass.”

Nitti suppressed a sob. She had to move the chairs out of the way to do it. She lowered herself to her back and raised and spread her knees. She lifted her rear so that Connie could have full access to her pussy.

“Well, that’s some bush,” Connie commented. She had put the bowl of water and shaving kit down on Rogers’ desk. “I don’t know how you can stand it,” she said as if she and Nitti were having a conversation in the ladies room. “I shave mine every day. See?” she said as she raised her skirt.

Officer Nitti looked. Connie’s quim was as hairless as a new born babe’s. There were some florid letters tattooed there about 3” above her mons. It was “DR”. Dennis Rogers. “See that? Captain Rogers had me do that. Isn’t it pretty? I’ve got another one on my back, but I’m not going to let you see that,” she continued.

She dropped her skirt. Connie never wore underwear. She was constantly in and out of his office flirting with him, flipping her skirt or showing him one of her boobs. Sometimes it worked and he bent her over his desk or fucked her right there on the floor. But not today. He had had the artist tattoo a large, open, engorged pussy across her back. It was very realistic. He liked to look at it when he was fucking her from behind.

Unfortunately for Connie, Deke Fuller in personnel had a hot new babe for him to be his new a.a. Her RM only wanted \$15,000 for her because he was in a jam. So Connie would be on her way to Monty’s in a couple of weeks where she would earn him his 15k back in about 3 months. The boys down there were going to love her tattoo.

Connie took the bowl of hot water and put it on the floor. She had brought a towel with her, something her idiot boss didn’t think about. She told Nitti to raise her ass. Nitti pushed up on her feet so her rear end was lifted and Connie slid the towel under her. Rogers came around his desk so that he could watch.

Connie started snipping away Nitti’s pubic hair with the scissors. She soon had it down to a short stubble. Nitti’s eyes were closed. She was just about to break out sobbing. They hadn’t even done anything like this to her in the Academy, although she had had to fuck all the teachers.

Rogers leaned against his desk as Connie brushed up some soap in the shaving mug and then spread it all over the stubble. She shaved away

the hair carefully. She had to move Nitti's pussy lips this way and that. Nitti stayed stock still. The only time she whined was when Connie pushed her mound way to the sides so she could get the hair in the crease of her thigh. When she was done, she dipped a wash cloth, another thing her boss had failed to tell her to bring, dipped it in the water and washed off Officer Nitti's now nude pudenda. She couldn't resist giving it a few strokes. Nitti's hips squirmed slightly. Connie gave her pussy a nice pat. "All done, honey," she said sweetly.

She had Nitti lift her ass and she pulled the towel from under her carefully to make sure that she got all the hair. Nitti was about to get up when Rogers stopped her.

"There's no picture of Officer Nitti's pussy in her file," he told Connie. "Go get your celly and take a couple nice shots."

Connie nodded, collected everything she had brought and scurried from the room. Officer Nitti had closed her legs.

"Keep 'em spread!" Rogers ordered her.

Connie came back a few moments later with her celly. She pointed it at the young, female Punishment Officer. "Lift your ass again, honey, so I can get a good shot," she said.

Nitti lifted her hips again and pointed her pussy at the camera. Connie took a fifteen second vidy which could be used to make a still.

She looked at Rogers. "Anything else, boss?" she inquired.

"No, just that I don't want to be disturbed for the next twenty minutes or so."

"Understood, boss!" Connie said merrily as she scooted out of the office, closing the door behind her.

Rogers looked at Officer Nitti. It turned out to be a good thing that she hadn't done all her MOS's yet. This session with her was the most fun he'd had in weeks. But it was time to bring it to an end.

"Get up, Officer Nitti," he told her coldly.

She struggled to her feet and came to attention in front of him.

"Are you ready to give me my blowjob?" he asked her.

"Yes, sir," she responded a little dejectedly. She had never thought that all this would happen.

"I hope you're going to put much more enthusiasm into it than that," Rogers told her.

Nitti forced herself to perk up.

Rogers went around and sat in his chair. "Okay, come over here," he told her.

She crossed the room and went behind his desk. He had turned his

chair to the side. She went to get on her knees.

“Hold it a minute, Nitti,” Rogers said. “I want to feel your pussy.”

Now, Officer Nitti, if she knew anything, knew the regulations. There was nothing about having her pussy touched in the section on mandatory oral servicings. But she was in deep shit already. If she hadn't violated the letter of DFC regulations, she had violated the spirit of them. And he did have her on 3 failures to perform MOS's in a timely manner. And the non-regulation apparel thing. And he could make her life utter hell from now on in. So, could he legally touch her pussy without her RM's consent? No. Was she going to let him do it? Yes.

“Okay, come closer,” Rogers told her. She stood directly in front of him. He ran his hands over her breasts (also non-regulation). He squeezed them and played with her nipples. Then he ran his hands down her sides, over her hips and down her thighs. His hands were hot and heavy and she didn't like the feeling that that brought her. “Spread your legs,” he told her quietly. She spread them and his hands ran up the insides of her thighs. “Lean over my chair,” he said.

She leaned over the left arm of his chair. He brushed his hand over her buttocks and then brought it between her thighs from behind. He seized her now hairless mons and began to stroke it. She wanted desperately to get up, but she knew that she didn't have the upper hand here, so to speak. He ran his fingers along her divide, up and down, up and down. She felt a tingle brewing in her loins. She felt his fingers slip along her divide and knew that she was wet. He probed and stroked. He caressed. He put a finger on her nubbin and stared gently stroking it. Her knees went weak and she sighed. He kept tormenting it and she moaned.

“Here, lean on my desk,” he told her. “Lean all the way over and put your tits on it.”

She was in a daze. Her head was swimming with all that had gone on. Baring her breasts, taking off all her clothes. The luey seeing her half naked. Getting her pussy shaved under her commanding officer's gaze. And now the hot hand on her puss. The puss that hadn't been touched in months. Bill Puller was her cousin and he had agreed to be her RM on the condition that he wouldn't fuck her. As far as he was concerned, that was incest. But she had been used to getting cock on a regular basis at the Academy and to have it cut off so suddenly, well, what could a girl do? It was one of the reasons she didn't want to do her MOS's.

Kneeling in front of a strong, virile man, mouthing his fat, rigid boner, made her panties wet and made her want to run to the ladies room and get herself off afterwards. But she wasn't allowed to do that. Bill

Puller didn't think that that was right either. So seven months. It had been seven months since someone male had touched her pussy. Sure, she had had a few of the penitents mouth her off, but that wasn't anything like having a bun in your oven. A hotdog in your roll. A fat one up your wazoo. She had had an instructor who liked to ass fuck like crazy, and that had driven her wild. And now, not even a finger up there for seven months.

She rose up off of Captain Roger's chair and leaned over his desk. She laid herself flat. She didn't need to be told to open her thighs. The hand came back. It stroked, it caressed, it slid along her divide, it tickled her button. She started sighing and rotating her hips. His fingers, two of them, she thought, or maybe three, slid into her channel and started to fuck her. She moaned and squirmed and let the wondrous feelings flow through her. Her breath was getting heavy now. A fire had broken out in her loins. She needed it so badly she could scream. She heard her voice grunting and groaning. A little voice in her head asked, "Is that me?"

And then her need started to build and build and build. She was sure that the grunts she was hearing were hers now. Something was going to happen that had no precedent in the world. It was so important, so full of meaning that bulletins should be going out on all the viddys. "We bring you to the Rocky Mountain Institute for Female Correction, ladies and gentlemen, specifically to the office of Captain Dennis Rogers the well-known Punishment Director. He has rookie officer Dolores Nitti bent over his desk and he is finger fucking her. Her mother had been alerted and we expect a full statement from her within a few moments. She has already issued a press release saying how inordinately proud she is that her daughter is getting finger fucked by the prominent and well known Captain Dennis Rogers, on his desk, in his office."

The camera would turn to her ass thrust upwards by her position. It would focus on the fingers sliding in and out of her canal. There would be an inset of the viddy that Connie took earlier showing her newly denuded mons.

She moaned deeply. "Yes. It is stupendous!" the announcer continued. "It will revolutionize orgasms! Doctors will study her pussy to try and discover how her little organ could create something so momentous, so compelling, so earth shattering!"

Her pussy exploded. She groaned and screamed. It was painfully exquisite! Hard, fierce jolts rocked her canal as if someone was trying to punch his way out from the inside. She tried to close her legs, but Captain Rogers was up behind her. His feet captured hers, splitting them apart.

She tried to rise, but his powerful hand jammed her down. She felt something probing at her entrance. “His cock! His cock! His cock!” her brain shouted. It slipped right in before she could get the word “No!” out of her mouth. What came out instead was, “Ohhhhhhhhhh!”

And it kept coming out that way. “No! No! No!” became, “Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh!”

He rode her like a demon. That’s the other thing that she heard at the Academy. He fucked like a demon. Someone had a vidy smuggled out of records of him fucking a penitent. Both he and the girl were moaning and calling out as if a giant chasm had opened up beneath them and they were plunging in. Was that why she had wanted to come to RMIFC? To get fucked by a demon? Who could really tell? But if she knew what she knew now, had known that she was going to experience what she was experiencing now, the answer would have been, “Yes! Yes! Yes!” She heard herself screaming, “Yes! Yes! Yes!” And “Oh! Oh! Oh!” and, “Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh, yeah, fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

Rogers roared like a lion and started pounding away at her even harder. Her mind clouded over as another orgasm was barreling down the road to her pussy. It was like one of those big megatrucks you saw on the road! It was out of control! There were no brakes! There was no driver! A crowd of citizens fled in horror and fear! It was coming, it was coming! Rogers was pounding and pounding. He released the loudest groan yet and the mighty truck burst from her pussy, leaving behind a pulsing, throbbing contorting mass of flesh.

She wasn’t sure how long it had been since he had stopped fucking her in earnest. Her pussy was still issuing thrilling but waning throbs. She tried to rise, but he kept her forced down. He was still rogering slowly in and out of her. Finally, he slipped out. He patted her on the ass. “Get up,” he told her.

He sat down in his chair. She rose slowly and groggily from his desk. “I want you at attention right there!” he told her sharply, pointing at the front of his desk.

She slogged over and stood up as straight as she could. Rogers was catching his breath. When they had both somewhat recovered, he told her, “Straighten up! Look sharp, Officer!”

She snapped to rigidity.

“Here’s what you’re going to do,” he told her. “You’re going to go down to Lieutenant Johansson’s office and you are going to blow him. Then you are going to find another senior officer and blow him too. I

don't care how long it takes. Just get it done. When you are finished you will report here. I'll viddy the officers in question and if your blowjobs have been satisfactory, I'll give you back your uniform. Now get out of here. You're dismissed."

She released a great sob. She would have to prowl the halls of the offices looking for an officer to blow. Everyone would see her naked. The captain's cum would be leaking out of her pussy.

Rogers looked at her. "How badly do you want to be a PO at the Rocky Mountain Institute for Female Correction, Officer Nitti?" he asked her demandingly.

"Very much, sir!" she snapped back.

"So," he said, "get it done."

She turned and ran out the door.

* * * * *

Three hours later, Officer Dolores Nitti was sitting outside Captain Roger's office. She was still nude. Connie had told her that he was at a meeting and that she should wait. Fellow officers would pass in the hallway quietly and then, when they got 20' or 30' down start laughing. Holly Evans passed by and gave her a hateful look.

Lieutenant Johansson had made her wait. About 35 minutes. The only thing she could say about him was that he was quick, although he shot quite a load. She had stopped at 3 captain's offices and four lieutenant's offices and they had all, after making her wait, turned her down. She figured that Captain Rogers was having his little joke and extending her humiliation. She finally had to go all the way over to technical services and hunt down Captain Lawrence. He was a bespeckled older guy who because he knew where every nut and bolt was in the place they hadn't been able to get to retire yet. She figured that he was 80, although with medicine what it was today, he might as well have been sixty. Still, it was six of one or a half dozen of the other whether he would be able to even get it up, even if Captain Rogers hadn't gotten to him.

He was very surprised to see her naked, which goes without saying. She explained to him tearfully what she had to do to get her uniform back and he laughed. "That sounds like Captain Rogers," he said. "Let's see what we can do."

He brought her into his office and offered her tea. She declined. "Let me see your breasts," he told her. She went over to him and leaned over

his chair. He caressed her mounds with his boney hands and suckled at her teats for a little while. Then he told her, "Let's see if it works!"

She took out his soft, limp appendage and went to work on it. She would get it all kind of hard and then it would go soft again. She would almost have it, and down it would go. It happened four times. She was about to give up.

"Wait a second," he told her. He drew down his pants and pulled them off his feet. He kicked off his underwear. He shifted his chair so that his ass was half hanging off of it.

"Stick your finger up my ass," he told her.

She blanched for a second, but she was desperate. She brought her hand to his entrance, felt around for it and put her mouth back on his cock. She moved her finger forward and in, his soft warmth surrounding it. And low and behold! His cock stiffened almost immediately. It only took a few strokes of her mouth to get him off and he produced a few little drops of cum.

"That was stupendous!" he exclaimed. "What was your name again?"

"Dolores Nitti," she replied. "Officer Dolores Nitti."

"Well Dolores," he said. "You can put me on your list for every month. I'll be more than happy to oblige you."

Tears rolled down her cheeks. "Thank you Captain Lawrence," she replied. "I sure will. And you won't forget when Captain Rogers calls?"

"No, I may be old, but I won't forget the best blow job I've had in ten years!"

They both laughed.

Finally, Captain Rogers came by. He brought her into his office. She stood there naked and at attention while he called both Lieutenant Johansson and Captain Lawrence. They both confirmed that he servicings were more than acceptable.

"Okay, Nitti, you can put on your uniform," he told her.

She rushed to the other side of the desk and grabbed her clothes. She was careful not to put on her bra or her underwear. When she was fully dressed she stood back in front of him at attention.

"Now I hope we won't have any more problems, Nitti," he told her sternly.

"No, sir," she replied.

"I've spoken to Lieutenant Puller. I told him that he's to fuck you every day, once in your pussy and once in your ass. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir, thank you sir," she replied, trying to hide her joy.

“And you’re to blow him every morning before you go on duty. If you’re on different shifts, whenever he gets up. Understand?”

“Yes, sir,” she confirmed.

“He’s to loan you out at least once a week. It doesn’t have to be a senior officer, it can be a sergeant. Got that?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Tomorrow night and once a week after that until further notice, you’re going to be spending the night with me. I’ll adjust your schedule to make that happen.”

“Yes, sir,” she repeated.

“I want to commend you for locating Captain Lawrence. That took initiative.”

“Thank you, sir,” she beamed.

“And one last thing.”

“Yes, Captain.”

“You still owe me a blowjob. Report here at 0700 tomorrow. Understood?”

“Yes, sir!” she replied with emphasis.

“Okay, dismissed.”

She saluted him, turned and walked out the door.

Connie gave her a salacious look as she passed.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

CATHERINE'S TALE: PART FIVE

Catherine pulled and yanked at her bound wrists for the longest time. It seemed incredible that the bands around her wrists were joined together so mightily. In the dark she could not see what was holding them together.

That man, that tall, powerful demonic man had terrorized her. She dreaded his return like you would dread the return of a monstrous disease. He had caused her unbearable pain and had driven her to virally ecstatic, agonizing orgasms.

She wished that someone would explain what was going to happen to her. Was her life going to be just a series of tortures by that man? She knew that that was almost certainly not going to be the case, but she almost wished that it was. She could deal with one man's ferocious intentions against her, but was the place where they had brought her filled with similar miened men, all of whom would take their turn with her?

Two years IFC. That was what the judge said. It was practically all that she could specifically remember from her so called 'trial'. She had been tortured for two hours in that chair and then was wheeled into that courtroom full of people who had apparently assembled to take joy in her debasement. The head judge, dressed in his formal black robe, with the two other female judges beside him, had railed on and on about her perfidy, her threat to General Public Order. Her rebelliousness, her lack of amenability to correction. The other two judges nodded and made faces at her as if she was a poisonous, repellant slug. The rest, the recitation of her crimes, the ordinances she had violated, the tenants of the New Society Program that she was in deviance from, all passed through her head like water rushing through a gully.

She had been sentenced to two years at an IFC. What the fuck was an IFC? What did the initials stand for? What would her life be like here? Would she go through day after day of torture like she had just endured? Could they maintain that level of horrific attack on her? What would she be like after a week of it? A month? A year? Two years? Like those girls with the IFC brands?

The time dragged on and on. Her arms ached like hell! And her feet! She could barely make purchase of the floor with her toes. And the darkness! And the silence! That man had whipped her brutally for speaking! He didn't even have to say a word to her for her to know what he meant. That talky, talky sign he had made with his hand. The lashes across her breasts, her belly. Her thighs. Wasn't she ever going to be able to speak? For two years? And wasn't anybody ever going to speak to her?

She was hungry. And thirsty. Were they ever going to let her eat? How long had it been? They had made her eat some kind of gruel from a battered and banged up steel bowl on the floor of her cell before they mounted her in that chair. But how long ago was that? She didn't remember anything from when they rolled her backwards into that crate until she was awoken by that guy belaboring her with that icy cold water.

She had felt like the lowliest person in the world when they affixed her chair in that crate. She was surrounded on all sides with what looked like raw pine. And from inside, through the only opening left, she had seen the crowd of people standing there watching, clapping when her sentence was read aloud. They had looked like regular, normal people. But what was regular and normal in these times? Was she to them some embodiment of dark forces within themselves? Was she an avatar of some horrible, dreaded universal force that had to be ruthlessly extirpated?

She tried not to cry. Crying would do no good. Was she going to cry and cry and cry her way through 2 years of torture and abuse? But she couldn't stop it. Everything about her future seemed so horrible! And all she had wanted was her freedom. All she had wanted was what everybody on the outside of those terrible places they had sent her to had. Why did she have to suffer this fate? Why did the heavens select her for this vale of tears?

When the door finally opened and the light came back on, she snapped to alertness from the lethargy into which she had descended. At first she couldn't see who had come in. She had expected that man again, but it wasn't him. It was two guys dressed in black like had had been, two guys who only looked slightly less ferocious, and this young blond woman in a white lab coat over a blue and white dress. She had a friendly face, bright and cheerful. Her hair was kind of flouncy, curling up at the ends just above her shoulders. Her blue high heels clicked on the floor. They had brought with them a gurney. She didn't like the looks of that. What were they going to do to her?

They didn't say anything to her, nor did they say anything to each other. The men held back while the young woman approached her. She ran her light fingers over her skin, along her back, over her rump. She held and jiggled her breasts, as if she were evaluating her for something. She stroked her softly on her bald head several times as if trying to reassure her. But there was nothing reassuring about the two tall men eying her with such malice. And the horrible looking gurney with straps and rings.

They rolled the gurney right up next to her. She whined and tried to pull away from it. The young woman stepped up to the gurney and retrieved a black bag from underneath. It looked like one of those old fashioned doctor's bags. She pulled what looked like a syringe from it. It didn't have a needle at the end though, just a round 2" wide disk. She looked at an indicator on its side and she made an adjustment. She put it down for a moment and came over and wiped a portion of her right rear cheek with an alcohol pad. She brought the syringe type thing, removed the cover on the disk and pressed it up against her. There was a sting and something surged into her. She sagged and dropped limp almost immediately.

The men disconnected her from the ring above her head while the young woman watched. They pulled her over to the gurney. The men lifted her almost lifeless body onto the gurney and placed her face down. Her bracelets were connected behind her back and her ankles were forced together. Straps were pulled tight just below the crux of her knees, over her thighs and over her waist. A black bag was pulled over her head and a strap went around her neck. There was a pause as all the straps below her neck were pulled tighter. And then the gurney was on the move.

She barely registered what was going on as the gurney was rolled down a hallway. They brought her through several noisy, clanging doors. They brought her along a long corridor. They went down an elevator and then they entered a room. Her gurney was rolled to a halt and she was left there.

She had the impression that people were moving all about her, but she was too lethargic to take any real notice of it. She kept drifting off to sleep and then waking again with a start. She would pull and writhe desultorily in her bonds. Even this minor effort was too much for her and she would drop right back into lethargy.

At one point, she didn't know how long, but she thought it was a long time, or at least it seemed so, her hood was removed and the strap around her neck loosened. Her head was pulled straight up and forward.

There was an older man in front of her. He was wearing a white lab coat. He had greyish hair and a matching goatee. The blond woman in the matching white coat was standing next to him. He examined her face and compared it to something on a CPad the girl was showing him. She felt someone behind her take her right thumb and press it on a pad. There were three beeps.

The doctor, or that was what she assumed that he was lifted both her eyelids and looked at her pupils. He patted her on her cheek amiably. He ran his hands over her bare skull. When he was done, he placed her head back down sideways, facing a wall. The hood was placed back over her head and her neck was tied back down.

She was wheeled some distance and brought through a door. People moved around her. It sounded like the room was tiled because everything they did made an echo. She seemed like she was coming around to consciousness. Her gurney was brought next to something and all the straps around her body removed. Hands went under her from the front, grabbing her arms, and hands encircled her legs just below the knees. There was a pause and then she was lifted and quickly placed on something cold and hard. She was slid up until her head was hanging off the front and then straps went all around her again. Her hood was pulled off and her head affixed in something like a vise with soft pads on either side until it was immobile. Something was brought over her and an orangish light passed from her neck all along her head. The light moved very slowly. She couldn't see people's faces, just white coated people moving around. She whined and struggled in her straps but she was immobile.

The blond woman came by her front, crouched down and peered into her face. She had doffed her white coat and was now dressed in a flowery red and white surgical uniform. Her hair was pulled back on her head and covered by a white net. She smiled and patted her cheek. She had brought over a silver tray on a rolling stand. She snapped on a pair of surgical gloves and then smeared a white paste from a grey tube all over her skull. It had a slight burn to it. Catherine whined and tried to move her head, but it was solidly held in place.

The girl removed a brand new razor from a plastic wrapping and proceeded to run it over her skull, just like the man had done. But she seemed determine to shave away every last follicle. She was seated on a stool and every time she made a long swipe of her head, she dipped the razor into a bowl of what smelled like alcohol. When she was satisfied that she had gotten everything, she took a wipe out of a small package,

tearing off the top and pulling it out. There was some kind of solution on it and she wiped everywhere she had shaved. It made her scalp tingle.

Everything around her that was being done was being done wordlessly. It was almost like she was watching a viddy with the sound turned off. The only sounds she heard were things rolling across the floor, the pad of rubber coated shoes and thing being tapped against each other. The room was tiled completely white. There was a bright light over her.

She was terrified. Something was going to be done to her. She knew that it wouldn't be benign. She whined and squirmed and tried to move her body. All that happened was that someone came by and pulled the straps tighter.

The woman picked up another tube of ointment. She squeezed out a glob and proceeded to spread it all over her head. The first had burned a little. The wipe she had washed her head with had tingled. But this really burned. She felt like her head had been set afire. She whined and sobbed and struggled, but the blond girl just kept rubbing it into her scalp.

When she was done, she snapped off the surgical gloves and patted her on the ass as she walked away.

A man wheeled an evil looking thing in front of her. She couldn't see the top of it. The man, dressed in light green surgical clothes and a surgical mask turned it on and it made a whirring sound like a drill. Then he turned it off as if he had been testing it. Her stomach turned sour and she shuddered. She began to plead and beg through her gagged mouth to be set free. She begged anyone who could hear her for them not to do whatever it was they were going to do. She struggled mightily to get free, but she couldn't move anything.

Another person wearing green surgical clothes came in front of her and the ball was removed from her mouth. She began to plead and scream. "Please don't so this! Please! Please! Don't hurt me! I'll be good! I'll be good! Please! Please!" She was screeching as loud as she could. Her voice echoed through the small room. Something was wheeled in front of her. It had a rubberized prong on the end sticking out towards her. The blond woman sat down on a stool in front of her. It had been lowered so that her face was even with the woman's breasts. She wheeled the unit closer to her and bumped it up against her mouth. She gave her cheeks a squeeze and tried to force the prong in. Catherine jammed her lips together and released a muffled scream.

The girl wheeled the device back. She made some hand gestures. Two of the men came over. They placed their surgically gloved hands on

her head and jaw. They pressed her jaw down hard. Catherine struggled and groaned and tried to beg them not to do it, but they were able to pry her jaw apart. When it was sufficiently open, the blond woman nudged the nose of the prong in between her teeth. She just kept pushing and pushing and pushing until it forced her teeth far enough apart so she could slide the whole thing in. While the men kept up the pressure on her jaw, she pushed a button on the device and immediately the prong in her mouth expanded, filling the whole of her oral cavity.

Catherine screeched and struggled. The device, which came up a little bit past the edge of her nose was locked in place as if there were notches in the floor to keep it steady and immovable. Now she couldn't move her head even a smidgeon. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

Somebody released her ankles and they were spread. While two sets of strong hands held them separated, another person slipped a probe into her vagina from behind. Her ankles were then locked back together and her legs restrapped to the table. Another probe was inserted into her rectum.

The doctor came back. He looked in her face and lifted her eyelids again to get a good look at her pupils. He was wearing a surgical mask. Catherine screamed. He paid it no notice. He and the blond woman went to a monitor on the wall opposite her. The woman pressed a few icons and an image of a brain came up. The woman operated the image, turning it this way and that as the doctor examined it, holding his surgically gloved hands up in front of him. The monitor showed her brain from several angles and then seemed to go inside it. The doctor pointed out several things and he and the woman communicated in sign language.

They seemed to come to some agreement. The doctor turned and made some hand signals to the room. The lights went dim except for a spotlight that peered down at her head. Something round and metallic was placed around her skull, like a type of round band. It went just above her ears. There were pads that settled in over her eyes, blinding her. Something else was wheeled up next to her and there was a pause as if they were checking it. Catherine screamed and begged but all that emerged from her mouth was a muffled noise. She felt a little shudder from the band around her head and everything went woozy.

Dr. Martin Edelstein had performed this procedure hundreds of times. It was a delicate operation which required a skilled surgeon. He had gone to medical school at Johns Hopkins and done his internship in neurological surgery at Colombia Presbyterian in New York. He was board certified and had three times been named one of the 10 best

surgeons in the country. He had retired from his practice 7 years ago and retired to his Rocky Mountain estate. Bored, he had agreed to perform Kowalski procedures at the RMIFC in order to keep his hand in and to enjoy the wonderful brothel they had on site.

Catherine was actually the 3,014th procedure he had performed. Every couple of days, they would scoot him over the mountains in a hover craft to do a few procedures. Today there was only Catherine. Tomorrow there were two, Desire Washington, a beautiful African American girl from New Orleans who was suspected of organizing a Woman's Liberty Group network in Louisiana, and Tina Hoffman from Emerald Creek, Idaho, about 75 miles southeast of Coeur d'Alene. She had been convicted of manslaughter for killing her RM with a butcher knife.

Tina had pleaded self-defense and tried to produce witnesses and evidence as to the beatings he had subjected her to when he was drunk, including on this last occasion when he had unloaded a blast from his shotgun at her with both barrels but had missed because he was so fucked up. He had her ankle chained to an iron ring in the kitchen floor and had gone to reload the shotgun when Tina had been able to get the butcher's knife out of a kitchen drawer which he had forgotten to lock.

When he came back into the kitchen, she had plunged the knife into his chest. From where she was chained she could not reach the viddy and so had to stay in the kitchen with his dead body for three miserable, horrifying days until the sheriff came up to their cabin way off in the hills because he hadn't reported to work or answered his celly. Jed had been a sheriff's deputy.

Tina's sentence was only one year in light of her mitigating circumstances. The sheriff had put in a good word for her on the condition that she be assigned to the MR brothel he ran outside of town when she was released. Tina was a little long in the tooth at 28, but she had long been considered one of the hottest FW's in town and Jed had been renting her out for years. She had a dedicated following. Jed used to let the sheriff fuck her gratis every Sunday night.

The case against Desire was not proven. It chiefly consisted of some unexplained absences complained of by her RM, Wilson Hemmings, a running back for the New Orleans Saints. She would accompany the team at their away games throughout the country and attend all their home games. She had a PhD from Tulane University in African American literature and attended numerous conferences around the country. She taught at LSU. She had ongoing correspondence with numerous

prominent female figures in arts and letters and entertainment. Often Wilson would come home and she would not be there. She tried to leave him twice and he had had to keep her locked up in a storage closet in his mansion several times to make sure that she stayed home.

A thorough analysis had been made of all of her celly calls and contacts. It was suspected that many of her emails and other written communications were in fact coded messages. She had been detained by STES, the Sexual Thought Enforcement Squad, several times for questioning. But nothing had ever been proven beyond the fact that she had been in contact with several other females who had been determined to be ideologically suspect and MR'd.

Finally, the lead investigator had thrown up his hands and said, "Fuck it. Where there's smoke there's fire." Several statements made by Desire at her ten minute hearing following hours of corporal persuasion, had convinced the hearing judge of her dangerousness. She was sentenced to three years IFC.²⁸

Dr. Katherine Whitehead was training under Dr. Martin. He had decided to give up the job next month and retire to Hawaii. Today was the first time that Dr. Whitehead would be performing the entire procedure herself. She was very nervous and was attending to all the details personally. She and Dr. Martin had examined the scans of Catherine's brain and depths and locations of key areas had been carefully plotted. She had scrubbed up and Carl, the surgical assistant had adorned her with her surgical mask and gloves. She had one additional look at Catherine's pupils with Carl's help before she proceeded. She had assisted Dr. Martin at over 100 procedures in the last eight months and he had assured her that she was ready.

²⁸In fact, Desire was a key member of the ultra-secret Women's Liberty Group Central Committee and had been coordinating communications between groups in numerous states for years. She and three other women had been principally responsible for the interruption of the broadcast of Superbowl LXXIII in 2039 in which a 10 minute subversive Women's Liberty Group vidy had been shown. There was a network of NFL wives and girlfriends who were central to these communications, and messages and information would be shared at the teams' games and practices. These facts were not discovered until the arrest of the entire WLG Central Committee after a ten year undercover investigation in 2054. Desire, who was working at a MR brothel in Oakland, California was rearrested and sentenced to five more years at RMIFC. A mass round up of all FW's of NFL players for the last 15 years was conducted resulting in a large number of ideologically suspect female convictions. The worst offenders were MR'd with a few being sent to IFC's. Many others served terms at Disciplinary Sexual Service Centers. Needless to say, each arrest of a former NFL player's FW led to numerous additional and fruitful avenues of investigation. STES Special Investigators Nancy Halloran and Sharon Berger were awarded New Public Order medals in 2056 for their undercover work which led to the arrest of the WLG Central Committee and the rollout of numerous WLG networks around the country. S.I. Nancy Halloran was assassinated by a WLG terrorist cell in 2058.

She took a position directly in front of Catherine. Carl made a last minute antiseptic wash of her scalp. The Babson ring served the dual purpose of emitting an electrical pulse that would keep Catherine semi-comatose during the operation and provided a scan of Catherine's brain which was relayed to the monitor next to the operating table. It was important that the subject be at least partially conscious during the procedure. The proper location of the stimulating tendrils, too narrow and light to be termed wires, had to be carefully determined. Her reactions would be carefully observed during the procedure. Any narcotics used to create the ideal semi-conscious state would interfere with the readings.

Dr. Whitehead looked around the operating room to make sure that the team was all ready. Carl was ready with a tray full of implements. John, the other surgical assistant was ready at the Kowalski control board to send the necessary test signals and read Catherine's reactions to them. Dr. Martin was by her side. She nodded and commenced the operation.

Small holes were drilled at all the optimum locations in Catherine's skull, making sure that the bit did not pierce the cerebellum. Five holes were made, one for each of the five tendrils that would be inserted. This is the most stressful portion of the procedure for the subject as the high pitch whine of the drill and the piercing sensation that they experience can be very disturbing. Catherine's body stiffened and you could see the frantic motions of her hands bound upon her back and hear her moans and squeals. After Dr. Whitehead was finished drilling the five necessary portals, she looked down to see how Catherine was tolerating the procedure. Despite the tranquilizing effects of the waves from the Babson ring, Catherine was sobbing and grimacing and her eyes were desperately darting back and forth. She was making indecipherable verbal-like sounds.

Carefully monitoring depth and location, Dr. Whitehead began to insert the tendrils into Catherine's brain. Two tendrils at separate angles were inserted into her hypothalamus to control hunger, thirst, sleep, sexual response and emotions. The tendrils were capable of sending multiple signals of varying wavelengths and intensity so that all areas of concern could be regulated. One was inserted into the thalamus to control alertness, memory and pain sensation. One each was inserted into the amygdala and hippocampus for further refinement of emotion and memory.

This section of the procedure involved little or no stress for the subject since she could not feel the tendrils actually penetrating her brain structures. The next stage, however was a bit more problematic.

The tendrils were connected to temporary leads that led to and from the Kowalski control board. John was signaled to commence the testing protocols. Messages were sent to the various sections of the brain seeking the proper response. As each controllable functionality was tested, Catherine either did or did not emit the proper response. Dr. Whitehead would adjust the depth of the penetration of the tendril until the proper response was received.

In turn, Catherine laughed, sobbed, cried out in agony or made sounds indicating severe discomfort and nausea. Her sexual response was tested. John actually had Catherine's pussy erupt into convulsions and send powerful messages of pleasure all over her body. He brought her up and down carefully a few times. She would start squirming and rotating her hips, graduate to more discernable writhing and moaning. And then, finally, she would issue a round of anguished sounding grunts and her body would shudder and shake. A notable reaction was noted as well in the anal probe.

John tested the sleep signal. Catherine's body went immediately limp and she actually began to snore. He tested alertness. Catherine's eyes sprang wide open and she began to writhe and twist in her implacable bonds.

Memory was difficult to test. She was shown a picture of Captain Rogers. The first time, she exhibited an immediate panic response. A few seconds later, when she was shown the picture again, her response was mild, exhibiting slight interest. The procedure was repeated with pictures of her parents, a picture of the judge who had read out her sentence and a friend of hers from high school.

Adjustments were made in the depth of the tendrils until all the appropriate responses were achieved.

Satisfied that everything was properly placed, Dr. Whitehead disconnected the leads from the Kowalski control panel. She slid very small circular nodules down the tendrils and lodged them delicately into the holes that she had drilled. The ends of the tendrils were clipped and then captured in the nodules. When all the tendrils were connected, larger nodules were screwed into the smaller ones. These nodules extended above the skull a few centimeters and were designed to receive the plugs that would lead to the control board in her Kowalski unit.

The plugs were all tested and all the appropriate responses generated.

A rubberized carapace that had been computer formulated by the scan of her skull that had been conducted earlier was carefully placed

over her head. The receiving plugs poked out. The carapace would hold the nodules in place in the event of any radical head movements of the subject once placed in the Kowalski unit and the various stimulations sent.

The operation was complete. Dr. Whitehead removed her surgical gloves. Dr. Martin was greatly pleased and shook her hand and hugged her. There was general relief all through the operating room and Carl and John congratulated her as well.

Catherine was sobbing and moaning. She had been conscious while all the protocols had been tested and she was frantically terrified at what had been done to her. Dr. Whitehead, her surgical mask removed, crouched down and gave Catherine a big smile and some comforting taps on her cheek. Catherine looked at the blond woman. Her face cringed in misery. "How could have another woman have done this to me?" she wondered miserably. It was the last conscious thought she would have until she was fully seated in the Kowalski unit as Carl had rubbed an alcohol laden pad on her right buttock and injected her. She fell right to sleep.

* * * * *

Dr. Ake Fujimoro and his team had been biding their time outside the operating room for them to finish. Dr. Whitehead came bursting through the door. Carl and John were cleaning up. Dr. Edelstein was right behind her.

"All set?" Dr. Fujimoro asked them.

"All set," Dr. Whitehead beamed at him.

Dr. Fujimoro's team consisted of Brad Hellman, a graduate of UCLA with a masters in in bioelectronics, Jose Montana, a bioengineer from Cal Tech, and Amelia Percantato, an undergraduate intern from the University of Colorado in Boulder. Amelia was fascinated by the Kowalski technology and saw its usefulness in all kinds of applications. Brad and Jose had won a contract to install Kowalski units at the *Facilidad para la Corrección de Aberraciones Femeninas*, (FCAF), (Facility for the Correction of Female Aberrations), located at the foot of the Andes Mountains, about 55 miles outside of Jauja, a town about 165 miles east of Lima, Peru.

15 Units had been ordered from the manufacturer, *KWI Technisches Fabrikin*, in Stuttgart. They were due to be delivered in April of next year, 10 months from now, and Brad and Jose were learning everything

they could about set up and operation before then. They had been at RMIFC for 3 weeks and done 10 installations.

Of Dr. Fujimoro's regular team, Jerry Schroeder was at the Montana IFC standing in for one of their regulars who was out due to a back injury, and Emma Lockner was out on extended maternity leave. Jerry was a seat of the pants guy who had got a job assembling Kowalski units for KWI 15 years ago. Emma was a nurse practitioner.

Ake, as Dr. Fujimoro insisted everybody call him, together with Brad, Jose and Amelia headed into the operating room to take custody of their subject. Amelia was rolling in a gurney. Carl and John had Catherine unstrapped and pulled back so that her head rested on the table. Before they took her off, Dr. Fujimoro used a handheld tacatron to take a reading of Catherine's blood pressure, temperature, blood oxygen level and body temperature. He knew that Dr. Martin wouldn't hand over a subject in distress, but he always checked to make sure.

He checked the reader and everything was within normal limits. He took her right thumb and pressed into the slot on the Tacatron,. It beeped there times, confirming her identity. He nodded to Brad and Jose, who lifted Catherine off of the operating table and placed her on the gurney belly down. Amelia helped them strap her in and off they went.

There was no need to hood her because she was sleeping like a baby. The shot would keep her out for three hours, plenty of time for them to get their work done.

They wheeled her down the hall to the next room. Dr. Fujimoro opened the door and Amelia pushed Catherine in. They brought the gurney to a table much like the operating table where she had just been. One, two three, and she was on top of it. Amelia wheeled the gurney out into the hall until it would be needed later.

First thing was to scrub her down. They released her wrist and ankle bracelets from each other and spread her limbs out. A hose with a spray nozzle was built into the frame above the table. Everybody put on their surgical gloves While Brad and Jose stood by, Amelia took the hose, turned on the water, running it into the drain until it was lukewarm and then inundated Catherine's back and rear with a flow of soapy water. Now, they knew that Catherine had undergone a thorough scrubbing from Captain Rogers when she arrived, but like Dr. Martin's crew, they wanted to make sure for themselves that she was absolutely clean.

Jose and Brad had soft, spongy washcloths and they rubbed the soapy water all over her skin. Up and down her arms and legs, over her back and that portion of the neck that could be reached, over her rear and

in between the crack. They did the bottoms of her feet. Amelia rinsed her off and they flipped her over and did the front. Brad and Jose held her legs open and up while Amelia squirted a douche solution into her vagina. She waited for 30 seconds and then used a small nozzle to wash it out.

The table's top was a very thin mesh and all the water drained right through it to a pan underneath where it drained away. Amelia turned the dryer on and warm, dry air blew up from underneath her. They let her back get dry first and then flipped her over to dry her front.

While they had her belly down, Amelia got set to install the anal ring. It was made of flexible and expandable rubber, like an elastic band. It had tiny little stimulators in it which would be wirelessly controlled by the Kowalski unit. Jose and Brad lifted Catherine's hips to make her rear entrance more easily available. She slipped the band into a folded state. It had taken Amelia a long time to learn to do this procedure correctly, but Emma, their nurse practitioner, had worked with her on a number of subjects until she was able to get it right on the first try.

Once the band had been pushed in, Amelia, gloveless since a glove would have interfered with the delicate touch needed, slipped her finger all along the inside of the girl's dainty ring. She pressed the band against the walls of her rectum. The band had a bonding agent on it and clung to the wall when pressed. She circled her finger all round to make sure that the band was down flat. Then she withdrew. Dr. Fujimoro watched the procedure carefully. He had confidence in Amelia's ability, but he was ultimately responsible for the successful preparation of the subject for installation in the Kowalski.

He handed Amelia a thick silver prong to which he had applied lubricant. Amelia used her left hand to slide Catherine's rear cheeks aside and placed the slickened probe at her entrance. She eased it in softly until approximately 4" was inside. Then she slowly slid the prong back and forth, back and forth, ten times. She removed the prong, placed it in her left hand and reinserted her pointer finger of her right hand to feel for the band. It was still exactly in place. She slipped her finger out, looked up at Dr. Fujimoro and smiled. He gave her a soft smile in return signaling his appreciation. He had a control for the Ellerson band, as it was known, and activated the signal. Amelia reinserted her finger and felt all around, for the prescribed vibrations. She pulled her finger out and smiled again. Dr. Fujimoro nodded back.

They took time out so both Brad and Jose could feel inside to gain some familiarity with the proper placement of the ring. Dr. Fujimoro kept

the ring activated so that they could assess it in use. Brad and Jose had been working on a model, practicing placement. Dr. Fujimoro had promised them that they would be given the opportunity to administer the Ellerson band on the next few subjects.

Everybody washed their hands thoroughly with surgical soap and they proceeded with preparations. There was an Ellerson ring designed for the vagina. Jose and Brad lifted Catharine's knees, spreading them and lifting her buttocks off of the table. The vaginal ring was much easier to install. Amelia used a glove this time. Once the band was affixed to the vaginal wall just past the entrance, she tested it with the prong, which had been thoroughly washed and then Dr. Fujimoro activated it. It was on a different frequency than the anal ring. When Amelia slid her finger around the vaginal wall, it was vibrating nicely.

Next, Catherine's head was tilted back and her mouth opened. A ring was inserted into her mouth to keep her jaws extended. This procedure was done by Dr. Fujimoro, although Brad and Jose had been practicing on a dummy. He picked up the sanitized applicator from a tray. Amelia opened the plastic package. She took the rubberized separator and handed it to Dr. Fujimoro. The doctor inserted the ring in the applicator.

Amelia shined a pencil thin beam of light into Catherine's oral cavity while Dr. Fujimoro slid the separator inside and pressed it against the entrance to her throat. He had a little difficulty lodging it, but with a few jiggles of the applicator was able to get it to sit right. He pushed it in just a few millimeters further, released the separator from the applicator and removed the applicator from her mouth. He took the light from Amelia and looked inside. You could just see the rounded edge of the separator at the beginning of her throat. He slid a finger all the way in and slid it around the separator, making sure that it was firmly set.

He took the sample feeder tube from the tray and slipped into Catherine's mouth. He poked it in past the separator. It slid over its edge easily. He ran it back and forth a few times to make sure and then withdrew it.

In early testing of the Kowalski prototype, it was found that the feeder tube often began to irritate the throat opening. Subjects had developed infections and/or experienced considerable pain when the feeder tube was introduced. A separator was designed that would hold the throat entrance open and facilitate the passing of the feeder tube into the subject's stomach. There had been no problems since then. Testing had shown that even after twenty weeks in a Kowalski, no notable irritation

resulted.

Dr. Fujimoro had assigned to Brad the installation of the lip restrainer. He and Jose had become quite proficient at it. A ring was inserted into the subject's mouth and lodged between the lips and the inner teeth. The ring had extremely narrow grommets on it with razor sharp edges. The inner lip was pressed firmly down on it until all the grommets had broken through. This compressed the lips into a 2" wide circle. There was an inner circle that sat over the teeth, keeping them apart. Brad sprayed the wounds made by the piercings with an antiseptic and analgesic solution to prevent any infection and to minimize discomfort when the subject awoke in the Kowalski. Another ring was set onto the circle from outside. The prongs on the outer circle were aligned with the exposed tops of the grommets and inserted into them. The two rings were then compressed together until they were firmly attached.²⁹

Brad stepped back. Dr. Fujimoro looked on approvingly. Catherine's mouth was formed into a perfect, compressed, cock sized circle. When the penile simulator, (PS), was inserted into her mouth, her mouth would provide the same, soft, hot, wet tunnel that she would provide if she were actually sucking one. Brad took the sample simulator and slid it back and forth in her mouth a few times. Her lips brushed against it nicely and when he removed it it was covered with her saliva.

Meanwhile Amelia and Jose were working on the nipple and clitoris stimulators. Applying the nipple stimulators to Catherine's teats proved simple due to her nicely plump teats. The center of the stimulators closed upon the teat. The device had a wide apron around it that spread over the areola to extend stimulation to this sensitive area.

Jose was working on her clitoris. It required some stimulation to bring it to rigidity and Jose leaned over while Amelia drew back her knees and orally manipulated it with his tongue. Catherine moaned through her drugged state and shifted her hips. Jose and Amelia laughed. Jose set the clitoral stimulator over her hardened button. The stimulator did not so much capture the little nubbin, as much as set itself around and over it. It was only about an inch across. Its edges had a bonding agent and once pressed down around the clit, it stayed in place.

They all took a break while the clitoral stimulator set. There was a thermos filled with hot coffee and paper coffee cups. Dr. Fujimoro and Brad chatted while Jose hit on Amelia. She had curly black hair that went

²⁹ The grommets were very small and left no appreciable scar. But if you ever wanted to know if a female had spent time in a Kowalski trainer, the tiny, little bumps around her mouth would be a dead giveaway.

to her shoulders. She was petite, maybe about 5'2" and was very pretty and shapely. Dr. Fujimoro had picked her out of 22 female applicants. The nude photos she submitted were the most becoming and she clinched the interview with a marvelous blowjob. She had had great grades for a female, all B's or B-'s, which meant that she was either really smart or had a very able mouth. Her biometrics professor gave her very high marks on this score in his letter of recommendation.

Amelia knew that Dr. Fujimoro would not make her fuck either Brad or Jose. That would create a problem within the team. She did have to fuck Col. Midgeon, the facility commander, once a week, but that was not too much to ask. Fujimoro was a virtual satyr and fucked her three or more times every day, in addition to the blowjobs she gave him. She was going to miss the sex when her internship was over in August. Dr. Fujimoro had mentioned the possibility of keeping her on and she had her fingers crossed.

Catherine lay lazily on the table while they drank their coffee. Her arms were down by her sides and her legs were still open, her knees raised and to the sides and she was displaying her quim. With the clitoral stimulator on it, it looked like it was capped with a little star. Dr. Fujimoro had tested it and within 10 seconds she was moaning and dragging her heels up and down the table. Amelia knew how she felt.

Dr. Fujimoro had put one on her. On days off he liked to put it on a low setting and lock her in her cage for the afternoon with her hands bound behind her back. She would moan and groan and writhe while the stimulator drove her mad. He would come by once in a while and increase the stimulation so she could roar out an orgasm, and then restore it to the low setting. He had taken to gagging her because she often begged and pleaded with him to turn it off, but he never would.

She was wearing it now. Fujimoro had it on a very low hum, making it a little hard to concentrate. Her pussy was gushing and since Dr. Fujimoro didn't allow her underwear, it was leaking down her thighs. While they were having coffee, she ran into the ladies room and cleaned them off.

DCR had outlawed the general distribution of the stimulators as being too subject to abuse. Models made in Mexico were available on the black market. Since the cost of the units was prohibitive, about \$6,500, they had not come into general usage. Most RM's enjoyed playing with their FW's love buds and the units could not be easily removed at a

male's convenience.³⁰

A modified version of the unit was available for the mass market, but it did not include the stimulation function. It was used to discourage a FW who had developed a penchant for self abuse since with one on there was no way for her to touch her bud. It also was valuable in denying females Sapphic opportunities or to practice orgasm denial.

Amelia rued that aspect of the device as she sat on the pot in the ladies room. She rubbed it futilely as her mind projected how wonderful it would be to come to completion right at that moment. She knew that she only had to be patient though because she knew that the doctor would fuck her like a mad man once they were done and he would want to make her come repeatedly.

When she emerged from the ladies room, Brad and Jose were getting ready to transport Catherine to the Kowalski room. They raised her and put her on her belly on the gurney which they had brought back into the prep room. Her wrists were connected behind her. This time, she was hooded and strapped down since there was always the chance that she would come out of her torpor. There was another syringe of tranquilizer in the black bag under the gurney in the event that that occurred.

Brad and Jose led the procession down the hall. The Kowalski room was beyond a set of double doors on the end. Extra layers of security were necessary to open them. Only six people could. Dr. Fujimoro, any one of the four staff Kowalski monitors, or Captain Terranova, who was the Kowalski room supervisor. In addition, like the vestibules to the penitent units, Central had to make visual confirmation of the person seeking admission or leaving.

Dr. Fujimoro thumbed the reader by the door and looked up at the vid camera so that the desk monitor in Control could see him. The lock clanged open. Amelia and Dr. Fujimoro held the doors open while Brad and Jose guided the gurney through.

The Kowalski room was cavernous. It had a vaulted ceiling about 25' high. It was 400' long and 100' wide. Sparkly clean white vinyl tiles covered the floor. There was an office/control room on the right side when you came in. It was about 50' long and 30' wide. The Kowalski units sat in neat rows, three units across and five units down. The walls were covered with sound insulation as was the ceiling. Absolute silence was required in the room. The only sound was a slight hum from the

³⁰ Many an FW of a well-heeled RM found one in her Christmas stocking. At first the female might be appreciative, but when it was applied and she found out how much control over her her RM would have, she would often regret the gift.

operation of the Kowalski units. An individual Kowalski made very little noise, but the combined vibrations from 15 of them was discernable.

PO Katie Rosen was on duty. She was standing in her blue uniform next to a Kowalski three rows down checking the digital monitors and making some adjustments. Although reams of data were remitted to the control room from each unit, visible observation of the subject in the unit was helpful in making necessary or optimal modifications. Also, visual observation could lead to detection of a problem which might not be picked up by the instruments.

PO Rosen looked up when they came in and waved to them that she would be with them in a few moments. The crew stood around patiently. Amelia wandered up to the first unit on the right side as you came in the door. The units were about 12' long and 7 feet wide. The front 8' was the training chamber and the last 4 feet housed digital and mechanical functions. The front was elevated above the rear, and jutted out all around like a big, long bubble, so that the subject within could be observed from all sides. Amelia could see that the subject was in the midst of a feeding function. Her fingers were flitting wildly about and her body was shuddering. You could see the bulge in the rubber hose that transmitted the protein and vitamin laden gruel from the tank in the back.

Amelia did feel sorry for the women who were made to endure Kowalski training. She was sure that it was agonizing and frightening to be controlled by a machine for days and days and days. And the subjects had no way of knowing how long they would be in them or even how many days had already passed.

But she was a firm believer in the New Social Order. It had been inculcated in her all the way from grade school. She had been a member of the New Social Order Pioneers in high school and had served as its president senior year. They had a pledge they recited at every meeting citing their commitment to docility and obedience and vowing loyalty to the Blessed Leader. The Pioneers did bake sales and rummage sales for charity. They paraded at school events, they served as chaperones at mixed male and female functions. But their most important role was to keep their ears to the ground and report any girl who was a threat to General Public Order.

So as far as Amelia was concerned, the women in the Kowalski units deserved it. They had all had a chance to be docile and obedient females. They had all blown it in one way or another. Dr. Fujimoro had told her that many of the women were members of Women's Liberty Groups, and they definitely deserved harsh punishment. Still, to see anyone suffering

so much was hard. She said a prayer to the Blessed Leader to help the women endure their corrective ordeals and to emerge properly contrite and reformed.

Dr. Fujimoro had scheduled Amelia for 8 weeks of Kowalski training commencing in September when her internship would be over. When he had talked to her about staying on, this is probably not what she thought he meant. He had compensated her RM in Colorado Springs, where Amelia was from. He was her oldest brother. It seems that he was caught embezzling from his employer. One of Dr. Fujimoro's contacts at DCR had alerted him to the brother's problem and he was able to work out a deal favorable to all. All arrangements had been in place before he hired her.

Amelia didn't know, of course, that her brother had permanently transferred her to Dr. Fujimoro, or that she was scheduled for Kowalski training. It's virtually certain that she would object if she knew; she was not that docile and obedient, yet. However, it was not her choice to make.

Normally the maximum Kowalski training session in the first instance was three weeks. However, Dr. Fujimoro had some new protocols he was interested in experimenting with. He was preparing a research paper on Amelia to be published in the DFC annual report, which was for senior officials' eyes only. He was carefully monitoring her sexual performance, bringing her to multiple orgasms every day, programming into the clitoral stimulator long periods of low level excitement, caging her and leaving her in near sexual agony for many hours. Every day, at the end of the day, after fucking her roundly for an hour or so and putting her to bed in her cage, he carefully recorded his notes from her day's activities.

The object was to produce a ravenously sexually needful female who would jump off a bridge if it meant she could come. Females in that state would be fanatically obedient. He didn't think that the experiment would produce any practical application since most women still needed to function in society without their pussies burning bright every minute of every day. But science was about knowledge and you never knew what pushing the boundaries might achieve or reveal. He was sure, at least, that Amelia would make a good whore when he was done with her and he had made arrangements with Col. Midgeon for her to be committed to the facility brothel after her training where he could continue to monitor her.

Amelia stepped back from the machine. "It must be horrible to be in there like that," she thought, and shivered, almost as if she had received a

premonition of her own future.

PO Rosen was finished evaluating Kowalski Unit 8 (KU8). She came over and gave everybody a friendly smile. Like the other monitors, she had trained for 5 weeks at the factory in Stuttgart in order to be qualified. It carried a 25% pay hike above her grade. And it was peaceful and quiet, unlike the training units where there was almost always some penitent or other screaming and howling. There was also that steady drumbeat to be endured.

No, the Kowalski units were nice and quiet. She would spend 40 minutes of every hour in the control room monitoring all that feedback, and then spend 20 minutes wandering through the units checking up on 'her girls' as she thought of them. She often wondered what it would be like to be kept so rigidly still and be subject to sexual ministrations for hours on end. If you just looked quickly into a unit, the girl might at first glance seem to be kneeling there peaceably at rest. But she had learned to decipher the tell-tale signs of their arousal, the minute shaking of the head, the fluttering of the fingers, the shimmering body shudders as their arousal was driven higher and higher and higher.

It was easy to see when they were orgasming. Their whole body would shake. If you turned on the internal speakers, you could hear the girl grunting and whining and moaning. From the rear, you could see their pussies gushing and, on some, a visible pulsing. She often wondered what it would be to come like that.

Captain Terranova, who was her RM, often threatened to put her in one. She would laugh and give a shudder. It did happen. PO Lucille Roberts was ordered to spend five days in one last year. Nobody had ever told her what Roberts had done, but it must have been something terrible. Roberts never spoke about it. But she had seen the 40 year old PO shaking and shuddering as the machine had its way with her.

And she knew that Dr. Fujimoro put his interns into one all the time when he was finished with them. Captain Rogers had complained to Col. Midgeon about the use of resources, but Midgeon always vetoed him.

Amelia gave her a big smile. Rosen had the urge to warn her about what was in store for her, but knew that if she fucked with Dr. Fujimoro, she would be the one kneeling in a Kowalski instead, or maybe too, since even if Amelia found out about it, there was nowhere for her to flee. She would never be allowed to leave the facility. And after all, dealing with recalcitrant females was what they did all day.

Rosen couldn't help the vision that popped in her head of Amelia kneeling all naked and bound in a Kowalski, shaking and moaning, a

prong slipping and sliding out of her slice,. You could tell she had fine breasts under the blouse of her miniskirted dress. And she knew that she was wearing a clitoral stimulator because she had seen the sheen of her excitement on the inner portion of her right thigh.

It did make PO Rosen very hot to watch all these women responding to sexual stimulation. Her pussy would literally ache with need. Captain Terranova had given her permission to relieve herself during her shift, but only if she could get him on the viddy so he could watch. She would remove one leg of her uniform trousers and underwear, spread her legs and proffer her pussy to the viddy camera as she frantically manipulated it until she was screaming and moaning. She knew that Central Control monitored the vid cameras all throughout the Kowalski room, including the control room, as they did everywhere else. But she didn't care. There was no alternative if she wanted to get off. One of the downsides was, though, that some of the senior officers made her sit in a chair with her legs over the arms in front of their desks and repeat the performance before she gave them her MOS. She had complained to Captain Terranova, but he had just laughed.³¹

Catherine was slated for K11 at the far end of the room. Rosen accompanied them there. Only the Kowalski staff had the codes to open a unit. They were changed every month. When they got there, Rosen entered the codes and the glass top gave a little shudder. Brad and Rosen lifted it off the machine and put it aside out of the way. They would have access to Catherine from all around while she was being installed.

They unstrapped Catherine from the gurney and freed her wrists. The three of them, Brad, Jose and Amelia, picked her up and brought her inside the unit. There was a little space on both sides to ease installation of the subject. They lowered her torso gently onto the frame. The top of the frame went from her waist to just below her shoulders. They had to maneuver her properly and make certain adjustments so that her breasts fell through the holes. Her arms were locked down to the floor onto padding by her wrists and just below her elbows. The frame was slanted down so that her rear would be elevated. Her legs were spread and locked down on the padded floor by her ankles and just below her knees. Adjustments were made to align her thighs with 'U' shaped cutouts for them and they were strapped in. The same procedure was done for her upper arms.

³¹ PO Rosen would later spend 3 weeks in a Kowalski unit as punishment for falling asleep on duty after one of her self-administered orgasms.

While Brad and Jose did the back, Amelia adjusted the penile simulator, (PS), in the front to the right height. Dr. Fujimoro tilted her head back and Amelia slid it into her mouth. The PS was cock-like in every way. It had a bulbous head and the texture of a real cock down to bulging veins.³² It had a diameter on its shaft of 3". Thus, when thrusting, it would abrade the subject's lips and put some pressure on her little circle. The head, which was about a ¼" wider than the entrance, would compress as it passed over her lips and 'pop' into her oral chamber. The idea was to simulate as well as possible a forced sexual service.

Amelia raised the head support. It was more or less like a face mask with a hole for the eyes, mouth and nose. Amelia withdrew the PS and applied the mask. It cupped her chin, surrounded her mouth and nose, pressed in against her cheeks and forehead. It strapped behind her head. Her face would be held in a forward looking position as long as she was in the unit. Amelia pushed the PS toward her mouth to make sure it was still at the proper level. She had to make an adjustment so that it was just right. She ran it in and out a few times to make sure. It moved Catherine's lips back and forth just as if they were clamped down on it hard.

Built into the mask, and set under the chin were little steel diodes. They would provide stimulation to Catherine's tongue from underneath to make it jam upwards to ensure that her oral tunnel for the faux penis was nice and tight.

In the back, Brad and Jose had finished mounting the vagina and anal penile simulators (PS's). As with the front PS, there was just enough room for them to withdraw completely. In this way an actual penetration could be simulated, giving the subject the whole experience of being violated against her will. In addition, the PS's were designed, at appropriate moments, to inject a viscous, salty substance which was maintained at about 5 degrees higher than the inner temperature of her orifices. The PS's would throb and jerk as if expelling an ejaculation. The unit control would ensure that her pleasure centers would be stimulated at these events. The viscous substance ejaculated into her mouth would taste just like human cum

All the PS's served double duty. In the front, the head opened up and a feeding tube would extrude, the tube that Catherine's throat had been

³²Rumors had it that it was Dr. Stanley Kowalski's cock, the inventor of the machine, but those rumors were false. The cock was modeled after the cock of Adolph Bremen, the European Federated States heavyweight boxing champion for 2029 through 2034.

prepared for. It would slide into her throat and descend to her belly where it would deposit its nutritious slurry and other liquids. When finished, it would slide back into the PS and the front of the PS would close. The opening and closing of the PS would always take place outside of her ever ready mouth to prevent pinching or other irritation during the process. Once it was closed, the PS slid back in.

The vaginal PS would, following an ejaculation, inject a warm water based solution to rinse the vagina out.

The anal PS also functioned as a waste removal device. At regular intervals it would inject Catherine's bowels with a warm enema solution. Her exit would be sealed so that the solution could loosen and liquefy her waste. It then commenced a gentle suction, drawing all the enema solution and waste product out.

As far as dealing with Catherine's liquid wastes, due to the need to keep her vagina open and ready for penetration, a catheter system was not possible. Instead, when she peed, it would flow into a pan beneath her and be whisked away. When she was done a small nozzle mounted on the same frame as the vaginal PS, would spray a fine mist onto her vagina which would disinfect it. It was quick drying so as to prevent the germination of any rash. Both the anal PS and the vaginal PS were designed to ooze a lubricant that contained antibiotic cream to prevent infections, just as the oral PS exuded small amount of lubricant that would prevent any chafing of the lips.

Sensors were placed on her upper arms and her thighs which would conduct stimulating currents to prevent atrophy of those muscles.

Amelia scooted under the platform on which Catherine's torso rested and drew a thin pad around the circumference of her breasts. The pad contained hard rubber stays which nestled into the softness of the breast. The pads were controlled wirelessly. During sexual stimulation stages, the pads would contract and expand simulating a massaging of the breasts. The massage could be gentle and mesmerizing or hard and almost painful. The unit would sometimes maintain a gentle kneading while the tendrils in her brain stimulated her pleasure centers. Eventually, after the first week or so, the subject would be trained to climax from breast stimulation alone.

Amelia carefully affixed frames inside Catherine's eye sockets that pushed her eyelids open and kept them there. The vid viewer was placed over her eyes. It was all of one piece straight across and was opaque and black. It covered her eyes completely and sealed out all light. It fit into the contour of her cheeks, nose and forehead and lodged into the mask

that had been applied. Although Catherine's head would not be doing much shaking, even the most violent toss of the head would not dislodge it. A gentle occasional mist inside the mask would keep her eyes lubricated. The viewer would be the only source of visual stimulation Catherine would have for the next three weeks. Whatever the unit would want her to watch, she would have to watch. Or, at times, nothing at all.

The last thing was to attach the plugs to the nodules in Catherine's cranium. Both the nodules and the plugs were colored coded so that there would be no mistakes. The wires were in a harness which bound them all into one strand. The strand went off to the left of her head into a standing conduit and came out at the control boards in front of the unit. This procedure of installing the plugs was a relatively easy one.³³

Dr. Fujimoro made an inspection all around. He ensured that the PS's were located optimally for penetration. He checked that the muscle stimulators were on in the correct positions. He checked to make sure that the mask was on tight and well seated. He went to the back of the machine to make sure that the food slurry tanks and vitamin water tanks were filled. He came back to the front again. There was always one more thing to check. He looked at Catherine's slumped body. Soon she would be awake and energized.

Then he noticed that the nose nozzles had not been installed. He mentioned it to Amelia. She hopped to it and tore the plastic off the nozzles; new ones had been installed when the unit was cleaned after the last occupant. She signaled to Dr. Fujimoro who turned on the air flow. Amelia put the nozzles near her own nose to make sure that cool, clean tasting air was coming out. Satisfied, she inserted the nozzles in Catherine's nasal passages. They completely covered the entrances so that Catherine would not be breathing any air from inside the unit. The nozzles were constructed with little flanges so that when she exhaled the CO₂ would be expelled inside. A fan would whisk the CO₂ away, keeping air pressure inside the unit at a constant.

Now they were done. Brad and Jose retrieved the clear glass top. They placed it on the unit and seated it so that there was an absolute seal between the inside and the outside. It made a hissing sound as the seals were made complete.

PO Rosen entered the code locking the glass cover in. Barring any emergency, or adjustment that had to be made when they ran through the

³³ Using a wireless connection to the head nodules was experimented with and rejected because of the low levels of signals that were required to be sent to the tendrils within her brain.

testing checklist, it would remain closed for three weeks. Amelia looked at her a little sadly. She didn't know what she did, but it must have been bad. Still, you had to feel sorry for her.

Dr. Fujimoro announced that it was time for dinner. They would all go to the commissary for an hour or so. It was best to do the testing when they were refreshed and alert. Besides, the subject needed to be awake for the testing protocols to be meaningful. She would probably wake long before they came back.

PO Rosen watched them go. She looked at the poor girl in the Kowalski. She was a shapely and attractive girl. She imagined her shaking and shuddering under the effects of a powerful orgasm. She checked her CPad. It was time for her 15 minute break. She would go into the control room and see if she could get Captain Terranova on the viddy.

* * * * *

They all sat at the same table. The specials were beef stroganoff and creamed chicken. Amelia ordered a cheeseburger and fries with a Diet Coke. Dr. Fujimoro had specially ordered a turbot with white wine sauce. Brad and Jose had the beef.

It was a jovial crew. Catherine was the only installation they had done today, but they had done two yesterday and one the day before. 15 Kowalskis working full time at 3 weeks per subject meant a changeover of 5 subjects per week. Some subjects were trained for more than 3 weeks, as Marjorie would be starting tomorrow. She was the first one on their list for 7 a.m..

Since she still had the smaller nodules and tendrils imbedded in her skull, it was just a matter of inserting the larger nodules that could take the Kowalski plugs and off she'd go. They would sedate her down in her cell while all the other penitents were in theirs and she would be wheeled to the prep room. As far as she would be concerned, one second she would be in her cell getting a shot, the next second she would be fastened in a unit ready to undergo the startup tests. The difference between her and Catherine is that Marjorie would know exactly what she was in for.

Other penitents might be in a unit for less time if they were just sent up for a few days discipline. There was always pressure to move the girls on since no girl could be inducted into the facility without going through the Kowalski process. Sometimes girls who had been sentenced to IFC's spent weeks in DFC holding cells waiting for a slot. In this sense

Catherine had been lucky since the DFC jails were hellholes.

Amelia had a piece of cherry pie for dessert. Brad and Jose had vanilla pudding. Dr. Fujimoro had fruit. They all had coffee. When they were done, Brad and Jose went outside for a smoke. Dr. Fujimoro brought Amelia into the senior officers' lounge where he had her blow him. Amelia didn't like to do it with so many people around, but Dr. Fujimoro was the boss and as far as she was concerned could do nothing wrong.

She just didn't like the smirks all the men gave her when she was done. It didn't help that he had turned up the stimulator while she was doing it. He timed it perfectly so that she began to come precisely when he began to ejaculate in her mouth. She didn't know how he could do that. But it made it extra embarrassing to know that all those men had heard her groaning and moaning as her pussy convulsed and shook.

All the senior officers knew, of course, that Amelia was destined for the facility brothel and would be made available to senior officers first.

While the installation team sat chatting and drinking their coffee, or smoking cigarettes or blowing or getting blown, Catherine was ensconced in Kowalski unit no. 11. As she came to consciousness, she knew that something was definitely wrong. The last thing she remembered was them drilling in her head and knowing that they were going to do something awful to her. So when she woke and couldn't see, or move her arms or legs, or move her head or close her mouth, she knew that she had been right. She screamed and screamed, making 'oooing' sounds that resounded in the small chamber.

PO Rosen, feeling better now, saw the light blink on her board that showed there was activity in K11. She flipped on the monitoring camera and saw that the subject's body was shimmering. The platform she was lying on constantly monitored her heart and breath rate, her body temperature and blood oxygen level. She could see that Catherine was very excited. She turned on the microphone and her mournful "...oooooooooooouuuus!" came through the speaker. She would only have a little bit more time to make noise since that was one of the first things the Kowalski would shut down. She made sure by visual observation that Penitent 289, which was the number which had been assigned to Catherine, was well secured. Seeing no indications otherwise, she shifted her attention to other matters.

Catherine cried and cried. Was she being punished already? She had just gotten here. She hadn't had the chance to do anything bad. That man had beaten her and tortured her. Wasn't that enough? Wasn't it enough

that she was going to be a whore now for the rest of her life? She pulled and tugged and writhed and strained, but she could not move in any direction. When laid on the frame, her torso had been strapped down by her waist and just below her breasts and she was pressed down hard on its surface. She was tilted down like she was begging or something. Her legs were spread and her rear entrances exposed.

And she couldn't move her head! It was like it had been cemented in place. She tried pulling it to the left. She tried pulling it to the right. She tried to pull it back. She tried pushing it forward. Why were they doing this? What vile purpose did they have? "...ouuuuuuuuu! ...ouuuuuuuuu! ...ouuuuuuuuuuu!" she screamed. "...ooooooooouuu ...eeeeee! ...oooooooooooooooouuuu ...eeeeee!"

Her eyes were open but she couldn't see. All there was was darkness. And she couldn't close them no matter how hard she tried. It was like staring into the black soul of the devil himself.

Raging, savage fear ran through her like a torrential river. She cried and prayed and begged someone in the great ether, somewhere out in that dark, dark world that she couldn't see, for help, mercy, forgiveness, freedom!

The team was ambling its way back. Everybody felt a little torpor from their meal. Amelia felt drained by her orgasm, but Dr. Fujimoro had kept a low fire burning on her clit and she was longing to stroke it again. Dr. Fujimoro was fantasizing about stripping Amelia down and putting her in a Kowalski tonight. There was still one free. They could do that other girl the day after tomorrow. Just the idea of watching the naked and bound Amelia twitch and shake as a monstrous orgasm seized her made his cock stir.

They passed through the Kowalski room door and strolled down to Unit K11. It was clear that 289 was awake. She was twitching and straining relentlessly. He went over to the control panel. It was mounted on a stand just a little to the right of the unit. Amelia, Brad and Jose stood directly in front of it and observed the girl. It was like she was bowing to them. They could sense that she was screaming her head off, but not a peep emerged from the machine.

"Okay," Fujimoro said. "Let's get her calmed down a bit." He touched some buttons on the screen and activated the signal to her brain that would suppress anxiety. She became still immediately. Then he brought her anxiety level up again a bit at a time until she was screaming and jerking again. He lowered it again to level three. She would sweat and worry and her belly would flutter, but the panicked reactions would

wane.

The display exhibiting her heart and breathing rates showed a levelling off. He put in the signal to sleep and her body just seemed to collapse. He woke her up again and put her to sleep again, and then woke her once more. He left her anxiety elevated at three and he brought up her pleasure index. Her heart and breathing rates slowed immediately. He brought it way up, sending her into a state of bliss. The heart and breath rates went almost to the bottom of the display. He levelled that off at normal and then did fear, pain, joy, sexual desire. She responded properly to each stimulation. He brought everything to normal but left anxiety up. She started to quail and shake again. Then he started in motion the penile stimulator lurking just outside her pursed lips. He put it on a slow, steady rate with long strokes that pierced her mouth deeply.

Her indicators went right off the scale. She shook and shook and struggled. He let it go on and on for a minute or so. Her heart and breath rates leveled off a bit, but at a very high level. He drew the oral PS back and engaged the anal PS. Again, her indicators went way, way up and then, after about 30 seconds levelled off somewhat. The same thing happened when he engaged the vaginal PS. He let that plunge back and forth a little longer. You could literally see her increasing pleasure on the display. As it went on and on, every once in a while you would see all her indicators jump as she tried to fight off the invasive object and deny its influences on her, but then the spike would go down and things would level off.

He withdrew the vaginal PS. There were two more important functions to test. He decided to do the waste elimination first. He programmed it in. The anal PS went forward, buried itself in her. A moment later her whole body seemed to jump. All her rates went back up again. He could see the liquid being pumped in on the hose attached to the anal PS. The machine displayed an image of a constantly twirling circle along with a line that was moving from left to right indicating the elapsed time. When the line was completely full, there was a subtle shift in the frame holding the anal PS and then the hose for the outgoing waste filled up.

The anal PS withdrew, indicating that its work was done. He let her rest a bit before he tested the next function. All of her indicators steadied, although at a high level. He reduced the anxiety level a bit and programmed in calmness. She would need it for the next bit. When he saw all the levels lower appreciably, he activated the feeding function. The oral PS went forward and peeked into her mouth. The nose unfolded

and the feeder hose started snaking out. It was narrower than the PS and she didn't really react until it got to the edge of her throat.

When it passed she began to shake and shudder. Her levels went up again. They stayed up for one minute, until the feeding hose receded. Her breath rate went way up as she tried to recover her oxygen after having had it cut off by the hose. The machine waited thirty seconds and advanced again. All her levels went up immediately as the hose descended to her belly again and unloaded some more sludge. The process went on three more times, five in all. You didn't want to introduce all the slurry at once. That could cause cramping and regurgitation. And you couldn't keep the hose in for more than a minute at a time without lowering her blood oxygen level too much. So the hose had to make repeated trips in and out in and out. The hose finished with unloading 8 ounces of vitamin water into her. When done, it receded into the oral PS and everything came to a stop. After about a minute, she calmed down again.

Amelia, Brad and Jose felt elated. Everything had been done correctly and was working optimally. Brad and Jose had plans to go over to the facility brothel to get themselves square after all this libido stirring work. Amelia had hopes that they would go back to Dr. Fujimoro's quarters and fuck.

Dr. Fujimoro gave it some thought. It would be fun to do the girl tonight, but he really needed a three man team to do the installations. And the surgical team was off duty. Besides, he knew that he shouldn't cut Amelia loose until he had a replacement.

He was going down to Denver to do some interviews next week. There was a golden skinned Hispanic girl that looked like she would fit the bill nicely. Her photos were outstanding showing prominent, solid breasts with wide areolas and long nipples. Her pussy had still been covered by a mass of black, mature growth, but he would get a better look when he saw her in person. In his note granting her the interview he had instructed her to shave it off. Most importantly, her RM, her stepfather, seemed interested in selling her.

Emma Lockner would be back the week after that. He could have Rosa, the Hispanic girl, start her internship early and do Amelia when Emma came back. Emma's husband, Jack Lockner, was a high official with the National Governing Board Administration in Denver. He had put in a request to Col. Midgeon to have Emma go through Kowalski training some time before the end of the summer. Since having the baby, she'd been getting out of hand, like it earned her some special status or

something.

Captain Rogers wouldn't like it, but Col. Midgeon had approved it. Dr. Fujimoro didn't like it either. Private use of the Kowalskis was bad precedent. Soon every prominent member of the National Governing Board Administration would be sending their wives and girlfriends up for a spin.³⁴ Besides, Emma had been a good, friendly coworker for the last three years. And she was highly trained. He liked her.

But it was Col. Midgeon who ran things around here. He'd been fucking Emma regularly with Jack's permission except that since they had decided to have a baby, Emma had worn a chastity device on her pussy and he was only able to use her mouth and rear.

Well, he couldn't do it at least until the new intern was up to speed so that gave him another incentive to bring one on early.

He looked at Amelia. Her time was running out, but she still was a hearty, enthusiastic fuck, especially with the clitoral stimulator going full blast.

Amelia saw the look in Dr. Fujimoro's eyes and knew that she would get her wish tonight.

The installation crew walked out. Catherine, of course, stayed. The extreme variations in emotion and bodily condition had driven her practically to psychosis. It was like her body and mental processes had been under the control of a drunkard. Up and down, up and down, fear, pleasure, gaiety, sleep. On and off on and off. The sleep thing had been terrifying, like a light crystal burning out in her head.³⁵ One second light, the next second nothingness. Her body was invaded by cock-like things. She had been given an automatic enema. She had been fed involuntarily. She could feel the sludge in her tummy. It was cruel to make her eat and not let her taste anything. Was this what it was going to be like forever and ever?

Dr. Fujimoro had left the Kowalski more or less on idle. The machine would do its own test protocols, commencing very shortly. It too sensed that Catherine needed a rest. But what it did do immediately was to terminate her ability to make a vocal sound. Catherine had been sobbing, sobbing, sobbing. Dr. Fujimoro had left the program on calm, but she didn't feel calm at all. Everything built up in her and she gathered herself for another mighty scream. But when she went to do it, it was like she had forgotten how. She tried it again. Her voice did nothing. She took

³⁴ National Governing Board members started sending their FW's for Kowalski training at a special facility reserved for Administration officials Grade 16 and up in 2044.

³⁵ Light bulbs started giving way to light crystals in 2031.

a deep breath and pushed air out of her mouth as fast as she could, but no sound was made. She panicked. "What have they done to me?" she asked herself miserably.

Her efforts at making noise were abruptly cut short however when the probe in front of her slid forward and practically sealed her oral opening. It didn't start to fuck her mouth. It just stopped and stayed here, sealing the breach. From now on virtually all air intake would come through her nose.

She tried to move her tongue and the roof of her mouth out of contact with the prong, but with her lips confined she couldn't spread her mouth open. And there was some tingling under her chin which made her tongue go up and press against it. It held it there and she couldn't break it free. Her mouth was closed around the cock-like thing like she was sucking it. And it really was a cock-like thing with a bulbous head and everything.

The machine didn't give her any warning when it began its own test protocol. Unlike Dr. Fujimoro, the unit changed things slowly, almost subtlety. She would be crying and crying and gradually she would brighten and begin to think that maybe they wouldn't leave her here long. Maybe she could bear it. And then a sense of dread would fill her. "What other terrible things are they going to do to me? Please! Please! Please, someone help me!" and then gradually she would get calm again.

The prong near her vagina entered her. It began by pressing with a modicum of force against her narrow opening. The unit would make lustfulness spread to her pussy and the opening would start to soften and loosen. The probe edged itself forward very slowly. It would advance and retreat, advance and retreat, going deeper each time, as far as the natural expansion of her canal would allow. It was consistent with someone forcing their way into her, but at a rate that would not cause injury to her tissues.

The probe, when fully seated, started a long, slow desultory fuck. She couldn't remember her pussy seeming so sensitive. There was a buzzing all along the entrance which sent waves of delight through her. The machine kept her on boil for about 20 minutes. She was so filled with lust that she thought she might go mad. She couldn't think about how horrible her predicament was, only about when whatever she was in was going to let her come. Finally, the machine granted her wish, by releasing a slow moving, rolling orgasm that flooded her head with joy. She was given a rest.

Then the anal probe entered her. It was like somebody slipped their

dick in you in the middle of a crowded subway. She shook and complained silently, squeezing the cock in her mouth in protest. The probe eased in and moved back and forth at the same leisurely pace that had driven the one in her quim. And again, she had done a lot of ass fucking as a whore and even sometimes got some enjoyment out of it. But this was like nothing she had ever experienced. Like in her cavern, the friction of the device was causing an unaccountable trilling on the edge of her anus that made her gasp. The probe went on and on, pushing her into a kind of soft delirium. And then she came again, that mesmerizing soft, immensely pleasurable series of contractions.

She was breathing deeply through her nose when the prong in her mouth acted up. Its thrusts started slow, but soon picked up pace. She started to panic as it went faster and faster like a locomotive out of control. She tried to shake her head to force it out, but her head wouldn't move. She felt like some ogre was fucking her mouth. Then, it exploded. Her mouth was filled with what tasted and felt like real cum. The prong throbbed and jerked like a real cock. She tried to scream but could not make a noise.

It stopped and withdrew. Its cum was lying on her tongue since with her mouth forced into a circle it was hard to swallow. The machine fixed that. The mask thing moved, pulling her head back so that all the cum flowed to the back of her mouth. She gurgled and choked, but got it all down. After a few seconds, her head was tilted back down and the prong reentered her mouth, sealing it like a gag.

The machine led her through the same exercises again. Only, this time when she came her climaxes were explosive, making her body shake and her mind roll over. The thing in her mouth ravaged her mouth again, but for much, much longer before it came, and its throbs and jerks seemed more intense, filling her mouth with its fake cum that didn't seem fake at all and tilting her head back so she would swallow it.

It brought her through the emotional ranges again twice, for longer periods than Dr. Fujimoro had done, the second time more intensely than the first.

Then the machine put her to sleep. It was actual, restful sleep, not mere unconsciousness that a drug would produce. The machine experimented with her dream cycle, testing different frequencies to determine which dreams made her peaceful and pleased and which brought tension and agitation. It couldn't read her dreams or instill specific ones, but it could control their general tendencies. The tendrils put out something more like radio waves than akin to electrical ones. The

dreams were generated by microsecond bursts to her dream control areas.

The unit let her sleep for six hours. It woke her gradually and at the same time commenced a new assault by the vaginal probe. To Catherine, it was like waking up to discover someone was fucking you. She wailed inside her mind when she realized where she was and what was being done to her. The machine made her orgasm violently.

At this point the regular programming had begun. The algorithms which governed the programming were not utterly random, but designed to incorporate the subject's responses. No two subjects experienced the same treatment. Also, at this point the unit began to generate visual images. It would test her responses and bring up the appropriate picture or vid depending on the emotional reaction it wanted to generate.

One thing it did was to make a naked man appear in the distance, different men at different times, or sometimes a repeat of the old, but he would act slightly different so as to avoid the appearance that it was just the rerun of an old tape.

The PS would first withdraw from her mouth. In her vision, the man would walk towards her stroking his cock, making it hard. He would come right up to her and insert his penis into her mouth. It would be just like he had jammed it right in. She would have a visual of his belly undulating in synchronicity with the thrusts of the PS. It was so realistic that sometimes Catherine would be led to believe that there was really someone there.

The men would have different techniques, some taking their time, going slowly at first and then gradually speeding up as if their excitement had grown. Other men were more brutal, pounding away from the first moment of penetration. She got to know them so when she saw them approaching she would know what to expect, her distress obviously greater the more brutal the man. The unit learned to mix sensations of misery along with growing sexual excitement to make the experience more real. When they ejaculated, or seemed to, the unit would make her come as well.

Other scenes would be bucolic. Or horrific, such as vids of women being whipped. Or scenes of people fucking or sucking. It would make her passion grow as she watched until she reached climax.

Sometimes the motto "Obedience is Joy" would be shown for long times in big red letters. The machine would release pleasing endorphins to reinforce this concept. The machine would warn her when she was about to be fed by displaying "Feeding Period" in bright letters. Or when an enema was coming by displaying "Waste Removal Period". She

would gird herself for the awful experiences. The feeding periods would be shorter than the one that Dr. Fujimoro imposed. She would be fed just enough to maintain a constant digestive process and feedings would be more frequent than she was used to consuming meals. She would never be allowed to taste anything, but the unit would permit her to have a period of pleasant sensation as if the consumption experience had been agreeable.

The word, “Disobedience” would flash and the machine would send her gut wrenching sorrow and anxiety. The worst was when it displayed “Punishment Period”. Intense fear would be generated in her mind. Her lower cavities would be filled. The probes would send her violent shocks for varying lengths of time, making her body shake and bringing on heartfelt tears and soundless screams. She would never know how long they would last or really be sure they were over until the prongs receded. Sometimes, afterwards, “Obedience is Joy” would appear and she would be sent soothing emotions. Usually though, the unit maintained her negative emotions from the experience for a long time and then gradually let them fall off.

And sometimes, for long periods, the programming would reduce her to an almost thoughtless state, like she had been administered a mind numbing drug. It was almost like a dream sequence because she would know she was in a mindless state but be unable to fight it off and would be forced to endure it. Or she would be maintained on a low level of arousal, the unit sending her occasional spikes of pleasure. She figured that they had put something on her clitoris because it would buzz and vibrate. It would go slow and make her drowsily horny, or it could go fast, driving her lusts until her cunt exploded.

This was what it would be like when her breasts were manipulated. The pads would squeeze and release, squeeze and release at a torporous pace. The unit would send her mild messages of pleasure. Her nipples and areolas would vibrate. Then the pads would speed up and issue stronger and stronger pulses terminating in a programmed climax.

The unit could also make her come without any physical or visual stimulation, and just build up her sexual need higher and higher and higher until her pussy would begin to convulse and spasm.

Her progress was carefully monitored in the control room. The staff monitors might pass her by and observe her for a while, entirely without her knowing it, of course. Dr. Fujimoro would sometimes wander the room relishing the distress of his numerous subjects. In Catherine’s second week, after Emma returned, Amelia was installed in the unit next

to hers. Dr. Fujimoro would watch her for hours.

Dr. Fujimoro had told Amelia that they had an early subject to do. He had fucked her long and hard that morning, making her come several times. Her clitoral stimulator was set higher than normal and so when she arrived at the Kowalski wing, she was a little confused and woozy. She was met outside the operating room by Brad and Jose and Emma, all of them greeting her with friendly smiles.

When she passed through the door to the operating theatre, she was surprised not to see a subject laid out and ready. She experienced a moment of terror when she realized what was happening. Before she could react, they seized her and threw her onto the table and held her hard, belly down. Carl was waiting with a syringe. She didn't even have time to struggle or scream. Her miniskirt was flipped up and she was given a shot. It took a matter of seconds. All she got out was the word, "Noooooooooooo...." and then her body went limp and she descended into a deep fog.

They stripped her; it wasn't hard since all she had on was a miniskirt, a pullover top and a pair of red slip on high heels. While Brad and Jose bound her wrists and ankles, Emma secured her head in the vice-like mechanism that would keep her head still for the operation. Emma waited until Amelia was awake again before cutting her hair. The mouth probe had already been installed and all Amelia could do was murmur approximations of frantic words of supplication. Emma snipped away all of Amelia's thick, black, curly locks and shaved her head, even though Dr. Whitehead would do it again. She patted Amelia on the cheek and gave her a snide smile.

She had known Amelia's destiny from the start. But where she had felt some sympathy for the prior interns, she didn't feel that for Amelia. As far as she was concerned, Amelia was a snotty, conceited kid and was getting what she deserved.

Dr. Whitehead wasn't surprised to see Amelia either. But she was surprised two weeks later when she saw Emma's head fastened into the device. "Poor thing," she thought, as Emma screamed and wailed. She didn't think it was right, but she got paid to do a job, not to second guess management decisions.

* * * * *

Catherine awoke in Cell 5, Unit 4, Pod 3. Her three weeks of Kowalski training was over. At first, when she awoke, her reaction was

one of terror, as it had been every time in the Kowalski unit. Her legs flailed and her body writhed. But, after a few moments she realized that she was somewhere else. Pure, undiluted joy filled her. She was free! Free! She burst into sobs. Her hands were confined to her neck, but she had movement! She could turn her body and move her legs! There was a faint light in her little cell and she could see! She could see!

She wanted so badly to get out of bed and walk around, but when she went to sit up she realized that her collar was chained to the wall behind her and her right leg was affixed to the foot of the bed with a 5' long chain. She understood immediately that she had merely been moved on to the next phase of her torment and a wave of fervent fear passed through her. What would they do to her next? What other horrors were in store for her?

Her mouth had been held open for so long that it took her some moments to realize that something was still in there. She pressed her mouth together and learned that it was filled with one of those rubber balls that that horrid, fearsome man had placed inside her.

Her sobbing went on for a long time. She curled into a ball the best she was able and pledged and swore that she would be the most obedient person in the whole world. She would never do anything that would raise her rulers' ire. She would do anything that they said with the fervor of a devoted fanatic.

When her sobbing and self-pity waned, she tried to take stock of where she was. The room had pure white cement walls. There was a big steel door that separated her from whatever was outside. The light above her was coming from a fixture which seemed to be behind the ceiling, spreading a uniform, faint light across it. On the wall at the foot of her bed the words, "Obedience is Joy," was stenciled on it in big, black, insistent black letters.

"Yes!" she said to herself. Obedience was joy. It was the paradigm that would guide her henceforth. She had seen those words before her some many times while she had been confined in the machine that they were burned into her brain.

The ruthlessness and power of her captors made her tremble. She looked at the door and understood that sometime in the near future, somebody would come through it and give her a command. She would leap into compliance with it. She would be grateful for the opportunity to demonstrate her obeisance. She would adore whoever it was like he was a god. She never, never would give them a reason to put her back in that

device which had been her home for she did not know how long, although she knew that it was a long, long time.

But what if this was merely a pause in her torment? What if some even more heinous fate awaited her now? She hadn't given them any reason to punish her since she had arrived, had hardly had any chance to exercise self-will, except for maybe the flitting of her eyes, the wiggling of her fingers and toes. And they had done that to her, placed her in that machine! She remembered being strapped to that table and them drilling into her head. It had been the most frightful experiences of her life. She remembered that room and the smiling face of that woman who had patted her cheek as if to reassure her.

So maybe there was nothing she could do to avoid torment. Maybe she would be shifted to an even more terrible experience. Maybe her life would now be just one horrid experience after another!

But she would try to convey to them that they didn't have to do anything like that. She would try and beg for mercy. She remembered the word on the ball that she had in her mouth. "Silence!" it screamed. She would be as silent as if she were dead! She would never say a word to them! She would plead with her eyes, her face. She would try and show them that she was the most abject being they had ever encountered.

When she heard the 'clang!' of the lock on her door being opened, she was filled with utter panic. She pulled herself into the corner of her bed as far as she could go and began to tremble and shake. The door slid open, disappearing into the wall. It took all of her courage to look up and see who had entered. It was a big hulk of a man. She could barely make out his details as the light behind him blinded her.

He stepped into the cell and the door behind him slid closed. She could now see the man more completely. At first she thought that it was the same man who had tormented her upon her arrival. He was big and shaped like him. He was dressed in the same black clothes. He had the same terrible scowl on his face. But as she looked closer, she realized that it was somebody else. A new tormentor. Another demon from the darkest recesses of hell.

He looked at her sternly. He said nothing. His vast power radiated from him. She wanted to beg and plead with him not to hurt her, not to impose anything horrible on her, but that word kept short circuiting any protest, any effort at proffering her humanity. "Silence! Silence! Silence!" the word screamed.

She cringed when he moved to the bed. She yanked her foot back when he leaned over to address it. He seized her ankle and yanked it back

towards him angrily. She saw the quirt on his belt and she trembled, realizing that she had already committed a grievous sin. He released her ankle from its confine. He moved up towards her. She jammed her eyes closed and shook when he reached behind her neck and disconnected her from the wall.

He rose, stepped back, snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor in front of him. It took all of her effort to make herself move. The fear of consequences overtook the fear of whatever he was going to do to her. She scrambled off of the bed and dropped to her knees before him, adopting the pose that her been reinforced on her so many times in her years as a whore. She spread her knees, raised herself high and thrust out her breasts. She looked up at him piteously. "How may I serve you, master, lord, god?" her eyes pleaded. "Please don't hurt me! Please don't hurt me! Please don't hurt me!" they begged.

He looked down and tapped his foot. Her gaze followed his and she saw the two round, red marks on the floor. She adjusted herself so that her knees were on them. She looked back up to see if she had done the right thing. He didn't react and from that she took it to mean that she had been obedient. A wave of relief passed through her. She had passed a test, one of many that she hoped he would proffer her to give her the opportunity again and again to show that she recognized his immense power over her, his right to command her and her dutifulness, her slavishness.

The man looked down at her. His hands were still connected to the front of her collar, making it seem as if they were joined in prayer, which, essentially, they were. He lowered his fly and brought out his member. It was long and thick and partially tumescent. She looked at it and then back up at him. "Yes! Yes! May I please you? May I serve you? May I prove my idolatry of you?" her mind screamed. He reached out to her face. It took all of her will not to flinch from him. He placed his fingers in her mouth and removed the ball from it, tossing it on the bed. He held his prick out to her and nodded. Joy filled her heart. She edged herself closer, lowered herself and took it between her lips.

"See?" her mind pleaded. "I obey! I obey! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

She worked his meat with devotion. She would show him how much she could please him! She would show him that he didn't have to punish her. That he didn't have to torment her. That she was grateful that he had stooped to allowing someone as worthless as her to have it within her.

She made it hard. She kept her lips clamped down on it as she moved her head down, down, down, and up, up, up, relishing its warmth, its firmness, its soft hardness. Her mind was dizzy with joy. She looked up at him as she worked him, watching for any little sign that her efforts were pleasing to him. He looked down at her sternly, as of adjudging her, measuring her, evaluating her obsequience.

She applied all of her learning to his prick. She fell and rose, slowly, slowly, slowly. She gave him short, fervent strokes. She suckled the head. She teased the opening with her tongue. She pressed her head down as far as she could, accepting him into her throat. The many, many images the machine had shown her of a purposeful, anonymous, powerful man taking possession of her this way flooded her mind. Her mouth remembered the many, many times the cock-like prong in her mouth had scoured her tongue and the roof of her mouth. In a twisted, demented way, she expressed her gratitude that the machine had trained her so well.

He placed his hand on her head lightly. She welcomed the sensation of it on her bald scalp. It was as if he were blessing her efforts, conferring a benediction on her. "Oh, thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" her mind screamed.

When he began to counterthrust his hips to her efforts, when he released a soft sigh, she knew that she was pleasing him. Her terror at defaulting in her duty passed and she was filled with wondrous happiness. "See? I'm good! I'm obedient! You don't have to take me back! You don't have to put me back in that thing! You don't have to do something horrible to me!"

He started to groan and she was rewarded with bliss. She redoubled her efforts. She yearned for the gift of his essence, the ultimate reward for her obeisance. He began to thrust at her in earnest and she sped up to match his urgency. His groans became grunts. He began to pound at her lips. His cock battered at the back of her mouth again and again. She sensed him sagging. His eyes closed to slits. His face turned slovenly. His mouth opened. And then his cock began to throb and spasm. He grunted and groaned. She felt the warmth of his discharge. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" her mind screamed happily. She closed her eyes and reveled in its taste, its viscosity, its blessed adornment of her efforts. She swallowed it readily. She relished each throb and jerk of his prick. She burst into tears, relieved that her efforts had brought him to apotheosis.

He slowed his motions. She held on to him dearly, anxious that she afford him every moment of his deserved pleasure. Finally, he pushed her head back. She opened her eyes and gazed up at him, searching for his

approval. The softness of his features was the only sign that he gave her that her dutifulness was recognized. He stepped back from her, restoring himself and raising his fly. He made a motion with his body, giving her a half bow. She understood immediately. She had seen many scenes of bald, bound women during her time in the machine. They had bowed to the men they had been servicing. She knew what to do. She bent herself in half, lowering her head as far as it would go. "Yes! Yes! I bow to you, lord! I serve you, lord! I'm grateful to you, lord!" her mind proffered.

He snapped his fingers and she rose, again peering into his face for instructions. She curved her back and thrust out her breasts. He gave a motion for her to rise. She came to her feet unsteadily. He released her hands from her collar and motioned for her to turn around. She automatically brought her hands behind her back. She felt him connecting them. He snapped his fingers again and she turned to face him, feet apart and fully erect. He leaned over to the bed and picked up the ball which had been in her mouth. He showed it to her. "Yes! Yes!" her mind screamed. "Obedience is joy! Obedience is joy!" And then, "Silence! Silence! Silence!" She opened her mouth to receive it and he pushed it in.

He took her by the collar and approached the door. He placed his thumb on the reader and the door slid open with an ominous rumble. "Where was he taking her? What was outside that door? What was he going to do to her?"

When the door was fully opened, he dragged her outside. She saw a big, round room. There was a soft floor of black and white vinyl tiles. There were seemingly innumerable steel doors. There were two black clad people standing in the center inside a large red circle. They looked at her. The man snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor. There were two red footprints. She put her feet inside them. The door slid closed behind her and gave out a fierce, 'clang!' as it locked.

He released her collar and stepped back. She held herself erect and in presentation position. The man joined the two people in the circle and they exchanged hand gestures. The two people laughed. The two people were a man as big as and as ominous as the first and a tall, broad shouldered woman with short auburn hair. She nodded to the men and came over to her. She stood before her, legs spread, and inspected her. Catherine trembled under her gaze. She was black clad like the men. Catherine didn't know whether she should look at her or not and her gaze kept flitting over her face and around it. The woman snapped her fingers and pointed to Catherine's eyes with two fingers and then to her own.

Catherine looked her in the eyes. She saw a coldness and determination there. The woman was broad shouldered and fit. She had large breasts that pushed out her t-shirt. Catherine held herself as rigid as she could.

The woman clapped her hands once. Then she stepped up to Catherine, took her by the shoulders and made her turn to her right. She stepped back. She clapped her hands again, this time twice. She stepped forward and, taking her by the shoulders, moved her back. She clapped her hands once. Catherine immediately moved to her right. She clapped her hands twice, she moved to her left. She went through the procedure a few more times. Each time, Catherine responded immediately and with alacrity.

The woman stepped back. Catherine was facing her. She clapped her hands once and Catherine turned to her right. The woman gave a signal to the men. One of the men had a CPad in his hands. He pressed on it and a rhythmic beat commenced over speakers built into the walls. It was deep and strong and made Catherine shudder. The woman came next to her and she began walking next to her, lifting her knees high and timing each step to the beat. She took about five steps and returned. She gave Catherine a head gesture which she understood to mean that she should do the same thing. She began to march. She stepped, one, two, one, two, one two. The woman walked alongside her, watching her intently. She signaled to the men and the beating stopped. Catherine came immediately to a halt.

The woman clapped her hands twice. Catherine turned. The woman urged her forward until she was several steps away from the wall. She tapped her foot on the floor several times. Catherine looked at her, perplexed, and then realized that she wanted her to sink to her knees. She went down and the woman kept on tapping. Catherine was seized with fear that she not do the right thing and she took a guess. She bent over and placed her forehead on the floor, spreading her knees and raising her rear. This seemed to be what the woman wanted.

She came behind her. There was a pause. Then there was a fierce fire across her buttocks and Catherine realized that she had struck her with the quirt on her belt. She whined and tried to hold back her scream. The woman struck her twice more in succession. At the third, Catherine released a screech. The woman came in front of her again and snapped her fingers. Catherine looked up tearfully at her and she was indicating that she should rise. She brought herself up and rose to her feet. Her backside burned and she was trying desperately to hold back her sobs. The woman made a motion for her to step back and Catherine retreated to

the wall. The quirt was back on her belt. She clapped her hands and Catherine turned immediately to her right. A few seconds later, the beat began again.

This time, she raised her knees as high as they would go. She made sure that each step was in time with the beat. She kept her gaze directly ahead. The woman walked with her as she went around the room. She passed all the closed, locked doors. The woman had her go around twice. Then the drumming stopped again. She clapped her hands twice and Catherine turned immediately to face her.

She left her there and went back to the circle. She and the men exchanged hand signals. They separated and started going to the locked doors and opening them. One by one they escorted naked, bald headed women out of them and had them stand on the denoted spots. They went to all of the doors. Catherine was amazed and frightened when she saw all the women emerging. They all stood at rigid attention, their breasts thrust out and their legs apart. She saw that all of them seemed to have small bumps on their heads like she did and some had round bandages on them. She realized that they had all had been through the experience of the machine as she had.

When all the women were out of their cells, all around the room, the two black clad men and the woman returned to the circle. They paused and carefully examined all of the prisoners. One of the men clapped his hands once. All the women, Catherine included, turned to their right. A few seconds later, the drumming began again. All the women began to march. Catherine followed the woman in front of her. She was filled with fear and sorrow. Her two year trek had begun.

GLOSSARY OF ABBREVIATIONS:

(ASS's) Additional Sexual Services

(CC) Corporal Correction

(CCSS) Commissioner of Compulsory Sexual Service

(CEBRI) College of Ecumenical Bishops, Rabbis and Imams

(CPT's) Corporal Persuasive Techniques

(CP's) Correctional Pods

(CRFEA) Carnal Relations Facilities Enforcement Act of 2029

(CSS) Compulsory Sexual Service

(CSW's) Compelled Sexual Workers

(CSWRC) CSW Recovery Center

(CWA) Customer Waiting Area

(DCR) Department of Carnal Relations

(DFC) Department of Female Corrections

(DPFF) Department of Private Fornication Facilities

(DSSC) Disciplinary Sexual Service Center

(DSSF) Discount Sexual Service Facility

(DSSU) Division of Sexual Service Uniformity

(EF's) Eligible Females

(FAB) Female Adjustment Bureau

(FAF) Female Adjustment Facility

(FBP's) Former Brothel Participants

(FCC) Female Classification Card

(FC) Female Correction

(FIC's) Female Instructional Camps

(FRA's) Former Rebellious Areas

(FRARA) Former Rebellious Areas Rehabilitation Act

(FRROT) Females Requiring Responsivity and Obedience Training

(FRC's) Female Resistance Cells

(FSR's) Female Supervision Rights

(FRF's) Formerly Rebellious Females

(FRN's) Female Registration Numbers

(FW's) Female Wards

(GF's) God's Forces

(GFD&O) General Female Docility and Obedience

(GPO) General Public Order

(GSC) General Sexual Contact

(GU) Grossly Unruly

(GUC) Global Unity Convention

(IFC) Institute for Female Correction

(IR's) Involuntary Recruitments or Involuntary Recruits

(ISF) Ideologically Suspect Female

(LBF) Licensed Brothel Facility

(MAD) Male Authority and Dominion

(MMOS's) Monthly Mandatory Oral Servicings

(MNSGP) Material Not Suitable for the General Public

(MPF) Mandatory Procreation Facility

(MPU) Mandatory Period of Unconsciousness

(MO) Mandatory Orgasm

(MR's) Mandatory Recruitments

(MSA's) Mandatory Sexual Acts

(MSESRZ) Middle Southeast Sexual Resource Zone

(NGB) National Governing Board

(NGBA) National Governing Board Administration

(NRA's) Non-Rebellious Areas

(NSP) New Society Program

(OIC) Officer in Charge

(OLF's) Optimal Level of Fornications

(OMP) Office of Mandatory Procreation

(OMSH) Optimal Male Sexual Health

(OSB) Optimal Sexual Benefit

(PCD's) Poisonous and Corrosive Doctrines

(PDV's) Permanently Deviant Viewpoints

(PO) Punishment Officer

(POIC) Punishment Officer in Charge

(PRU's) Penitent Residential Units

(PSS) Permanent Sexual Servitude

(PU) Punishment Unit

(REF's) Recalcitrant Eligible Females

(RIISF) Relatively Immature Ideologically Suspect Female

(RM) Responsible Male

(RMIFC) Rocky Mountain IFC

(ROPC) Repeat Offender Punishment Center

(RRA) Recommended Retirement Age

(S7F's) Section 7 Females

(S7O) Section 7 Offspring

(SA) Sapphic Activity

(SAM's) Sexually Active Males

(SAR's) Sexual Activity Rights

(SE's) Suitability Examinations

(SFR) Sex Facility Rights

(SID) Sufficiently Irritating or Disobedient

(S&M) Spiritual and Mental Maintenance

(SNOB) Sexual Normality Optimization Bureau

(SO's) Security Officers

(SPQ) Sexual Proficiency Quotient

(SSF) Sexual Service Facility

(SRZ) Sexual Resource Zone

(SS) Sexual Services

(SSC) Sexual Service Corps.

(SSO's) Sexual Service Opportunities

(SSW) Sexual Service Worker

(SSWCC) Sexual Service Worker Classification Center

(SSWCF) SSW Correction Facility

(SSWRC) SSW Retraining Center

(SSWV) SSW Variety

(STES) Sexual Thought Enforcement Squad

(STC's) Sexually Tantalizing Coverings

(TOS's) Therapeutic Oral Servings

(UF) Unsupervised Female

(UFP) Unsupervised Females Pool

(UPSW's) Unlicensed Private Sexual Workers

(USA's) Unauthorized Sexual Acts

(USASA's) Unauthorized Self-Administered Sexual Activities

(USM) Under Sexually Motivated

(USS's) Unauthorized Sexual Services

(USSW) Unauthorized Sexual Service Worker

(VR) Voluntary Recruit

(VUF) Vindictive and Untrustworthy Female

(WCSW's) Wrongfully Compelled Sexual Worker