

REFORMATION

THE PARAMOUNT RULE BOOK III



TANYA SIMMONDS

The Paramount Rule Trilogy

Reformation

The Paramount Rule Book III

By

Tanya Simmonds

REFORMATION: THE PARAMOUNT RULE—BOOK III

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Books by Tanya Simmonds

The Paramount Rule – Book I

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B076DB7NRM>

The Gaol: The Paramount Rule – Book II

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B076NX9FG2>

Reformation: The Paramount Rule – Book III

www.amazon.com/dp/B076R7XJKT

Under the Paramount Rule: Tales of Oakpark Grange

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B076QZHRQF>

The Penitentiary

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B079VMCR2S>

Foreword

Considered by many to be my finest work in BDSM/Dark Erotica, *Reformation* has been published three times through three publishers. The novel differed from my original vision, and had a vastly different ending. The original ending was adapted into the sequel, *Reformation: Stronghold*, which was released by two publishers.

Finally, after almost a decade, the original story can now be told, complete with its true ending in its original context.

Much thought went into creating the *Reformation* concept. What would it be like to live in a *real* world where total female domination was a reality? *Reformation: The Paramount Rule—Book III* is an anthology of short stories, which take place in different locations of a female-dominated 22nd century.

In any femdom fantasy, the female ‘domme’ is the superior and the male is the submissive inferior. But in a *real life* femdom dictatorship, it would not be credible to illustrate all females as embracing that point of view. As with any culture, there would be those who would dissent. The Nazis had fifth column among them, and we, as a people, do not all share the same political perspectives. As such, *Reformation* explores the relationships between males, sadistic tyrannical females, females who are compassionate, and those who endorse female domination but later repent. The ‘fifth column’ element is based on historical reality. Wherever tyranny has arisen, fifth column—traitors to their own, heroes to the enemy—comes with it.

Remaining rigidly faithful to the first two novels, I endeavoured to continue the *Paramount Rule* story with Selina Paris’ descendent standing as the president of the Western Hemisphere. Several others, who are related to characters from the first two novels, also appear as identifiable individuals in their own right.

The stories behind certain unfamiliar plots and character names referenced in this hitherto-unpublished manuscript can be found in my femdom

anthology, [*Under the Paramount Rule: Tales of Oakpark Grange.*](#)

My intention was for the ten tales in this book to take the reader on a journey that would inspire, not only erotic feelings, but also be an emotional experience, concluding in a decisive and definitive end to the series.

I hope you enjoy the results.

Tanya Simmonds

Prologue

January 1st, 2125

Elena Sterling leisurely gazed across the city from her new balcony. The chill of the winter wind brushed her cheeks, refreshing her senses after the indulgences of her victory celebration. The Western world was now hers. The female gender had become totally dominant over all males.

It had been developing for over two centuries, from the suffragettes of the early 1900s, to the Women's Liberation Movement of the 1970s, and beyond. By the late 1970s, the world bore witness to a female standing in one of the most powerful positions on earth.

During the following two decades, females had become captains of industry, supervisors of male employees, and managers. The male often remained at home to care for the children whilst the women worked to become the breadwinners. The roles had become reversed. Women no longer required men. Divorces became commonplace and escalated to the point where marriage had almost become a futile undertaking.

By 2050, women found themselves using men purely for procreation and sexual pleasure before discarding them.

By 2100, the male had become the servant of the female. Obedience was a socially-accepted norm, and resistance was met with social ostracism, even from other males.

On this, the first day of 2125, Elena Sterling was elected President of the Western Hemisphere. Her election resulted in a new Reformation of society—an official recognition of the modern way of life, although in a considerably more regimented way than it had been.

Elena strongly believed that a man's sexual behaviour must, at all costs, be kept under control. Her family had been political crusaders for the values of female dominance, extending back their matriarch, Lady Selina Paris, who taught the Paramount Rule throughout her life.

Elena contemplated Selina Paris, her grandmother of six generations preceding, as dawn approached. Elena's very existence had been entirely dependent upon a miracle birth in 1956. Selina was a barren woman until

her late-thirties when, following her marriage to James Parmenter, one of her own pupils, she conceived and gave birth to her only child, Megan.

Megan Parmenter was raised learning the doctrine of female supremacy, the evils of a man's lust, and how the true place of his mouth was between the thighs of the female. Such had been indoctrinated into the young girl's mind by her mother and two aunts, Olga and Bridget.

Tales of the horror of Kirnan gaol were also carried one-hundred-and-sixty-five-years into the future through Megan Parmenter's bloodline.

With a vengeful heart, Elena prepared to introduce new laws to reflect female superiority and male subservience. She'd realised man's ultimate fear by creating legislation that would transform his own body into an instrument of torture.

The Day of the Woman had arrived, and every male was about to tremble under her rule.

Torn

Houston, Texas, New America

June 1st, 2126

Charlie Slade rode out of the suburbs into an old rural area on his hover-scooter. He knew the vehicle couldn't reach more than thirty-miles-per-hour, but he enjoyed the countryside. It offered peace and quiet, and a chance to enjoy the illusion that he was free.

But he wasn't. Charlie, like all males, was a prisoner of sorts. He was at the mercy of the opposite gender.

Twenty-seven-years of age, attractive, and athletic, he worked as a bartender at a local night club. The work was exhausting, serving crowds of demanding women. All of them wore scanty, revealing clothing, and he was permitted no sexual relief due to new statutory regulations. It was a torturous ordeal for him, as it was for all males.

He rode on the outskirts of town and turned a corner, coming face to face with a police road block.

A young, blonde, very beautiful police officer raised her hand for him to stop. He could feel his heart pounding. The police were so intimidating and socially powerful. He dutifully stopped and pulled up in front of her.

"Please, step away from the scooter, sir," she said.

He fearfully complied.

"This is a random urine test. Are you in a marriage or partnership at present, sir?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Would you come this way with me please, sir?"

Her words sounded more like a command than a request, and he shivered. Under Reformation law, male masturbation and the possession by a male of erotica containing images of naked females were criminal offences. The president had announced she was eager to stamp out masturbation at any cost. She introduced new measures to ensure such activity was curtailed, and ordered the twenty-four-hour surveillance of men

who were not partnered to women. Random urine tests in street booths and at police road blocks had become commonplace. Semen would be discovered in urine under testing. If ejaculations had not occurred for several weeks, the sperm count in the urine would be high. If it was low, it indicated evidence of illegal orgasm. If the suspect was found guilty of masturbation, his sentence would be carried out immediately.

Many men offered the defence of involuntary nocturnal emissions during sleep. However, this was rejected by Congress on the grounds that wet dreams were the product of a lustful mind and evidence of mental rape. It was believed that if a man purified his mind and soul to the worship of the female, he would not feel the desire to violate her in such a barbaric manner.

The officer led Charlie into a mobile testing unit, set up on the road side. Once inside, she handed him a specimen bottle and led him behind a curtain. "Take as long as you need, sir," she said, and left him to his privacy.

Charlie didn't take long to provide his sample. Apprehension and anxiety always gave him the urge.

He returned to the officer and handed the bottle to a nurse standing beside her.

"Thank you," the nurse said. "Let's see what you've been up to." She poured the contents into a chrome cell analyser. The monitor above came to life.

Charlie waited nervously for thirty minutes when finally the officer returned with the results. "Have you engaged in either illicit sexual converse, or solitary masturbation within the last three weeks, sir?"

"No, Ma'am." He cringed inwardly. Two days earlier, he'd been unable to bear the pressure in his loins and chanced relieving himself.

"Well, your test indicates a slightly lower-than-expected concentration of sperm cells, sir. Do you know if this is normal for you?"

"I-I don't know, Ma'am."

"If you confess now, sir, you will be eligible for a lesser penalty."

Charlie's heart sank. He couldn't bring himself to make such a shameful admission to such a beautiful woman. "No, Ma'am, I haven't done anything like that."

“In that case, I’m going to have to place you under arrest for suspected illegal orgasm.” She produced a pair of electrom-shackles and secured his hands behind his back. “You will now be taken to police headquarters where you will undergo an orgasm reflex test.”

She led him outside and handed him over to another attractive officer. He noticed her short black hair beneath her uniform cap and recognised she was Latina.

“This man is for testing, Julianetta,” the first officer said.

“OK, I’ll take him in.”

The first officer turned to him and offered an apparently sympathetic wish. “Good luck, sir.”

He noticed the compassionate look in her eyes. Not every female authority figure approved of Elena Sterling’s new regime and severe sanctions. Most administered discipline only to retain their employment. Many police officers were disturbed by the new cruelty requirements of their vocation and saw no justification for it.

However, the law was the law.

Charlie’s induction ordeal at the police station was harrowing. After being ushered into an interrogation room, he was interviewed by another officer. He estimated she was in her mid-forties, and with an attitude that could’ve cleaved granite. She coldly ordered him to repeat his name and confirm his single status. She then took a DNA swab from the inside of his cheek.

Charlie contemplated how this was all he’d ever known. In 2074, all infants were identified by DNA filing at the moment of birth. Following the Reformation of 2125, the new law provided the procedure was mandatory for newborn males.

After his induction procedure, he was led into a small laboratory, several corridors away.

“Strip naked,” the officer said sharply.

With trembling hands, he removed his short-sleeved top and draped it over a lab chair.

He began to remove his shorts, and the officer turned to leave. “The nurse will be here to administer your test, shortly. I don’t want to see your

filthy maleness. I hope you fail the test, you disgusting piece of lustful, male scum.”

The door locked, trapping him inside. He shuddered with her words echoing in his mind, and awaited his fate.

Charlie had waited for twenty minutes when the lab door opened. A stunning nurse with shoulder length, dark blonde hair entered. She appeared to be in her late thirties and wore a white lab coat. Nervously, he covered his genitalia with his hands.

“Mr. Slade?” she said, smiling warmly.

“Yes.”

“I have you down for an orgasm reflex test. Would you please step over there?” She motioned to a chair with a curious ‘V’ shaped leg rest. It seemed to have a sophisticated-looking cylinder attached to a semi-circular, metallic ratchet mechanism positioned just below the groin area. The arms of the chair had leather wrist straps at the end. Two ankle straps were attached to the front legs, which were securely bolted to the ground. “Please take a seat in the testing chair, sir?”

Charlie obeyed and sat with his legs parted along the leg rests, still holding his hands over his manhood.

She took his left wrist, rested it on the armrest, and pulled the straps tightly around it. She then followed with his right. Charlie noted how unconcerned by his nakedness she was. He felt his cheeks flushing.

As she bent down to secure his ankles to the chair legs, he thought how archaic the use of leather straps was. Most police headquarters around the nation were fully equipped with the latest technological appliances. But, alas, not in Texas.

Once she’d secured him, she attached neurotransmitter and cardio-monitor wires to his head and chest, and activated the computer panel.

“Now, sir, the object of the test is to assess if you’ve experienced an orgasm within the last three weeks. If you haven’t, your orgasm response will be evident before the tester has stimulated you for sixty seconds.”

He detected warmth in her voice, but his anxiety remained. “I . . . I don’t understand.”

“If you haven’t experienced any sexual relief in the last three weeks, your testosterone will be extremely high, and your penis will be highly sensitive to sexual stimulation. If your reflex occurs past sixty seconds, you

will have failed the test.” She paused, smiling at him sympathetically. “Now, I’m going to have to bring you to erection before I can start the test.”

Charlie’s mind became dazed. “Sure, I suppose so.”

The nurse reached into her pocket and drew out a bottle of lubricant, took hold of his penis, and began to masturbate him. At the first sign of it beginning to stir, she poured some of the lubricant into her hands, and resumed the stimulation. Charlie couldn’t refrain from uttering a groan of pleasure as her soft, oiled hand slowly stroked his stiffening member. It quickly became desperately rigid.

“You have a very large penis, sir,” she said in a clinical, professional manner. “I’m sure you will make a lady very happy with you, one day.”

“Th-thank you,” he said through laboured breathing.

Once he’d reached maximum solidity, she took her hand away and picked up the curious chrome, cylindrical device connected to the ratchet mechanism. She curled it upwards and pushed the cylinder down just above the tip of his throbbing member. Having filled the opening with a generous quantity of lubricant, she slid the cylinder down the length of his erection. He groaned with the intense pleasure of the warm, sponge-like, slippery cavern, which simulated the sensation of a real vagina.

She wiped her hands on a pre-prepared towel and walked over to the monitor panel. She activated a switch and he saw a digital timer appear on one of the screens.

“We’re all set now,” she said. “Are you ready for the test to begin, sir?”

Charlie nodded reluctantly.

She moved over to him and lightly touched a sensor on the top of the cylinder. “Good luck.”

The test began. Charlie gasped as a sensation like no other swept through him. The cylinder vibrated with incredible power around his solid erection whilst a rippling effect slid up and down with vigorous and gentle-yet-perfect, pressure. It felt like the ultimate delight—a three-way pleasure of being masturbated by an intensely vibrating, warm, wet vagina. Never in his life had he experienced such an intense sensation.

The seconds on the monitor screen continued. 0.22— 0.23—0.24 . . .

Charlie threshed in his bonds, eagerly attempting to thrust himself farther into the delightful instrument, only to discover it already had all of him.

By forty-nine seconds, he felt an unmistakable stirring in his loins. It seemed like an eternity as the delicious sensation of orgasm built up to a crescendo. He moaned and prepared to unleash his seed into the cylinder. Possessed by the pleasure, he was no longer conscious it was a test which, if failed, would result in a severe flogging.

At the crucial moment of climax, all stimulation ceased, leaving him in a desperate state of frustration.

The nurse waited until the result appeared on the analysis screen.

"Please, Miss," he said. "Please let it finish. *Please.*"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Slade. You know I can't do that."

Charlie whimpered with frustration.

"I'll have to send this over to the judge now," she said.

Perspiration formed on his brow as he watched her touching the sensor keys to transmit his results. He sat, strapped to the chair with his manhood firmly affixed in the bizarre stimulation device, dreading what might be coming.

After an anxiety-ridden twenty-five minutes, the nurse looked across at him with a grave look upon her face. "I'm sorry, Mr. Slade. I've just received instruction from Judge Holden. I'm afraid you've failed the orgasm reflex test."

He gasped, his heart pounding. "Failed?"

"You were so close. Your orgasm reflex began at one minute, three seconds. Only three seconds over. The judge ordered an immediate sentence."

"What's going to happen to me?"

"You are to be flogged," she said with a surprisingly sullen tone. "You may choose between thirty-six strokes of the cane or twenty-four lashes of the whip."

Charlie shuddered. Recently, one of his friends had been caned for illegal orgasm, and he'd seen the ghastly sight the attending officer had made of his buttocks. *Could the whip really be as bad as that?*

"You may also choose whether I administer your flogging, or one of the other officers."

"You can administer a flogging? But you are a nurse," he said, stunned.

"As an officer of the law, I have the authority to administer discipline to any convicted male. Reformation law demands it."

Charlie absorbed her words. He realised that asking a prisoner to choose his method of chastisement was a sadistic piece of legislative humour imposed by President Sterling. It forced its victims into a gratuitous state of dilemma. The only choices a man could make were how he was to be tortured, and by whom.

However, she did seem quite compassionate, far more so than the insidious monster who'd interrogated him earlier. He couldn't envision her being as brutal as the officer who'd caned his friend, either. "I . . . I would like you to do it, Ma'am."

"OK." She removed his electrodes, and then took the cylinder off his erection. Placing her hand upon her Taser, she released him from his bonds. "This way, please."

She led him out through the testing lab's back door and a short distance along a narrow, neon-lit corridor. She opened the door to the punishment chamber, and Charlie shivered with apprehension. Reluctantly, he entered. He knew her Taser was trained upon him at all times.

But something struck him. He could see terrible distress in her eyes. It was as though she was filled with as much dread as he was.

The electric lightning illuminated a relatively bare interior, although it had a plush, carpeted floor. The walls were dim, white, illuminated panels of Perspex.

He gazed upon a white, titanium X-shaped apparatus positioned in the centre of the room. In front of it was a chromium holder, containing a cat o' nine tails, a bullwhip, and a pile of canes.

His heart pounded, and he was seized by a disabling flutter of terror in the pit of his stomach.

The nurse pointed to the frame. "Please come this way, sir."

He complied, and she asked him to raise his arms up to the two upper protrusions of the frame. She then moved around to the other side and touched a sensor, causing his body to adhere to the frame. Charlie was familiar with vaso-magnesis technology. He'd learned in school that it was created in 2053 during experiments using enhanced forms of magnetism. The magnetic charge within the frame attracted the iron in his blood.

"Which penalty do you prefer, sir?" the nurse said. "The whip or the cane?"

Charlie again recalled the sight of his friend's hindquarters after his caning. "The whip, p-please."

She removed her white coat, revealing a sleek, black leotard, which showed the contours of her shapely, voluptuous form. She walked across to the chromium holder and took the cat o' nine tails.

"Please don't whip me hard, Miss," he said. "I beg you."

She closed her eyes, as though she was fighting to hold back tears. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I have no choice. Your back must be certified following flagellation. Floggings must reach a required standard by law."

"Oh, my God."

She stepped around to the back of him. "Brace yourself, Mr. Slade, and have courage." With that, she shot the first lash across his shoulders.

Charlie took a sharp intake of breath as the shocking sting surged through him. The second stroke spat across him immediately beneath the first, and the third beneath the second. She seemed to be applying the strokes in rapid succession, so as to reduce the time of the ordeal to a minimum. Nevertheless, it was excruciating. Charlie screamed.

Before many moments, he didn't know which lash he was screaming about. He couldn't distinguish between them by the sixth, such was her skill. They were so fast and rapid-fire. The sting was excruciating, but mercifully not prolonged.

"I'm so, so sorry," she said tearfully, before slashing the whip over his tender buttocks.

Charlie screamed again. She laid one stroke after the other back up along his back, overlaying his previous welts. He recalled from a news announcement, it was a requirement that came directly from the president herself—a concept that had originated with her ancestor, Selina Paris. "P-please, no, no, no," he cried, so great was the pain. His heart raced so fiercely, he thought it would rupture.

"Just two more. You can do it," she said, clearly attempting to comfort him.

She laid the twenty-third stroke and then immediately, the twenty-fourth.

Charlie's vision began to blur.

She ran over to the chromium whip holder bench and returned the whip. She then reached into a drawer on the underside, drew out a jar of ointment, and hurried over to him.

He felt her gently applying the cream to his screaming back. Almost immediately, the stinging began to subside.

“This is a very powerful, local anaesthetic ointment, sir,” she said. “It will take away the pain and help your skin to heal faster.” She rubbed more of the ointment into him all across his back and buttocks until his injuries were completely covered.

After ten minutes, he began to regain his senses.

The nurse approached him once more, her eyes dampened by her tears. “Are you all right?”

“Y-yes. I think so. The sting is gone. Why are you crying?”

“I take no pleasure in this cruelty,” she said. “I just don’t know what else to do. I’ve been a police nurse all my adult life. I never joined up for this. I feel so . . . *torn*.”

“Then why don’t you quit?”

She smiled sadly. “Because then I wouldn’t be around to make it easier for people like you.”

He became confused by her words. It certainly wasn’t what he would’ve expected from a female authority figure.

“Did you feel the way I whipped you quickly so that you wouldn’t suffer for very long? I keep that ointment in the drawer to take the sting out. Nobody else knows it’s there.” She came up to the side of him. “I want to do something for you now, if you would like me to.”

“What?”

“You’ve been found guilty of illegal orgasm, and you’ve been punished for it, yes?”

“Yes.”

“That means, if you were to fail another urine test in the near future, you would have the ultimate alibi. You’ve already been penalised for it’.”

“I suppose so.”

“Well, how would you like me to give you sexual relief before you have your back examined for certification?”

His eyes widened with shock. “I . . . what do you mean, Miss?”

“I mean I can help you to ejaculate, under my supervision. It’s the least I can do for you after that flogging. It can be our little secret.” She moved towards the front of the frame and glided her palm across the release sensor.

Once freed, he found himself in full erection, quivering with excitement and apprehension.

“My, what a gorgeous penis,” she said with an astonished tone. Although she’d seen it erect earlier, she’d obviously been compelled to

speak in a professional manner.

She reached down and embraced his dripping length with her soft fingers. The subtlest gasp of sexual excitement and delight emerged from him as her hand moved with greater rapidity. Finally, she knelt down. It was the most erotic experience of his life. He sensed the approach of orgasm, but she slowed her pace.

“I want the experience to last for you,” she said. “I know you could be denied intimacy indefinitely.” She used her thumb and forefinger to squeeze the end of his erection to suppress his ejaculation. When it had died down, she snaked her tongue around the dome of his tumescence. She flicked the tip of her tongue upon the fraenum where it was the most sensitive. Generous amounts of his pre-ejaculate fell onto her shining lips.

“Oh, Miss. Oh, Miss, oh, Miss. I am not worthy.”

She thrust her mouth onto his rampant shaft, deep-throating him back and forth, and hungrily building up speed. Charlie saw stars before his eyes. The pleasure almost caused him to lose his reason. She slowed down, stopping momentarily as his orgasm loomed, keeping him on high for long minutes.

After fifteen minutes of delicious torment, she withdrew her mouth and gripped him with her right hand. Masturbating him, she kept her mouth open in front of his member, her eyes gazing upwards into his.

Charlie could endure it no longer. He cried out as his ejaculation of thick white seed shot out of his rampant organ, the veins standing bold and proud. She caught every drop, her hand moving with dazzling speed to milk him of all he had to offer. As a concluding move, she closed her lips around his bulbous head and sucked off the last traces of his semen. Finally, she pulled away.

As Charlie recovered from his shattering climax, she wrapped her arms around his buttocks and rested her face in his groin, savouring the taste of him. He placed his hands around her neck and caressed her.

After several minutes, he spoke. “Oh, please, Miss. Please.”

“Yes?”

“Please let me do the same for you. You are so kind.”

She looked up at him, bewildered. “But the flogging I gave you—”

“Would have been so much worse from anyone else, wouldn’t it?”

“Oh, Mr. Slade.”

“Charlie,” he said, and knelt down.

He peeled off her leotard, and she was eager to help him. Within seconds, she was nude. He noted how beautiful and smooth her body was. Her breasts were firm, most likely enhanced by laser surgery. Her vagina was shaved and surgically sculpted for optimum neatness.

She lay back upon the carpet. Charlie glided down her body. He probed the length of her orifice with long strokes of his tongue. Hungrily, he thrust his tongue as deep as possible inside her. She cried ecstatically, even before he made contact with her most sensitive secret.

After long minutes of teasing delight, he finally placed the flat of his tongue against her clitoris and caressed it with vigorous enthusiasm.

Her moans of pleasure seemed to emanate from deep within her, as though she had never experienced such delightful cunnilingus from any man. He wondered if it was what he was doing that was producing such ecstasy. He hoped it was his own prowess, but he wasn't a sexual training school graduate. Was it the circumstances? Could it have been the fact that she could lose her job for what was transpiring? Perhaps the enhanced delight arose from the fact that what they were doing—in the punishment centre during duty hours—was forbidden. He'd never experienced such an intense response from a woman before. All of them treated him like a subhuman object, but the nurse was different. She was kind and empathetic. Perhaps her heightened sensitivity was adding emotion to her pleasure.

He sensed her orgasm approaching several times, but he slowed down accordingly. He knew what she was feeling and sought to prolong her pleasure, as she had for him.

For twenty minutes he pleased her to the limits of his stamina. He could not fail her. He was so intensely enraptured by her.

Finally, he inserted his middle finger inside her, crooking it upwards onto her G-spot. He stroked it thoroughly whilst simultaneously stroking her clitoris with the tip of his tongue, spurring her on to a shattering climax. She cried out with delight, her moans safely contained within the sealed room. Unfortunately, he knew it was soundproofed in order to silence screams of a different kind.

She reached her climax, and he continued to stimulate her with fervour, collecting the spray of her nectar with his tongue.

When she was spent, they lay together. His cheek rested against her spent lips, as though her vulva was a pillow. Indeed, had he a choice, it was

where he would've chosen to spend eternity. Somehow, he knew she felt the same.

Eventually, they both stood. She dressed herself and took Charlie back into the test room. He put his trousers back on, but she instructed him to leave his shirt off. She led him out down the corridor into another room where they both waited for an inspector.

His back and buttocks were assessed and graded as being flogged to satisfaction. He was handed his certificate, ensuring he would be safe from another flogging for three weeks, regardless of his sperm count.

The nurse led him into a treatment room and spent thirty minutes dressing his wounds. He lay face down with another throbbing erection pressing under his abdomen. She dared not relieve him again, much to his dismay.

"Please be careful in future, Mr. Slade," she said. "There have been cases where men have been caught using sachets containing sperm-enriching solutions to cheat the roadblocks."

"Really?"

"Yes. They cause the test to look as though the urine is high in sperm cells."

"Surely that's a good thing."

She lowered her head sadly. "No, Mr. Slade. The president is to impose a new sanction against it tomorrow."

"What's that going to be?"

"A public sentence." She paused as her voice began to quaver.

"What?" he said anxiously.

"We don't know yet."

He swallowed hard, suspecting it would be something horrifying.

After having his wounds dressed, Charlie was discharged from the precinct.

He walked out of the building and wondered if he would ever meet the nurse who had shown him such kindness again. He knew, in that moment, that whether he saw her again or not, she would torment his dreams for the rest of his life. She would become his only sexual fantasy, and she would be there for him every time he closed his eyes. He agonised over the torture of not being legally permitted to masturbate to the memory of her.

For now, he had three weeks grace for his testicles to produce a full quantity of semen. He would masturbate feverishly and repeatedly to thoughts of her that night.

He walked away from the precinct, and a realisation dawned on him. For everything the memory of her would come to mean to him . . . he didn't even know her name.

One Last Time

Excerpt from the *Sexual Misconduct and Perversion of Justice
(Amendment) Act, 2127*:

Section 4 (2) (b) —Any male who wilfully and with malice aforethought commits an act of sexual contact upon the sanctity of the female body independent of her consent shall be guilty of an offence. Upon conviction his sentence shall not exceed the forfeiture of his penis by means of a guillotine upon a public stage.

Section 4 (2) (c)—Prior to sentence for a conviction under s. 4 (2) (b) proceeding, the condemned male will mark a public display of repentant respect towards the female form by means of placing his tongue upon the vulva of his executioner until such time as her crisis abates.

Section 4 (2) (d)—During manual preparative stimulation to a phallus condemned under s. 4 (2) (b), the discharge of ejaculatory fluid shall not be permitted.

Section 4 (2) (e)—Following sentence for a conviction under s 4 (2) (b), no anaesthesia or other form of pain relief shall be administered to the prisoner.

Section 23 (1)—Any male who is found to be intentionally tampering with his own urine as donated for the purpose of testing for sperm cell levels in his semen, and should such tampering be proven to be for the purpose of the individual's attempt to avoid sanction, shall be guilty of an offence. Upon conviction his sentence shall not exceed the forfeiture of his penis by means of a guillotine upon a public stage.

Section 23 (1) (a)—Prior to the sentence for a conviction under s. 23 (1) proceeding, the condemned male will publicly display a mark of repentant respect towards the female form by means of placing his tongue upon the vulva of his executioner until such time as her crisis abates.

Section 23 (1) (b)—During manual (or other) preparative stimulation to a phallus condemned under s. 23 (1), the discharge of ejaculatory fluid shall be entirely at the discretion of the appointed executioner.

Section 23 (1) (c)—Following sentence for a conviction under s 23 (1), anaesthesia shall be administered to the prisoner.

The Women's Public Courts of Justice

Marble Arch, London, New Britannia

July 14th, 2127.

Sheer terror consumed Nicholas Trudeau. He shivered with fright as he was led naked into the courtroom by two armed female police officers in shackles.

Defence lawyers for males had been abolished during the Reformation, and men were now at the mercy of those who had none. Such was the cause of Nicholas' dread and despair. It was the Day of the Woman, and females would stop at nothing to cause suffering to all males for the sins of their forefathers.

The courtroom was small, no larger than a third grade school classroom. The brilliant blue-white walls, crowned by a luminescent ceiling, caused him to feel more exposed than ever.

The judge sat ominously behind her bench at the far end of the room. Nicholas estimated she was in her late forties, slender, and rather attractive. Her short, raven black hair demonstrated an almost gothic appearance with subtle hints of crimson.

On either side of him, two benches contained rows of nine jurors sitting on each. He trembled at the sight of the eighteen women adorned in black judgment robes like the judge. Everything about the imagery spelled his doom.

The jurors gasped at the sight of him. Several of them reached under their robes to procure their own spasms of joy.

It wasn't the first time woman had reacted to him in such a way. At twenty-four, with a supreme physique, and smooth, jet-black hair, he'd long since been made aware of his appeal. However, he knew that everything he was had arisen from orders. One of the contributing factors to the male physique in the post-Reformation West was President Sterling's alcohol laws. She decreed that all males were prohibited from drinking. According to historical statistics, eighty-percent of domestic and urban violence committed by males had been alcohol-related. She had also made it an indictable offence for a woman to sell alcohol to a male. As a result, male

obesity levels plummeted along with a rise in athletic and muscular prowess.

He knew his soulful brown eyes added sensitivity to his looks, and hoped the jury might take pity on him. He glanced down with sadness at his generous penis hanging flaccid between his thighs.

“Approach the bench,” the judge said in a cold, officious tone.

The two officers brought him forwards. The sight of the placard at the front of the desk caused a chill to run through him: Judge Claudia Leder—the name of *she* who would authorise his literal destruction.

Judge Leder looked down at her notes momentarily before raising her eyes. “Nicholas Trudeau?”

“Y-yes, your honour.”

“You have been charged with deliberately attempting to foil your own sperm-level test. How do you plead?”

“Not guilty, your honour.” He felt his *plea* was more a plea for mercy than a legal requirement.

“Stand back.”

The two officers pulled him back slightly into the centre of the room.

With eighteen jurors staring at him, two officers holding him, and the brutal eyes of Judge Leder, it was the most terrifying moment of his life.

Judge Leder’s stare penetrated him as though she was branding him with her cruel eyes. “According to the report, your urine showed an abnormal concentration of sperm cells. When searched, an opened packet of the chemical generically known as *Seedfaker* was found open in your pocket. How do you explain this?”

He swallowed hard. “I-I didn’t put it there your honour, honestly.”

“Then who did?”

“I don’t know. I’ve tried to come up with an explanation, but I can’t. I don’t know who did this.”

“You were held under guard for three weeks following your arrest and monitored. You were given another urine test yesterday and your sperm count was high.”

Nicholas sighed with relief. Did she actually accept his word?

“But nowhere near as high as it was during the original test,” she said.

His heart sank again. He knew he was lost.

“And your fingerprints and DNA were identified on the opened sachet of *Seedfaker*. How do you explain that if you didn’t put it there?”

He lowered his head again, sobbing. He was guilty, and there was no way out for him.

“Do you know the law regarding masturbation, Mr. Trudeau?”

He nodded.

“Are you highly sexed?”

He shrugged his shoulders, not knowing how to answer.

“I think we should find out, don’t you?” She turned to the jurors. “I require one volunteer to stimulate Mr. Trudeau.”

The jurors rose in unison with the utmost eagerness.

“No, no, no,” Judge Leder said. “This is a court of law, and I will have some order in here. It will only require one hand, I’m sure.” She pointed to the nearest juror. “*You*. Strip and do what you can, please.”

The juror stepped out from behind the bench and removed her hooded robe. It fell to the floor to reveal an extremely attractive brunette who appeared to be in her mid-thirties. Her slender, tanned body affected Nicholas instantly. Her voluptuous breasts and bald vulva appeared before him, tormenting him with forbidden desire. Only her high-heeled leather boots remained upon her person.

She knelt before him and took his penis into her hand. She looked up at him smiling warmly, causing him to relax somewhat. He sensed the first stirrings of an erection within moments. She gently coaxed it, sensitively stimulating the nerve endings. He breathed heavily as his arousal and need for release reached a pinnacle. Pre-ejaculatory fluid dribbled onto her fingers.

“Thank you, that’s enough,” Judge Leder said. “You may be seated.”

The juror took her hand away and tasted his offering on her fingers. She then threw her robe back on, pulled the customary hood over her head, and returned to her seat.

Judge Leder, the jury, and the two police officers stared at his penis for long moments.

“Well, that didn’t take long, did it?” Judge Leder said. “Just look at the size of you! And all because you can’t withstand the sight of a woman’s nakedness and the touch of her hand.” She reached under her desk, took out a tape-measure, and motioned to the police officer on the right. “Officer.”

“Yes, your honour.”

“Measure it.”

The officer took the tape measure and laid it across the length of Nicholas' quivering erection. "Twenty-three centimetres," she said, and snaked the tape around the circumference. "Fifteen centimetres girth."

Judge Leder looked aghast. "How many centimetres? The average is fifteen by eleven, and that's disgusting enough."

The officer took a small leather whip from her belt and proceeded to lash his penis. "I think the judge has seen enough of that."

Nicholas winced at the stinging blows cutting into his sensitive skin. She continued to whip it until all signs of his arousal had disappeared.

"That's better, officer. Thank you," Judge Leder said. "Mr. Trudeau, it is clear to me with the evidence we have here, that you are a liar, a cheat, and a man whose very body betrays his innate desire to abuse women with its lustful ways." She turned to the jury. "We will reconvene in ten minutes. During that time, I ask you to decide if this man is guilty or not guilty. His fate is in your hands."

The jurors stood and walked to the front of the courtroom, disappearing through an electronic sliding door.

The two police officers took Nicholas by the arms and marched him back to his holding cell to await his fate.

Sitting in his cell, Nicholas trembled relentlessly. Each minute seemed to pass as an hour. He felt a desperation he'd never known before. If the penalty for a guilty verdict was what he suspected, it was unthinkable. During his three weeks in custody, he'd been too afraid to ask the question for fear of the answer.

After ten minutes, an officer entered his cell. "The jury has reached a verdict," she said.

He trembled and swallowed hard.

As he was led into the courtroom again, he felt terrified beyond reason by what he saw. The eighteen jurors stood before him below the bench. Judge Leder stepped from behind it and drew the hood of her robe over her head in customary sentencing fashion. She made her way to the front of the jurors, completing a dark triangle of hooded females. "Ladies of the jury, have you reached your verdict?"

"We have, your honour," a juror said.

"What say you?"

Nicholas began to hyperventilate.

"We, the females, find the defendant, Nicholas Trudeau . . ."

There was an agonising pause. Nicholas silently prayed, hoping against hope that the answer would consist of two words and not just one.

And then, it finally came, from one of the sweetest and most erotic female voices he'd ever heard: "Guilty."

He collapsed. Two officers caught him under his armpits, forcing him to stand.

"On what charge?" Judge Leder said.

"On the charge of a violation under section twenty-three of the Extreme Sexual Misconduct and Perversion of Justice (Amendment) Act, twenty-one, twenty-seven."

"Thank you for your service." Judge Leder turned to him. "Do you understand the charge and sentence, Mr. Trudeau?"

"I-I think so. I'm not entirely sure."

"The penalty for a section twenty-three offence is one of rehabilitation, Mr. Trudeau. It concerns punishment, an opportunity for you to learn respect for women, and what your position in society as a male really means."

"W-what are you going to do to me, your honour?"

"You are to be taken from this court to a place of public chastisement. Once there, you will be instructed on your duty of respect to your executioner. After that, you will be stimulated, and your erection . . . will be taken to the guillotine."

"No, please," he cried. "Please don't do this, I beg you."

Judge Leder continued with no hint of emotion. "Given that this is a section twenty-three and not a section four, your executioner has the discretion to permit you one final ejaculation at the site of your punishment. Therefore, I would make every effort to please her."

Nicholas sobbed and became hysterical.

"Nevertheless, it will have to be tomorrow afternoon. I've handed out five section four's this morning already. Take him away."

Judge Leder turned to the jurors. "I am not even going to waste my time asking which one of you wants to execute the sentence. It will be decided by lot. A blade needs only one hand to release it." She glanced at her watch. "And let's get a move on. I've got a cunnilingus appointment at The Dubois at sixteen-thirty hours."

Desiree Harper, a post-graduate student of art, brimmed with elation at her task. At twenty-three, beautiful with her short fair hair and sparkling green eyes, she felt she was experiencing was the highlight of her life. To be granted a position of authority before her peers, was an adrenal high beyond any other. She couldn't believe her good fortune. She had been the juror who'd been chosen to deliver Nicholas Trudeau's verdict, *and* the one who'd won the lot to carry out his sentence.

She'd been given detailed instructions regarding her duties, and how to operate the guillotine during her induction that morning. The lesson had led to several episodes of clitoral relief with her vagi-stimulator in her private waiting room.

She stood waiting in the consultation room, adorned in a heavy black executioner's robe. There was a knock at her door. Excitedly, she took a remote control device from the makeup desk and touched the sensor.

The door opened, and an officiously-dressed woman of approximately forty stepped inside. "Miss Harper?"

"Yes."

"I am Ella Knights, your court-appointed advisor. Is this your first time for executing a punishment?"

"Yes, it is. I can't believe my luck. I'm so excited."

"I'm sure you are, dear, but I must advise you about what to expect and what to avoid."

"OK."

Ella smiled supportively. "At the outset, he will perform upon you orally. Will you be all right with that?"

Desiree felt her heart fluttering at the suggestion. "Are you kidding? Have you ever seen him?"

"No, I haven't."

"He's gorgeous. And he is so big . . . down there."

"Well, not for much longer."

"I know." Desiree's mood darkened, and a hint of regret came out in her tone. "Quite cruel really, isn't it?"

Ella stepped closer to her with an assertive expression. "This man is a lustful criminal who has perverted the course of justice in attempting to make fools out of officers of the law."

Desiree swallowed hard. The last thing she wanted was to lose her position of authority, no matter how temporary it was. "Of course."

Ella clasped her hands behind her back. "Now, he will need to be erect in order for the blade to make a clean cut, and you may use any means necessary to facilitate his erection."

"Any means?"

"You may masturbate him, and you may suck him if you choose, although I can't imagine you wanting it in your mouth. Cunnilingus is usually all that's required to procure an erection."

Desiree's youthful libido soared. She was determined to experience the full benefits of her rights during the event. "Actually, I wouldn't mind tasting him."

"Really?" Ella said, surprised. "Well, that won't be the first time for a section twenty-three penectomy. We had a court-appointed executioner, last month in fact, who took her prisoner into her vagina whilst he was strapped into the guillotine."

Desiree's eyes widened with disbelief "No way. Is that legal?"

"Of course. You'll notice a handrail secured to the edge of the platform just in front of the guillotine."

"I can't remember anything about that from my induction."

"I'm not surprised. Although President Sterling was in favour of it, many members of the British authorities are opposed to it."

"What about the handrail?"

"It's for you to grip onto, should you wish to take him inside you. If you bend over, you can slide him in from behind. Just hold on and move yourself back and forth on him."

"Oh, wow."

"I would personally advise against it for a woman of your age."

"Why? It's nothing I haven't done before."

"Trust me on this. However, you may also permit members of the audience to play with his erection once it's strapped in. You can take as long as you like, but if he ejaculates, you must release the blade immediately."

Desiree frowned. "Why is that?"

Ella rolled her eyes. "If he ejaculates he will lose his erection rapidly, and then the blade may not make a clean cut. Of course, you don't have to let him ejaculate. That is entirely up to you."

Desiree had already decided what she wanted to do with the prisoner.

“You must also remember to activate the restrictor ring before you release the blade,” Ella said.

“Yes, they told me at the beginning. Is it true that if the ring is not secured, he’ll die?”

“Yes, he could bleed to death. Do you understand the importance of the ring?”

Desiree nodded somewhat sullenly, but didn’t speak.

“Are you ready?”

Desiree pulled the hood over her head and stepped through the open door. Ella followed her along the neon-lit, corridor towards a door at the end. When they reached it, Ella reached out to touch the release sensor on the wall. “Would you like me to go out there with you?”

“I think I’ll be all right, thank you.”

Ella nodded, touched the sensor, and the door slid open.

A large black curtain concealing the guillotine caught Desiree’s eye. She’d been told the curtain was a necessity in the summer, given that the guillotine was a metallic construction. The intense sunlight would render it too hot to handle if exposed for long periods of time. During the colder months, it was transported inside to the heated holding area of the detention centre.

She glanced over the streets of Marble Arch. The crowd cheered as she came into view. She outstretched her arms in a motion of greeting *her* crowd. It was an ocean of women with their breasts exposed to the summer heat, a mere three feet below the surface of the platform.

To her left, two qualified first aid nurses from the National Medical Directorate stood with a stretcher. She noticed the nurses were both in their forties and refined, professional-looking women.

She turned to Nicholas and admired his beautiful body, glistening in the heat of the July afternoon at the foot of the steps. He stood with his head bowed and his hands secured behind his back by electrum shackles. Three police officers trained their Tasers upon his shoulders from behind.

“Send him up,” Desiree said. As she gave the order, she sensed her vagina twinge with a mild contraction, induced by her sense of power.

The officers released Nicholas from his shackles. With a reluctant expression, he ascended the steps after a nudge in his back from a Taser.

Desiree watched as he came closer. Her increasing respiration caused her fulsome breasts to rise and fall rapidly beneath her robe. She briefly

turned her head and saw she was standing next to a chair with the plush, comfortable, leather and silk-lined V-shaped seat.

Nicholas reached the top of the platform as she turned back him. He raised his head and looked into her eyes as though silently pleading for mercy.

She sat upon the chair and positioning her legs on the right-angled leg-rests. Once she was settled, she reached down, grasped the two separations of her robe, and threw them open.

The crowd cheered as her bald vagina came into view.

She turned to Nicholas and pointed between her thighs. “Kneel.” As she issued the command, she sensed another contraction in her groin.

Nicholas stepped over to her and knelt between her legs. His mouth faced her abdomen area. She touched the control sensor on the right arm of the chair, and it began to rise.

Within moments, the lips of her femininity were parallel with his mouth. They looked into one another’s eyes for an intimate moment until she knew she was ready. “Respect me.”

Nicholas leaned forwards and pressed his mouth into the opening of her vagina. His tongue entered her moist cavern to the sounds of further rapturous, female cheering.

Desiree gasped and threw her head back as he probed the inside of her dripping flesh. Gradually, the tip of his tongue located her clitoris and made circular motions around the perimeter of her nub of pleasure. With that, she was lost. Her sense of power and arousal had already brought her to a frenzy of sexual urgency. Within minutes, the tongue of her victim had obliterated her ability to contain herself. She felt no reservations about her blatant, public display of sexual immodesty. It was a new world, and female sexual liberation had become a cultural mindset. The dawn of twenty-first century saw the beginnings of such freedom. Formerly, prostitutes had been viewed as *sluts*—the lowest of the low. By 2000, porn stars had become celebrities. By 2127, a woman receiving cunnilingus in public was not only an activity without shame, but rather a cultural symbol of female supremacy and male subservience.

Desiree cried out with a moan of delight as she climaxed. She gnashed her teeth and gripped the arm-rests of the chair. She looked down adoringly as Nicholas drank her lubrication. She saw him wince, presumably with the frustration of his cunnilingus-induced erection.

Once he'd drawn the last remnants of pleasure from her, she placed her palm against his forehead. "Enough. Anja's Passion, that was good. You are so gorgeous, you know."

"And this is how you will repay me," he said, motioning to the penis guillotine behind him with a backwards nod of his head.

Desiree threw him a half-sad smile before lowering the chair. She stood and her robe fell back into place. She knew there was no escape for him. Armed police surrounded the platform from the ground. It was either his penis, or his life.

"Come on, stand up."

He stood, revealing his impressive erection. The crowd gasped as he turned, bringing his throbbing member into view.

Desiree took hold of it and began to stimulate him further. He closed his eyes as though trying to savour every second of her attention. It came as no surprise to her. This was the last day his penis would feel anything at all. "What a waste," she said with a note of regret. "Come on, let's get you in there."

She held his erection and led him across to the guillotine. She then reached out and pulled a cord hanging over the back. The curtain fell away immediately to further applause and cheering.

She shivered momentarily as she looked upon the terrible instrument of torture and destruction. It was a slender construction of gleaming black titanium, standing ten feet high, yet only two feet in width. It was, after all, only designed to accommodate an erect penis. She noticed the series of sensors and LCD readouts along the two side pillars.

She could see him trembling as he glanced up at the razor sharp blade, shining like a mirror in the sunlight.

She guided his penis onto the lower half of the lunette, the upper half raised to facilitate the insertion.

She bent around to the right of the apparatus and searched along the row of touch-sensitive controls. Once she'd touched a sensor, the top of the lunette slid down and magnetised to the lower.

Nicholas closed his eyes with dread. Desiree knew what he was thinking. Even though his penis was only half way through, it would've been so easy for him to pull himself out at that moment. However, they would secure him in at gunpoint if he moved as much as a millimetre.

“Just a little farther.” She tapped his naked buttocks, but his distress was becoming disconcerting for her.

As the time drew closer, her excitement and sense of fantasy were giving way to the realisation of his fear and torment. The pain would be horrific, and he would be sexually nullified for life. With his testicles intact, testosterone would torture him for the rest of his days, and he would have no means of relieving it, even illegally. Surely it was a fate worse than death. She was beginning to want to comfort him more than she wanted to cut off his penis. Her feelings of power and lustful excitement were becoming interspersed with the pangs of sadness. There was something about this that simply wasn't right.

Arching her neck up slightly, she touched her mouth to his ear. “Don't worry. I will let you come before it happens, I promise.”

Nicholas moved forwards until his nine-inch penis was in the lunette.

Desiree returned to the right of the pillar and found the LCD which read ‘SECURE.’ She touched the sensor. The powerful magnetic force locked his waistline onto the pillory, and his wrists onto the side pillars. He couldn't escape from the guillotine. It was polarised one way, so as not to magnetise the executioner to the frame on the other side.

She turned to address her crowd. “This beautiful man has been convicted of the following . . . Masturbation, the use of *Seedfaker*, thereby perverting the course of Reformation justice, and further attempts to pervert said justice by lying to his superiors in a court of law. What say you?”

The women cried out in unison. “Cut it off. Cut it off.”

Desiree permitted them to say it seven times before raising her arm to silence them.

She reached down and gripped Nicholas' deflating organ through the lunette and began to masturbate him. The touch of her hand, combined with his extremely high-level of testosterone and the denial of ejaculatory outlet, brought him up again within moments. “Just look at the size of him, though. Isn't it a waste of a gorgeous specimen?”

“Cut it off,” they said. “Cut it off.”

She felt an urgency to delay her duty for as long as possible. Her conscience continued to plague her. “Not yet. First, I will make use of it. Who would care to join me?”

Only four hands rose. She'd expected that. The way of life had resulted in a socially-constructed revulsion of anything male. Very few women

chose to take advantage of their right to have their own male partner. Women were raised by their mothers and fathered, mostly, by genetically sound sperm extracted from physically supreme males. Such men acquired their livelihoods purely from their donations. Desiree always considered it ironic that male masturbation was a criminal offence, and yet a handful of elite males were paid to ejaculate repeatedly. She considered what a wonderful milkable human resource servant Nicholas would've made.

Four volunteers made their way up to the stage, accompanied by gasps of shock from the others. The four women climbed the steps, their breasts heaving with excitement.

Desiree approached the first of them. She was a woman in her late thirties with short auburn hair, a slender waist, and fulsome, clearly surgically-enhanced breasts. There was a look in the volunteer's eyes suggesting a hint of shyness, as was apparent with her three companions.

"And what would you like to do with the prisoner today, Madam?" Desiree said, loud enough for the crowd to hear.

The volunteer lowered her head in embarrassment and quietly spoke. "I want to see if I can deep throat him."

Desiree turned to the crowd flamboyantly. "Did you hear that? She wants to deep-throat the condemned penis."

Gasps of combined revulsion and fascination came from the crowd.

Desiree moved to the top of the steps and whispered into the volunteer's ear, "Don't make him ejaculate. We need to save that until the end."

The volunteer nodded and walked over to the guillotine. She looked Nicholas in the eye and gave him a brief, uncomfortable smile. He responded in like fashion.

She knelt down and took his member into her hand. Taking him into her mouth, she snaked her tongue around the large, shining purple head of his sex. And then she threw her mouth onto it.

A quiet moan of pleasure escaped Nicholas' throat as the volunteer swept her lips over his shaft. She moved back, and then plunged her mouth back down again. Gradually, she managed to go down on him until her lips touched the titanium pillory.

"She did it!" Desiree said.

The crowd's ear-splitting cries cut through the air.

The volunteer worked on him in earnest. She thrust her mouth upon him from tip to base in hungry, rapid strokes. His eyes rolled in ecstasy.

Desiree noticed his condition and the volunteer becoming carried away. She ran over to her and tapped her on the shoulder. "You must stop now."

The woman grudgingly ceased and stood. Keeping her head down, she left the stage. Nicholas' organ jerked in frustration through the pillory.

One of the two waiting nurses approached him with a shining, fourteen-inch silver cylinder. She moved to the front of the guillotine to face him, raising the cylinder to his eyes. "Don't worry," she said with a warm tone. "It's not time yet. This is purely for hygiene reasons." She placed the device over his turgid organ and depressed a button at the tip. "You'll feel a brief, warm, and wet spinning sensation around your erection. It will only last briefly."

Nicholas groaned at the sensation momentarily.

The nurse removed the apparatus. "I will have to do that after each time to clean you for the next lady, all right?"

He nodded. She gently patted his cheek in a motherly fashion before returning to her position.

"May we have the next volunteer, please?" Desiree said, maintaining her expressive flamboyance.

A young woman in her late twenties stepped forwards. Desiree saw she had the look of lust in her eyes. "And what would you like to do with the prisoner, madam?"

The young woman beamed with arousal. "Ever since the guillotine penalty was introduced, it has been one of my hottest fantasies. I am so horny right now, and I really want it inside me, but . . ."

"Yes?"

"I don't think that I can go that far. I'll just see if I can match the last performance."

Desiree turned to the crowd again. "Another deep-throater!"

The crowd cheered. Many of them had begun to masturbate openly. It further compounded her sense of despair that so many women were becoming aroused at the prospect of Nicholas enduring severe physical pain and the permanent mutilation of his very being. *What must he be going through?*

She looked away as the second volunteer set about him with her mouth. The time for what she had to do was drawing closer, and she shuddered. Her heart was breaking for him. *I can't do this. Don't make me do this.*

For over an hour, Nicholas endured total humiliation and excruciating sexual frustration at the hands of the crowd. Of the last two volunteers, the first had only sucked him briefly, due to her youthful self consciousness. The last, an eighteen-year-old student, could only manage a little manual stimulation of his rampant member.

As the last volunteer departed, Desiree stepped around to face him once more. His passion had attained such a height, his desire for release was overcoming his fear of the blade.

"I'm going to take you inside me," Desiree said with a look of lust tempered by a hint of sadness. She dropped to her knees, took hold of his erection, and gazed at it for a moment. The bulbous head was shining with the effects of the cleaning and his pre-ejaculate dribbling from the tip. The thick, solid shaft had become a deep shade of purple with the veins protruding. It quivered and jerked in her hand. She shuddered for an instant before taking him between her lips and tasting him with vigour.

Nicholas closed his eyes with passion. With only four strokes of her mouth, the first spasms of climax approached. He thought she must've sensed it too because she withdrew her lips.

"Perhaps you need a little break for a few minutes," she said.

He nodded sullenly.

She stood again and stroked his cheek. He was convinced he could see compassion in her eyes. It made no sense, but she seemed truly sad.

She turned back to her audience, threw the hood from her head, and dropped the robe. Her body glistened with perspiration. The heat of the day combined with the heavy cloak must have been oppressive.

The crowd cheered once again, many of them continuing to masturbate with abandon.

Desiree positioned herself between the guillotine and the handrail and inched backwards. She reached back to guide his penis between her thighs before bending down to grasp the rail with her free hand. With the other, she nudged the crown of his tumescence into her waiting orifice and sank back onto it, groaning.

"Oh, my, my . . ." The sensation of her vagina was the most divine experience Nicholas had ever known. It strengthened his resolve. Perhaps he never would have known the intimacy of a woman's body had it not

been for being sentenced to the penis guillotine. *Might it be a pleasure that's actually worth the price?*

Desiree pressed her buttocks up against the lunette, taking as much of his erection into her as she could. She pulled forwards on the handrail and thrust back again repeatedly, crying out with the pleasure.

Perspiration fell from his brow as he fought to hold back his final orgasm. He saw the crowd looking upon the spectacle, mesmerised.

Desiree sporadically slowed her pace whenever he sensed the rigidity in his erection—the herald of his spending. She seemed to know he wasn't going to last until she climaxed.

Sinking back onto him, she reached between her thighs and began to rotate her fingertips around her clitoris. She writhed and convulsed as though her masturbation was enhanced tenfold by the sensation of having him inside her. She threw her head back as her orgasm came. Her body tensed as the spasm took her. She cried out unashamedly with the deep, all-consuming sensation of relief.

After several moments, she took her fingers away from her clitoris and rested her forehead on her hands upon the handrail.

After a minute, she composed herself and stood. His penis slid out of her, and she turned to him with tears in her eyes. "Are you ready?" she said, choked with emotion. "One last time?"

Nicholas smiled sadly and nodded.

"I have chosen to let you orgasm. By law the crowd must see your ejaculation, otherwise I would've brought you off inside me."

"I understand. Thank you," he said.

She took hold of his erection, the veins persistently proud and the shaft pulsating. She proceeded to masturbate him, using her own vaginal juices as a lubricant. He moaned with delight at the effects of her well-practiced hand. She didn't slow down. She sensuously manoeuvred her gentle-yet-firm grip back and forth along the length of his throbbing flesh.

He felt his member assuming a sudden rigidity as the pressure began to well up in his loins. He closed his eyes tightly in an attempt to suppress the inevitable. The pleasure was too powerful to resist, even though he knew the very worst awaited him. It was the last time he'd ever experience such pleasure.

She finally drew him over the edge. He cried out as a thick rope of dense white semen flew from the slit in his penis. His ejaculation spurted

over the edge of the platform to fall at the feet of two topless onlookers. There were gasps of shock as another ejaculation issued forth, landing just at the end of the platform.

Desiree continued her handling of him as the spasms continued. Five spurts were released, accompanied by his cries of pleasure. By the end, her hand and wrist were coated with his seed.

Gradually she slowed her pace as the flow of semen abated. She looked him in the eye, soulfully. "It's time my lover," she said. "Forgive me."

She walked around to the controls and touched the 'RING' sensor.

Nicholas gasped as a painfully tight constriction shot out from within the lunette, binding itself to the base of his penis.

He heard a beep and trembled in the knowledge that she'd just activated the blade sensor. The next beep would be the release sensor, followed by an excruciating pain and a life without his manhood.

He looked to the side in the desperate hope she might be finding the task too traumatic to carry out. However, her eyes were closed. He knew she was going to do it, but she couldn't bear to watch. He understood her terrible dilemma. She was trying to close her mind off to it and become numb, but he knew she wouldn't succeed. In that moment, she was almost as much of a victim as he was.

With her fingers resting on the release sensor, she opened her eyes and glanced up at him again. He gnashed his teeth, preparing himself for the terrible pain.

He then heard the second beep and his heart raced. "No!"

The blade shot down to the base of the frame and back to its original position in the blink of an eye. So rapid was the speed of the blade, it returned before his penis had even touched the platform.

He roared with the most excruciating pain he had ever imagined. It felt as though his groin was screaming with the intense, burning sting. A feeling of emptiness and loss seemed to add a cold sadness to his torment. He heard the crowd cheering, rejoicing in his overwhelming anguish. Never before had he felt so alone.

The two nurses moved into place. The nurse who'd attended him earlier took out an electron-syringe, pressed it onto his right shoulder, and administered a fast acting pain killer. He hoped desperately that the horrific pain in his stump would fade quickly. After a moment, he was startled to discover that it had. He suddenly had no feeling in his groin.

He noticed Desiree was crying as she collected her cloak from the platform. She threw it back on and deactivated the magnetism holding him to the frame. He fell backwards into the arms of the two nurses.

They wrapped a towel around his waist to conceal his missing flesh. He sobbed inconsolably as they gently helped him the few feet across to the top of the steps. The stretcher was secured to the mechanical rails, creating a chair-lift effect.

He sank into hysteria. "Never again will I feel that," he cried. "Never again. Why? Oh, dear God, why?"

The nurse who'd administered his pain relief knelt down as they guided him onto the stretcher. She too had tears welling in her eyes. She moved closer to him with an extraordinary look of compassion and pressed her mouth to his ear. "It isn't over. There is a way," she said.

He had no idea what she meant. He looked across the stage to see Desiree overcome with emotion. The stretcher began to lower as she turned towards the door and hurried inside, disappearing from sight.

Desiree ran along the corridor, sobbing. Turning the corner, she found Ella Knights waiting to greet her.

"Why do you weep, dear?" Ella said.

Desiree shook her head. The image of Nicholas' beautiful face wouldn't leave her mind. "I thought it would be exciting. And it was. But he didn't deserve that."

Ella placed a comforting hand upon her shoulder. "You took him inside you, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I warned you. You are too young to engage in sex with a man, and then cut his penis off without becoming emotionally affected by it."

"I don't understand."

Ella threw her arms around her shoulders in a gesture of comfort. "Sexual intercourse causes women to become emotionally connected to men, and that is why we don't encourage it."

"But I've been with men before, and I haven't felt like this. There was something that felt so good about him. So real and warm. It was so much

better than a vagi-stimulator. It feels like I've done something terrible. Like I've destroyed something very precious"

"You haven't. It's the addictive nature of men that makes them dangerous to us. Before the Reformation, they almost annihilated the earth with their savagery. They are dangerous. You must not allow yourself to fall under their spell, lest we fall prey to their barbarism, once again."

"*Barbarism?*" Desiree said, outraged. "What do you call what I just did to that beautiful man out there? Civilised?"

Ella broke away in exasperation. "I have tried to make you understand, but you just don't listen. The folly of youth."

"No, it isn't. I have learned something today. This is wrong. It is cruel, barbaric, and wrong. The Reformation is not how the world was meant to be. I know that now."

"How can you know that at twenty-three?"

"I believed in Sterling. I believed in the Reformation. But now I know there is something greater." She pressed her palm to her chest. "Something in here. *He* made me see that."

"Well, I thoroughly enjoy a good penectomy," Ella said angrily. "Nothing arouses me more than the screams of men, their pleas for mercy, and the sight of a falling penis. In time, your heart will change." With that, she abruptly marched out of the room.

Desiree stood alone, contemplating Ella's words. Perhaps she was right. Maybe someday, her heart would change. But in that moment, all she wanted was to make love to the man she had just ensured would never make love again.

Or had she?

The Lucky One?

The National Centre for Reproductive Supremacy

Stockholm, Ny Sweden

July 15th, 2127

Queues of males filled the main arena. They had waited patiently for over four hours in hopeful tension.

At the end of the line, twenty-five new applicants were ordered to strip. Once they were naked, their penises were brought to turgidity by the hands of the female fertilisation technicians. Each man in the queue was exposed to what lay ahead for him. The excited applicants were guided into the extraction booths by the technicians—such an arousing sight. Regardless of acceptance, they knew they were going to experience an ecstatic ejaculation without the fear of sanction.

After twenty minutes, the applicants stepped out of their booths and walked away with their heads bowed. Their looks of profound disheartenment were clear for all to see. Those in waiting knew the men had failed to secure the coveted position.

A female voice filled the hall with a bombastic tone through an electron-microphone. “Next twenty-five applicants.”

The next row of hopefuls hurried forwards, but all knew their chances of success were negligible. Only one in ten-thousand males were ever selected. It was imperative that they show evidence of genetic supremacy and the superiority of their sperm. Successful applicants were to become the fathers of the post-Reformation super-race. No female would risk her ovum becoming fertilized by an inferior male cell. Such would produce what had become known as an *infected* child. Creating sperm cells without the use of a human donor had been possible since the early 21st century. However, nothing compared to the quality of the seed from a natural, superior, flesh and blood male.

Cries of orgasmic delight issued forth from the booths, causing erections to ignite with anticipation throughout the waiting crowd.

Twenty-two-year-old Bjorn Holmgren stood tall at six-feet, five inches. Strikingly handsome, with short, blond hair and crystal-blue eyes, he'd waited for his testing day for three months since he'd received his donation appointment. The national appointments were sent to all males over the age of eighteen across the Western Hemisphere. Young men in certain countries had been compelled to wait longer due to overwhelming administrative difficulties. New Sweden had been one of the last.

Bjorn worked as a lowly-paid cunnilingus servant in a bar in the centre of Stockholm. His vocation offered him a life of permanent sexual arousal and the denial of release. His urgency to experience the test exceeded that of most. *Oh, if only I could be selected. If only I could become one of them.*

After a further hour of eager waiting, his time arrived. He approached a most severe-looking woman with twenty-four of his fellow applicants. Typically attired in a white technician's coat, she sported one of the coldest expressions he had ever seen. Her short-cropped blonde hair seemed to give her appearance a *severe* look. The other twenty-four applicants were greeted by identically-attired women who each displayed the same cold expression. The sound of the anxious crowd was ever present behind him.

"Strip naked," the technician said sharply.

Bjorn wasted no time complying. He cast his clothing to the ground and stood nude before her, his heart pounding in anticipation.

She looked down at his erection, which pointed out towards her. He saw her eyes widen at the size of him. It was usual for a female to react to him in this way. He knew he was attractive to women. His golden tan accentuated his flawless skin and chiselled, square jaw. His slender waistline, bulging biceps, ripped pectorals, and washboard stomach ensured he was never unemployed.

The technician stroked his chest and gave a subtle nod. Her hand slid along his torso towards his groin area and gripped his throbbing erection. She gave a *knowing* smile to one of her colleagues, and his heart missed a beat with hope.

She vigorously worked his member back and forth. "It doesn't look like I have much work to do here, does it?"

"No, Ma'am," he said.

“Well come on, let’s have you in there.” Still maintaining a grip on his erection, she led him ahead into the booth.

Bjorn saw the extractor ahead of him and almost whimpered with excitement. He’d heard many stories about the extractors and how they delivered unimaginable pleasure. He also knew the dark side of them when they were used for orgasm reflex testing during suspected masturbation interrogations.

The technician touched a sensor on the wall and a thin metallic door slid into place, affording them a little privacy. She guided his erection into the pre-lubricated tube protruding from the digital display panel. “I have a good feeling about you,” she said coldly.

“W-why is that, Ma’am?”

“I can just tell. My only regret is the pleasure you are about to receive.”

She touched an activation sensor. Immediately, the sensations began—the combination of a warm, moist vulva, a powerful vibratory sensation, and the strange, rippling, up and down sensation of masturbation.

He groaned with delight, and his erection throbbed within its confinement. He wasn’t even tempted to move back and forth. No amount of stimulation could compete with the extractor. The vibrations alone were sufficient to bring him to a powerful and rapid climax.

Within seconds, his first spasm began. It was the culmination of two years of pent-up sexual arousal and the denial of any form of relief. He cried out as his orgasm surged through him. His copious emission shot into the testing vat. The sensation of his climax was beyond description. The pleasure and feeling of release were almost beyond his ability to endure. Stars appeared before his eyes. Countless spasms came upon his loins in rapid, spasmodic succession.

After a full minute, his ejaculation came to an end. He slumped over to regain his senses

“Looks like you’re done.” The technician reached over and deactivated the stimulator. His erection wilted in the peaceful aftermath and slipped out of the extractor.

The technician touched a sensor, and the panel glowed with activity.

They waited for fifteen minutes. Bjorn’s anxiety was unbearable as his eagerness tormented him in a fever of hope against hope.

The test came to an end and a digital readout appeared on the screen.

PRELIMINARY SEMEN EXAMINATION **POSITIVE**
NO GENETIC DEFECTS APPARENT
APPLICANT SUCCESSFUL
PROCEED TO OFFER OF EMPLOYMENT

“Well, aren’t you the lucky one?” the technician said. “You’re the first applicant in five days to have been selected.”

Bjorn thought he must have been dreaming. His heart soared with shock and elation. “I . . . I can’t believe it.”

“Well, now I have a stupid question for you.”

“Yes?”

“Do you want to become a Milkable Human Resource, or not?”

His heart fluttered with excitement and pride. He knew he was now one of the most envied and respected males on earth. “Of course I do. Thank you so much.”

“Don’t thank me, you disgusting piece of filth. Just get out, get dressed, and go back to reception with this.” She handed him his success card.

He took it eagerly, his gaze beaming upon the card. “Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you.”

He hurried out and noticed the other twenty-four applicants leaving their booths with looks of despondency.

Gasps from the other applicants echoed across the arena. He realised they were in response to the look on his face with the card in his hand. Not only was it a rare privilege to become a Milkable Human Resource, but a rare privilege to even see one. Yet, there he stood. He was met with well-wishing and envious cheers from his fellow males as he scrambled to re-dress himself before them. *Yes, I really am the lucky one.*

Bjorn signed a contract for five years of service, the minimum length of time acceptable for a registered MHR.

His first day of employment began three days later. He returned to the Reproductive Supremacy Centre filled with joy, inspired by knowing he was genetically superior to the vast majority of males. His reward was to be actually paid money for experiencing regular sexual relief. It had to be the greatest vocation on earth.

He was greeted in the main foyer at nine a.m. by his pretty milking supervisor. She looked to be approximately thirty, and unusually tall, perhaps six feet. He found her extremely attractive with her short, raven black hair, and haunting emerald eyes.

“Bjorn Holmgren?” she said in a curt and professional manner.

“Yes.”

“I am Miss Thorsen. I will be in charge of you for your first year of service.”

“It is an honour to serve, Miss Thorsen.”

She stepped closer to him slowly in a predatory manner, reached down, and grasped his genitalia through his trousers. She seemed quite brazen and unconcerned. “You will need to wear looser leg wear. These tight nano-denims can restrict the production of sperm.”

“Y-yes Miss, I will see to that.”

“Now, follow me. Let’s put you to work.”

Bjorn followed her, infused with passionate excitement.

“I’m told you used to be a pleasurer at a salon in town,” she said. “Were you any good?”

“I think so, Miss. There were a number of returning customers who asked for me.”

She turned to him and smiled seductively. “Well, maybe you can do me sometime. I am always game for anything like that.”

His eyes lit up. The prospect of going down on one so pretty was highly exciting. “Of course.”

They walked across the length of the building and arrived at extraction lab number fifty-seven.

“Here we are,” Miss Thorsen said, and opened the door.

He stepped inside and noticed how white and clinical the lab looked. The extractor in the centre of the room was identical to the one that had brought him to climax at his application. The control panel to its immediate right was a peculiar-looking, blue, leather-covered bench. He scanned the shelves and cupboards lining the walls filled with bottles of medical solutions.

“Let’s have you undressed then, shall we?”

He began to strip and noticed her gazing at his physique. Lust was clearly apparent in her eyes. As the last of his garments fell to the floor, she seemed to become transfixed on his semi-erect penis.

“You are very large, aren’t you? That’s what I like to see.” She took a bottle of silicone lubricant from the control panel desk and poured a generous amount into the palm of her hand. “Right, let’s get you ready.” She fell to her knees and applied to slippery liquid to his penis.

Bjorn groaned as she began to palpate the smooth solution around the bulbous head.

“Oh, so you like that?” she said.

“Y-yes Miss. It isn’t easy with the masturbation law and all.”

“I am sure it isn’t,” she said with a cruel smile.

His penis became rampant and solid under her sensual ministrations. “OK, you’re ready. Let’s get you in there.”

He nodded, and she guided his erection into the extractor. As before, it was pre-lubricated and he could sense the delight that awaited him within its sensuous embrace.

She stepped over to the monitor desk and touched the vaso-magnesis sensor. Bjorn immediately felt his wrists snap onto the base of the device, and his groin adhered to the extractor.

“Why did you do that?” he said, concerned.

“For security reasons. We don’t want to spill a drop. Brace yourself. Here it comes.”

She touched another sensor and the extractor came to life. Bjorn groaned as the vibrating, sucking action began. It continued relentlessly, bringing him ever closer to the point of no return. It had only been three days since his last ejaculation, and his resolve was a little more robust than before. However, although he didn’t sense the almost-immediate onset of climax, it was a divine sensation, nonetheless.

It stimulated him for several seconds past the minute when his first spasm began. He moaned with the delight of relief and saw the plexi-glass cylinder fill with his rich, white seed. He cried out in ecstasy as the contractions within his loins repeated seven more times, forcing further additions to the collection.

Finally, his member offered no more. One last gasp of relief rose from his throat.

“You certainly offer a healthy load, don’t you?” Miss Thorsen said. “But I’m sure there is much more in there from a man of your stature.” She grinned and stepped back over to the control panel.

Bjorn exhaled, assuming she was going to deactivate the extractor. The post-ejaculatory sensitivity was beginning almost immediately. The continuous stimulation had suddenly switched from pleasure to discomfort.

Miss Thorsen touch another sensor on the panel and held it for long moments. As she did so, the extractor's vibrations and the sucking motions increased in intensity.

His eyes widened. "What are you doing?"

"I am milking you."

"No, stop it," he said. "I need time to recover."

She laughed. "I'm going to drain every last drop from you."

He closed his eyes and gnashed his teeth as the intense stimulation struck him without mercy. It was excruciating. He'd completely forgotten his previous desire for relief. He could no longer recall what his relentless sexual frustration had felt like, nor could he imagine how it could've got there. All he wanted in that moment was for that which he had craved only a minute before to stop altogether. He tried in vain to pull himself free, but the magnetic polarisation held him taut to the apparatus. "Oh, my God."

A look of anger crossed Miss Thorsen's face. She briskly walked over to one of the cabinets, opened it, and seized a cane.

She came round to the back of him, furiously. "You know President Sterling's ruling on the invocation of the religions of man. You do not make such statements without penalty." She whipped the cane across his bare buttocks.

He yelped with the hot, penetrating sting. Again she thrashed him, and continued until tears welled up in his eyes. Only now did he realise his spontaneous error. The president believed patriarchal religions had been created by chauvinistic men who had the audacity to claim they had the endorsement of an all-powerful god. For that reason, she outlawed such beliefs from the lands over which she ruled.

Mercifully, his thrashing came to an end.

"Now, do as you are told, and continue with your milking," Miss Thorsen said.

For the next twenty minutes, he endured the unremitting torment of undesired stimulation. Strangely, after a time he sensed a renewal in his libido, and actually believed it might be possible for him to ejaculate again. He breathed a sigh of relief as his mounting desire began to replace his

torment. Gradually, he felt his penis swelling again. "I-I think I'm going to, soon."

"Of course you are. After the Reformation, President Sterling thoroughly researched male ejaculatory responses. You are quite capable of multiple orgasms, hence the new milking laws."

"New milking laws?"

"Yes. The new legislation was introduced earlier this year. The president decreed that an MHR's lustful pleasure must be reduced to a minimum. It is an affront to women."

"But she permits it for penis guillotine offences," he said. "I've seen them give males relief before they cut it off."

"For the *minor* penis guillotine offences, you idiot, not for all of them. And even then, only because it actually *is* their very last time. That is how kind and compassionate President Sterling truly is."

He felt his loins going into contraction again and cried out as another torrent of pearly-white seed filled the cylinder.

"There you see, you filthy pig. President Sterling was right. Fill that collection tube. Go on."

His ejaculation ended after the first spurt.

Miss Thorsen shot him a look of disdain. "Is that it? Is that all you've got? Pathetic. I think you're going to need extra priming."

"Please, stop it. I beg you," he cried.

"Unfortunately, I'm going to have to." She moved over to the control panel and deactivated the extractor.

Bjorn bowed his head and exhaled in relief.

"I'm going to release you for a moment, but don't forget what the penalty is for resisting or trying to escape."

He nodded, knowing that any such attempt would be utter insanity. Suddenly, the magnetism holding him was cancelled.

"Don't you dare withdraw from that extractor," she said.

"I won't, Miss."

She stepped over to him and released the tip of the extractor from the Perspex collector. "Now, come over to the bench with me."

She led him over with his member still locked in the extractor tube and touched a sensor on the underside of the leather bench. A semi-circular frame rose from the centre of the bench. "Now climb up onto that bench and bend over that frame."

He reluctantly did as he was told and bent over the frame with his buttocks raised high in the air. Miss Thorsen maintained her grip on the extractor and pulled it back through his legs. From there, she attached it to another collection-pipe under the bench.

“You know, the problem with these confounded benches is that they don’t come with vaso-magnesis capabilities.” She stepped around to the front of him and secured his wrists into the straps at the front of the bench. She followed by strapping in his ankles.

Finally, he was secured as a dog on all fours. His lower abdomen pressed uncomfortably into the curved frame. His penis felt painfully stretched in the extractor dragged through his legs. It couldn’t have more humiliating for him, and a sense of dread consumed him. *What is she going to do to me?*

“We now need to try a more extreme method of milking you.”

He sensed his buttocks being prized open and a slippery-wet solution being applied to his rectum. He tried to turn his head to see what she was doing, but it was futile.

And then it happened. He cried out as something metallic was inserted into his back passage.

She activated the duo stimulator. “OK, let’s see what we can get.”

His body was instantaneously shaken by intense vibrations around his penis and his innards. An intense pressure seemed to be forcing itself down inside his anus and vibrating, simultaneously. “W-what are you doing to me.”

“I am giving you a duel penile and prostatic stimulation. It will force every last drop of semen from your body.” She turned and made her way to the door.

Bjorn panicked. “Where are you going?”

“I’m taking a break. I should be back in about forty-five minutes.”

“No, wait. Please don’t leave me like this!”

She laughed as she left the room and closed the door behind her.

Perspiration fell from Bjorn’s brow whilst the painful stimulation continued. Within minutes, he felt the droplets of semen falling from his member into the tube. On and on his ordeal persisted, and he knew there was no escape for him. *Oh, my God. What have I done?*

As the minutes progressed, his level of exhaustion increased, and his ability to maintain his reason was failing. He began to slip in and out of

consciousness as the draining pressure, internal and external, virtually stole the life force from him.

After a seeming eternity, the door finally opened and Miss Thorsen stepped back inside. "Pathetic," she said.

She deactivated the stimulators, and then moved over to remove the prostrate probe and penile extractor from him. He watched her wearily as she studied the contents of the collection tube. She shook her head with a look of disappointment and disdain.

She moved around to face him and slapped him across his cheek. The sudden impact revived him from his delirium. "Wake up," she said, and held up the tube. "Not much here is there? I think you're finished for today.

Bjorn breathed a sigh of relief, and she released him from his bonds.

She handed him a small bottle of tablets. "Take three of these before tomorrow."

"What are they?"

"Ejacucin six. They cause sperm cells to replenish ten times faster than usual. Taking them daily is a part of your contract."

He took the pills and gazed at them with a sense of hope. If he was to endure such an ordeal daily for the next five years, anything that might assist him would surely be a blessing. "Thank you."

"I take it you are not enjoying your new vocation," she said.

"It is very harrowing, Miss."

"You used to be a cunnilingus servant. This job pays ten times what that does."

"I know." He lowered his head with the sting of shame. He couldn't help feeling ungrateful, but he also knew the money could never compensate for the trauma he would face each day for the next five years. *Why does it have to be so cruel?*

Miss Thorsen reached under her white lab-coat, tore away her silk underwear, and perched herself up onto the bench. Bjorn watched as her perfectly sculpted sex-lips came into view.

"You've had years of experience at this, so I want to know how good you are," she said. "Get down there and put your tongue to work. If you are exceptional, I might allow you a break between ejaculations tomorrow."

Requiring no further prompting, he knelt down and began to kiss the inside of her thigh. She leaned back and groaned in clear anticipation of her

coming delight.

The Spouse

Copenhagen, Ny Denmark

January 3rd, 2128

Falka Bitsch gazed across her garden through her kitchen window. Her groundskeeper toiled, clearing away ice from the steps. Frost blanketed the landscape as he crouched down scraping. He was shrouded head to toe in insulated vestments.

She noticed a strand of his light brown hair protruding from beneath his hood, and the smooth complexion of his youthful skin. She estimated he was perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two. A longing coursed through her. He'd been her groundskeeper for the past year. The more she saw of him, the more she wanted him.

She opened the back door and stepped outside. "Jorn?"

He leaped up and hurried across to her in a servile manner. The direction of his gaze remained low in a display of self-abasing respect. "Yes, Miss Bitsch."

"Follow me into the house. I wish to speak with you."

They walked through the kitchen into the luxurious abode of her living quarters.

She stopped in her tracks and turned to him, her eyes locked upon his for long moments. She knew she wasn't a terribly attractive woman. But for a twenty-six-year-old techno analyst who sat at a desk most of the time, she was reasonably slender. Given Jorn's state-imposed celibacy, she knew she appeared as a vision of allure to his hungry eyes. "Have you completed sexual training school yet?" she said.

"Yes, Miss. It's been almost two years now."

"And what grade did you get?"

"I graduated first class with honours?" There was the unmistakable hint of pride in his voice.

"First class? So you actually managed to achieve mental-erectile capabilities?"

“Yes, Miss.”

“Good heavens. That is so very rare. And no woman has claimed you yet?”

Jorn shook his head.

Falka considered President Sterling’s belief that the male instinct drove him to use a woman’s body for his own sexual gratification. He would then discard her before doing likewise to his next conquest. It was widely believed that if men were left unchecked, they would seduce women with their charming, manipulative words beforehand, and leave a trail of heartbreak in their wake. Sterling decreed that relationships between male and female must only be initiated by the woman, for the woman, and for the purpose of serving the woman. If a female wished to marry her servant-partner, it would be her decision and hers alone. As such, the concept of marriage had been completely re-defined.

“Well, I am stunned,” Falka said with excited disbelief. “You are so handsome, with such a high level of skill. Why haven’t you been claimed yet?”

“I have no idea, Miss. I’ve just been unlucky.”

Falka threw him a look of suspicion. It had to be because he wasn’t very well endowed. Most males of Jorn’s age were sired by MHR’s. As a result, very few were small between the legs. The rare few who fell afoul of that particular bane were reviled more than most other males.

“Take down your leg-wear,” she said sharply. “I want to inspect your penis.”

He unclasped his trousers and took them off. Her gaze fell to behold a beautifully-shaped penis hanging pensively between his thighs. Surprisingly, it offered above-average dimensions.

“I would like to see it erect,” she said.

He closed his eyes as though focusing inwards. She wondered what was going through his mind. Was it visions of her taking him into her mouth? Or putting himself inside her? Such thoughts were technically illegal, but everybody knew what men fantasised about. Surely, he must’ve been desperate to impress her, and cheating with fantasy was highly likely. He lived in a state of sexual torment and knew marriage was his only chance for relief. Within moments, his penis rose rapidly up to its full stature.

Incredible. He’s mine. “Excellent, Jorn,” she said, attempting to conceal her eager passion. “That’s fine. I will take you as my spouse.”

Jorn opened his eyes with an elated expression. “Miss Bitsch, I am so honoured. I don’t know what to say.”

“I suggest that you say ‘yes’,” she said sternly.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes.”

“Oh, shut up. Once will suffice.”

“If I am to be betrothed to you, may I kiss you?” he said.

“No, you may not. First thing tomorrow morning, you will present me with proof of your sexual training grade. When I’m satisfied you haven’t lied to me, you may kiss me and call me by my first name.”

“What is your first name?”

“I will tell you when I have proof you’re a sexual master, and not until. Of course, if you’ve been lying to me, I will press charges against you and have you flogged. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Miss. But I am not lying to you, I promise.”

“I hope not, for your sake. Now, be off with you. You will come to me with your certificate, first thing tomorrow.”

“Yes, Miss.”

The marriage of Falka Bitsch and Jorn Larsen was a clinical affair, rife with formality, and conducted by a female judge. Falka wore a golden nano-fabric, bridal-skin and robe, which revealed her nakedness when pulled open. Jorn was naked save for a pair of boots. Falka had permitted him to wear a long, dense robe on the outside to spare him from freezing in the harsh winter cold. During the ceremony, she placed his wedding ring onto his penis in customary fashion. He was ordered to sign his contract of servitude, which included sacrificing any right to divorce. It was the law that he accepted his position as the chattel and lawful property of his bride.

They returned to Falka’s home and began their new life together.

“Get into the elevator,” she said as they entered her living quarters. “Wait for me in my room. I will be with you shortly.”

“Yes, Falka.”

“I want you naked, erect, and lying on my bed by the time I get up there.”

She waited for the hiss of the anti-gravity lifters to stop, signalling his arrival in her room. She smiled in anticipation of her first marital

experience. Oh, how I want to ride that big cock.

She cast off her golden robe and touched her protruding breasts and smooth sex, contemplating the moment. She then moved towards the elevator with cold conquest in her heart.

Jorn lay upon the bed, naked with his erection standing high and proud. The vaso-magnetic wedding ring secured to the base of the shaft ensured a solid tumescence.

The bedroom door opened and Falka stood in the entrance. He gazed upon her for several moments, savouring the sight of her.

“I want you to tongue me.” She climbed astride the bed and perched the lips of her sex above his waiting mouth.

He licked her labia with urgency, the exquisite taste and scent driving him to fever point. Falka’s gasps of pleasure caused his erection to throb and ooze forth pre-ejaculate.

She reached behind and grasped it, drawing a groan of excitement from him. She rotated her wrist around the thick, bulbous head of his member and used his own emissions as a lubricant. The pleasure possessed him, soaring his desire to a pinnacle of intensity.

She moved her labia back and forth across his tongue until finally, she settled. He gave her clitoris his focused, skilful attentions. “That’s it, slave,” she said. “Lick it. Lick it!”

He flicked the tip of his tongue upon her sensitive nut of pleasure with voracious hunger. Falka began to convulse almost immediately and sat up again. “Wow,” she said. “That was so close. I don’t want to pop just yet.” She turned back and looked down at his turgid vessel. “I want some of this first.”

She moved down his body and positioned her vagina at the point where the tip of his penis lightly brushed against her dripping labia. “I can’t believe how horny I am. Don’t you dare come.” She sank down onto him slowly, groaning to her rapturous indulgence.

Jorn inhaled deeply as the relieving sensation of her wet vagina took hold of him, her last order disturbing him greatly. Having been sexually stifled for almost two years, he’d embraced the scarce honour of marriage with desperate longing. Despite his sterling score at sexual training school, his control at that moment was likely to be grossly lacking. He’d performed upon vaginal simulators in class, but nothing could compare to the thrill of

being inside a true, flesh and blood woman. Fortunately, Falka wished to delay her own climax for as long as possible and moved up and down upon him in a slow, gentle rhythm. He could hear her heart pounding and felt her body trembling with passion.

She bit into her lower lip and rode him in earnest. He began to hyperventilate as the succulent pleasure of her warm, slippery channel drew him closer towards failure.

Fortunately, it didn't take long for Falka's orgasm to take her. Her body shuddered, and her face became flushed. She held herself fast upon him. He knew she was holding her delightful spasms for as long as possible whilst he trembled on the brink of ejaculation. He closed his eyes and gnashed his teeth with the torment of unrequited need.

Falka sat up and climbed off him.

"Falka, please can I come," he said pleadingly.

She lay down beside him and shot him a callous look. "No."

"But why? Are we not married?"

She cast her head back and laughed manically.

"Why are you laughing?"

"You imbecile," she said. "Didn't you read our marriage contract?"

"It was five pages long. How could I have?"

"I arranged for a no-ejaculation agreement, and you signed it."

"What? Why would you do that to me?"

Falka paused to compose herself. "My favourite stories as a child were the Tales of Kirnan Gaol."

His eyes widened with horror. He knew Tales of Kirnan Gaol—an apocryphal book of horrific short stories that might or might not have occurred in the gaol during the reign of Celia Ramirez-Sezer. Several of the tales were so barbaric and extreme, they rivalled even the cruelty of the Marquis De Sade. Any woman who would rank such a book as her favourite was not someone to whom he would have chosen to be close.

"I've always been fascinated by torture and what permanent arousal and orgasm denial would do to a man," she said.

"Are you saying that you married me . . . to torture me?"

"Of course. You will pleasure me, fuck me, obey me, and you will never come unless it's an involuntary nocturnal emission, for which I will cane you. After that, you will be confined to the house for three weeks."

His heart sank and his penis wilted under the devastating news. “Why would I be confined to the house for three weeks?”

She reached down and took his drooping penis into her hand. “If you spend, you idiot, and you get stopped by the police, they will find you have a low sperm count.”

“But I am partnered now.”

“You are registered as being in a no-ejaculation agreement partnership. You are no different from anyone else. If you come, you will be flogged.” She jerked his penis and almost choked on her own laughter. “You cannot divorce me, and if you try to escape . . . Well, you know what will happen.”

He knew he would be sentenced to the penis guillotine, and she reserved the right of execution of the penalty. He had no doubt she would be more than eager to accept that right.

It struck him that very few males continued to observe public news reports. Each day, new regulations were announced, adding to the burdens of men. As such, the majority decided to adopt the ‘ignorance is bliss’ approach and turned a blind eye. Jorn had adopted the same policy as a means of sparing himself constant bouts of depression. Consequently, he had no knowledge of the existence of a no-ejaculation agreement partnership. His situation had also been facilitated by his own reckless eagerness to marry.

He lay back in devastation under the realisation he’d signed away what little freedom he had in exchange for a life of insidious torment.

Twenty-five-year-old blonde, Anezka Christiansen entered Falka Bitsch’s living quarters with a bottle of Neurolebuzina. She knew it was Falka’s favourite beverage, an intoxicant derived from cultivated micro-spores. She found Falka sitting back in her recliner, wearing a nano-silk top and nothing below. Her thighs were parted, and she was moaning utterances of delight whilst her stunningly beautiful man pleased her with his tongue. “Falka?” she said.

“Oh, it’s you. How kind of you to knock.”

Anezka rolled her eyes and held up the bottle. “I thought you might appreciate this.”

Jorn ceased his oral performance, clearly distracted.

“Get back down there, slave,” Falka said. He instantly obeyed. “Anezka, darling. How kind of you.”

Anezka looked on with continual surprise. “I never thought I’d see the day when you would take a husband. And what a hunk he is. Gretta and Vibeke should be here any minute. They are so looking forward to meeting the new Mr. Bitsch.”

“I’ll be with you in a second,” Falka said. “Just bear with me. I think I’m going to come.”

Anezka watched as Jorn drank the repeated spasms of release from his wife.

Falka cried out shamelessly before relaxing. “Fuck, that was good. So much better than a stimulator.” She pushed Jorn’s head away. “Get away from me. I want some rocket juice.”

“Help yourself,” Anezka said, and handed the bottle to her.

“Thanks. Help yourself to his tongue whilst I go and pour myself a measure.”

“Are you sure? You’re inviting me to take cunnilingus from your husband?”

“Tongue, yes. No cock. Understand?”

Anezka nodded, and removed her leg-huggers and knickers. “Well, Jorn is it?”

“Yes, Miss.”

“OK, come over here and let’s see what you can do.”

She heard someone come into the kitchen and knew it had to be Gretta and Vibeke. The exchange between them was clearly audible.

“Fuck,” Falka said. “Anezka just brought a bottle, and you’ve brought two more. How are we going to manage so much intoxication? Are you two planning on staying over?”

“Five bottles,” the two women said in unison.

Anezka heard the jangling of more bottles and cringed. They were obviously trying to upstage her.

“OK,” Falka said. “It looks like Anezka and the two of you will be on my living room floor tonight.”

“You’re all heart, Falka. Where’s Anezka?”

“She’s in there, enjoying the pleasures of my new slave.”

“You’ve only been married for four days, and already you’re handing him out like a bowl of peanuts.”

“Vibeke, I can do what I like with him. Would you like to try him when Anezka’s done?”

“No thanks. I just want to get ‘toxed.”

“Gretta?”

“Let me have a look at him first.”

“Are you suggesting my husband isn’t good enough for you?”

“Of course not. I just want to see if I would have him lick me, or if I’d prefer to prick-tease him.”

“Well, come on then,” Falka said. “It’s my wedding party. Let’s have some fun, you sluts.”

Anezka looked up and saw Falka coming back in with the two radiant-looking brunettes holding bottles of Neurolebuzina. She moaned uncontrollably as Jorn brought her to climax.

“What was that like, you little whore?” Falka said.

“Mmmm . . . Absolutely divine, you lucky wench,” Anezka replied.

“Let’s have a look at him then, Falka,” Vibeke said impatiently.

Anezka looked down at him whilst he finished licking the last micro-spasms of ecstasy from her.

“All right, get up and let them have a good look at you,” Falka said.

He obeyed and stood before them.

“My, my. What an incredible-looking specimen,” Gretta said.

“First class with honours at sexual training school with mental-erectile capabilities,” Falka said boastfully.

Gretta was clearly impressed. “You are kidding?”

“I am certainly not kidding. Show them, slave.”

Jorn stood like an animal that had no rights, whose very existence was to perform circus tricks for the mild amusements of his tormentors. He dropped his trousers and revealed his well-hung appendage.

“Oh, my,” Vibeke said. “If that’s what it looks like when he’s relaxed, how big does it get when he’s excited?”

“Show her,” Falka said.

Jorn closed his eyes and within seconds, his penis began to rise.

Anezka, Gretta and Vibeke looked on with amazement.

“That’s got to be . . . what? Twenty-five centimetres?” Anezka said.

“Twenty-six,” Falka replied. “I’ve already measured it. He can keep it up for as long as I want him to. Would you like to see?”

“What do you mean?” Gretta said.

Falka aimed an index finger at Jorn. "Go and fetch my two canes."
He cringed and walked out of the room, visibly shivering with dread.
Within moments, he returned with two canes and a forlorn expression.
"Give one to Vibeke and one to Gretta," Falka said.

The two brunettes took the canes from him and stood back whilst Falka manually stimulated him back to solidity.

Anezka knew Falka was adding to his suffering by bringing him to the brink without release.

"OK, ladies," Falka said. "I want you to take turns in caning his erection as hard as you can. He'll be able to keep it up, despite the pain."

"You can't be serious!" Anezka said, horrified. "Why do you have to be so cruel, Falka?"

Vibeke rolled her eyes. "What's the matter with you? This is going to be fun."

Anezka turned away in contempt as Vibeke laid the first stroke across Jorn's penis. He cried out in pain.

Gretta delivered the second stroke, which produced a further yelp, but his tumescence remained. "Can you see that? He's still rock hard. It's incredible."

Vibeke responded by delivering a third stroke to him.

"I have him on a no-ejaculation marriage agreement," Falka said. "I use him solely for my own gratification, and he is kept in a constant state of frustration and denial."

"How brilliant," Vibeke said, and caned his erection for a fourth time. "It must be driving him out of his mind. What if he should have an accident?"

"If he ever came, I would flog him severely. By law, I could press charges against him and push for his incarceration, but that would be such a waste. He still has his uses."

Gretta fiercely brought the cane down upon the tender dome of his penis, raising a deep welt.

Jorn screamed. "Mercy, Falka. Please make them stop."

"Jorn, you know my rules. If you lose your erection, I will let them flay you raw. You will not embarrass me. Is that clear?"

He nodded morosely.

"Give him one more each, and then we can get 'toxed," she said.

Vibeke and Gretta took up their positions and delivered the final two strokes to his rampant member, intentionally overlaying the wounds. His cry of anguish was ear-piercing, and yet his erection endured.

“All right, let’s get this party started.” Falka made her way over to the holo-sound system. Within moments, the air was alive with the beat of jock-wave music, accompanied by three-dimensional holograms of the musicians.

Falka, Gretta, and Vibeke sat, and Gretta and Vibeke rested their feet upon anti-grav footrests.

“Where the fuck is my ‘rest,” Falka said.

“You told me to put it in the cleaner earlier,” Jorn said, his eyes smarting from the pain in his manhood.

“So I did. Get over here, slave and go down on all fours before me.”

He humbly submitted and assumed a push-up position on his knees. Falka raised her legs and placed the balls of her feet upon his back before resuming her mission of self-imposed intoxication.

Anezka gazed upon the beautiful, pathetic sight of Jorn Bitsch with extreme unease. Everything about it was so wrong. He was suffering such terrible abuse, and she suddenly felt guilty for letting Falka force him to go down on her. It was so in-keeping with Falka’s narcissistic tendency to show off to others what she had but they did not.

Her relationship with Falka had been rocky ever since they were in school. Falka had always been a malicious bully, caustic, extremely difficult to approach, and was possessed of the most evil sense of humour. She’d always found hilarity in the misfortunes of others—a broken arm, a cancer diagnosis, the loss of a loved one, the list went on. Knowledge of the downfall of others had always caused her the greatest joy. Nevertheless, she usually knew how to throw a party, which was the only reason anyone associated with her.

She recalled Falka’s cruel humour, and her penchant for beating and tormenting smaller girls. She remembered how Falka had learned one of her classmates, an eleven-year-old girl, had slightly-protruding labia. She’d beaten her senseless and dragged her naked out onto the school yard, pulling the young girl’s vaginal lips apart for all to see.

Anezka silently questioned why she persisted in giving Falka the time of day, and hated herself for entertaining such a monster. She remembered

her first thought upon the revelation of Elena Sterling's New Order—how wonderful the new world would be for Falka Bitsch.

God, I've always hated you, Falka.

Weeks passed and Jorn found himself in a state of permanent sexual frustration and humiliation. He was subjected to daily physical abuse by his wife. She whipped him with fifty strokes of the cane upon each incident of involuntary nocturnal emission. The course of strokes was given to him over a period of five days. His back, buttocks, thighs, and chest had become a grisly vision of deep purple welts and contusions, which she gazed upon longingly.

He knew there was no way out for him. The law would show him no mercy if he attempted to escape. He sat in their home each day, sobbing hysterically in a corner of their living quarters.

Often, he had hallucinations of Falka coming into the room with the cane when she wasn't even in the house. He trembled constantly until exhaustion stole his consciousness. He would sleep for hours at a time and awaken with a start on each occasion. Paranoia had become his constant companion. His reflection in the mirror showed his eyes were beginning to suggest the onset of madness.

On a fateful Friday in March, Falka was shopping for provisions and attending a hair appointment in the city. She was due to be out for some time.

At 10 a.m., the visitor alert scanner in the living quarters caught Jorn's attention. He hurriedly ran to the front door, surprised to see Anezka on the doorstep. "Hello," he said. "Falka is out shopping, but please come in."

"Thank you. It isn't Falka I came to see. It's you."

He looked at her bemused. "Me?"

"Yes. I knew she was in town, and so I seized the opportunity."

"I don't understand."

Anezka stepped inside to the kitchen area, and Jorn closed the door behind her. She threw her arms around him and pressed her lips to his. He was taken by surprise, and was at a loss as to how to respond. After several amorous moments, she broke the embrace and looked up at him with a hint

of anger on her face. "I despise the way she has always abused people. I fucking hate her."

Jorn was shocked at hearing her talking about his wife in such a way. And yet, he was not offended. If anything, he was relieved there might be compassionate women left in the post-Reformation world. "You hate her?"

"Everybody does. Even those two bitches who came to the party with me only tolerate her."

"I . . . I had no idea."

She threw him a sympathetic smile. "I haven't been able to stop thinking about you since you went down on me. I could see the torment in your eyes. You must need to come pretty badly."

For the first time since his accursed wedding, he was hearing words of warmth and empathy. It was priceless to him, and he was unable to hold back his tears. He fell to his knees and wrapped his arms around her legs. "Yes. Oh, thank you, Anezka. I can't tell you what it feels like to hear you say that."

"Well, let's get on with it before she gets back. You need to come, and I want revenge." She released the clasp of her nano-fabric leg-huggers and pulled them down.

As he stood, he couldn't help noticing her vulva as he glanced past it. The memory of her taste and scent came back to him immediately.

She climbed out of her garment, dropped to her knees, and pulled down his leggings. His manhood rose with an eagerness of its own. "Fuck, that's big." She clasped her lips around it, and he came to full erection within seconds. She tongued and sucked him hungrily, inducing the most profound delight to his burning member. "Why should that bitch have a man like you? You are so gorgeous."

He was lost in an oasis of lustful fantasy. Not only was Anezka younger and more beautiful than Falka, but she was so much more effective with her mouth. If the opportunity was going to conclude in his release, he couldn't have imagined who better to experience it with. Unfortunately, there would be severe sanctions for both of them, should they be discovered. If Falka wished to press charges against him, he would be sent to the penis guillotine, and Anezka would be flogged and incarcerated for spousal theft.

After long sensuous moments, she ceased her oral pleasuring, stood to face him, and handed him a small pill. "Let's do it in the living room," she said.

He looked at the pill curiously. "What's this?"

"Ejacucin. Take it after you've come, and you'll be able to risk the road blocks."

"But Ejacucin is only available to MHR's. Where did you get it?"

"I have a friend who works in a milking lab. Many women use them if they can obtain them. A man can screw all day and all night without stopping when he's taken one. They're like gold."

He carefully concealed the tablet in his pocket and followed her.

She sat in an anti-gravity rest and prepared herself. "Hurry. Fuck me before she gets back."

He required no further prompting and slid his length all the way inside her.

She cried out with passion. "Give it to me, Jorn. Let's give Falka the ultimate fuck you."

He gasped with urgent delight and prepared to unleash his pent-up seed inside her. And then a worrying thought crossed his mind. "You could get pregnant."

"No, I . . . ah . . . can't. I'm taking Contrasorbitol."

All of his fears dissipated, his body relaxed, and the semen spurted out of him. He cried out with the pleasure of his indescribable release.

The sound of a siren filled the room, forcing them to cover their ears. His erection slid out of her, leaving a stream of thick, white ejaculate pouring from her pink lips.

Falka was home. From the corner of his eye, he saw her standing in the doorway holding a remote sensor. The look of livid rage upon her face was a terrifying sight to behold.

Anezka turned her head, with an expression of horror.

Falka deactivated the alarm. "There! That should've been long enough to alert the police."

Anezka beckoned to her with a pleading look in her eyes. "Falka, please don't do this. You know what they will do to me."

"Yes. It's quite tame really, considering what a treacherous, thieving little parasite you are. I've locked all exits to the house, and only I have the code. The doors will open only when the police arrive."

Falka turned to Jorn, and he shivered with the thought of what she could do to him. "Did you enjoy that orgasm, you unfaithful bastard?" she said.

He didn't reply, but rather hung his head in shame.

"Well, there's a price to pay for it, as you know."

He fell to his knees, unable to stand with the shock of learning he was going to the penis guillotine.

Two armed law-enforcement officials arrived at Falka's home within ten minutes. Stern-looking women in their late thirties, they immediately gave the impression they were intolerant, draconian personalities.

"I've detained a thief in my home, and I wish to press charges," Falka said.

"Who would this be?" The first officer said.

"Her name is Anezka Christiansen. I caught her engaging in sexual intercourse with my husband, who is in a no-ejaculation partnership agreement." She handed a copy of their marriage contract to the officers.

"Do you want to press charges against your husband?"

"Oh, no. He has far too big a cock to waste in a penis guillotine. I will administer his penalty."

"As you wish." The officer stepped into the living room.

Anezka sat fully dressed, weeping in the chair. Jorn stood naked at the far side of the room with a pathetic demeanour.

"Anezka Christiansen," the second officer said.

Anezka nodded.

"You are under arrest on a charge of level-two spousal theft under section nine of the Servant Partnership Act, twenty-one, twenty-seven."

She stood, and the first officer cuffed her hands with electrum shackles.

"All right, let's go." The arresting officer turned to Falka. "Ms. Bitsch, please be available for trial next week."

"I couldn't be more eager."

"Please Falka," Anezka cried. "Have mercy on me. I am so sorry."

"You will be when you feel that whip cutting into your tits."

"Oh, please, no. I beg you."

The officers led her out of the house.

Falka turned back to Jorn and walked towards him with slow, menacing steps. "Get on your hands and knees in the middle of the room, you bastard. I will be back with a surprise for you."

Jorn shuffled over to where she wanted him to be and dropped to his knees.

Minutes later, she returned with a vicious-looking cat o' nine tails. The thick, oblong leather strands with a row of five, wax-sealed knots on each, filled him with terror. She prowled over to him and dangled the cats before his eyes. He shuddered at the thought of what she could do to his naked flesh with such a weapon. Perspiration poured from his brow, and he whimpered as though he was losing his mind with panic.

"Think yourself lucky. At least I'm sparing you the penis guillotine." She took a step back and drew the whip back. "Fuck, this is heavy. I am going to flay you until I can't move my arm anymore."

She snapped the first lash across his back, inducing an excruciating sting. He felt as though the skin had been stripped from him.

Mercilessly, she flogged him with all of her might. He wanted to stand, turn around, and beat the living daylights out of her. His primal instinct to survive was fighting to regain dominance. However, his wish was constantly accompanied by the image of him running blind as a fugitive with the shadow of the penis guillotine ever present in the background.

Under the unbearable agony of the cats, he lost any semblance of hope.

Inga's Legacy

International Broadcasting House

Munich, Neu Deutschland

April 22nd, 2128

“She is known as The harshest judge in the New Britannian Courts, and she’s a native of Munich,” the beautiful, brunette TV presenter said. “She is responsible for sentencing over two-hundred men to the penis guillotine in the last twelve months, she is an advocate of male orgasm-denial, and she was recently presented with the presidential honour of a title.” She paused for a moment, allowing the tension build. “Ladies, please give a warm applause for the right honourable Baroness Claudia Leder.”

The studio guests rose and clapped in unison. Judge Leder appeared from the right curtain to join the presenter. Gracefully attired in a body suit of the finest quality black leather, her face beamed with elation. She took the presenter’s hand, kissed her lightly on the cheek, and took her seat upon the plush studio bench.

“Baroness Leder, welcome to Power Guests,” the presenter said. “I cannot tell you what a privilege it is to have you here on our show.”

“It’s a pleasure to be here,” Claudia said graciously.

“When did you learn that you were related to Inga Weber?”

“Two years ago. It seems from my family history records that I’m in direct line of descent from one of Inga’s two sisters. I suppose you could say Inga was my great aunt from six generations back.”

“Has anything been discovered about what happened to Inga?”

“No. President Sterling sent an expedition to Turkey and investigated the ruins of Kirnan prison, but nothing was found. After the death of Celia Ramirez-Sezer, we suspect the other women, the Kirnan Seventeen as they became known, were disposed of elsewhere.”

“It’s quite a mystery, isn’t it?”

“Oh, yes. If I could wish for anything, it would be to learn the complete story of Inga and what happened to her. Since I discovered I’m from her family, I immediately set about my mission to enforce what we knew of her values. The criminalisation of male masturbation, furthering the pleasures of women, and severe physical sanctions for male offenders, are my priorities.”

“What was it about torture that compelled you so strongly?”

Claudia became pensive. At all costs, her answer had to convey total justification and not self-indulgence, that she might retain her credibility as a politician. “The prevention of another male uprising is surely reason enough, isn’t it?”

“What is the purpose of your visit to Munich?”

“I was born and raised here, and I haven’t been home for almost three years. I needed to feel the touch of German soil again.”

“Well, we are honoured by your presence.”

Again, the audience cheered. Claudia was unable to suppress a narcissistic grin.

“As a member of the New Britannian judiciary,” the presenter said, “what are your views on the rumours of a fifth column spreading among women? And is there a legal remedy to the problem in development?”

Claudia smiled in a condescending manner. “Firstly, such rumours are clearly urban legends. We already have flogging as a penalty for spousal theft, but the thought of women actually loving men? It is utterly ludicrous.”

“What are your plans during your visit to Munich?”

Claudia giggled. “I intend to have as much fun as possible. The Munich judiciary has graciously extended an invitation for me to have a guided tour of the prison and to sit in on punishments.” She closed her eyes and savoured the thought for a moment. “Nothing comforts me more than the sound of a man screaming for mercy.”

“Are you aware we have a new cunnilingus bar in town? We understand you have a particular penchant for them.”

“I certainly do. It’s a Dubois isn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“The finest chain in Europe.”

“Well, we all wish you the greatest pleasure on your tour.” The presenter turned back to the audience. “Ladies, Baroness Claudia Leder.”

Claudia turned to the crowd's expression of adoration, knowing her image was going out live to every home in New Germany.

Nevertheless, in her heart, her true agenda was silently prominent. I will find them, and I will ensure their suffering.

Claudia stepped through the neon walls of the Munich Correctional Facility attired in a blouse and skirt. The cells were totally exposed. The prisoner's were kept permanently naked and contained by a force field, which was invisible to the naked eye. Surveillance cameras covered each wall in a demonstration of the Orwellian nature of a post-Reformation prison.

Leona Krause, the chief administrator of the facility, followed Claudia through the entrance. Six inches taller than Claudia and in her late thirties, Leona had a permanent, oppressive and stern facial expression. Her short cropped blonde hair accentuated a masculine suggestion in her looks—a harsh beauty that had the subtle undertones of lesbianism.

The naked prisoners averted their eyes when the two vixens strode along the rows of cells.

“How are you so sure he knows?” Claudia said.

“He was the one who helped them reach the underground hideaway,” Leona replied.

They reached the escalator tube at the end of the corridor and stepped inside. The module descended, and seconds later, the two women arrived in the lower depths.

“Follow me.” Leona made her way across to a foreboding-looking steel door. Claudia followed.

Leona released the bolt on the door with a laser-trigger in her hand. The door opened automatically to reveal the sound of a male screaming. They stepped inside and Leona sealed the door behind them.

Claudia's heart was filled with delight at what she saw. A muscular black man in his late twenties was shackled to the ceiling before her. She found it unusual that he was shackled rather than secured by vaso-magnesium.

“The generator developed a fault,” Leona said, as though sensing her thoughts.

Claudia nodded and watched as two young uniformed female correctional officers continued to flay the man's back with short leather whips.

"Where are they?" the shorter of the two officers said.

"I-I don't know."

"All right, that's enough," Claudia said from across the room.

The two guards ceased the flagellation and stood to attention.

"It's quite clear from the condition of his back, he's not going to break using this method."

"What do you have in mind?" Leona said.

Claudia ushered her to the back of the chamber and eased her mouth to her left ear. "Do you have the penis guillotine ready?"

"Of course."

"I can't wait. For now, get those two girls out of here and let me have him in private."

Leona nodded and approached the two officers. "That will be all for today, ladies. Let's give the baroness some privacy with the prisoner."

Claudia waited patiently for the two young women to leave.

"Do you have your release sensor?" Leona said.

Claudia held up the device with her gaze transfixed upon the black stud.

The door closed, leaving her alone with her prey. She stepped over to him as he hung with a criss-cross of deep red stripes covering his back. She removed her blouse and cast it to the floor, revealing her sturdy, yet enormous breasts.

"What a beautiful sight," she said, and stroked his back gently. She raised a wince from him when her fingers traced his angry welts with loving appreciation. "You know where they are."

"I don't."

She moved around to the front of him and caressed his muscular chest. She lowered her gaze to his groin and her heart began to palpitate. "I knew you were a big boy from behind. Did you know your penis can be seen through your legs?" She knelt before him, keeping her eyes fixed on his.

The prisoner didn't respond, but gasped as she took his mammoth, eleven inch appendage into her grasp. He was clearly a product of superior MHR DNA, and the mandatory wholesome lifestyle.

"How long has it been since you came?"

"Not since the new law c-came in," he said, stammering.

Claudia lifted his flaccid organ and took the tip of him into her mouth. He groaned, and she felt him stiffening between her lips. She sucked him slowly at first and increased her pace until he became turgid. Soon, she was sucking him in earnest. His breathing became audibly laboured with the pleasure.

She took her mouth away from him for a moment. "How does that feel?"

"I-it feels wonderful, Ma'am."

"I'm sure it does. I will let you ejaculate in my mouth, but only if you tell me where they are."

Before he could respond, she resumed. She prided herself on being a merciless fellatrix who would stop at nothing to achieve her objective. She plunged her mouth down half his length and back again, hungrily shattering his will. She sensed his rigidity, heralding the arrival of his release, and ceased immediately. She knew it had to have been so long since he'd spent. The experience of her bringing him so close with her mouth must've been unbearably compelling. "Where are they?"

He didn't respond.

She set about him again. Within seconds, the shaft became ultra rigid. Again, she ceased.

"P-please . . ."

"Where are they?"

He closed his eyes and bit into his lower lip.

Claudia resumed, and so it continued.

Moments turned to minutes, and minutes to an hour. The prisoner's entire being trembled with unrequited desire. Perspiration doused his body under the relentless delight of his tormenter's lips and tongue.

"Where are they?" She closed her pre-ejaculate-coated lips around the dome, knowing his endurance had finally expired.

"OK, but please. Please let me come. Please."

She withdrew again. "I'm listening."

With tears in his eyes, he mouthed the location. She listened intently and smiled as familiarity flashed across her mind. She knew exactly to where he alluded.

Taking a deep breath, she gripped his enormous erection and began to masturbate him in earnest. He closed his eyes, clearly in anticipation of his

imminent release. His tumescence assumed a titanium-like solidity, and she immediately took her hand away.

“No, no, no,” he said. “I beg of you!”

She stood and looked him in the eye with a howl of laughter. “Did you really think I was going to let you spray me with your filth?”

He sobbed with despair. She was fully aware of the pain of his arousal. His cries caused her loins to ignite with passion. “We have other plans for you, traitor.”

She collected her blouse from the floor and returned to the door, releasing the catch with the remote control sensor. The two young correctional officers who had administered the earlier flogging stood on the other side of the door. Leona waited beside them.

“He’s ready,” Claudia said.

Leona came closer with a look of intrigue. “Did he tell you?”

“Yes.”

“How resourceful of you, dear. Would you like him to go down on you before we take him to the penis guillotine?”

Having clearly heard the words ‘penis guillotine,’ the prisoner bellowed, “No, not that. I will do anything. Please.”

“I am so horny right now,” Claudia said. “But that’s a pleasure I want to save for her.”

“As you wish.”

“Nevertheless, I can’t wait to see that enormous member come off. You wouldn’t believe how hard it became.”

“Well, dear. You may have the honour of executing the sentence yourself.”

The two women laughed whilst the two guards stepped into the cell to release the terrified prisoner in preparation for his terrible fate.

Claudia walked along the corridor beside Leona with victorious glee. Now I have you, you little bitch.

Thirty-two-year-old Zelda Gruenewald and her lover, Emmerich Hoffmann, united their bodies in a rapturous union of mutual love and ecstasy. Perspiration ran from Zelda’s short, mousy-brown hair onto her face. She groaned as Emmerich’s solid shaft slid in and out of her with

loving gentleness. His firm-yet-soothing caress enhanced her sense of safety with him.

It had been an arduous three years for them. For the sake of their love, they'd become fugitives and taken refuge in their hidden bunker buried deep within the Black Forest. They had committed no act that was prohibited, even under Reformation laws. They fled not from the authorities, but rather—from her.

Zelda, a former semen extractor, had met Emmerich in a reproductive supremacy centre in Munich. He'd been a milkable human resource for two years prior to their flight. Zelda had milked him on a daily basis and quickly became saddened by his cries of anguish during forced ejaculations. After six months, her compassion for him turned to love. He'd become all that consumed her heart and mind. However, the day arrived when they risked all for the freedom they would find in the arms of one another.

Emmerich, devastatingly handsome, muscular with short-cropped blond hair, was an archetypal MHR, and offered a virile, nine inch erection.

For long minutes, they immersed themselves in the delights of their bodies.

They drew closer to their crescendo when a crashing sound arrested their moment. The door to their inner sanctum shattered under a barrage of laser fire. A marauding battalion of armed female operatives, wearing protective helmets and armoured-mesh uniforms, stormed into the bunker.

Emmerich withdrew from Zelda and stood to defend her. He was met with a paralysing jolt from an operative's sonic gun.

Zelda stood, seized with panic, and attempted to leap across to the escape-pod launcher in the centre of the room. One of the invaders seized her, and she became aware of the unmistakable scent of chloraphendomol. Oh, my God. She's found us.

Darkness overcame her.

Zelda didn't know how long she'd been unconscious. Her eyes opened to a chilling sight. From all appearances, it seemed she was in an archaic dungeon, with five naked males vaso-magnetised to X frames. The room was dark, but she could make out three armed female guards at the far end.

And then she saw one of the men on an X frame wearing a strange helmet behind the guards. She couldn't explain why such a cold chill had just gone through her.

As she regained her senses, she realised she was secured with her arms extended overhead to a leather-topped chair. She was naked and shivered with the realisation of why she was there. Her thighs were parted with her ankles vaso-magnetised to the base of the chair. Her vaginal lips were exposed.

She heard footsteps coming closer and saw a figure approaching through the shadows. She was unable to make out who it was. Nevertheless, she was fairly certain.

Claudia came into view, wearing a black leather bikini with matching boots extending up to her thighs. Her gloves stretched up to the centre of her biceps.

"Claudia, why are you doing this?"

Claudia smiled with unmistakable gloating. "You are mine, Zelda, and you betrayed me."

"I didn't, Claudia. I loved you, and I wanted you to love me. But you couldn't. You can't love anyone."

"I loved you!"

Tears fell from Zelda's eyes as her fear began to take control of her. "How can you have? You never wanted to make love to me. You only ever got off on flogging me."

"I needed to torture you. It's the only way I can climax."

Zelda averted her eyes in disgust. "I know. I've seen the broadcasts. You've tortured over two-hundred men with that sick penalty you love so much. I'll bet you raced off to a cunnilingus bar after each sentence."

Claudia was silent for a moment, as though Zelda's accuracy had truly unnerved her. Perhaps it was evidence of her own vulnerability for another to know her so well.

She strode around the men attached to the crosses. She approached one who was in full erection. Reaching out, she took his penis and began to stroke him. "What has made you so hard? Do you enjoy being tortured, slave?"

"Yes," he said, trance-like. "I exist only to serve you with my pain, Baroness. It is such an honour to suffer for your pleasure."

Claudia smirked at him. "Would you like me to cut it off for you? I would enjoy that so much."

"Do with me as you wish, my goddess."

"Would you scream in agony for me when I do it to you?"

"Oh, yes."

Zelda saw pre-ejaculate dribbling onto Claudia's glove. Claudia then ceased the movement of her fingers upon him and traced her forefinger along the underside of his penis. She took her hand away, but it was too late. The slave cried out as a thick rope of semen spurted halfway across the room, followed by two more to land in a pool on the floor.

"You had better be able to get it up again for the penis guillotine when I return here, you disgusting piece of filth."

"Yes, my Mistress. I will make it a wonderful experience for you."

Claudia turned her attention back to Zelda. "Yes, darling. After each sentence, I head straight to the bar. The penis guillotine is the greatest sanction ever devised. It is the most orgasmic, most final, and the most devastating of all tortures."

"You are sick, Claudia."

"Just!" Claudia stroked Zelda along the lips of her vulva with her semen-coated glove. "I have something very special in store for you, my love." She reached underneath the chair and produced a handful of electrical wires and connectors.

Zelda trembled. "What are you going to do to me?"

Claudia smiled and clipped the wires to specific points on Zelda's vulva.

"Oh, God, no."

She moved farther up Zelda's body and clipped the strange wiring onto her nipples. "Now, let's see how you enjoy this, my darling."

Zelda's horrified gaze followed as Claudia turned a dial on the console, causing the connectors on her breasts and labia to hum. She was suddenly taken by the compelling pleasure.

"Just look at you," Claudia said. "Those crystal blue eyes, high-set cheekbones, fulsome lips and firm breasts. You are such a delight to behold. Does that feel good, my sweet?"

"Y-yes. Yes, it feels wonderful." The vibrations coursed through Zelda's body, inducing indescribable delight. Her feelings of resentment towards

Claudia began to fade. In that moment, her only wish was for the pleasure to continue. “Ah . . .”

“Oh, please be quiet.” Claudia drew a ball gag from beneath the reclining chair, forced it into Zelda’s mouth, and secured it around her head until her moans of delight became muffled grunts.

“Let’s give you a little more.” Claudia turned the dial up again, increasing the vibrations.

Zelda was lost . . .

And then, at the moment of orgasm, a shock of agony tore through her innards and breasts, and she screamed through her ball gag.

“How do you like the Vagi-controller?” Claudia said. “You should feel honoured. I adapted it from the design of the original created by The Matriarch herself, almost two-hundred-years ago.”

The vibrations began again.

“This is what happens to unfaithful little sluts who run away with milkable human resources.”

Zelda groaned through her gag, almost afraid to enjoy the stimulatory pleasure. She now knew what was to come again.

Claudia inserted her middle finger inside Zelda’s vagina and vigorously caressed her G-spot, drawing her even closer to the point of no return. “My, you are wet, you little whore.”

Climax came again to the hapless young woman. Claudia took her fingers away, just in time for Zelda’s second jolt of voltage. Her body shook as the current coursed through her.

Claudia laughed. “It won’t be much longer now. I’m dripping, and I’m going to need that tongue of yours, very soon.”

The raptures of the shocks began to abate once again, replaced with the pleasure of the vibrations. Zelda was already exhausted from the ordeal. The vibrations were so incredibly powerful. Claudia had placed the connectors so proficiently that it was only a matter of seconds before orgasm came over her again.

Claudia looked on lustfully as Zelda convulsed for the third time. “You want to come so badly, and yet you can’t, just like a man. Is there any punishment greater than the Paramount Rule?”

“No, no,” Zelda said, sobbing. “Please don’t let it shock me again, Claudia. Please let me come.”

“Of course I’m not going to let you come, you imbecile.”

Zelda screamed as another jolt of electricity struck her.

“Oh, fuck. I need to come now.” Claudia turned to the three guards. “Prepare her for me.”

They hurried over to Zelda, deactivated the console, and disconnected the wires from her breasts and labia.

Claudia tore away her leather knickers and sat upon the edge of an adjustable recliner behind her. A subtle, slender line of pubic hair and shining red lips came into view.

Within moments, Zelda was led over to her.

“Just look over at the prisoner with the helmet, Zelda,” Claudia said.

Zelda turned and saw two of the guards rolling a penis guillotine across in front of the man. The instant it was in place, one of them pulled his flaccid member through the lunette and began to masturbate him.

“Emmerich comes up to a wonderful size, doesn’t he?”

Zelda’s heart sank. “Emmerich? Oh no, Claudia. I beg you. If that’s Emmerich, don’t do that to him.”

“That is entirely up to you.”

“What do you want me to do, Claudia? I will do anything.”

“Anything?”

“Yes. I promise.”

Claudia smiled victoriously, and gripped Zelda by the hair. “Get your face down there and make it a worthy performance, or his manhood is forfeit.

Terrified, Zelda guided the tip of her tongue into Claudia’s dripping crevice and flicked at her flesh with light, subtle movements. She noted how wet Claudia had become—a symbol of her twisted and irredeemable nature. Electrocuting her had clearly brought her libido to an extreme high.

Out of the corner of her eye, Zelda glanced at her lover. One of the guards was stimulating him, bringing him up to a wonderful size. His penis slipped back and forth between her fingers with ease through the lunette. They pulled the contraption away from him and his penis slipped out with ease, lubricated by his own juices. She could barely make out one of the guards returning to adjust something upon the helmet.

She probed Claudia’s sex with her tongue until she reached her clitoris. She only wanted her ordeal to be over. It didn’t take her long to bring her to climax. Claudia sprayed her face with liquid passion. Her cries of indulgence echoed around the room as Zelda gradually slowed her pace.

Claudia came to her senses, reached down, and gripped Zelda's head. For long moments, she gazed upon her weeping face. "No one was ever as proficient as you, my darling. Just turn around, and you will see I am a woman of my word."

Zelda turned to face Emmerich, and found it rather strange that his erection appeared to be jerking and pulsating, independently.

"You are coming home to England with me now," Claudia said.

Zelda knew that pleas for mercy would be futile. If she resisted, the consequences would be exacted upon her lover. For Emmerich's sake, she knew she could never see him again.

The guards wheeled the penis guillotine back across to Emmerich and slipped his bloated tumescence back into the lunette. He felt his heart rise into his throat. Once he was sealed in, Zelda stepped over to him with Claudia mere inches behind her.

"Give him some pleasure, my dear," Claudia said. "You won't be seeing him again."

Tearfully, Zelda took him into her mouth and began to suck him in earnest. Emmerich couldn't recall feeling such an intensity of arousal before. Zelda's mouth was like something out of a dream, a sensation beyond the veil of the world around him. He shivered with wave after wave of lustful passion. Skilfully, she pleased him, sucking him gently-but-firmly. She swept her tongue around the shaft, back and forth, at all times, avoiding scraping him with her teeth, until his orgasm approached. Oh my God. I love you so much, my precious angel. He gritted his teeth and prepared to unleash himself into her mouth.

Abruptly, she stopped and reached her hand across to the right side tower of the guillotine. She touched her hand to a sensor and the painful snapping of the safety ring constricted the base of his penis.

His eyes widened with panic and confusion. "What are you doing?"

Zelda looked up at him, wiped the tears from her eyes, and laughed before touching the second sensor.

He looked up at the silver blade, his heart pounding as horror converged with bewilderment and a sense of agonising betrayal. "Zelda, no! Why are you doing this?"

Zelda touched the sensor. Before it could register in his mind, his penis was gone. The blade returned to its original position with the speed of

sound. A slight smidgen of his blood remained on the titanium. A terrible pain surged through his loins, and he screamed in unison with Zelda's hysterical cackling.

"I had you set up all along, you male fool," she said. "Claudia is my lover, and I would do anything for her, including spending three years of my life with a disgusting piece of male filth like you."

The two women laughed a hideous harmony of madness and cruelty.

"No, no, no." Emmerich screamed in response to the hellish nightmare in which he'd found himself.

And then . . .

The guards wheeled the penis guillotine back across to Emmerich. They separated the lunette into two halves and slipped his bloated penis back into it. Once he was sealed in, Zelda stepped over to him with Claudia mere inches behind her.

Claudia smiled, knowing what Emmerich was going through. He had no recollection that he'd just experienced exactly the same scene. The virtual reality helmet had been intricately connected to his neural-synaptic network. Nothing he'd ever experienced had been as real as that demonic illusion. He was due to live the horrible moment of unsatisfied delight, betrayal by his precious Zelda, and the hideous pain of penectomy, over and over again for as long as she wished. She had truly succeeded in creating hell. He remained transfixed, magnetized to an 'X' frame with a state-of-the-art VR helmet linked to his very soul. His penis twitched continuously to the cruel tale being played repeatedly in his mind.

At the far side of the room, two of the guards shrouded Zelda in a nanofabric blanket with her hands shackled behind her back. They led her out through the halls of the complex and into the night to Claudia's waiting anti-gravity shuttle.

Claudia savoured the sadistic sensuality all around her—the pleasure slaves, and the instruments of torment. She collected a long, flowing, black leather robe from a hook on the wall and exited the room.

As she came to the end of a darkened corridor close to the launch pad, she sensed a presence watching from behind the shadows.

“You wouldn’t believe how expensive it is to keep your little play pen going, Claudia.”

Claudia smiled at the sound of the familiar, extremely well-spoken, female Britannian voice. “What brings you here, Madame President?”

“Since I finance the running of this den of delight, I thought I might make use of it from time to time.”

“Of course. And I do recommend the new submissives. They are a joy.”

“Bloody expensive, too. To cause even the most submissive of males to welcome the penis guillotine takes very high doses of serodorphocodin, daily.”

“I know. But I’ve managed to keep New Britannia under control for three years.”

“Only in the judicial sense.”

“What do you mean?” Claudia said with a note of concern.

“Despite what you choose to believe, Claudia, there is a secret underground, and there is a fifth column. London is the worst offender.”

“London?”

“Yes, London, and, of all places, Houston. But that one is not your problem.”

Claudia was overcome with alarm by the news. If she should appear to be failing in her duties, all of the fringe benefits were in danger of disappearing. “What can I do?”

The president came closer, although her face remained in shadow. “The penis guillotine is no longer effective.”

Claudia’s eyes widened at the seemingly ludicrous statement. “What?”

“You heard me. They have a cure. When the women responsible are brought to justice, show no mercy, Claudia. I am serious.”

“Of course.”

“In the meantime, I will keep this facility going for you, and I will ensure Emmerich Hoffman is kept alive with his new reality continuing in a loop.”

Claudia was overcome with relief. “Thank you, dear.”

“Now that you have your little traitor back, you can use her to practice new and unusual punishments upon. Let me know what you think will be the most effective, and I will introduce it as a legislative sanction.”

Claudia swallowed hard and exhaled as thoughts of further cruelty flooded her mind. The punishment of women had never been a

consideration before Zelda's electro-torture. "I think I already have."

"Oh?"

"I don't believe there are any sanctions more repellent than The Rule."

"What a fascinating idea. Go and be a legacy your Aunt Inga would have been proud of."

"As you wish." Claudia bowed and turned away.

"Claudia," the president called after her.

"Yes, Madame President."

"The war is coming."

The Dubois Franchise

Marseilles, Nouveau Sud de la France

June 13th, 2128

Luc Monet probed his tongue along the moist, soft, hairless sex of a stunningly beautiful woman, determined for it to be his greatest performance to date. All the skills he'd learned at sexual training school were coming to fruition. So much was riding upon his success—the chance for one of the greatest vocations he could hope for. She was so alluring. Crotchless panties and a brassiere that encased her protruding breasts were her chosen interview attire. It rendered him powerless to calm his throbbing erection.

The woman groaned as he sucked her orifice, intertwined with flicks of his tongue upon her clitoris. He'd been pleasuring her for the last thirty minutes and knew she'd been riding the waves of climax since after the first thirty seconds. He had the talent to bring a woman to extreme arousal rapidly, and then to keep her there. Empathetically, he sensed her surfing the delight, and held her there without tipping her over the edge. It was the most agonising and yet the most ecstatic of sensory experiences, one he knew she could endure no longer.

“Oh, please let me,” she said. “I can't bear it.”

In eager compliance, he applied only a fraction more pressure from his tongue and mercifully brought her to climax. Her loins convulsed in unison with her utterances of sensuous relief. Her body shivered with the pleasure, as though she could barely process such extreme delight. Long, slow strokes of the flat of his tongue brought her down from the heights of orgasmic release over a three minute period. Finally, she sank back in her chair, utterly slaked.

He eased away from her pudendum and sat humbly before her. He waited patiently until she'd regained her senses.

“That was . . .”

“Y-yes, Madam?” he said anxiously.

“Utterly divine.”

He exhaled and closed his eyes in relief. *Could this be it? Could I have actually got in?*

“When can you start?” she said.

His heart raced with excitement and joy. “Whenever you’d like me to, Madam.”

“Be here for nine tomorrow morning, and I’ll have a five-year employment agreement waiting for you.”

Euphoria overcame him. “Madam, I don’t know what to say.”

“I will only have the best here, and you are exceptional.”

He gazed upon her with adoration and wonder.

“Now, go,” she said with a sterner tone. Get some rest. You have a busy day tomorrow.”

“Of course, Madam.” He noticed her staring at his erection, and cringed. The protruding eight inches was impossible for him to conceal. Erection control was not his forte, and he’d always found it deeply embarrassing. Nevertheless, it revealed a sterling example of manhood to compliment his stunning looks.

She eased his concerns with a maternal smile. “Don’t worry about that. I now have another super-male in my employ. You will surely attract scores of customers.”

“Thank you kindly, Madame.” He moved towards the door and noted her name-plate on the desk. A sense of disbelief came over him. He’d actually performed cunnilingus upon *the* Sabine Dubois, and had literally blown her away. No second interview. Such an instantaneous acceptance was almost unheard of, but it was now official. He was the latest employee of *The Dubois Franchise*.

Sabine ran her fingers through her short-cropped, jet-black hair and stepped over to a painting on the office wall. She studied the face of her ancestor and idol—the late, great, Marie Dubois. It had been one-hundred-and-sixty-four-years since *La Société Des Femmes* was closed down by the authorities in London. The story was legendary. Marie had barely evaded prosecution for running a women’s brothel. However, her love of the business and the stories she told had inspired and intrigued generation after generation. Marie’s legacy now belonged to Sabine who, at thirty-nine, was

the director of the most revered chain of cunnilingus bars in the Western Hemisphere.

“Your dream is a reality, Marie,” she said, adoring the painting. “If only you could’ve known our world, and the pleasures you have left behind.

Corinne Laurent, a demure, elegant-looking eighteen-year-old, entered The Marseilles Dubois, feeling particularly horny.

She noticed her friend, Juliette Bertrand, sitting back on a bar stool, surrendering to the luxury of the tongue. Her cunnilingus servant, Antoine, had been her favourite at the Dubois for over a year.

She saw Juliette glancing down at his blond head protruded from underneath her sports skirt. She casually took another sip from her bottle of neurolebuzina, a common accompaniment. The pleasant effect of the alcohol further enhanced the sensual sensations of the tongue. She shuddered, and Corinne knew she was going through the spasms of climax.

Juliette had told her she always paid a visit to The Dubois after a workout. Her sessions in the gym were usually gruelling. She always pushed herself to the limit in the pursuit of physical excellence, and cunnilingus was an extremely relaxing pleasure afterwards.

Corinne decided to give her a friendly tap on her shiny dark hair. “Hey.”

Juliette looked up and smiled, but it was clear that nothing was going to interrupt her climax. “Just a minute, Corinne. I’m . . . I’m . . . ah . . . ah . . .”

Corinne waited a few moments for her to recover.

Antoine stood, bowed his head in respect, and stepped away to clean his mouth ready for his next client.

Juliette turned to her finally. “Damn, that was good. So, what are your plans for the evening?”

“I have none. What do you recommend?”

“I think it’s about time you had a taste of this action. Or, should I say, *they* had a taste of you.”

Corinne smiled coyly. “How do you know they haven’t already?”

Juliette stood, somewhat startled. “But you’ve only just turned eighteen.”

“Fake ID scanner,” Corinne giggled and showed off her forearm, which revealed a convincing ID code tattooed onto her skin. She then peeled it off, revealing it was fake.

“Fuck, that’s a good one. Where did you get it?”

“I have my ways,” Corinne said cockily. “Good job too. I’ve become an insatiable tongue addict.”

“Who’s your favourite?”

Corinne scanned the room for her man. “There he is.”

Juliette followed the direction of her friend’s gaze to a naked, tanned, gorgeous man. “I know him. He’s the new guy, isn’t he?”

Corinne nodded and held her lustful stare, oblivious to the spattering of male heads affixed to the spread thighs of female customers all around her. “That’s my Luc.” She touched her fingerprint to the security pocket on her hip. The nano-fabric opened, and a small credit-card-sized shield bearing a holo image of her face protruded an inch from her pocket. Keeping her eyes on Luc, she handed the card to the woman behind the bar.

“How can I help?” the young, scantily-clad barmaid said.

“A cunnilingus and a bottle, please.”

“A neurole?”

Corinne nodded.

“Whom would you like?”

“Luc again, please,” she said in a barely more than a whisper.

“I’m amazed that someone as wild as you should be so mesmerised by a mere male,” Juliette said. “Are you all right, Corinne?”

“I’ll be absolutely wonderful in just a moment.”

“OK. I’ll leave you to it, then,” Juliette said, and departed.

Corinne removed her thong from under her short skirt, and a string of vaginal lubricant came away with it. Her arousal became urgent when she saw a stern, middle-aged supervisor approach Luc and whisper his orders into his ear. He came towards her, smiling joyously. She sat astride a barstool, parted her thighs, and rested her elbows on the bar behind her.

“Your neurole, Madam.” The barmaid placed the cool bottle into her hand.

“Thank you.” Corinne took a sip whilst Luc knelt down between her thighs.

“Your usual, Madam,” he said.

She nodded, her gaze lingering on him adoringly.

He eased forwards and placed his tongue upon her vulva. He'd always been so gentle and attentive.

She knew he was into his second month as an employee of The Dubois. She also knew what other women were like. During that time, he would've encountered many females who'd requested his services, and he would never have disappointed any of them. Regardless, there were some customers he would undoubtedly have found difficult. Their dictatorial, cold, demanding attitude must've been so difficult for him to cope with. Others might have been complacent or friendly, but Corinne knew she was his favourite customer. She moaned as he attended her pleasure.

Hungrily, he pleased her, seemingly motivated further by her erotic murmuring.

Sylvie Laurent strutted into The Dubois with an aura of authority, her dark hair gelled into a solid sheet. Her hawk-like, dark-brown eyes scanned the room. A wealthy, respected financial consultant of forty-two, she knew she had a dominant command about her. Her six-foot height complimented her image inimitably.

Having left her office for the day, she decided to indulge herself in The Dubois.

To her right, she noticed the Dubois' usual greeting—a well-hung, muscular servant with his erect penis slid through the lunette of an antique-style penis guillotine. He smiled and bid her welcome. Sylvie responded by casually knocking the release lever on the guillotine away. The blade fell and stopped a mere inch above his penis. He feigned a cry of mock-pain, playing the perverted role. The device was designed in such a way that the blade fell to two inches above the erection, thereby securing it against accidents. It was a popular piece of macabre humour the ladies enjoyed playing upon entry. "If only," Sylvie said, whilst the servant raised the blade back into place.

She approached the bar through a haze of groans and utterances, and noticed her daughter, eyes closed, savouring her approaching release. "Corinne!"

Corinne's eyes widened in horror. Although cunnilingus was an acceptable pastime for most young women to enjoy, Sylvie Laurent was not

one to approve of her sweet little girl partaking in such carnality, and certainly not so publicly.

Vexatious disappointment was apparent in Corinne's eyes. "Why do you have to spoil everything, mother? I was right on the brink and you ruined my orgasm."

"Why? *Why*, you ask? I don't want my daughter wasting the credit I grant her in here for all, including some of my clients, to see."

"I'm eighteen, mother. It is my right."

"We'll see about that. Now put your knickers back on, and we'll discuss this when I get home."

"No. I'm staying. What are the advantages in coming of age if one can't enjoy the privileges of adult life?"

"Get home, Corinne," Sylvie said in a sinister, quiet tone. "Or I will suspend your allowance immediately."

Corinne was silent, and slowly made a move to stand. Her pleasurer discretely backed away. She glared at her mother for a moment before looking down at him. "Another time," she said, stroking his cheek lightly.

He smiled up at her with an affectionate gaze.

Sylvie noted the look of affection between them.

Corinne turned and walked out of the bar angrily without giving her mother a second glance.

Sylvie's gaze followed her until she was out of sight. She then turned back to the one who'd been pleasuring her daughter and scowled at him. She'd had him before and she'd always had contempt for him, as she had for all of them. "You didn't know she was my little girl, did you?"

"No, Ma'am."

She slapped her credit shield onto the bar. "I want him," she said to the barmaid, motioning towards Luc. She then pointed across to Antoine. "And I want *him*. Both of them in the *Venus Suite* in five minutes."

The barmaid took the credit shield from the deck. "As you wish, Madam."

She turned and gloated at the look of horror in Luc's eyes.

Luc knelt down submissively in the far corner of the *Venus Suite*. The historic-looking living room seemed reminiscent of a classic, twentieth

century mansion. Antique mirrors, paintings, rugs, tables, chairs, and ornaments adorned the room.

He watched as Antoine knelt before Sylvie. She spread herself lengthways along an ornate couch, topless with a short mini-skirt. She pulled the garment up to reveal her dripping labia.

She gave Antoine a nod, and he proceeded to nibble her inner thighs, stroking his tongue around the perimeter of her bald vulva.

Luc knew that any who were summoned to the *Venus Suite* were likely to experience pain and humiliation. It was the reserve of the wealthy. A session in the suite was hellishly expensive, and the cunnilingus servants who were summoned to it received a generous commission. Nevertheless, Luc would have gladly forfeited that commission in return for Sylvie Laurent letting him be.

For thirty minutes, he watched as his colleague brought her to the brink of climax, at which point she slapped him hard across his face.

“That’s enough,” she said. “I will come when I’m ready, and not until.”

Antoine rested his palm against his smarting cheek and composed himself.

Sylvie stood and approached Luc. His heart pounded with apprehension. He found no mercy in her eyes—not the merest trace of compassion. She was a woman of her time. Males were less than human to her, like lower forms of life that existed only for sport and stress relief. Had he been given the choice as to which customer he would like to go to the *Venus Suite* with, Sylvie Laurent would have fallen to the bottom of the list.

“Mmmm . . . This should be interesting.” She walked over to a cabinet and touched a sensor upon its surface. The front of a drawer sprang upwards and back into the structure. The contents were ejected forth.

Luc could see her grinning sadistically as she took four items from the drawer. He looked away, not wishing to know what kind of cruel game she wanted to play with him. He clung to the bliss of ignorance but could sense her coming closer.

Then, he was startled as she hurled the items onto the floor before him—a horse-riding crop, a throat shackle and chain, a dildo mask, and a vagi-stimulator.

She returned to Antoine and ordered him to go down on all fours. A large Ming vase containing a particularly rare plant rested on the table next to him. Sylvie seized it and rested it upon Antoine’s back. “Stay perfectly

still,” she said. “If the vase slips from your back and shatters, you will be responsible for replacing it. On your pathetic salary, it would likely be a debt you’d not live long enough to satisfy.”

In clear terror, Antoine didn’t move, his muscles and bones locked in absolute obedience.

Sylvie returned to Luc, picked up the throat-shackle and chain, and secured it around his neck. “I really fancy some cock now.”

Luc’s heart fluttered with anticipation. Could it have been true? Was he really going to get to screw her? His hopes were immediately dashed when she encased his mouth in a strap with a nine inch dildo protruding from it. Once it was firmly secured, she seized the chain around his neck and led him on his hands and knees to a plush, cushioned chair. She sat down, made herself comfortable, and parted her thighs. Luc noted how thoroughly lubricated her cruel lips were.

“Now, let’s see what stamina you have, shall we?” She pulled upon his neck chain and brought the dildo closer to her labia. The bulbous head entered her, followed by the shaft. Slowly, she drew him forwards until she’d taken the whole nine inches with a gasp of pleasure. “Fuck me!”

Luc complied. His task didn’t seem so bad after all. The only gnawing irritation for him was the erection developing between his thighs, but that was par for the course working at The Dubois. Cunnilingus always caused his tumescence to rage. He had always scored the highest in his cunnilingus class at sexual training school, but erection control had been his weakest subject.

He continued to plunge the dildo back and forth, in and out of Sylvie, using only his neck muscles. She groaned, and he knew why. The slight upwards-curve of the dildo was persistently brushing against her G-spot. The lubrication of her lust flowed from her ravenous quim and trickled along her inner thigh.

He’d long since abandoned questioning why women acted as they did towards males. He knew the dildo mask served two purposes. It gave the customer pleasure. Secondly, her pleasure was heightened by the knowledge that he would’ve so desired it was his own penis sliding in and out of her. Why such thoughts excited her so, he had no idea. Such questions were in his past. He was a male servant of the Reformation, and his current vocation was about as revered as it came, second only to that of an MHR.

It wasn't long before Sylvie's spasms began, but she was still not ready. She pressed her palm to his forehead and harshly pushed him back. She stood, removed the dildo from his face, and the shackle from around his neck. "Stay right there. I haven't finished with you, yet." She moved over to the drawer and returned with a set of binding wrist bands, her breasts heaving with each breath. She took her mini-skirt off and cast it to the floor. Without a word, she stepped around him, grasped his wrists, and bound them together in the bands.

He bowed his head in continual, lowly submission.

Sylvie reached down and grasped his erection. "You are hard, aren't you?"

"Yes Madam," he said.

"Do you lust after me?"

"N-no, Madam. I would never disrespect any lady in such a way. I am here to serve you."

"And my daughter, it seems." She took the riding crop and sat down, staring at him for several moments. Without warning, she thrashed him repeatedly across his member with the crop. Her attack was vicious, and Luc understood why. His tongue had graced the lips of her precious, innocent little girl's vulva, and he was paying the price for defiling her.

He sucked in air through his teeth as the strokes cut into him, but he managed not to cry out. He now understood why she'd bound his hands behind his back. She clearly wanted no resistance to her sadistic attack, voluntary or otherwise.

She threw the crop down and stood again. "Now that I've lashed the lust out of you, I have further need of your body." She moved around him again and unbound his wrists. "Go down on all fours."

Cautiously, Luc did as was demanded of him. Sylvie picked up the vagi-stimulator from the floor, sat down, and raised her knees up. She parted her thighs and rested her feet upon his shoulders. Luc heard the hum of the device as she activated it, followed by a sharp intake of breath.

She inserted the phallic device deep into her body and waited until the stimulator was touching her G-spot. The extension vibrated and sucked at her clitoris. She quickly found the perfect stimulation and shuddered in rapturous euphoria.

Luc glanced at Antoine who was gnashing his teeth. It was clear his muscles were cramping as a result of his immobility in such an awkward

position. Perspiration fell from his brow, and Luc doubted he'd be able to endure the ordeal.

Sylvie reached across to her left and took a crystal wine-glass from the table. She groaned and exhaled as her climax approached. She brought the glass down towards her labia and held it at an angle just beneath her vaginal lips. She cried out with delight as her orgasm took her. Her ejaculation spurted forth into the glass in copious volume. Luc realised this was her reason for removing her mini skirt. She didn't want it to be soiled. Her spending continued, relentlessly.

Finally, it came to an end. She raised the glass to her eyes. At over three-quarters full, it was a generous quantity of feminine ejaculate.

She took her feet from Luc's back and rested them on the floor. "You must be thirsty." She darted forwards, grasped him by the front of his hair, and pulled his head back. "Have a drink on me." With that, she pressed the glass to his mouth and poured its contents down his throat. He tried to swallow her juices but struggled not to gag on the overwhelming raw quantity of the bitter-sweet liquid.

"Drink it, slave," she said. "Drink, drink, drink."

Squinting at the bitterness of the undiluted, blatant onslaught to his taste buds, he managed to swallow every drop. His eyes were watering a little by the time he'd reached the bottom of the glass.

"Now, go and remove that vase from your fellow slave, and get out of my sight," she said.

Luc hurried across to Antoine, seizing the vase just as his colleague went into momentary muscle failure. Luc closed his eyes in relief and gently placed the antique ornament back onto the table.

Antoine collapsed.

"It's OK, my friend," Luc said. "Let me help you up."

With Luc's help, Antoine managed to get to his feet quickly. They hurried out of the Venus Suite, pausing only to bow to Sylvie before they departed.

As they closed the door behind them, Sylvie sat back to savour the moment, contemplating the contrast between the status of male and female. It was a fluke of chance, a throw of the dice, with no rhyme or reason. Fortune shone upon her, and she simply indulged herself in that realisation for a little while longer.

New Year's Eve arrived. Sabine Dubois waited excitedly behind the wings of the stage in anticipation of the Marseilles Dubois annual Cunnilingus Bukkake contest. She always made a point of celebrating with the most outrageous events. It had proven to be an invaluable marketing manoeuvre.

She considered how far the Western world had come since the inception of the Bukkake concept. According to legend, during the era of feudal Japan, Bukkake was a humiliating punishment for women who'd been caught in the act of adultery. The guilty female would be taken to the town square and bound to a stake where the local males would masturbate upon her, leaving her drenched in semen.

By the dawn of the twenty-first century, Bukkake had become a popular activity in conventional pornography, where female porn stars would perform fellatio upon scores of males. Bukkake contest movies were soon manufactured in excessive volume.

In 2073, the production of non-male-submissive pornography was criminalised, unless it was created for educational purposes and officially licensed as such.

In the era of the Reformation, the practice of Bukkake had been completely reversed. It was no longer women performing oral sex upon males, but males performing cunnilingus upon females.

An electric atmosphere filled the air by 10 p.m. The Dubois heaved with drunken, female revellers who had no inhibitions to shed.

Luc, Antoine, and their thirteen colleagues lined up in shadow upon the stage. Behind them, fifteen cunnilingus chairs were set out in preparation for their recipients. Fanfare music began and built to a pinnacle. The glistening servants were illuminated by strobe light to rapturous applause and screams of excitement.

Knowing that it was time, Sabine stepped through the centre of the line-up of servants. Her thigh boots, a black lace crotch-less g-string, and a flowing, electric blue cape drew the expected gasps of awe. She accentuated her breasts in a boasting fashion, as though exclaiming their perfection. The crowd cried out with hysterical cheer. Sabine knew she was an influential celebrity, admired by all, and immersed herself in her narcissistic lust for

admiration. “Ladies of Marseilles,” she said in theatrical fashion, her voice amplified by a micro chip built into the neck button of her cape. Her voice boomed through a series of sound projectors positioned around the room. “Welcome to Cunnilingus Bukkake, twenty-one, twenty-eight.”

The crowd cheered again, some of them leaping into the air with obsessive energy.

“As you are aware, the competition serves two purposes. The first is to give something back to our customers. A free service.”

A repeated cheer caused her to back away a little. The sound of so many screaming women became an indecipherable drone, which was deafening and difficult to associate with anything human. She waited for the immediate hysteria to die down before resuming.

“The second reason is because I want to keep my servants happy that they might have incentive to pleasure you all to the extreme.” She paused again and waited for the cheering to abate. “And what could be a greater incentive than the chance for one of them to receive the ultimate pleasure? The most treasured of all gifts to any man who lives under the Paramount Rule.”

The last remark didn’t raise such excitement, as Sabine expected. The thought of a male receiving pleasure was really not that exciting.

“But worry not, ladies. It will not be any of your tongues that will taste the seed of the winner . . . but mine.”

“As you all know,” Sabine said, “we have to be sure the men produce orgasms, so no fakers. For that reason, only the known ladies who ejaculate at climax may step forward and take a seat.”

The scurry of the *squirters* began. A stampede of eager, lustful sirens of varying ages and levels of appeal, rushed towards for the stage.

“The rest of you,” Sabine said, “please enjoy the show, and don’t forget to collect your free cunnilingus ticket from the bar. It’s valid until January thirty-first.”

The first fifteen ladies sat in their seats with their thighs parted and their hungry vulvas offered to the contestants. Behind them sat the next fifteen facing in the opposite direction. The seats would revolve to the front following the orgasm of their individual counterparts.

“Servants, crouch at the ready,” Sabine said.

The men turned and dropped to their knees before their customers.

“Men, you know the rules,” Sabine said. “You have thirty minutes. The servant who produces the most orgasms in that time will be our winner.”

The room fell silent. Luc experienced palpitations of anticipation. He needed to spend so very badly. From the looks of hunger in the eyes of his colleagues, so did they.

He'd seen Sylvie Laurent stepping up onto the stage and hoped he would manage to avoid doing her. As it transpired, his colleague, Henri, had found himself faced with her orifice, and he inwardly chuckled.

He was disappointed he hadn't seen Corinne anywhere, but presumed her mother had forbidden her from attending.

All the men looked up to the holo-timer on the wall reading 30:00, accompanied by a loud electronically-simulated trumpet.

The countdown began.

The servants lurched forwards and threw themselves into their erotic task. Luc set about his first customer, applying his greatest technique for her pleasure.

Antoine beside him drank deeply of the moist lips before him, raising gasps of delight from his recipient. Luc had become close friends with him, but in that moment, they were competitors for the prize.

Imagers aimed at the tongues upon the vaginas sent the images to holo screens all around The Dubois.

A twenty-seven-year-old veteran of The Dubois named Pierre was the first to make his volunteer come. The crowd screamed with excitement as they watched the image of a torrent of vaginal fluid spray across his face. The volunteer's chair instantly revolved around, replacing her with the volunteer who'd been sitting behind her.

Pierre proceeded with his second task, whilst Luc became drenched in the spending of his first customer. Another ear-splitting cheer filled the air. Luc's chair spun around to reveal a new vagina before him.

Working against the clock, none of the contestants looked up to see who they were servicing. One ejaculation after another spurted onto their faces. It was a frantic contest, so great were the stakes. To ejaculate in the mouth of Sabine Dubois would be relief of the most exciting kind.

From the back of the room, hidden from view, Corinne Laurent looked on, her gaze fixated on Luc's performance with the utmost intensity. "Don't you dare win, Luc," she muttered. "Don't you dare."

She looked at the scores on the screens. By the time only sixty seconds remained, Luc and Pierre were in the lead with a digital readout above their heads flashing '6.' Antoine was coming in second with '5.'

One female after another was guided onto the rear seats following each climax. As Luc vigorously serviced his seventh recipient, his jaw ached excruciatingly. Nevertheless, he remained focused on his task, hoping for the best.

With ten seconds remaining, Pierre's final lady began to quiver uncontrollably. As the countdown reached four seconds, clear, warm liquid spurted forth from her. The number above Pierre's head flashed '7.' In that instant, the synth-bells rang out, signalling the time had elapsed.

Luc continued to tongue the lady before him just long enough to give her release after the final bell as a courteous formality.

Within two minutes, all of the contestants' current recipients had climaxed. The ladies seated in the reversed seats groaned with disappointment that they were not to get their turn. However, it was a given that their complimentary ticket awaiting them at the bar would ensure they wouldn't have to wait long to find relief.

The contestants stood and turned to their cheering crowd, their faces and hair soaked with the spending of female sensuality. Their score numbers were just above their field of vision, keeping them all in desperate anticipation.

Sabine stepped through them and stood at the forefront. "We have a winner! By the narrowest margin on record—four seconds—the winner of The Dubois Cunnilingus Bukkake, twenty-one, twenty-eight is . . ."

The contestants waited with baited breath to hear the announcement. They had worked so hard to win and yet, there was to be only one.

"Pierre!" Sabine said finally with flamboyance.

Pierre's eyes widened with clear amazement and disbelief. Luc knew what he must've been feeling, despite his own disappointment. He'd tried desperately hard to win, hoping against hope. Pierre must have felt the

same, never actually believing it would happen. There was more to winning than the orgasm he had coming. As Bukkake winner, he would receive excessive numbers of requests, resulting in an equal number of commissions and a rate increase was likely.

Luc watched as the other unsuccessful contestants parted and disappeared behind the stage. Sabine had always been kind enough to permit them to avoid bearing witness to another man receiving ejaculatory fellatio from her. She cast her cape off and fell to her knees before him. With one last mischievous glance at the cheering, giggling crowd, she grasped Pierre's sterling erect manhood, and closed her mouth around it.

At only twenty-six-years of age, Pierre was virile and urgently libidinous. He hadn't come for eighteen months. The sensation of Sabine Dubois sucking him with such proficiency had to be a delight beyond description. Luc saw his chest heaving, and decided to depart. Watching it was torture for him.

Corinne's gaze followed Luc as he disappeared from view. A sly grin crept from the corner of her mouth. She eased away from the bar and disappeared into the night.

Having showered and changed, Luc, with a heavy heart, exited The Dubois via the servant's entrance with his colleagues. They bid one another good night and a Happy New Year, and went on their way.

He walked on into the vibrant night. Fireworks ignited the dark sky and the air was electric. He looked up to enjoy the spectacle.

"It does look wonderful, doesn't it?" Corinne said from behind him.

"Madame Corinne," he said with a start. "I didn't see you there."

"So I noticed."

"What have you been doing tonight?"

"Watching you."

Luc frowned, uncertain as to her agenda. She'd been watching him and now she was standing behind him, almost as though she'd been following him. "You were?"

“Yes, and please don’t be sorry you didn’t win. I’m glad you didn’t.”

“Glad? May I ask why?”

She smiled mischievously. “Because I want to be the one to give you *that*.”

“Madam?”

“I’ve always liked you, Luc. You know that.” She touched his sleeve affectionately with a warm smile. “I have something for you, if you will accept it.”

“What, Madam?”

“*Corinne*, please.” She handed him a small card. “Call it a New Year’s gift.”

Luc looked at the card, and his mouth fell open in astonishment. “Are you serious?”

“You’d better believe it.”

“But why? Why me?”

“Because I want you. More than that, I want . . . to *be* with you.”

“Y-you want to be with me? You mean like . . . ?”

“Yes.”

He smiled at her, elated, and glanced down at his card again. “I can’t believe it. You’ve given me an orgasm permit, valid for the whole year.”

“I want to make love to you every night, Luc,” she said. “The permit card will enable you to avoid the random urine tests. When I signed it this morning, I ensured you could come whenever you wished, and with no fear.”

He felt his penis swelling. Corinne reached down and touched it though his pants. “My mother thinks I’m staying at a friend’s place for New Year. The truth is, my friend is partying in Monaco, and she gave me the access code to her apartment.”

“I can’t believe this,” he said, shaking his head in astonishment. It felt like something out of a dream.

“Just you and I, Luc, and I will give you a sucking that will put Madame Dubois to shame. What do you say?”

He took her hand away from his crotch and held it, gently. “You lead the way,” he said, his voice choked with emotion. He saw the look of love lighting up in Corinne’s eyes.

“I think twenty-one twenty-nine is going to be a very eventful year,” she said.

They walked away, hand in hand, floating upon the cloud of their mutual infatuation.

Retro Dawn

Allerød So, Rural Ny Denmark

February 12th, 2129

Jorn Bitsch's lungs burned as he ran. His respiration exceeded any degree of exertion he had ever known. He'd tried to conceal himself in the forestry, but soon realised such a plan offered its own traumas. The branches whipped at his face, scratching and grazing him as he ploughed through the trees. His fitness was conducive with all males who'd been born to the genetic supremacy of an MHR. However, he'd been running for days without surrender, food, or water. Coated with perspiration, his nano-insulated vestments were soaked. But he had to keep moving. He knew *they* were coming.

His wife, Falka, had subjected him to ordeals beyond imagination. She had whipped him repeatedly, inflicted electro-shock tortures upon him simply for her own amusement, and relentless orgasm denial torments. She'd forced him to sexually satisfy her friends, purely as an expression of her own narcissism. He'd committed himself to her in error, but he'd been willing to honour that commitment.

Nevertheless, Falka had crossed the line. She'd attempted to force a high dosage vibro-injection of serodorphocosin on him. It would've destroyed his mind, rendering him willing to accept anything she chose to subject him to. She would've been able to persuade him to willingly take his own life for the sake of her own pleasure. He realised he was in danger of no longer knowing who he was. It would have been a form of living death.

He didn't consider his act of escape to be spousal neglect. Falka was trying to turn him into something other than the man she'd wed. But he knew the law and what it would do to him for attempted escape.

He'd been overjoyed when Falka chose to take him as her partner. He had no idea how twisted she was, and he wasn't aware of the existence of a

‘no orgasm partnership agreement’, which he’d inadvertently signed. As a result, his life with Falka had been a living hell for over a year.

And so, he ran.

His sterling lungs began to fail him. He slowed his pace and gradually came to a halt before a tall oak tree. His legs stopped moving, independent of his conscious control. He sagged to his knees and embraced the trunk for support. He tried to listen for any sounds around him, but there were none, save for the birds. For a moment, he felt serenity—a peace he’d never known before. His aching muscles began to relax.

For long moments he shed his cares and held the tree as he would a woman he could truly love. The moment became a minute, which became an hour. With the sense of security the forestry afforded him, he slept.

Jorn was startled awake by a sharp blow to his solar plexus.

“Get up, you filthy piece of male scum,” a harsh female voice said.

He looked up, momentarily confused as his senses came back to him. Then his adrenalin surged, instantly awakening him. Seven uniformed female police officers stood over him with sonic Tasers trained upon him.

“Jorn Bitsch, you are under arrest for spousal neglect.”

With his heart pounding, he slowly stood, his arms raised high.

“Take him!”

One of the police officers raised her Taser and fired upon him. He fell back, unconsciousness claiming him once again.

Judge Silje Vinther’s piercing blue eyes and short-cropped peroxide blonde hair accentuated her mercilessness as she glared at Jorn. He stood naked in the centre of the courtroom, his hands restrained by vibro shackles. He looked down, shivering with fear, his body bearing the markings of frequent floggings.

Eventually, Judge Vinther looked to the back of the room where Falka sat. “Would you like to step forward please, Ms. Bitsch?”

Falka smiled gloatingly and made her way across to the podium. A row of hooded jurors sat on either side of her. She surreptitiously nudged Jorn as she passed him. He knew no mercy would be forthcoming from her.

“Would you state your full name for the record, please?” Judge Vinther said.

“Falka Bitsch.”

“Thank you, Ms. Bitsch. Would you please tell the court, in your own words, how you came to be wed to the accused?”

Falka related her story with a note of anger in her tone. “He was my groundskeeper. I found him very desirable, and his sexual abilities were phenomenal. Upon learning of those qualities, I offered him a partnership. He accepted immediately.”

“And where did the relationship begin to fail?”

“On March fourth last year, I returned home to find him engaged in sexual intercourse with a friend of mine.”

Judge Vinther looked down at the case file. “Would the friend you refer to be Anezka Christiansen?”

“Yes.”

“Quite a coincidence. It seems I was the judge who authorised her flagellation.”

Falka smiled with vengeful satisfaction. “In that case, I would like to thank you for that, Judge Vinther. Apparently her flogging was quite severe.”

“Of course. I always ensure criminals pay their debts to society, and prescribe a high degree of physical pain to them.”

Jorn noted Vinther’s voice was harsh, to the point, and intimidating. She was clearly a sadist who delighted in torture, in keeping with the majority of women who entered the judiciary.

“Well, you certainly did so with *her*, your honour,” Falka said.

“Please continue with your testimony, Ms. Bitsch.”

“Jorn had signed a no-orgasm agreement with his wedding contract and —”

“Why was he in a no-orgasm agreement with you, Ms Bitsch?”

“Oh, I become sexually aroused by torture,” Falka said, unreservedly.

Judge Vinther smiled. “As do I. I can appreciate your pursuit of a thrilling partnership, I truly can.”

“Well, Jorn resisted,” Falka said. “I frequently whipped his back for disobedience, and I often applied shock therapy to him, but to no avail. In desperation, I tried to inject him with serodorphocosin in an attempt to

procure his submission to my authority. That was when he took flight from our home.”

Judge Vinther paused in pensive contemplation. “I see. We will reconvene in twenty minutes. I ask the jury to decide Jorn Bitsch’s fate.”

Falka looked across at Jorn with a contemptuous smirk.

The jurors stood and moved to the deciding chamber behind the judge’s bench.

Two court officers seized Jorn by the arms and escorted him back to his holding cell. Beyond his control, he wept.

Twenty minutes later, Jorn was returned to the courtroom to face the customary triangle of hooded jurors.

Judge Vinther came to the front. “Ladies of the jury. Have you reached a verdict?”

“We have, your honour,” the jurors’ spokeswoman said.

“And what say you?”

Jorn’s heart pounded as he awaited the response. A part of his psyche silently wished for death in that moment. What he likely had coming was unthinkable.

“We, the females, find the male, Jorn Bitsch, guilty of spousal neglect, under article seventeen of the Spousal Obedience Decision of twenty-one twenty five”

“I should think so, too,” Judge Vinther said.

Jorn shivered again. Falka exhaled with relief.

“Jorn Bitsch.”

He looked up to Judge Vinther with a start.

“You do know what has to happen now, don’t you?”

He was unsure of the penalty for spousal neglect, although he was fairly sure the penis guillotine was a part of it. “No, your honour.”

“Imbecile. You are sentenced to forty-eight-hours of public exposure. At the end of that time, your wife reserves the right to penectomise you with the city’s penis guillotine.”

“Your honour,” Falka said. “May I make a request?”

“Certainly, dear.”

“I feel that the penis guillotine is a little too tame in view of my spouse’s crime. Should I choose to, may I use another method of punishment?”

Jorn noticed her voice was sickly sweet as she spoke to the judge, almost adoringly.

“You may,” Judge Vinther said. “Officers, prepare the prisoner for sentence.”

Two court officers grasped Jorn and led him out of the court. He saw Falka grasping her crotch through her clothing. Her cruel arousal at knowing his plight was clearly raging.

Jorn shuddered as a series of motors raised the X frame he’d been secured to via vaso-magnesis. His feet rested upon twin platforms at the base. He cringed with the humiliation of being naked and on display to the busy street and citizens of New Copenhagen. He glanced to his right and shivered at the sight of the city’s penis guillotine beside him.

In front of him, at the edge of the stage area, he saw a gleaming titanium table containing an array of instruments of torture and degradation. Before they’d raised him up, he’d seen the LCD reading above him, displaying his name and the particulars of his crime. The information was headed with the words—PUBLIC EXPOSURE.

Three armed female guards stood at the front of the stage with granite-like expressions. He’d been told the females of the general public could exercise their legal right to do with him as they wished. However, order was still to be maintained.

The two officers who’d secured him to the frame looked upon him with contempt. “Enjoy your punishment, male scum,” one of them said. They turned and marched away, leaving him to his lonely fate.

Two days. Two whole days.

The hours passed whilst Jorn hung on his exposure frame. It was a freezing cold day, but the stage was warm, heated by thermoemisis—a radical form of insulation. It ensured an open-plan setting would be warmer than a heated living room, even in the middle of a snow blizzard. The technology had only been in place for nine months. Prior to that, public exposure had been a penalty reserved only for the summer months.

Many walked past him. Most either looked the other way or snorted at him.

And then, *they* arrived.

Three beautiful, female students, wearing the uniform of the Copenhagen Centre for the Performing Arts, stopped at the foot of the stage. Two of them giggled in a childish manner.

“Come on,” the third young woman said. “We’re going to The Dubois, remember?”

The second woman rolled her eyes. “Oh, Lecia, that’s stupid. Why go to The Dubois when we can get it here for free?”

“I agree with Maren,” the first woman said. “I say we go for it.”

Lecia shot her a disapproving look. “Ulrike, you can’t be serious. Out here on the streets?”

“Oh, where’s your sense of adventure?” Maren said. “Just look at him. He’s gorgeous, and his cock is enormous. Let’s get up there.”

The nearest guard approached them with a humourless expression. “The controls to the frame are next to the prop stand.”

Maren and Ulrike looked at one another with clear excitement and hurried up the steps. Lecia followed them, appearing somewhat perturbed.

Jorn closed his eyes with horror, not wanting to see them coming closer to him.

“It’s really warm up here, isn’t it?” he heard the one called Maren say.

He opened his eyes a fraction of an inch. Ulrike was already removing her insulated upper garment and leg-wear in preparation. “I can’t wait to get some of this. Lower the frame, Lecia,” she said.

Shaking her head in disapproval, Lecia moved across to the front of the stage and touched the control panel sensor. Jorn sensed the ‘X’ frame moving slowly backwards until it came to a gentle halt. Being lowered was somewhat of a relief to him. Being secured in a crucifix position for several hours had been extremely uncomfortable.

Lecia appeared to be the youngest. He estimated she was perhaps eighteen, and there was something about her. She seemed resistant, as though she wasn’t entirely sure she approved of Reformation justice and the cruelty that came with it. Her blonde hair and gentle eyes seemed as though they were symbols of the merciful soul within.

“Right, I’m ready,” Ulrike said, and manoeuvred her vagina onto his mouth. “Now prisoner, I want some serious head from you, do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss.” He stretched his tongue as deep as possible inside her. She groaned as he tasted the inside of her for all he was worth.

Maren grasped his penis with an eager hand. “I’m going to play with this. I wonder how big it gets.”

Jorn trembled at her words. Of the three, Maren seemed the most sadistic. She was stunningly beautiful, with flowing auburn hair and cruel narrow eyebrows. She reminded him of Falka. She crouched over and began to masturbate him harshly.

Her attention was suddenly distracted by one of the guards approaching.

“Do whatever you like with him, but don’t let him ejaculate, or you will face a fine,” the guard said. “And he will receive twelve lashes.”

“A fine?” Maren said, aghast.

The guard pointed up to the LCD display above them. “He’s in a no-orgasm partnership. Didn’t you read the sign?”

“Very well,” Maren said.

The threat of a flogging was considerably more daunting for Jorn. During the next two days, any woman could step up onto the stage and whip him simply for the fun of it. A flogging upon a flogging would result in unbearable pain.

The guard returned to her post.

Maren turned her attention back to Jorn. “So, no spurting for you, eh?”

He grunted and resumed bringing Ulrike closer to her completion.

“It’s hot up here,” he heard Lecia say. “I’m going to get out of this winter clothing. You two are so fucking cruel.”

“Oh, come on, Lecia,” Maren said as she played with his rampant shaft. “You’re starting to sound like a fifth columnist.”

“I am not a fifth columnist,” Lecia said, clearly affronted. “I just don’t think there’s anything wrong with showing a little kindness, that’s all.”

“He’s a man, Lecia. He’s just a stupid man. President Sterling said men should not even be considered human.”

“That’s ridiculous. Even women don’t exist without the seed of a man.”

“My, you definitely sound like a fifth columnist.”

Jorn felt the onset of ejaculation and panicked. If Maren masturbated him to completion, he would pay a price he dare not even contemplate. However, she must have detected the sudden rigidity in his member, and took her hand away.

Lecia knelt down and began to gently caress his feet. He was sure her tender action helped to assuage her conscience as her friends continued to abuse him with glorious abandon. He focused on thoughts of her. She gave him hope.

“Oh, yes,” Ulrike cried. “It’s happening. It’s happening.”

Maren grasped his erection and proceeded to masturbate him again.

He flicked his tongue tirelessly against Ulrike’s clitoris. Her groans of joy and Maren’s hand aroused him to bursting point. Once again, Maren abruptly ceased her heartless ministrations.

Ulrike climbed off his face.

“I want some of your cock, prisoner,” Maren said. “Do you think you can take being inside me without coming?”

Panic seized him. “I . . . I don’t know.”

“Well, just let me know if it’s going to happen, or we’ll both pay. Is that clear?”

He gave her a reluctant nod. *Why does she have to do this? Why must women torment us so?*

Maren stood and positioned herself astride the frame with one leg on either side. She took his erection into her hand and eased it into her soaking orifice. “Ugh. Damn, that feels big.” She went down lower until she had all of him inside her. “And fucking deep too.”

Jorn summoned all of his will power, all of his control, and all of the skill he’d developed at sexual training school to survive the sensation of her beautiful sex. She was so wet, warm, and soft—a soothing channel caressing his burning, unsatisfied vessel. She gradually gained speed, sliding up and down upon him. She threw her head back and massaged her clitoris upon his shaft. As she did so, she turned her attention to the penis guillotine next to the frame.

“Are you going into *that* tomorrow?” she said with a hopeful tone.

“N-no,” he said, trying to retain his control.

“How come?”

“My wife has something even worse planned. I just don’t know what.”

Maren re-positioned herself and arched forwards. “Now that, I must see. What on earth could be worse than the penis guillotine? It’s my favourite punishment at the moment, but I’m always eager to discover new ideas.”

Her buttocks flexed up and down, and she lost all control, sliding his thick obelisk against her most sensitive morsel. He gritted his teeth, summoning all of his strength not to ejaculate. *I can't do it. I just can't do it.*

Maren uttered a deep groan of pleasure as she came. Jorn sensed the walls of her vagina tighten around him, driving him over the edge.

"It's going to happen. Please stop," he said.

Maren raised herself off him, the final stroke of his erection drawing the last spasm from her. His penis stood glistening and pulsating on the very brink of orgasm, a micro second before the point of no return.

Maren looked into his eyes as her breathing began to slow. They both knew how close they'd come to penalty.

Ulrike moved around and angrily looked Maren in the eye. "You fucking idiot! Do you have any idea how close that was? Just look at his cock. You can see his heart beating through it. That was a little too close for comfort, Mar."

Maren knew she'd taken a dangerous and unnecessary risk. However, her pride was clearly not going to allow her fear to show. "You know what your problem is?"

"No, what?"

"You've got no guts."

There was an awkward pause between them, and then Lecia put her thermals back on. "Well, I'm going down to The Dubois. What are you two going to do?"

"I'll come down for a drink," Ulrike said. "I'm a bit too orgasmed out for anything else."

"Me too," Maren said.

Ulrike and Maren re-dressed themselves, and the trio made their way back down the steps.

The caustic guard shot them a contemptuous glance and approached Jorn with a phallic cleanser. She knelt down and slid his semi-tumescent member into the device. He exhaled at the momentarily-pleasurable spinning sensation. Once she was finished, she moved across to the control panel and erected the frame.

Again he hung there, awaiting his next ordeal. He watched as Maren, Ulrike, and Lecia walked away along the street. Lecia glanced back at him with a look of sincere pity in her eyes.

Another two hours passed, during which time he endured numerous jeers and words of mockery from the passing crowd. Despair consumed him, along with the fear of what his wife would do to him at the conclusion of his ordeal.

Matilde and Stefania, attractive administrators of discipline at the Copenhagen Rehabilitation Centre for Male Offenders, strolled along the walkway. It had been a leisurely day for them, given they'd been granted four days off in lieu of annual leave.

"What shall we do next?" Matilde said.

"I have no idea. Is there anything going on anywhere?"

"I don't know."

Matilde noticed four women standing at the foot of the penis guillotine stage, laughing hysterically.

"I wonder what's going on down there," Stefania said.

"Oh, my. What if it's a penis guillotine sentence?"

Stefania looked at her with an equally enthusiastic grin. "I think we should find out, don't you?"

Hurriedly, they made their way to the stage and were disappointed at the sight of the prisoner on the X frame.

"Oh, it's only a public exposure," Matilde said.

"Well, we can still have some fun with it."

The two women moved closer and were greeted by the chief guard. "Stefania," she said, surprised. "What brings you out on a day like this?"

"Why, Brunhilde. What a pleasure to see you. Do you know my colleague, Matilde?"

"I don't think so."

"Brunhilde and I went to the academy together. I was assigned to the rehabilitation centre, and Brunhilde was assigned to street patrol."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Brunhilde." Matilde offered her hand. "So, what's happening here?"

"That *thing* behind me is sentenced to two days of public exposure," Brunhilde said. "Apparently, he tried to escape from his wife."

"Ungrateful bastard."

Stefania's eyes lit up. "Matilde, let's play with him?"

“Don’t you have work today?” Brunhilde said.

“We have a few days leave,” Stefania replied.

“Well, he’s only had a few silly kids playing with him earlier. Why don’t you go and torment him a little?”

“I’m game. Matilde?”

Matilde ultimately conceded. “Oh, why not.”

Grinning, the two women climbed the steps.

Jorn had heard every word, and trembled as the two brunettes approached him. They appeared to be in their late twenties, and both had harsh, cruel eyes.

“So, are you having fun?” Matilde said sarcastically.

He lowered his head in clear despondency.

“You should consider yourself fortunate you weren’t sent to the rehabilitation centre,” Stefania said. “We would’ve certainly enjoyed rehabilitating you.”

His heart pounded under the realisation they were correctional officers. They were used to inflicting pain upon males, daily.

“He’s got a good cock on him, I’ll give him that,” Stefania said. “I love monitoring the most well-endowed inmates at the centre for signs of masturbation. The bigger it is, the more difficult it must be to resist.” She stepped over to the implements rack and glided her hand across the array of whips, chemical solutions, and electrical devices. “I want to see how much *it* can take. I’m bored with whippings. They remind me of work.” She took a testicle weight stack, a holding plate and cord, and returned to Matilde. “See if you can get him up, would you?”

“With pleasure. But first, I’m going to get out of these clothes. It is so damn hot up here.”

“Yes, me too.”

The two women stripped down to their revealing underwear and thigh-high boots. Typically, Matilde’s lace g-string left her smooth vagina exposed and only covered a portion of her inner thighs. It was more of a fashion accessory than underwear. Jorn began to stiffen even before she put her hand on him.

“Oh, this one’s eager,” she said, and gently stimulated him until he was fully erect. “I want to see what he tastes like.”

Stefania frowned. “Matilde, you are so disgusting.”

“I’m just a bad girl, that’s all.” Matilde went down on her knees and took his thick mushroom head between her lips.

“Stop it. Please stop it,” he said in barely more than a whimper.

Stefania laughed. “Oh, that’s music to my ears.”

Matilde tried to take all of him into her mouth, but it was futile. She almost gagged on just half of it. “Fuck, that’s big.”

“Isn’t it just,” Stefania said. “Would you just give me some room, please?”

Matilde moved to the side. Stefania knelt down and tied the cord she’d taken from the implements rack around the base of his scrotum. He winced as she pulled it taut.

Stefania let go of his testes, leaving the plate to dangle freely from the most sensitive part of his body. “Now, let’s see how strong you are.” She returned to the implement’s rack and returned with a silver cylinder container, a latex glove, and three square titanium weights.

“How does this feel?” She dropped the first weight onto the plate.

Jorn winced again and felt the sudden tug on his testicles. The cord around the base of his scrotum his most sensitive orbs, sending a dull ache up into his groin. “Please, take it away,” he said. “Please. I beg of you.”

Matilde and Stefania laughed. He could see the sense of power in their eyes. It was clear his cries were feeding their monumental egos.

“Oh, does it hurt?” Stefania said mockingly. “Here, have another.” She dropped a second weight onto the plate.

He gasped as the pressure upon his testes became unbearable. His mind succumbed to absolute terror. Tears rolled down his cheeks, prompting Stefania to add a third weight.

A crowd of females stood on the street looking on with eager relish. Most of them laughed at his incessant cries. He clasped his eyes shut and tried in vain to bear the excruciating agony. The pain rose from his stomach into his chest, inducing nausea.

“One more,” Stefania said, and moved back to the implement’s rack. Each step she made seemed as though she was moving in slow motion. The pain dulled his senses, and his vision became a blur.

Stefania returned with the fourth weight and placed it on top of the third.

Jorn screamed.

“Not so strong, is he?” Matilde said.

“Pathetic, really.” Stefania looked into his agonised eyes and let the weights hang for another few seconds.

His testes felt so tight, he thought they would burst at any moment.

“All right, that’s enough,” Stefania said finally, and removed the weights.

Jorn exhaled with the release of pressure. As the last weight was removed, he bowed his head in utter defeat.

Matilde looked down at his limp penis. “It certainly seems to have cured him of his lust, Stef.”

“So it has. Shall we be kind to him now?”

Matilde looked puzzled. “Kind to him?”

“Let’s see how he responds to a little light hand relief.” Stefania removed the cord from his scrotum and discarded the plate onto the platform. She then put the latex glove on and poured a quantity of the contents of the silver cylinder onto it.

He saw it was a clear liquid with the gel-like texture of lubricant. “Please don’t make me come.”

Matilde grinned. “Why shouldn’t we. We’re with the system. We won’t receive a fine. In any case, wouldn’t it be worth a whipping to have a good spend? You must be absolutely desperate.”

He didn’t answer. He simply sank once again into the dark embrace of despair.

Stefania slid the liquid onto his limp member with her glove-clad hand. Jorn gasped at the delightful sensation of lubricant-assisted masturbation.

“Now, isn’t that pleasant?”

“Oh yes, Miss. That feels wonderful. P-please don’t let me come.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t.”

He felt somewhat confused at that moment. Why, after all, would two sadistic correctional officers, who’d just tortured him for fun, suddenly wish to give him pleasure? There had to be more to it, although all he could think of was the delightful pleasure of her gel-coated hand. She knew just the right pressure to bring enormous pleasure to him, but not enough to induce ejaculation.

She looked up at him with a chilling, deranged look in her eyes. “I’m in charge of masturbation watch at the correctional centre. I love subjecting prisoners to orgasm denial with my hands, and then monitoring them to

make sure they don't finish the job. If they do, they go to the penis guillotine."

Something was happening. His penis suddenly felt warm, as though it had been placed over a heating unit. The heat increased until it became a painful burning sensation. Stefania's hand built up the pressure. His erection felt as though it had been set alight. "Please stop it now," he said. "Oh, please. I can't stand it."

Matilde and Stefania laughed out loud along with the crowd of onlookers.

"It's a harmless, but excruciatingly painful, acid-based stimulant," Stefania said.

Jorn's pleas evolved into a scream as the burning sting sank deeper and deeper into his shaft. He looked down at his manhood and saw it had become an ugly shade of deep crimson. "Oh, please. W-what are you doing to me?"

"What do you think we're doing, you idiot?" Stefania said. "We're torturing you."

The crowd fell into fits of hysterical laughter whilst the sadistic masturbation ordeal continued.

After several minutes, Stefania and Matilde seemingly grew bored with their insidious game, and ceased.

Stefania discarded the latex glove, and they re-dressed.

Brunhilde stepped up onto the stage again with the penis cleaner. "Did you enjoy that, ladies?"

"We certainly did," Stefania said "What next, Matilde? Dubois?"

"Great idea."

The two women bid goodbye to Brunhilde and returned to their day.

Jorn's first day of humiliation ended at 1900hrs. He was released from the vaso-magnesis frame, given food, and confined to a cell inside the court house. Given his state of exhaustion, sleep came to him quickly, although plagued by nightmares.

He was unceremoniously awoken at 6 a.m. and escorted back to the stage in shackles. It was another day of pain and degradation for him. Three groups of women tormented him with further bouts of teasing and denial, and mockery. A forty-year-old executive flogged him, and he was later

subjected to a sadistic bout of genital electrocution by two college graduates.

The day following was the day he'd dreaded the most. At 9 a.m., his forty-eight-hour ordeal was to conclude with Falka.

Falka Bitsch was escorted onto the stage by three guards with a thermal nano-cloak draped around her. She threw the garment to the ground the moment she felt the heat from the stage.

She stepped closer to Jorn in her remaining silver corset and black, silk panties. She tugged at his right arm, presumably to satisfy herself he was completely immobile upon the X frame. Glancing down, she made certain his penis was tightly bound by cords at the base of the shaft.

A large crowd had gathered. She appeared to be basking in their cheering at the edge of the stage and checked to ensure her micro-transmitter was fixed to the top of her corset. "The man behind me is my husband," she said. "He betrayed me, and made an attempt to escape from my kindness. He has faced a just ordeal for the past two days, and now . . . he will pay *me*."

The crowd cheered in anticipation. She raised her hand for them to be quiet before resuming. "I feel the penis guillotine is too kind a price to pay in view of his betrayal. As such, I have been given the judicial right to perform a more severe form of chastisement."

The crowd gasped, and Jorn knew what they were thinking. What could possibly be worse for a man than the penis guillotine? It was a question that had haunted him since his trial.

He noticed Maren and Lecia in the crowd. Maren's expression was one of wide-eyed glee. Lecia appeared to show sincere distress.

A guard approached Falka and handed a small metal object to her. She opened it up and revealed a razor sharp scalpel.

"This is old fashioned," she said. "But then, I'm old school. I am going to cut off that worthless cock of his slowly, millimetre by millimetre."

Jorn shivered. He felt the blood draining from his face, and an overwhelming panic seized him. He pulled with all his might against the frame. But the more he flexed his muscles, the more the blood coursed through his veins, carrying the iron that held him fast.

Falka turned and came closer to him.

“P-please Falka, don’t do this,” he said. “You’ll never be able to use it again.”

“That time is past, you bastard. Our partnership will be annulled by midday, anyway. You are no longer of any use to me.”

“No, Falka. My God, don’t do this. Don’t!”

She raised the blade to his eyes, and then lowered it towards his bound manhood.

He cried in desperation—anything to persuade her to reconsider. “No, Falka. I love you.”

She laughed cruelly, and then she grasped his limp organ and pulled it taut. She brought the edge of the scalpel to just below the binding. “I want to hear you scream.”

She pressed the scalpel slowly into his flesh. Jorn bellowed a cry of anguish, and tried to brace himself for the horrific pain.

The blade was about to puncture his skin, and then . . . nothing happened.

He opened his eyes slightly and beheld a most bizarre sight. Falka was paralysed, statue-like. Her eyes seemed lifeless. She reminded him of a waxwork model. She held the blade static over his member as though her entire body had been frozen in a moment in time.

He noticed the crowd looking up, alerted to a humming sound coming from the sky, and followed their gaze. It appeared to be a sleek, military-class hover-carrier descending from the skies above. A lithe female, wearing a uniform cap, a wafer-thin, laser-proof singlet and hot-pants, leaned from an opening in the side of the craft. She seemed to be held secure by a cable around her waist. She trained an unusual-looking gun upon the crowd as the craft came in lower.

The guards at the front of the stage drew their weapons. However, the newcomer unleashed a barrage of shots at their foreheads with phenomenal speed and precision. The guards froze in their tracks, as Falka had.

The crowd turned and fled, screaming in alarm.

He saw Lecia remained where she stood, transfixed with a look of awe.

The woman in the shuttle detached herself from the bracing cable and dove from the craft, executing a double somersault as she fell. It was a dazzling display of acrobatic prowess, highly-trained skill, and clearly, a

wealth of experience. She landed gracefully upon the stage with her left leg stretched out in a half-split position.

Jorn watched in astonishment. The shuttle descended with the open side hovering at the edge of the stage.

The acrobat hurried over to the control panel on the stage, and a trio of similarly-clad females leaped from the craft to join her. She located the X frame sensor and deactivated it. He fell to the floor, having barely enough energy to raise his arms to protect his face from the impact.

He saw one of the armed females running towards him. "Jorn!" She gently took his head into her hands and he gazed into her eyes. "You're suffering from exhaustion and shock, which is why you're shivering in this heat," she said.

"A-Anezka?"

"Yes, Jorn. It's me. We're going to get you out of here."

He could see the compassion in her eyes. He hadn't seen such a look since the last time they'd been together on the day of her arrest.

"We haven't much time, Jorn," she said. "You must get up now."

He tried to gather his senses and got to his feet. Another one of his rescuers came up behind him and draped an insulated cloak around him.

"It's all right," Anezka said. "Let us help you into the shuttle."

Confused, he let the women help him the few steps into the craft.

Anezka stood before the frozen figure of Falka Bitsch. "What a beautiful sight to my eyes," she said, gloating with a sense of righteous justification. "You can hear every word I'm saying, but you just can't move, can you? The flogging I received was brutal, you fucking swine. Did you know that one jolt from a neural inhibitor will paralyse you for up to one hour? Two jolts in succession will paralyse you for over a week." She drew out her pistol and trained it at close range between Falka's eyes. "Have one on me." She depressed the release on the pistol. An invisible force launched Falka's frozen body two yards back onto the deck.

Anezka looked at her for a moment with the mild satisfaction that comes with a slice of vengeance. The petrified, helpless figure of Falka Bitsch was, for one moment, harmful to no one. A warm glow came over Anezka as she boarded the shuttle again.

Moments before take-off, she noticed a young blonde girl of approximately eighteen with her eyes raised skyward. She appeared to be

beaming with excitement. It warmed her heart that there were so many women out there who still had compassion.

She closed the hatch and the craft ascended. It took off to the accompaniment of a sonic boom.

She walked over to Jorn, eased him into a comfortable, electro-heated sofa-capsule, and pressed a tranquilizer-injector to his shoulder. "That will reduce the effects of your shock, Jorn. I'm going to give you something to help you with your tensions now. Is that all right?"

He nodded, too exhausted to respond.

She gave him a shot which would've felt like a mild vibration in his shoulder, and almost immediately his shivering stopped. The euphoria would follow, making him feel as though he hadn't a care in the world. His body succumbed to the relaxation, and his penis rose to full erection.

"Just give me a moment. I'll take care of that for you." She turned away, opened a side compartment in front of him, and took out a milking stimulator. "This will help. It's been lubricated." She slipped the stimulator over the dome of his member and slid it all the way down to the base of the shaft. He groaned with delight at the warm, slippery sensation. She activated the device and the indescribable pleasure of the vibrating, spinning, up and down movement of the milker took hold of him. She suspected it had been over a year since he'd last ejaculated on that terrible day—the last time he'd seen her. There was little chance of him lasting many seconds, especially after the relentless teasing and denial he'd suffered upon the vaso-magnesis frame.

She saw the veins rise on the shaft of his penis, and knew he was about to ejaculate.

However, he lurched up, as though with panic. "No! Please stop it. They'll whip me. They'll whip me."

Anezka realized he'd fell to the horror of flashback. She stroked his face comfortingly and tears filled her eyes. "No, Jorn. They won't. They're gone now. You're with me, and you're safe. You've been deeply traumatised. It will take a few minutes for the tranquilizer to take effect. Just let it go."

He cried out with emotion and the release of twelve months of terror. The muscular contractions in his loins were overcoming him. She knew there was no stopping it. Pleasure and the relief of orgasm must have been surging through his groin ecstatically after so long.

Anezka looked down at the transparent tube and saw spurt after spurt of semen fill the collection chamber. The spasms continued relentlessly. "I've never seen that much seed emerge from a man before," she said. "You poor, poor soul."

After a minute, his spending came to an end. Anezka removed the stimulator. "How do you feel now?"

He slumped back into his comforting couch, breathing deeply and utterly slaked. "Thank you, Anezka. Thank you so much."

She smiled and took the stimulator away. "I'm going to slip into something more comfortable," she said, and removed her protective singlet. Only a brassiere covered her firm breasts.

He gasped, and she looked back at him. "Are you all right?"

"What happened to your back, Anezka? You have deep scars from your neck all the way down to the small of your back."

She folded her singlet and glanced back at him. "Oh, I'm sorry. I should've thought. I'm used to them now."

"What happened?"

She threw him a sad smile. "I was flogged after Falka caught us together."

"Oh, no. I am so, so sorry. I truly am."

"Don't be. I considered having them removed with laserabrasion, but I decided against it."

"Why?"

"They act as a reminder of the reasons behind my commitment to our cause."

He shot her a confused look. "What cause? Who are these people you're with? And where are we going?"

She caressed his cheek and smiled at him compassionately. "We're taking you to our base of operations in Angelina City."

"Angelina City? In New California?"

"Yes. You'll be safe there. The Danish authorities will never find you."

"Is that where those other three woman are from?"

"Yes."

"Why don't they speak?"

"Don't think they're being antisocial. They only speak Britannian."

"But, who are they?"

Anezka sat on the seat beside him. “We are members of an international rescue organisation known as *Retro Dawn*.”

“Retro Dawn?”

She smiled excitedly. “Yes, Jorn. We’re the fifth column.”

Class Dismissed

The Sif Preparatory Academy for Sexual Excellence

Baerum, Ny Norway

February 16th, 2129

“Reports are coming in from New Denmark,” a blonde commentator said. “Jorn Bitsch, a criminal convicted for the crime of spousal abandonment was rescued from his public sentence by, what appeared to be, members of the international terrorist organisation known as Retro Dawn.”

Street interviews with witnesses to the event followed.

Monica Bruhn waved her hand across a sensor and the holo-transmission disappeared. She ran her fingers through her reddish-brown hair, pensively.

Having recently been appointed advisor to President Sterling, she was also the elected Education Secretary of New Norway. Despite her political successes, she insisted on maintaining her position of head teacher at the *Sif Preparatory Academy for Sexual Excellence*. Her achievements were considered remarkable for a woman of only thirty-four. She was known as the cruellest, most successful sexual training tutor in New Norway.

Sif, a prestigious sexual training school, admitted only the most handsome and well-endowed males. They were destined to be partnered to the women of the elite. As such, the standard of achievement at *Sif* was considerably more extreme than that of other sexual training schools. They trained the young men to be the pleasers of politicians, aristocratic women, and high-ranking celebrities. Each would qualify to become an MHR, but such was not to be their destiny. Their rigorous training would prepare them to endure the most extreme tortures and physical torments. They would become little more than machines whose activators would be the whims of their sadistic future mistresses.

Attired in a fetching, tight-fitting black cat suit, Monica stepped out of her school office and made her way towards her class.

En route, she stopped momentarily outside the class of her colleague, Sissel Madsen. Groans of pleasure poured from the room. Seven young men knelt before seven young women, their tongues buried firmly in their crevices. Sissel stood behind each male brandishing an electro-cane, ready to lash any young man who failed to produce ecstatic cries of delight.

Complacently, Monica moved on. She'd seen it, felt it, taught it, and orgasmed to it so many times, it had become somewhat of a bore to her.

She opened her classroom door. Her seven young male students stood to attention immediately. Despite accepting that slavery was their place in life, their fear for her was undeniable.

"I wish to impress upon all of you the importance of bodily control," she said sternly.

The students trembled and looked downwards in submission.

"Ladies of influence expect their males to be subservient, able to please to an extremely high standard, and to have absolute control over their sexual instincts. If a lady wishes for you to come to erection and ejaculate without any physical stimulation, you will do so. If a lady wishes for you to watch whilst she pleasures herself without you becoming erect, you will do so. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Miss Bruhn," came the united, choral response.

"Good. Remove your leg-wear and underwear this instant, and come up to my desk."

The young men did as they were ordered.

"Stand beside me."

As the students lined up next to her, she gazed upon their flaccid penises derisively. "Focus inwardly. Do not think lustful thoughts. Use your inner will to command your penises to rise, independent of touch."

The students closed their eyes, but their bodies didn't respond.

She walked over to her desk to retrieve an electro-cane. She studied the boys, knowing their fears. She knew they were resorting to lustful dreams, and pondered what those dreams entailed. Miss Bruhn going down on them? Miss Bruhn sliding her warm cavern up and down upon their thick, stiff members? Perhaps the most arousing fantasy of all—flogging Miss Bruhn?

She considered young Lars. He was eighteen, tall, beautiful, and offered ten inches when erect. He was yet another example of genetic supremacy, in keeping with the standard of admissions at *Sif*. His blond hair and square jaw gave him the distinctive look of a stereotypical Norse godling. His penis rose to a sturdy erection within moments. She suspected sexual thoughts had brought him to tumescence so quickly, but it was impossible to prove. "Well done, Lars."

Nineteen-year-old Morten was the next pupil to become erect. It continued along the line until all but one, young Leif, had succeeded.

Monica grasped Leif's manhood and began to stimulate him. "What is wrong with you, young man?" She knew he was a vulnerable and shy youth. He'd clearly tried valiantly to become erect, but his body would not respond.

"I am so sorry, Miss Bruhn. I tried my best."

"Well, your best is simply not good enough!" Looking down, she noticed his penis was becoming stiff in response to her ministrations. "You see? You can do it when it gets touched. Why can't you when it doesn't?"

"I don't know, Miss."

She took her hand away from his now-quivering protrusion and grasped her electro-baton. "Get over to the correction bench."

Quivering and perspiring, Leif moved across the room to the bench.

She'd subjected him to the routine several times before. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to succeed in his classes. He lay across the bench with his penis standing high and proud.

Miss Jorgensen entered the room, and the pupil's held themselves still.

Monica looked up with a start. She knew Solveig Jorgensen, an average-looking woman, slender, with raven black hair, was a true sadist. "Solveig."

"Apologies for the interruption, Monica," Solveig said, "I thought you'd want to know that your holo from President Sterling just came through."

"Wonderful, Solveig. Now, since you're here, would you care to assist me in chastising this waster?"

"I would love to, dear. I had to punish him myself last week. It was the most pathetic cunnilingus I've ever had."

Monica was aware Solveig couldn't endure the arousal caused by punishments without it concluding in her climax.

“I plan to give his erection ten lashes with the baton,” Monica said. “Do you have yours with you?”

Solveig gripped the handle protruding out of her side-pocket and drew it out. “Right here.”

“Marvellous.” Monica proceeded to insert a ball-gag into Leif’s mouth. “He is a weak boy, and his screams are likely to be annoying.”

“Personally, I like the sound of agonised cries.”

Monica activated the vaso-magnesis on the bench and brandished the cane above Leif’s face. The murmur of his cowering fell piteously from his nostrils and his erection began to wane.

“I’ll get that back up,” Monica said. “Once I have, would you mind delivering the first stroke for me?”

“With great pleasure.”

Monica dipped her head down and took the head of his wilting penis between her lips, coating it with her warm saliva. The powerful suction of her mouth brought him back to turgidity within moments. “There, that didn’t take long,” she said, keeping a sturdy grip on him. “Give him two please dear, just across the fraenum.”

Solveig raised the cane. Monica glanced at the other pupils as they held their breaths, obviously aware of the terrible pain their fellow student was about to endure.

She considered Leif’s emotions as he shuddered. He would’ve doubted he could bare ten strokes, having received only five before. Each time the cane had struck his erection, it would have sent shooting pains through his groin, all the way to his brain. But there was nothing he could do about it.

She suspected he harboured the belief that he *deserved* what was happening to him. She knew he was infatuated with her, and the most harrowing factor for him would’ve been the feeling he’d failed her. He’d most likely try to find comfort in the hope that his pain would afford *her* some relief from her feelings of disgust for him.

The electro-cane struck the underside of the head of his penis. The combined excruciating sting of impact coupled with the horrific pain of the powerful electric shock tore through his body. Monica and Solveig threw one another a lustful grin as though sharing a moment of cruel empathy.

“Another, quickly before he starts to wilt again.”

Solveig eagerly complied. Another pitiful, muffled scream emerged from him. By the third stroke, his erection began to fail again.

“I’ll take over now, Solveig,” Monica said. “Would you mind keeping him up for me?”

“Certainly”

Solveig knelt next to Leif, circled her fingers around his erection, and began to masturbate him. However, his shaft was extremely sore even from only three strokes. The friction of her hand seemed to bring more discomfort than pleasure, as evidenced by his wincing. Clearly realising she was fighting a losing battle, she sank her mouth onto him and achieved success within seconds.

Monica rapidly set about him with her electro cane. She wanted to inflict as many strokes as possible before he had time to slacken again. Leif screamed through his ball gag, unashamedly.

“Only two to go,” Monica said. “One more suck please, Solveig.”

Solveig took him into her mouth again, but it took her considerable time to bring him up. The pain, trauma, and despair had negated all trace of sexual arousal remaining within him. She rolled her tongue around his member and sucked him vigorously. The smooth caress of her wet tongue must have had a strangely soothing effect upon him. For one brief moment, his erection returned.

“I’ve got it,” Solveig said triumphantly. “Now, Monica.”

Wasting no time, Monica lashed the last two strokes across the head of his glistening shaft. He lost consciousness and sagged back onto the bench. Gasps of horror from the other students echoed across the classroom.

Solveig stood and exited the room. “I think I’m going to get one of my pupils to tongue me after that, Monica.”

“I don’t blame you.” Monica turned to her pupils once again. “All right, Lars, Morten, and Alexander. Strip completely naked. I want you three to stay behind. The rest of you can take Leif back to his room, and then you can go to your next class.” She deactivated the vaso-magnesis on the bench. Leif’s limp arms fell to the floor. The three pupils hurried over and helped him to his feet.

Monica resumed the class with the three remaining students. “In a world where male ejaculation outside of a partnership agreement is a criminal offence, the opportunity to spend is delicious, I am sure. However, often a lady will become aroused by the sight of you spending, especially if it causes you some humiliation.”

The pupils cringed at her words. They knew what was coming.

With the electric baton gripped behind her, she strolled along the line. "A lady might wish for her man to spend whilst totally naked before her friends. For this reason, as prize pupils of this class, I must be sure your abilities are second to none, and it begins right now." She stopped and stood before her students, gazing cruelly into their anxious eyes, one by one. "I must know that you can ejaculate under any circumstances."

She grasped Alexander, a twenty-year-old sterling performer by the wrist, and led him across to the railing at the far corner of the room. He was coming to the end of his final year, highly experienced, and a highly-achieving undergraduate.

"Loop your legs through the railing and suspend yourself by your knees. Hook them across the lower railing, and place the crook of your arms across the upper rail."

"Yes, Miss Bruhn." He positioned himself and winced.

Monica knew the profound discomfort of metal pressing into his joints would be torturous. "Good boy," she said. "Now stay there."

She returned to her desk, took out three cords from a drawer, and led Morten across to the railing next to Alexander. "Sit on the floor."

"Yes, Miss Bruhn."

She knelt down, outstretched his right arm across to the middle railing and bound his wrist tightly to it with one of the cords. She followed with his left wrist, leaving him in a low crucifix position.

"Lars," she said. "Come to me."

Lars hurried over to her with the same submission his colleagues had shown. Once he was within reach, she circled around to the back of him and bound his wrists together.

"Lie on the floor, face down."

"All right," she said. "I will return imminently. I don't want to get this nano-fabric covered in semen."

She walked over to her desk and stripped out of her clothing. She knew that as many times as they'd seen her nakedness, her tremendous, toned body, firm breasts and perfect bald vulva never failed to arouse them.

She re-dressed into a nano-rubber, shining red, crotch-less bikini with sharp-stiletto heels. The fabric was not of the high quality her black cat-suit had been. "Come to erection again," she said finally.

Morten took very little persuading after what he'd just seen.

Alexander, in great discomfort, and with no visual stimulation to aid him, took a little longer, as did Lars in his apprehension. Nevertheless, the three young men soon all sported sturdy erections.

Monica smiled and positioned herself between Morten and Lars. "Lift your upper body upwards, Lars. Use the muscles of your lower back, but don't move your legs."

Lars pushed himself up, slowly. The strain in his back showed in his eyes as he raised his head higher. When he'd reached up as high as he could, his mouth was centimetres away from her vulva, accessible via her crotch-less bikini pants. She grasped him by the hair and forced his mouth onto her womanhood. She saw his erect penis pointing backwards through his thighs. "Pleasure me."

He stroked his tongue onto her labia. She eased the corner of her stiletto heel onto Morten's erection and pressed down, causing him great pain.

The three students were now prepared. Monica glanced at Alexander. Perspiration coated him as the railings bit into his joints, the pain exacerbated by his own body weight.

"Focus inwards again," she said. "Focus . . . Focus . . . Get your erections twitching. I want to see those throbbing appendages spurting litre upon litre. Those who fail will get the agony inducer."

The students were suddenly motivated with greater urgency. She tried to imagine the most arousing sexual fantasies they must've been using to avoid the insidious torture.

Alexander would most likely be imagining her with tears in her eyes whilst the whip cut deeper into her buttocks, occasionally catching the folds of her sex. In his imagination, semen would probably be spattered across her face as yet another penis was forced into her mouth.

Lars was likely imagining he was ravishing her for all he was worth. In his fantasy, she was probably tied with her arms outstretched across her desk as he plunged himself into her with all of his passion and resentment.

She was certain Morten was imagining forcing her to suck him whilst Miss Jorgensen struck her repeatedly in her vagina with an electro-cane from behind.

She knew their psychology so well, she was virtually privy to their every thought.

After five minutes, Alexander's eyes closed and his body surrendered to his orgasm. Semen spurted across the middle rail, thick and voluminous.

“Alexander . . . ah . . . oh . . .” she said through gasps of pleasure. “You may . . . ah . . . step down.”

With a sigh of relief, he eased himself from out of the railings.

Monica cried out, signalling the arrival of her own climax which, in turn, brought Lars to his.

She pressed her heel down harder upon Morten’s erection at the moment she felt he was going to spend. He cried out in pain, his orgasmic reflex, instantly cancelled.

Noting a spray of semen on the floor between Lars’ legs, she stepped away from him. He collapsed head first.

Morten moaned with the release of having Miss Bruhn’s heel removed from his penis. She looked down to see no emission had come from him.

“Lars and Alexander, you may both take your morning break,” she said.

The two students ran to the front of the room, took their clothing, and hurried away.

Morten’s terrified eyes looked up at her. She reached into a small pouch on the side of her high-cut pants, and took out a ring, approximately eight inches in diameter. Without another word, she knelt down, placed it onto his penis, and slid it down to the base. After spending a moment tightening it, she returned to her desk and took a small remote control device from the drawer.

Morten shivered. “Please, Miss Bruhn. Don’t do it. It’s more than I can bear. Spare me, Miss. Mercy.”

Showing no emotion, she touched a sensor on the control and the ring around his penis lit up with digital lights. She looked him in the eye once more.

“No, Miss Bruhn. Please, don’t. Please, I beg you.”

She touched another sensor on the control, and the room seemed to come alive with the chilling sound of Morten’s scream.

Sissel Madsen entered the Sif Academy staff room with a mischievous grin.

Monica sat in a relaxation cushion with a hot caffeinietta. Sissel’s entrance revived her from apparent deep thought and pensive veneer. Her visage showed all the signs of a woman of focus and commitment to cause.

Sissel felt slightly sullen at the strange look in her eyes. If she hadn't known Monica so well, she would've sworn her colleague was slightly tainted with sadness. "So, what was all that noise about earlier?"

Monica smiled unenthusiastically. "Oh, it was only Morten. He shows such promise, but sometimes he lacks determination. I placed an agony inducer on him as a means of encouragement."

"As women, we will never know what that thing feels like."

Monica laughed. "I don't think I want to. The look of pain in his eyes was startling. It does something to the brain, apparently. It's phantom pain. It isn't even real."

"Isn't it incredible that it's so harmless?"

"The marvels of twenty-second-century technology."

Sissel sat in a relaxation cushion opposite her. "I really don't understand you, Monica."

"Oh? And why is that?"

"Well, come on. Only two years ago, you were elected head of New Norway's education electorate, and last November you were elected to President Sterling's senate in New Victoria."

"So?"

"Well, what are you still doing *here*?"

Monica leaned forwards with assertion in her eyes. "Now, you just listen to me. This is where I started almost five years ago. I worked my way up through the ranks, committing myself to Elena's policies, and *this* is where I intend to stay. *This* is where it begins, Sissel. *Here*. This is where we train males to rein in their savage instincts. I cannot rest until I'm sure I'm doing everything possible to prevent another male uprising."

Sissel sat back, slightly shaken by Monica's outburst. However, it did cause her to consider the reasons behind her own motivation for entering the occupation of a sexual training tutor. "I suppose you're right. I will never forget the president's impeachment speech when she said all of that historical stuff about the world under male rule. The wars, the abuse of women, and how females were confined to household kitchens, only two-hundred-years ago. And women offering their bodies to men in order to feed themselves. It must've been terrible."

"Exactly, and don't you ever forget that. *We* are the future, not the males. They are no more than the beasts of the field, and they need to be tamed."

“What’s your view of Retro Dawn? They are making quite a noise, you know.”

Monica burst into laughter. “They’re a comedy act, Sissel. I am privy to President Sterling’s defence plans, as you know. I was instrumental in orchestrating them. Retro Dawn is not even remotely a problem.” She looked into her colleague’s eyes with the piercing conviction of a warrior.

Sissel was fascinated, if not more than a little curious. “Can you tell me anything about the president’s plans?”

Monica’s expression softened somewhat. “I’m sorry dear, not just yet. Please don’t be offended, but it is a matter of national security. You know that.”

“Of course. I understand. I was just being nosy.”

They relaxed into their cushions, smiling at one another. A sense of security came over Sissel.

The end of the year arrived for the undergraduates of the Sif Academy, and their final exam was at hand. Success would mean vocational security. Failure—social ostracism.

Monica entered her classroom. The seven young men stood immediately. She positioned herself in front of her desk and glared at them with her usual, intimidating stare, deliberately exacerbating their anxiety. “This is your final exam as you know,” she said. “You have each scored highly in your previous trials and ordeals. However, the purpose of final examination is to test you to ascertain whether cheating might have been instrumental in your prior successes.”

The pupils looked on with clear trepidation. She knew they’d cheated. They were most likely aware whatever she had in mind for the exam would expose them.

“As you know,” she said, “lustful thoughts about females are considered mental rape under Reformation law. I simply do not believe you managed to succeed in your erection and ejaculation control tests without the use of sexual fantasies.”

The pupils lowered their heads in unison, revealing their guilt.

Monica took a holo-projector from her desk and placed it on a table in the middle of the room. “Strip naked, each of you, and line up in front of

my desk.”

Once they were in position, she turned to face them again. “In the outside world, you will face severe punishments if you are found guilty of illegal orgasm. Masturbation is a blatant affront to the sanctity of the female form. Today, you will watch a film I have to show you.” She motioned to the holo-projector. “It’s an extremely graphic piece of pornography entitled *The Masters*. It was produced for the purpose of this very test, and features a collection of scenes taken from the most common, known, male sexual fantasies.”

She returned to her desk and took a small box and a palm-sized computer. She drew a length of wire from the box to which was attached seven rings at twenty-four-inch intervals.

She took the wire to Alexander, who was the first in line, knelt before him, and lifted his large, low-hanging, flaccid organ. She slid the ring over the mushroom head. She twisted the inner ring that lined the centre of the contraption and tightened it to a firm-but-comfortable surrounding, just below the prepuce. “You’re next, Morten,” she said casually.

None of the students knew the nature of the rings on the wire, yet she knew none dare ask. They were to speak only when they were spoken to.

Once she’d attached the second ring to Morten’s penis, she moved on to Leif, who almost immediately became semi-erect.

The next three were Rune, Tor, and Jarle—three high achievers who’d been utterly brainwashed by the training course. They had become like unto machines with no sense of self. None of them flinched as she attached the rings to their members.

Lars was the final recipient.

All seven young men stood with their shafts connected to the wire, forming something akin to a daisy chain. The end of the wire had a small connector fixed to it. Monica inserted it into the palm-top computer on her desk. Once she was satisfied all was prepared, she moved to the centre of the room where she’d placed the holo-projector. “The device you are each wearing is called a Plethysmograph. It measures the level of sexual arousal exhibited by the penis. If any of you read above a ‘four’ on the palm-top, you will have failed the test.”

She placed her hands on her hips in a gesture of blatant superiority, and studied their eyes. If she was going to expose them to male-domination porn, they would be powerless to control their instinctive impulses. “If you

succeed in passing this test, you will be among the very few to have achieved first-class honours. If you fail, you will remain second class passes. Failure will additionally be met with a very severe punishment. Now watch the display and don't let me catch any of you looking away."

She touched the sensor on the projector and the three-dimensional movie began.

The first scene showed a beautiful young blonde woman with a huge penis in her mouth. Her back was striped with the markings of the lash. An ugly, obese man gripped her hair, and roughly thrust her head up and down upon his erection. The actress had tears rolling down her cheeks as the male barked, "Suck it, bitch. Suck, suck, suck!"

The pupils watched, transfixed, as the actor's semen dripped from the lips of his victim.

Monica stepped over to her desk to monitor the readings on the palm-top. Their readings were shown on the screen beside their candidate numbers. Alexander's score was a '1'. Morten was already showing an arousal reading of '2' after only ten seconds of watching the movie.

Lars, who must've closed his mind off using tremendous meditative concentration, was still reading '0.' Monica nodded at his score, impressed by his control. However, none of them would likely compete with Rune, Tor, and Jarle. Their eyes remained zombie-like, and their scores maintained a persistent '0.'

The scene in the movie shifted to another slave master vigorously thrusting into a beautiful young black woman in the missionary position. She was shackled to a torture rack in a gothic dungeon. Monica was fully aware the film had been produced to cater for a variety of sexual tastes. The sight of the woman being ravaged in such a fashion conquered Leif. His penis became semi erect, raising his reading to '6'.

The camera moved around the dungeon to show a stunning brunette hanging upside down, shackled to the ceiling by her ankles. A slave-master was forcing his penis into her inverted mouth as another flogged her from behind. Within seconds, she began to cough and sputter when her mouth was filled with male seed.

The scene affected Alexander and Morten, jointly. Alexander's reading rose to '4' and Morten's to '5.'

The scenes of erotica continued. Women submitting to men, being abused by men, raped and tortured by men . . . It was an illustration of the

absolute antithesis of the world of the Reformation. Each scene became more arousing. A young blonde woman was being whipped by a brutal man. Her arms were chained behind her back and raised to the extent that her shoulders looked almost dislocated. Another man was raping her orally, concluding in her face becoming drenched in his spending. The scene continued with her flogger raping her vaginally from the rear. The scene broke all of the pupils save for Rune, Tor and Jarle.

For Lars, Alexander, Leif, and Morten, it was no longer a case of *slight* arousal. They each sported throbbing erections with their Plethysmographs cutting into them.

Monica stepped in front of them and noted their failures, but didn't comment. Leif, Alexander, and Morten's readings had reached '28,' '26' and '24' respectively. Lars was struggling to stay below '15.'

Rune, Tor and Jarle remained at '0.'

The final scene was designed to break even the most ardent and self-controlled males. None of the pupils could believe what they were seeing. It was the ultimate sexual fantasy of any student of the Sif Academy. Miss Bruhn and Miss Jorgensen appeared on the film. Monica was naked and chained in the dungeon in the agonised position of the earlier actress. She was sucking the penis of a muscular jailor, whilst Miss Jorgensen flogged her brutally from behind.

Despite a valiant battle, Lars' organ rose up to a quivering erection, bringing his score up to '32.' Monica noticed pre-ejaculate falling from the heads of four penises.

Finally, the movie ended.

"Well, well, well," Monica said. "The last scene very rarely fails. Now you can see why we had a Reformation. The male instinct is to hurt and degrade women, and clearly, there is no changing that." She reached into the two pockets on the thighs of her cat suit and drew out two tubular handles. The students hung their heads in shame.

She moved closer to them, holding the two devices before her. "As you know, in her genius, President Sterling implemented the penis guillotine into Western law as a means of sanctioning numerous sexual offences. With the exception of Rune, Tor, and Jarle, you have passed sexual training school as second-graders. As a means of impressing upon your minds the importance of cleaning your filthy minds of abusive thoughts, my final lesson to you will be as follows." She held the two handles next to each

other, eight inches apart, and depressed the switches at the ends. A humming, crimson laser-beam appeared in the space between. "This is a new punishment device. I'm going to slowly pass the beam through the erections of you four failures, one by one. The pain will be identical to what you would feel if your penises went to the guillotine. However, it will neither harm you, nor will it leave a mark upon you."

The students trembled as she came closer. The erections induced by the movie began to soften automatically. Alexander closed his eyes as she approached him.

"I am so disappointed in you, Alexander. You showed such promise." She knelt down before him, removed his Plethysmograph, and took his waning member between her lips. She rolled her tongue around the head and sucked the slippery coating of pre-ejaculate from around his foreskin. She brought him to full erection within seconds. "That's better. Now brace yourself." She raised the two handles six inches above his throbbing appendage and activated the laser.

He closed his eyes, shivering with fear. Monica knew the anguish and terror he must've been experiencing, although with a sense of resignation.

She lowered the beam, and slowly passed it through his penis. Alexander screamed a piercing cry of agony. Monica saw the looks of horror and dread in the eyes of the other three students. Slower still, she continued to slice the beam through his erection and made his ordeal last for thirty seconds.

Finally, the laser passed through him completely. His screams instantly ceased. She was stunned by how such incredible agony could end so abruptly, leaving no trace or evidence that it had ever happened.

"All done," she said. "Now to you, Morten."

She fellated Morten to erection and proceeded with his chastisement. As the beam passed through his penis, he screamed in like fashion.

"You're next Leif," she said. "I've decided to make yours last a little longer. You've always been a terrible failure, and your score today was the lowest in the class, as expected."

Leif began to sob.

After bringing him back to erection, she activated the beam and held it above his rigid organ. Leif clasped his eyes shut as though preparing himself for the unknown . . .

They were alerted to a crashing sound coming from the far side of the building. Monica stood and turned to the door. Leif exhaled in relief.

Screams of panic followed the crashing noise, and Monica's seven pupils turned their heads in alarm.

Sissel Madsen burst into the room, gasping for breath. "Monica. We're under attack. It's Retro Dawn."

Monica stood motionless and showed no emotion.

"Didn't you just hear what I said?" Sissel said.

"I heard you, and . . . thank God."

Bewilderment showed in Sissel's eyes. "You . . . You've just invoked a patriarchal deity. And why would you be pleased about the arrival of the enemy?"

Monica drew a neural inhibitor from the crotch of her cat-suit, aimed it at Sissel, and fired, instantly freezing her where she stood.

Seconds later, six uniformed operatives burst into the room, filing in past the petrified-but-fully-conscious figure of Sissel Madsen.

A tall, athletic-looking woman with a hint of raven-black hair showing underneath her uniform cap, approached her. "Officer Bruhn, *Operation: Sif* is completed. We're here to facilitate the extraction."

Monica looked the soldier in the eye with clear discontent in her own. "What the fuck is going on, Karin?" She glanced at the pupils and saw their looks of astonishment. What were they making of all this? The questions that must've been going through their minds would have been making them question their reality. How would she know a member of Retro Dawn, and on first name terms, at that? Not to mention the 'Officer' Bruhn comment.

"You've been summoned back to base," Karin said.

"Why?"

"The information you've gathered has been deemed all that is necessary. Your mission is ended."

"Just like that?" Monica said, somewhat angered.

Karin approached her and gently rested her palm on her shoulder. "Maton is going to award you the Distinguished Service Medal."

Monica held her gaze for just a moment longer before falling into the soldier's arms, sobbing. "Five years. Five long years I've had to keep up this terrible, cruel act. I can't believe it's finally over."

"It is over, Monica. I can assure you of that."

Monica composed herself and broke Karin's embrace. "The other tutors —"

"Have been stunned."

"The pupils?"

Karin smiled. "I will leave them to you."

Monica turned to her pupils with tears in her eyes. "I am so, so sorry," she said. "Please forgive me. I had to be convincing in order to acquire the information my cause needed."

"Y-you're not really a tutor?" Lars said.

"No, my poor darling, I am a soldier. Officer Bruhn, the head of Norwegian operations. I am with Retro Dawn."

The students gasped in unison. She knew it didn't make any sense to them. The cruellest tutor of them all had been working for the enemy all along.

"Now, get those horrible things off your penises and get dressed," she said. "I have an announcement I wish to make to you all in the sports hall."

Five minutes later, all thirty-five students of the Sif Academy lined up facing Monica and six Retro Dawn agents.

"For five years," Monica said, "I have been operating as an agent of Retro Dawn."

The revelation was met with the predicted gasps of surprise from the other pupils.

Monica's mind flew back to a time when she was a secretary in a secondary school in Oslo. She had always longed for the warmth of a man's arms around her, despite the social unpopularity of such a desire. She was horrified by the introduction of the Reformation—a system that offered no values other than that of female supremacy. She'd wanted to fall in love with a man, not just for her own bodily pleasure, but also for his. Her beliefs led her into the company of like-minded women and ultimately, to the mentor who changed her life.

"I infiltrated, first the education sector, and later, the political arena. Our plan is to bring an end to this twisted Reformation, and to give us all a world where males and females can live in harmony. Please forgive me for the way I treated all of you. I had no choice but to be absolutely convincing so that no one would suspect the truth about me." She paused as her flood

of tears resumed. “You have no idea how painful it was for me to . . . abuse and torture you on a daily basis.”

The students looked at one another, as though they were unable to take in what they were hearing.

“But I want to make it up to you,” she said with a sad smile. “If you are willing, we will take you to a place where you will be cared for, and treated as equals with females. It’s a place where you might find girlfriends whom you can bond with and love, and who will love you in return. You will also be able to masturbate as often as you wish. We will provide you with equipment that will make it even more pleasurable for you.”

The mouths of the young men fell open. What she was suggesting was so alien to anything they had ever imagined. Her words presented a way of life that was contrary to their sense of identity. She knew not all of them would be eager to join her.

But the most painful of all was Leif. He stood at the front of the gathering with a look of hatred in his eyes. She’d expected it, but facing the reality of it was heartbreaking. From the outset, she had been merciless towards him and yet, he’d become infatuated with her. With *her*, and not the stranger he saw before him. She understood his frame of mind in that moment. She was no longer the Monica Bruhn of his dreams. That person had been nothing but a lie, and his sense of betrayal was causing him to despise her.

“If you wish to stay here, I will feel sad for you,” she said. “But I will also understand. As terrible as your lives are, I appreciate it is what you are familiar with, and I will not impose anything on you that will make you uncomfortable.”

There was a long pause as the students looked at her, dumbstruck.

The silence was finally broken as Lars approached her. “I . . . would like to come with you, Miss Bruhn.”

Monica ran to him and threw her arms around him. “Oh, my precious boy. It will be so wonderful, I promise you.”

Lars cautiously returned her embrace, as though it was totally foreign to receive a warm and loving touch from her.

Lars was followed by Morten, and then fifteen others. Leif, Alexander, and the remaining sixteen others chose to remain.

Monica stood with her colleagues and seventeen rescued pupils, and faced those she was leaving behind. “I wish you all the very best that life

has to offer. I will think of you each day, and I will light a candle for every one of you on the anniversary of this day. For now, it gives me enormous pleasure to declare for the last time . . . class dismissed.”

Reunion

Subterranean Canary Wharf, London, New Britannia

July 15th, 2129

Desiree Harper dreamed the same dream over and over. Her mind repeatedly played the scene in her head. Nicholas was crying, *Why? Oh dear God, why?* The nurses carried him away from the stage. One of them whispered something into his ear. Desiree tried to remember what she said to him. And wasn't the nurse crying as she spoke to him? *What did she say? What did she say?*

Nicholas' beautiful rugged-but-gentle face haunted her mind as it had done for two long years—two years to the day.

She came round, tried to get her bearings, and quickly realised she couldn't move. She was sitting in a restraining chair in total darkness. Panic seized her. Could she have lost her eyesight?

As her senses returned, she remembered where she'd last been. It had been her weekly visit to the Medical Directorate, the place where Nicholas had been taken after she'd carried out his sentence. He never returned to his home, and she'd had spent hundreds of hours demanding an answer from the two nurses who'd taken him away. They never told her anything. They'd been convincing in their claim that they knew nothing of his whereabouts, but she'd had become obsessed with finding him. The man she'd penectomised had literally disappeared.

The last thing she remembered was leaving the Medical Directorate headquarters that afternoon and suddenly, she found herself confined to a vaso-magnesium chair in the dark. Her heart pounded with fear. "Where am I?"

A faint mumble of human voices crept in through the darkness. "She's coming round," one of them said.

"Who's there?" Desiree said.

A trickle of light flowed through the room to reveal the silhouettes of three human figures. From their basic outline, she could see they were

female.

“Don’t be afraid, Desiree,” the woman in the centre said. “We mean you no harm.”

“What do you want with me? How do you know my name?”

“You will not remember, but we applied an anaesthetic to your shoulder before you reached your vehicle at the Medical Directorate.”

“Why?”

“This is for *our* protection. We’re going to administer a harmless chemical to you now.”

“What? Why?”

“Because we need to know the truth.”

Desiree sensed someone behind her. She tried to turn around, but was so intensely immobilized she couldn’t see anything. She winced as a vibro-injection was inserted into her right shoulder. It took seconds for the drug to take effect. She was suddenly overcome with a type of euphoria that instantly liberated her from her fears. The world became dreamlike and surreal.

“What is your name?”

“Desiree Loueen Harper,” she said with carefree abandon.

“What were you doing today at the Medical Directorate, Desiree?”

“I was trying to find *him*.”

“Who?”

Desiree smiled with warm fondness. “Nicholas.”

“Nicholas Trudeau?”

“Yes.”

“Why were you looking for him, Desiree?”

Desiree became saddened, and her voice assumed an almost-child-like quality. “I wanted to tell him . . . I am sorry. So very, very sorry.”

“What did you do that causes you to be so sad, Desiree?”

Desiree began to weep as she confessed. “I cut off his penis. I never saw him again, except . . . in my dreams. I . . . love him. I want to take care of him . . . even if I can’t have sex again. I must experience . . . what I did to him. I need to share . . . his suffering.”

There was silence. She saw the shadowed heads turn to face one another. “I think we’re in the clear,” she heard the woman on the left say. “Let’s get her out of there.”

She sensed the vaso-magnesium disappearing from the chair, and the person standing behind her helped her get to her feet. Her mind was not clear. The drug had stolen her sense of reality. She didn't pay any attention to where she was being taken. She simply didn't care.

Desiree bolted upright with a start. The door opened. A middle-aged female stepped inside. She recognised her. It was the nurse she'd questioned for the one-hundred-and-fifty-eighth time at the Medical Directorate, mere minutes before she was kidnapped. She was the same nurse who'd whispered something to Nicholas with tears in her eyes as she led him away from the penis guillotine.

"Desiree," the woman said with maternal gentleness. "My name is Florentine Bowman."

"I know. I remember from your name-plate at the hospital. Where am I?"

"It's all right. We had to be certain you weren't a Reformation spy. I was there when you carried out your court-appointed duty, remember?"

Desiree sat back and tried to compose herself. "Where am I?"

"If I tell you, can I trust you to keep it yourself?"

"I suppose so."

"I apologise for asking that. You expressed true remorse. There's no way you could've cheated the effects of the drug."

Desiree sighed with relief.

"You're in an underground facility beneath the foundations of Canary Wharf. It's not too far from your home, so don't worry."

"OK."

"I have a surprise for you, if you're ready."

"What would that be?"

Florentine turned around, stepped back over to the door, and opened it. "You can come in now, dear."

Desiree looked up and *he* appeared in the doorway. Nicholas stepped into the room, and her mouth fell open. He looked the same as she remembered. He smiled so warmly with such forgiveness in his eyes.

"Hello, Desiree," he said. "It's been a long time."

She stood off the bed, exhilarated by the sight of him. "Oh . . . Oh, my . . . You're here. You're actually here."

“Yes, I am.” He extended his arms out to her. Desiree stepped forwards and sank into them, instantly breaking down.

“It’s all right,” he said as she pressed her cheek into his chest through his taut black vest.

“No, it isn’t. I took your manhood . . . forever.”

“No, you didn’t,” he said with an assuring tone.

She looked up into his eyes, confused. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, you didn’t take my manhood *forever*.”

She broke the embrace and stood back a pace. “I don’t understand. I was there. I saw the blade fall. I saw your penis drop onto the platform.

Without answering, Nicholas smiled, slightly mischievously, and began to undo his leg wear.

Desiree averted her gaze, unable to look upon what she’d done to him. “Please don’t.”

“Desiree, it’s all right. I keep telling you. Just look and it won’t matter anymore.”

There was something sincere about the way he spoke that encouraged her to turn her head. It wasn’t until she lowered her gaze to his midsection that she received a stunning shock. She rubbed her eyes and pinched herself to make sure this wasn’t another *Nicholas* dream. How was it possible? It didn’t make any sense. His penis hung between his thighs, exactly as it had been before his sentence.

Florentine rested her palm upon Desiree’s shoulder. “You remembered I said something to him as we took him away that day. You were murmuring *what did she say?* when you were under. We knew what you meant from the questions you’d been asking at the medical centre for the last two years.”

“Yes,” Desiree said, eagerly seeking the answer to the first true miracle she’d ever witnessed.

“I told him there was ‘a way’ and that it needn’t be over. We took him to the Medical Directorate that day for post-guillotine care. It was there that I offered him the chance to regain what he’d lost.”

“But how?”

“Before we were fully established as Retro Dawn—”

“You’re Retro Dawn?”

“Yes. Anyway, at the time of Nicholas’ sentence, our movement was growing. Several of our earliest members came from the medical and

scientific community. Nicholas was one of the first victims of the penis guillotine to benefit from their experiments.”

“What experiments?”

Florentine looked away pensively. “I don’t understand it on an in-depth biological level, but essentially, they were able to restore his penis by means of an advanced form of cellular, body part cloning.”

“Cloning? You mean, they . . . grew him a new penis?”

“Actually, they grew exactly the same penis from the cells in the stump left behind.”

“It only took three months,” Nicholas said. “When I used to look down, I saw it re-forming, and then it just got bigger and thicker each day. It was incredible.”

Florentine became sullen. “We did the same for hundreds of victims after Nicholas. Unfortunately, President Sterling grew wise to it last year. A few restored victims were discovered, re-penectomised and thoroughly monitored. We have to be very careful.”

Desiree sat on the edge of the bed, struggling to take in that which she was hearing.

“Anyway, I’m sure the two of you have much to discuss. I will leave you to it.” Florentine exited the room.

Nicholas and Desiree were finally alone. She had waited so long for this moment. They looked at one another with mutual infatuation.

“I’ve always known where your heart was,” Nicholas said. “I remember your tears on that terrible day at the penis guillotine, and how you’d asked me to forgive you.”

They embraced and their lips finally met, their hearts beating rapidly in unison.

Desiree felt his penis stiffening against her abdomen as their tongues explored one another. She lowered her hand from his neck, down to his eager appendage. It was amazing. It felt exactly like it had before, with the same warm temperature, texture, and life.

For so many months she’d fantasised about fellating him to climax as she masturbated. Regulations had prevented her from taking his seed into her mouth on that fateful day. She decided now was the time.

She moved her mouth away from his and kissed his neck, gradually moving down to his chest. His pectorals were clearly visible through his skin-tight garment, and they fed her sexual hunger. She moved down farther

and caressed his ripped abdominals with her lips, eagerly moving down to his now-fully-erect shaft.

Her impatience got the better of her. She gently seized his iron-hard vessel before taking the tip of him into her mouth.

He groaned with urgent delight. His hips automatically bucked back and forth, driving his huge, nine-inch, cloned manhood deeper into her mouth along the length of her warm, soft tongue. “Oh, Desiree. I don’t think I can take much more of this.”

She took the crown out of her mouth and stimulated him by hand. “Let it go, my darling. Just let it go.” She closed her lips around him again and sucked more vigorously. His penis became engorged with the veins protruding. She rested her lower lip under the dome and resumed stimulating him with her right hand. A thick jolt of semen shot out and filled her mouth. He cried out as she drew repeated spurts of seed from him, consuming each drop. It marked the first time she had ever tasted semen. It seemed to have an alien texture and flavour. Nevertheless, she knew it was safe to swallow, and most importantly—it was *his*. Doing something so pleasurable for him helped to assuage her guilt over what she had done to him. It wasn’t only the penectomy. It was the way she’d been so excited when she’d drawn the lot in court to be ‘the one.’ It was the brutal arrogance she’d displayed by ordering him to go down on her before the crowd. Then there was the macabre game they had all played with him. One woman after another stepping up to the stage to take him into their mouths whilst he was secured into the penis guillotine was unforgivable. They had all treated him worse than an animal, like a piece of meat to be abused and tortured purely for their own amusement. She didn’t believe she would ever come to fully accept the magnitude of what she’d done to him that day.

Nicholas’ breathing slowed, and his flow of semen gradually abated.

She sucked away the last of his ejaculate, stood, and looked him in the eye. He returned her gaze, and she couldn’t believe the gentleness in his expression. In that moment, she fell hopelessly in love with him.

Desiree looked all around her, trying to take in the incredible spectacle whilst holding on to Nicholas’ hand. He’d chanced flying one-hundred-and-

twenty-miles north of London to show her a most spectacular sight. It was dreamlike to her.

They were surrounded by forestry, with a picturesque river that had a waterfall every two-hundred yards. Deer grazed across the grass hills, and the sounds of birds and wildlife filled the air. It was a paradise, so far removed from the neon and technology of the city.

Four days had passed since their reunion, during which time she'd moved into his subterranean living quarters. They'd made love countless times, bonding with one another and becoming accustomed to each other's bodies. She'd learned everything about him. He'd told her how often he'd imagined what it would've been like to be with the woman who'd carried out his sentence under more favourable circumstances. His life had changed dramatically since that day. Initially, he was cared for and treated by Retro Dawn medical personnel. He was given warmth, comfort, and shelter from the world of the Reformation, and hours of gentle counselling. Florentine had become a mother to him. He'd gone through periods of anger, sadness, and forgiveness only to repeat the cycle again and again. Florentine had helped him to focus upon his forgiveness of Desiree. The restoration of his penis encouraged his progress with more success than anything else.

His ultimate rehabilitation occurred when he was told of Desiree's relentless visits to the Medical Directorate, demanding to know where he was. He knew she wasn't a Reformation agent. He'd seen in her eyes who she really was on the day of his sentence.

As far as the world was concerned, he had disappeared. He was a missing person. However, he wouldn't have changed anything. He'd frequently accompanied Retro Dawn operatives to various locations as they travelled to meet with other divisions of their cause. Such journeys gave him the opportunity to experience the great outdoors in places where he wouldn't be recognised.

His contributions to Retro Dawn were limited. He cleaned the apartments and fixtures of Britannian operations—a sprawling complex spreading a quarter-mile across, and a half mile below Canary Wharf. He'd also become proficient as a culinary preparer for the team. Florentine had taught him how to cook and prepare food.

The repression of male sexuality no longer applied to him. Masturbation was encouraged under the principles of Retro Dawn. He was

provided with numerous stimulators and vibrators to enhance his enjoyment of his own body.

Nevertheless, despite the absence of the desperate sexual longing that had plagued him and every other male on the surface, the sensation of making love to Desiree was beyond his wildest imaginings.

They'd been walking around the magical landscape for almost two hours. Desiree still couldn't get used to it. "When are you going to tell me what this place is?" she said, giggling. "Are we still on earth?"

"That's exactly what I thought when I first saw it."

"But, where are we?"

"This, Desiree, is Sherwood Forest. There's nothing like it left in New Britannia, and I wanted you to see it."

"Sherwood Forest? I think I've heard of it."

"You would have, in history class when you were at school. Follow me." He led her through the trees, deep into the woods.

Desiree knew he was a trusted man in the New Britannian base of Retro Dawn. They were confident that if he ever left the complex, he would never jeopardise exposing himself. As such, the serenity and cover of the forest provided the perfect date for them.

She'd never known such joy before. Her heart fluttered whenever she was near to Nicholas. The rush of new love was only enhanced by the fantastic place to which he'd brought her. "Where are we going?" she said.

"There's something I want to show you."

After a trek through the woods, she noticed a magnificent, archaic structure in the distance through the trees.

"Just a little closer," Nicholas said.

Carefully, they moved farther forwards until they had a clear view before them, whilst remaining concealed by the trees.

"That, my darling, is where it all began," he said.

Desiree was breathless with awe as she gazed upon a huge, regal mansion. She estimated it was approximately a mile away from them. "What is it?"

"That's President Sterling's ancestral home and summer retreat. I bet she's in there right now. It's called . . . Oakpark Grange."

Desiree gasped. "Oakpark Grange! Of course. The home of Selina Paris. The Matriarch."

"So, you do remember a little from history class, then."

“Only a little. It was very, very boring.”

“Apparently, from where we stand, it looks exactly the same as it did back in her day. It’s falling apart, and requires constant maintenance, but President Sterling just won’t let it go.” A sullen look came across his face. “It’s the focus of a very serious project our cause will be attempting tomorrow morning.”

“What project?”

“It’s called *Project: Domino* and . . .”

“What?”

“Let’s get back to the base, now. They’ll be able to explain it to you better than I can.”

“OK.”

Nicholas took her by the hand and led her back through the trees towards their hover-shuttle.

“Nicholas?” she said.

“Yes?”

“What is Retro Dawn, exactly?”

He seemed bemused by her question. “What do you mean?”

“Well, how did it begin? Who is in charge?”

“Oh, I see. I’m not entirely sure what the circumstances were, but it was started about five years ago by some guy named Maton Dexter.”

“Who’s that?”

“He’s some American guy. He’s at Central Operations in Angelina City, from what I’ve heard. I think I heard his family, way back, had something to do with Selina Paris.”

“Really?”

“No, it wasn’t her. It was her friend . . . What was her name? Celia something-or-other?”

Desiree shrugged. “I don’t know. I flunked history.”

He laughed heartily. “You and me both”

“And this Dexter person? Is he in charge?”

“Nobody is in charge.”

“How can *nobody* be in charge?”

“It’s like a kind of ensemble effort. Each member brings with them what they have. All are equal in the cause, and all hold the rank of officer. Even me. Maton Dexter acts as a moral guide. He’s a pacifist. Retro Dawn is a rescue-only operation. It doesn’t believe in assault.” Once again, the

dark frown fell across his face. "I don't think he'd approve of what Florentine and the New Britannian brigade have planned for tomorrow."

Desiree looked up at him with concern. There was clearly something he didn't want to tell her.

At ten o'clock the following morning, Desiree, Nicholas, and Florentine stepped out of a hover shuttle outside an old, disused warehouse.

"Where is this?" Desiree said.

"We're in Hertford, dear. Thirty miles north of London. I will explain everything." Florentine took her hand and led her inside.

As they entered the shabby-looking building, Desiree noticed the contrast between the inside and the outside. They walked along a short corridor of florescent light. Florentine aimed a remote control device at a white door. It opened, revealing an array of technological marvels on the other side.

Four technicians in lab coats turned to them. The eldest, an attractive woman approximately in her late forties, came towards them. She had an intellectual look about her, complimented by her short, blonde, side-parting.

"Florentine, it's so good to see you," the technician said. "Hello, Nicholas." She gestured to Desiree. "And who have we here?"

"This is Desiree," Florentine said. "She's Nicholas' partner. Desiree, this is Amber. She's a nuclear physicist."

Amber looked at Desiree sullenly. "Oh, I see. Nicholas' partner."

Desiree noticed her expression and decided it was time to push for answers. She was beginning to tire of all the secrecy and long-faces associated with this day. "What is this all about?"

"Desiree doesn't know what's about to happen, Amber," Florentine said. "I think we should tell her."

Amber approached Desiree with a sympathetic demeanour. "We're attempting something that has never been attempted before."

"What's that?"

Amber turned and pointed to a circular platform just behind her. Desiree noticed thousands of wires protruding from it, which were connected to countless consoles spread around the room. The platform was

covered with neon lights. A strange, chromium, tubular protrusion hung from the ceiling.

“Time travel,” Amber said, finally.

Desiree gasped with disbelief. “Time travel? You must be joking.”

Amber and Florentine looked at one another. No humour was to be found in their faces.

“We think it can be done,” Florentine said. “Of course, nothing is certain.”

“But why time travel?”

“Our intention is to send two of our operatives back to the year nineteen-forty-five . . . to the time just after Selina Paris returned from Turkey. We believe her visit to Kirnan was the experience that inspired her agenda more than anything else.”

“And what good would that do?”

“We intend to kill her.” The words fell from Florentine’s lips with more aggression than Desiree had seen in her before. “If we kill her *then*, she will not live long enough for her influence to spread through the decades. Megan Parmenter will never have existed. Elena Sterling will never have existed, and this fucking Reformation will never have happened.”

Desiree was taken aback as Florentine delivered her last words. Her anger was palpable.

“Hence the name, *Project: Domino*,” Nicholas said. “Push one down, and they all go down.”

Desiree looked from one to the other in disbelief. “But surely, this is twentieth century science fiction-type stuff. I read something once about a movie series involving time-travelling robots doing something like this. *Termin*-something-or-other. It can’t actually be done . . . can it?”

Florentine took a deep breath. “There were many ideas in the twentieth century that were deemed science fiction at the time. Many of those ideas were actualised by the end of that very century. We’ve had a team of top scientific minds working on this project for two years. ”

“In basic terms,” Amber said, “it’s a principle where we accelerate the light waves around the bodies of the subjects at just the precise rate to move them to the exact moment in time they need to be.”

“And who are your *subjects*?” Desiree said.

At that moment, two young women stepped out from a side room dressed in chiffons, blouses, and pencil skirts. Their faces were heavily

made up, and their hair had been arranged in a most archaic style. To Desiree's eyes, the hairstyles seemed to age the two young women by twenty years. "What on earth . . . ?"

"Desiree, if they're going back to nineteen-forty-five, they must look like one of them." Amber gestured to the two operatives. "Leah and Jennilee are two very courageous women."

"But wouldn't it just be easier to kill President Sterling?"

"No, Desiree," Florentine said. "Another would take her place, most likely Claudia Leder. And even if that wasn't the case, the social mindset would still be the same. Males would still be treated like animals. There wouldn't be the kind of harmony between men and women that you and Nicholas have found."

Desiree looked across at Nicholas and noticed him lowering his head again. "Why are you so sad, Nicholas? This doesn't affect you."

Florentine placed her hand upon her shoulder. "I'm afraid it does, dear. Nicholas' father was an MHR."

"What difference does that make?"

"Without Selina Paris' influence, there will never have been an MHR program. Women would have always had husbands and partners. Males would never have been auditioned for genetic supremacy."

The impact of Florentine's words struck Desiree like a thunderbolt. "That means Nicholas—"

"Will never have existed," he said, his voice choked.

"We're ready," Amber said.

Leah and Jennilee stepped onto the platform.

"No!" Desiree cried. "Don't do this."

Nicholas ran across and held her tightly. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and she began to weep. "It's all right," he said. "You will not lose me. You will never have met me. You won't remember any of this because it will never have happened."

"But I want it to happen. I've never been as happy as I've been these last few days with you."

"I know. I had a mother who treated me like a dog. She cast me out when I was sixteen. I failed MHR selection and went to sexual training school. I graduated with a third class diploma. I was employed as a refuse collector, and then I found myself in a penis guillotine."

Desiree looked up at him with gut-wrenching sadness, unable to respond.

“At least I can be erased knowing what true happiness is like, and that’s all because of you. If this mission is successful, every man and woman in the West will have the opportunity to experience the same as we have. Surely that’s a sacrifice worth making?”

Desiree broke down again. “No, you can’t. You told me Maton Dexter was a man of peace, and he is your leader. He would never condone going back in time to kill someone.”

“He’s not our *leader*, Desiree. No one is.”

A vibrating hum filled the room. They looked up at an eerie light emanating from the chromium cylinder onto Leah and Jennilee.

“Tachyons initiated,” Amber said.

A section of the back wall exploded, followed by a barrage of proton fire launched directly at the power generators. The time-displacement platform stopped humming and the lights disappeared.

Leah and Jennilee leaped down as five armed Reformation officials burst in through the newly-created hole in the wall.

Nicholas hurled himself at the leader.

Desiree ran after him. “Nicholas, no!”

“No, Desiree,” Florentine said.

Decked out in combat fatigues and an armoured visor, the leader fired her sonic blaster at Nicholas. A concentrated wall of sound threw him to the back of the room.

Desiree charged towards the official. “You fucking bitch!” She ran into the attacker’s fist and was reduced to a limp sack in an instant.

“Desiree!” Nicholas cried.

The third official pulled something out of her side pocket and hurled it towards him.

As it landed, Florentine bent over to grasp him. “Look out! It’s an incendiary.”

Amber, Leah, and Jennilee helped her to pull him out of harm’s way without a moment to spare. The incendiary detonated, and the walls and ceiling collapsed under the force of the explosion. The other three technicians hurried out of the warehouse and headed for the shuttle.

Desiree reached out to him as the officials carried her away through the remains of the back wall. She fought against them with every iota of

strength she possessed.

“No! We have to go back,” she heard Nicholas say. Then she saw the four women helping him out of the wreckage.

“We can’t risk everything for just one person, no matter who it is,” Florentine said.

Desiree knew she was right. As her strength expired, the officials took her away. She gazed longingly at the shuttle, her freedom so near, yet so far away. Two officials reached it as it lifted off and disappeared into the horizon within a micro-second. Her last hope was gone.

One of the officials turned to her colleague. “Well, at least we captured this little traitor.”

“I was lucky to have picked up on the excess power usage coming from this place. I just knew something was going on in here.”

Desiree stood naked in the courtroom with two rows of hooded jurors on either side. She shivered with fear, her hands shackled before her with electrom-cuffs. She considered the irony that two years previously, it was she who sat among the jurors, passing cruel judgement upon her now-beloved Nicholas. She remembered how she’d been filled with excitement and the egotistical sense of power jury duty had given to her. All of her co-jurors were similarly affected. No mercy was to be found in any one of them. It came as no surprise to her when they found her guilty of treason.

Two weeks had passed since she’d been captured at the laboratory. During that time, they’d held her in a detention centre under armed guard. For the past hour, she’d been grilled by Judge Leder, and suffered listening to the unanimous guilty verdict. She faced the stern, merciless judge as she awaited the announcement of her fate. Her heart pounded with the distress and anguish of her predicament.

“Desiree Harper,” Judge Leder said. “Given the heinous nature of your crime, especially in view of the fact that you are a former agent of this court, I sentence you to a period of fifteen years in the Marble Arch Correctional Facility.”

Desiree gasped at the severity of her sentence and broke down before her accusers.

Judge Leder smiled with sadistic delight in her eyes. "And given that you refuse to disclose to this court the nature of the experiment that was taking place in that warehouse, I have decided to prescribe a course of floggings, the application of orgasm-denial punishment, and whatever else they care to do to you until your tongue loosens."

"No, Judge Leder," she said in a pleading tone. "Please don't do this. I beg of you."

"Well, I suppose we could prise it out of you with chemical means, but where's the fun in that?" The gavel struck. "Take her away."

Two uniformed female officers hurried over from the back of the room and seized Desiree by the arms. She had never felt so hopeless and traumatised in her entire life.

Dressed in a yellow prison overall, Desiree was led into her cell by a severe-looking warden of approximately fifty. She noticed all cells were neon illuminated and open plan. The prisoners were trapped inside by force-field gates at the entrance of their cells. She saw monitor cameras positioned at each corner of the cell ceiling, pointing down towards the prisoners.

A naked woman in her early twenties sat on her bunk reading a holo-novel as Desiree was led into the cell. The woman glanced up and gave her a sympathetic smile.

"Strip out of that uniform, nine-four-six, and be quick about it," the warden said.

Terrified, Desiree required no further prompting. Even her name had been abandoned in deference to a number.

"I am Warden Holt. You will address me as Ma'am. This cell will be your home for the next fifteen years."

Desiree peeled herself out of the uniform.

"You've been assigned to kitchen and cleaning duty. You will remain unclothed until the day of your release. Tardiness, insubordination, and masturbation are punished with severe floggings. You have been warned."

Desiree's heart sank again as the impact of the warden's cruel words struck her. Her tears came uncontrollably.

“I will return in thirty minutes,” Holt said. “You are scheduled for sanction.” With that, she stepped out of the cell and reactivated the force-field gate.

The woman on the bunk looked up at Desiree again. “I’m Melene.”

“Desiree.”

“What are you in for, Desiree?”

“Treason.”

“I suppose you’re on the side of the angels then.”

Desiree smiled sadly. “I’d like to think so.” She looked out through the front of her cell into the cell opposite. There was a beautiful, naked male of approximately twenty-five inside. He was tall, dark-haired, and muscular, just like Nicholas. She realised immediately what was being done to the prisoners. The naked male and female prisoners were forced to look upon one another at all times, keeping them in a constant state of sexual arousal with no means of relief. The Paramount Rule—the cruellest of all bodily torments.

“I’m always reading,” Melene said, as though knowing her thoughts. “Keeps my eyes off him. Apparently he’s going to the penis guillotine tomorrow.”

Desiree turned to her sharply. A young man who looked so much like Nicholas going to the penis guillotine tore at her. “Why?”

“Insubordination once too often, apparently. I think he likes me.”

Desiree sank down onto her bunk in despair. “What are you in for?”

“Theft. They gave me five years. I was on the streets, and I was hungry. I was bad for the Reformation image, I suppose.”

“I’m sorry.”

“So am I.”

The two women had been sitting in silence for thirty minutes when Warden Holt returned. Desiree heard the force-field being deactivated and bolted upright.

“It’s time,” the warden said.

The punishment chamber was oppressive, with no décor and nothing to indicate the technological era Desiree lived in. It bore a passing resemblance to a 1970’s police interrogation room, the archaic nature of

which exacerbated her fear. She lay on her back with her arms outstretched, vaso-magnetised to a chastisement bench tilted at a forty-five degree angle.

Warden Holt prowled around her in her white shirt, black tie, and a black leather uniform cap. “You have a beautiful body, nine-four-six, did you know that?” She placed her fingers upon Desiree’s vagina and stroked her soft lips. Desiree broke down again, trembling.

“I asked you a question. You have a beautiful body, don’t you?”

“I . . . d-don’t know,” Desiree said, so terrified she had difficulty getting the words past her quivering lips.

Warden Holt continued to stroke her labia sensuously, producing the inevitable flow of lubrication. “Well, one thing’s for certain, you are most definitely a little slut.” She moved her finger from between Desiree’s thighs and thrust them into her mouth. “See what I mean?”

Desiree recoiled.

“I’ve been set the task of prising some information out of you.” Holt took a six-inch baton from her belt and held the tip before Desiree’s horrified eyes. A small electrical arc appeared, buzzing at the tip. “What were your comrades planning on the day of your capture, Desiree?”

Holt chillingly switched from referring to her by her prisoner number to her actual name. Desiree thought, perhaps, she was trying to confuse and unnerve her further.

She was so committed to preserving Retro Dawn and her beloved Nicholas, she was willing to go through anything for them, regardless of her terror. “I don’t know what they were planning, I swear it.”

Holt grasped Desiree’s right breast and placed the tip of the electrified baton onto the nipple. The shock snapped through her, causing her to convulse. She cried out with the pain until Holt pulled the device away.

“What were they planning, Desiree?”

“I-I don’t know. Please don’t—” Her body shook again as Holt delivered a second shock, this time to her left breast.

“What were they planning, Desiree?”

Desiree tried to beg for mercy, but her vocal chords were paralysed with fear and shock.

Angered, Holt moved down her body and placed the electrified tip just below Desiree’s vagina. “I will ask you once more. What were they planning?”

“Don’t . . . know.”

Holt stroked the baton along the length of her labia. Desiree screamed in pain. Unable to endure it, her consciousness began to slip away.

Holt withdrew the baton and sighed in despondency. "I think we need to use the old-fashioned approach with you."

The following morning, Desiree was unceremoniously escorted, naked, back to the punishment chamber by Warden Holt. Sleep had not come easily to her that night. Every time she slipped into unconsciousness, she was awoken by the buzzing sound of the electric baton in her mind. She was already overcome with exhaustion.

Holt pushed her harshly into the interrogation room.

A blonde, androgynous-looking, muscular woman, with excessively large breasts protruding from a leather flagellation suit, stood in waiting. A sinister looking, twelve-thong whip was firmly in her grip. "A fragile little thing isn't she?" she said callously.

"Yes. I don't think she will be able to take much." Holt guided Desiree over to a frame in the centre of the room and secured her wrists onto it with straps.

Melene had explained to her the procedure of dispensing with vasomagnesis for prison punishments. It had become a growing practice during the last two years because it was believed the archaic approach was far more effective for extracting information.

"W-what are you going to do to me?" Desiree said.

"You are to be flogged. Officer Barlow here is our most respected flog-mistress. She spends hours each day developing her muscles for the purpose of exacting sufficient pain to criminals like you."

"Oh, my God."

Holt turned to Barlow. "That's the invocation of a patriarchal deity. Give her ten lashes for that before we begin the interrogation."

"No, please!" Desiree cried.

Barlow positioned herself for duty.

Desiree clasped her eyes shut, unable to bear the agonising moment of apprehension.

Her world exploded when a brutal, cutting sting flashed across her right shoulder blade. She cried out with the pain which, curiously, grew

worse as the seconds ticked by. It was followed by another across her left shoulder. She took a sharp intake of breath and threw her head back. The third stroke cut across the small of her back.

She saw Warden Holt's sadistic smile and knew there was no hope to be found in this terrible place. Unconcerned, Holt reached into a side pocket on her leg wear and drew out a seven-inch, phallic-shaped, chromium vagi-stimulator. She moved across to a leather seat in the corner of the room, removed her trousers, and sat down. She parted her thighs before activating the pleasuring device.

Desiree screamed with the pain of another lash.

Holt placed the stimulator upon her pudendum and seemed to be immersing herself in sensual delight to the sound of the screams.

Desiree's cries grew louder with desperate pleading as Barlow overlaid the last few strokes. Finally, the brutal flagellation ceased.

Barlow turned to the warden. "I think she's ready for the interrogation, now."

Holt sat back with her eyes closed, clearly coming to orgasm. "Just find out what she knows."

Barlow nodded and turned back to Desiree. "This will all end if you tell us the truth, Desiree."

"B-but I don't know anything."

Barlow snapped the thongs across her buttocks, producing yet another horrifying scream.

"The truth, Desiree."

Another stroke cut across the same area of tender flesh. One of the thongs caught Desiree's labia. She bellowed, clearly driven to absolute panic.

Holt cried out with the pleasure of her climax.

Barlow angled the whip and caught her labia again. "What were they planning?"

"No! No! Please. I can't take any more. They were . . ."

Barlow stopped. "What were they going to do, Desiree?"

"T-they were trying to go back in time . . . to kill Selina Paris."

Barlow dropped the whip. "What?"

Desiree saw the vagi-stimulator fall from Holt's grip, and a look of astonishment appeared on her face. She quickly understood the warden's

reaction. Nobody so traumatised would lie about something like that, and yet it was completely unbelievable.

Holt passed the information to Judge Leder who, in turn, consulted with President Sterling. Subsequent consultations with Reformation scientists confirmed that, far from being a joke, the concept of time-travel had become entirely valid and probable. Upon learning of this, the president issued Marble Arch Correctional Facility with a priority. All other information extractions were to become secondary, at best. At all costs, the officers of the facility were to find out whatever Desiree Harper knew about location of Retro Dawn's central operations.

For three days, Desiree hung by the wrists, her legs forced apart by an iron bar in the correctional facility's projection room. Three-dimensional images of holographic pornography were played before her whilst an eight-inch, phallic pleasuring device thrust in and out of her, plumbing the depths of her vagina. It had been programmed for exactly the right speed and pressure. It induced the most incredible pleasure to her G-spot, only to cease at the instant of the first muscular contraction of climax.

The images before her were a relentless series of scenes of beautiful young males performing cunnilingus upon young woman who looked, curiously like she did. The males all seemed to have been cruelly selected to look like Nicholas. They were tall, ripped, with dark hair, and all were well-endowed. The administrators ensured she would endure continuous sexual stimulation of body and mind, all catered to her own tastes, but with no release whatsoever.

She heard Officer Barlow coming into the room from behind her. "Just tell us where Central Operations is Desiree, and this will all be over."

Desiree found speech difficult. Her body was suffering minute convulsions at all times, induced by three days of constant sexual stimulation without reprieve. Shivering with shock, she attempted to respond. "I can't bear it. P-please let me . . . come . . . please."

Barlow moved around to face her. “You know that isn’t going to happen in any event. Orgasm for a prisoner is absolutely forbidden. It’s the Paramount Rule, remember? But at least this constant torment will end if you tell us the location.”

Realising she wasn’t going to experience relief under any circumstances, Desiree felt strengthened by a sudden burst of anger. Summoning all of her remaining strength, she raised her head to Barlow as the phallic pleasurer continued to invade her intimate orifice. “T-then go fuck yourself, Barlow.”

Despite her extreme fear and apprehension of what was going to happen to her, Desiree’s exhaustion finally took its toll on her body. That night, she sank into a fitful sleep. Dreams of Nicholas and her time with him in the paradise of the National Forest, freed her mind from the horror of her reality.

At eight o’clock the following morning, she was awoken by nausea. She barely had enough time to reach the cell’s evacuation extractor.

Melene awoke and threw off her sheets. She knelt down beside her and cradled her shoulders. Desiree coughed and sputtered into the bowl, repeatedly. “Oh, Desiree. This is going to kill you if you continue to resist them. You can’t take any more of this. The fear is making you sick.”

Desiree looked up at her with watery eyes. “No, it isn’t that.”

Melene’s eyes saddened with dawning realisation. “Oh, Desiree.”

Holt and Barlow harshly escorted Desiree back to the projection room.

“We saw from the monitors you were quite ill earlier,” Holt said. “Perhaps we’re finally getting to you?”

Desiree didn’t respond. They secured her in the same position she’d been in for the last three days. She was permitted only two ten minute breaks per day for minimal food rations, and the use of an open toilet facility.

Holt inserted a cylindrical punishment pleasurer into Desiree’s vagina, although it wasn’t the same model that had tormented her for the last three

days. The new device was smoother, silver, and didn't bear a phallic shape. It lacked the mock-mushroom-head, and *that* disturbed her. It was clear they'd raised the bar. But with what?

"Now, Desiree," Holt said. "Where is Central Operations located?"

Another three-dimensional, cunnilingus holo-movie began before her eyes. The device inside her vibrated and moved up and down, simultaneously. She groaned with the pleasure coursing through her body.

"Where is it, Desiree?"

Her mind roamed through her memories, her will weakened by the vibrating probe. Nicholas' voice on the fantastic day she'd spent with him, echoed in her mind. *He's some American guy. He's at Central Operations in Angelina City, from what I've heard.*

The probe's vibration, her three weeks of celibacy, sexual torment, and *that fucking movie* drove her towards orgasm with relentless zeal. The swelling-sensation built up in her groin. She groaned as the pleasure took over her weary body. It built up until she'd reached the point of no return. The vibrating probe stimulated every sexual nerve-ending inside her. And then, at the moment of release, an electrical shock tore through her innards. She screamed with absolute, urgent horror. "No! Stop it. Stop it. Stop it."

"Where is it, Desiree?"

"Angelina City!"

Holt looked over at Barlow smugly in victory. "Cut it off, Officer Barlow."

"Please," Desiree said, sobbing. "Please don't hurt my baby."

Holt gazed at her, open-jawed. "What?"

"Please don't hurt my little baby." Her words quivered with the desperation that could only come from the mouth of a mother.

Nicholas Trudeau sat in his living quarters, persistently staring at Desiree's image on the front page of *The Capital* news readout on his holo-screen.

DESIREE HARPER, ART GRADUATE
GETS 15 YEARS FOR TREASON

The article was five weeks old, but the image of her distressed face was all he had left of her. She had become the tortured ghost in his tortured heart.

He'd eaten very little since she'd been captured and had lost a dangerous amount of weight. He'd become a shell of a man, overcome with guilt, sadness, and a hopeless urgency for her to be free. He wanted to be with her so badly.

Florentine entered his room, but he didn't look up.

"Oh, my darling," she said. "Why don't you come out of your room? You could do something—*anything*—to take your mind off of it. It's been five weeks."

"For her, it will be fifteen years of hell. It's all I can do to share it with her," he said in a quiet, weak voice.

Florentine sat on the bed next to him and placed a comforting arm around his shoulders. "I know you loved her, even though you were together for only a short time. She was so lovely."

Nicholas succumbed to tears and sank into Florentine's arms.

The door burst open, and a young woman stormed into the room with urgency. "Florentine, come quickly."

"Why, Brandy? Whatever is the matter?"

"We've had a broadcast from Central Operations."

Florentine and Nicholas hurried out to the transmission room. They were alarmed to see every member of the New Britannian chapter of Retro Dawn huddled together.

"Let me through," Florentine said officiously.

With Nicholas beside her, they fought their way through the crowd. Everybody appeared stunned, gazing at a hologram transmission.

"Play it back," Florentine said.

A young woman at the front touched the re-play sensor and the message appeared again. Florentine and Nicholas watched intently as a three-dimensional, life-like image of a woman appeared in mid-air. "My fellow soldiers of Retro Dawn," she said in a European accent. "I am transmitting to all stations of our movement from what is left of Central Operations in Angelina City."

Nicholas shivered. *What does she mean? 'What is left?'*

"Earlier this afternoon, the base was attacked by Reformation agents. We have been sold out. Maton Dexter has been captured. As per his

instructions, should such occur, *I am now in command of Retro Dawn.*”

Nicholas saw Florentine’s hand come over her mouth, and he knew the woman was lying. *Command* was not a Retro Dawn concept. The woman’s eyes were filled with anger, determination, and darkness. A nightmarish thought crossed his mind. What would have been the outcome if such a woman worked for President Sterling?

And then he realised. “Oh, no. This is all my fault.”

“What do you mean?” Florentine said.

“I told Desiree Central Operations was in Angelina City. He lowered his head into his hands and sobbed. “Oh, my poor baby. What must they have done to you?”

“We can no longer afford to be a rescue-only operation,” the woman in the hologram said. “I am ordering all available operatives to abandon their bases and initiate air strikes against every legal and military Reformation stronghold on the database. We are going to take this evil down, once and for all. All hope for peace is lost, lest *we* are the victors.”

Most of the viewers were hearing the speech for the second time, although, their expressions suggested it still resonated with the same effect as the first.

“As of this moment, we are at war,” the woman said in closing. “This is Monica Bruhn.”

Maelstrom

New Victoria, New America

August 27th, 2129

Proton fire and incendiaries fell onto the streets of New Victoria. The Western Hemisphere had fallen to the repeated explosions of war.

Maton Dexter hung, naked and battered, with his arms vaso-magnetised to a beam suspended from the Oval Room ceiling. His mid-brown hair hung limp in his eyes, caked with perspiration, his face bruised, and his arms and chest were striped from repeated whip strokes. He'd endured three days of continuous torture since his capture.

Elena Sterling angrily flicked away a strand of her flowing black hair. Her black dress, attached to her by a slender shoulder strap, clung precariously, her breasts almost entirely exposed. She gazed into the night sky through the window. Flashes of light from the detonations illuminated the room.

"You knew this was coming, didn't you?" Claudia Leder said from behind her.

"Yes."

"You said you were concerned about something like this in New Germany, two years ago."

"I was. I always know when something is going to happen," Elena said, her English diction precise enough to rival that of Claudia's.

Claudia rested her hand reassuringly upon Elena's shoulder. "Our forces are retaliating with deadly force. You do know that."

"I just hope the shield will hold against those neutron incendiaries."

"Do you think they might get through?"

Elena looked across the room, her gaze falling upon her captive with a sinister stare. Their eyes locked.

"What are you going to do with *him*?" Claudia said.

Elena lingered on him for a moment before stepping over to him. “Maton Dexter is more than my enemy, Claudia. He is almost family.”

“Family?”

Elena pointed to one of the paintings on the wall, the image of a woman’s cold, hard face illuminated by the flashes coming through the windows. Original paintings of Selina Paris, Megan Parmenter, Anja Danesti, and Celia Ramirez-Sezer, adorned the walls.

Archaic photographs of Bridget St. John Smythe and Olga Victoria, the woman after whom the American capital had been renamed, hung upon the adjacent wall. Elena proudly displayed her collection in a harmonious sequence around the room.

“Anja Danesti?” Claudia said, following the direction of Elena’s finger. “What on earth does he have to do with her?”

“*He* is her descendant.”

Claudia’s jaw dropped. “That bastard is descended from Anja Danesti?”

“Ironic isn’t it?”

“I don’t understand.”

Elena approached her with a calmer demeanour. “He is the descendant of Melek and Cody Dexter from Kirnan prison,” she said, not failing to express her words as a dramatic revelation. “Anja was Melek’s mother. His family has lived in California for almost one-hundred-and-seventy years.”

“It . . . It’s almost unbelievable.”

“Not really. I was born to face Maton Dexter. Most believe it was my ancestor, Selina Paris, who’d introduced the Paramount Rule and started a female domination following. In fact, Anja Danesti was the true author of the rule. Selina simply brought it to the West.”

“So, what do you plan to do with him?”

Elena looked upon Maton tenderly. She stroked his penis, causing him to become turgid. “I intend to amuse myself with him, Claudia. There is little else to do. We can’t leave here at present. Would you care to join me?”

Maton fought not to become erect, but it was beyond his control. Elena was a truly stunning woman. She’d made use of every type of cosmetic facial and body enhancement in existence. She was ten years older than him, and yet at forty-six, she barely looked twenty-five. He’d never been able to avoid feeling attracted to her on a primal level. He doubted there was a heterosexual male alive who was not sexually captivated by her looks.

He tried to tear his mind away from the sensation of her touch. He focused on what a cruel, evil person she was, but his instincts were too strong. She quickened her pace upon him, and he noticed how proficient she was. He gazed upon the painting of Selina Paris on the wall. The resemblance between Elena and Selina was unbelievably strong, even after one-hundred-and-fifty years of unions with other bloodlines. It reminded him that true evil never dies.

It took mere minutes for her to bring him to the brink of orgasm before withdrawing her hand—a predictable move.

“Oh, how all men would love to spend their seed,” she said, giggling callously. “But they can’t, and all because of me. We females can come to climax whenever we like, can’t we, Claudia?”

Claudia removed a triangular patch from the crotch area in her leggings, smiling tauntingly. “We certainly can, dear.”

Elena threw her dress off and exposed her nakedness. She stroked the perfectly-sculpted lips of her bald labia, tormenting Maton even further. “I have men flogged,” she said. “I have their penises guillotined, and their minds tormented just for doing what we women can do to ourselves whenever we choose.”

He’d tried to remain silent, not wanting to give them the pleasure of a reaction. But his anger was his better. “But why? What does this profit you?”

“You are men, and we hate you,” Elena said. “Now, let’s have some fun.”

She moved away from him, took a small disc from her desk, and aimed it towards him. She touched the top of the device, and Maton heard a beeping sound. The beam to which he was attached began to descend. Nevertheless, he remained hanging.

He looked up and saw the beam was held fast by a vice-like mechanical arm, which was clasped to the centre of the beam from the ceiling.

“Claudia?” Elena said.

“Yes dear.”

“The needles.”

The sadistic judge’s eyes widened with glee. She picked up a chrome pole on a stand, approximately one yard in length. Maton noticed a curious-looking electric ball attached to the top. He didn’t know what it was, but his heart pounded with fear.

Claudia placed the pole between his thighs and secured it to the floor with the stand. She moved to the back of him and prized his legs apart by the ankles.

Elena touched the disc again and the beam lowered farther. With another touch of the disc, the ball on top of the staff was suddenly covered with glowing, heated needles positioned beneath his groin. Within seconds, he was standing on his tip-toes, the needles a mere fraction of an inch away from his testes.

Claudia released his ankles, and Elena touched the sensor again. The frame stopped descending, although it felt looser, forcing Maton to shoulder the weight. He swallowed hard. He was already exhausted and wasn't sure he could maintain standing on his tip-toes with the weight of the frame pressing down upon him.

"If you want to settle onto your feet, you can," Elena said. "I've loosened the frame a little so you can go down. You just can't go back, forwards, left or right."

Maton's head snapped up to look her in the eye. One solution would've been for him to clasp his legs together, but that would force the smouldering needles into his tender thighs.

"Your forces are destroying my world," Elena said. "And now I'm going to destroy you slowly . . . beginning with skewering your jewels."

"T-they're not *my* forces." He hadn't slept in three days, his body was wracked with pain and fatigue, and he felt his calf muscles giving out.

Elena and Claudia masturbated in front of him with joyous moans of arousal.

His heels were sinking, and he knew he was lost. He closed his eyes and braced himself for the searing pain . . .

The Oval Room windows imploded.

Elena and Claudia lost their balance as the force of the explosion shook the foundations of the White House. A second neutron-incendiary fell and half of the building was consumed by flame.

The entrance to the Oval Room shattered. The solid oak door exploded across the room, striking Claudia with devastating force. The impact crushed her instantly. A section of the ceiling fell onto her, burying her lifeless body.

Elena's expression assumed a look of terror. "Claudia!" Another explosion hurled her off of her feet. The sensor disc shot from her hand and

landed beside Claudia's buried remains. Debris fell onto the disc, crushing it and deactivating the needle pole.

A third incendiary fell. Maton fell to the ground, and the remainder of the ceiling began to fall in. He presumed the explosion had destroyed the power sources, automatically cancelling the vaso-magnesis. He used what little energy he had to roll out of the way of the falling debris.

An oak cabinet from an upper floor fell through the ceiling onto Elena, pinning her to the ground. She screamed.

Maton looked up to see her trapped under the rubble. In that moment, he was a man torn. He could save himself and try to fight his way through the wreckage. Or he could try to save her. But he couldn't forget what she was—a woman of evil, a psychopath, someone who took delight in the suffering of others, a woman with no moral foundation, whatsoever.

But he knew he wasn't such a person. Despite his loathing of her, he knew he could never become like her.

He staggered over to her and hurriedly tried to move the remains of the cabinet from her legs. Gripping the bottom, his strength almost gone, he cried out with exertion as he lifted it. "Now," he said. "Get out. Get out."

Elena looked up at him, her face soiled by the wreckage. "I . . . can't."

"What?"

"M-my legs . . . broken."

Oh, for chrissakes. He pushed with everything he had, barely managing to move the cabinet clear of her legs.

He knelt down, cradled her in his arms, and lifted her. Elena cried out in agony, and he realised he'd disturbed her broken legs. But what other choice did he have? "We're getting out of here," he said with conviction.

The far side of the ceiling collapsed, blocking the outside corridor with concrete and rubble. The room was filling with smoke as the fires spread.

"My God, we're trapped!" he said.

"T-the bookshelf," Elena said in barely more than a mutter.

"What about it?"

"Get m-me over to the bookshelf."

Naked and barefoot, he carried her across through the wreckage to the remains of the bookshelf. Minutes ago, it had been filled with a library of rare, antique first editions dating back to the American Civil War. Now, they lay torn and burned, scattered across the room, with the shelves hanging over, precariously.

“Pull the shelf down. The motor . . . will have been destroyed,” she said.

What motor? Confused, he eased his fingers behind the wood and pulled with all his might. However, it came away easily. He moved to the side as the shelf collapsed. Behind it, he saw a cylindrical, transparent capsule.

“Get me inside,” Elena said, no longer possessing the resonant tones of authority for which she’d become famous.

He carried her into the capsule, and a thought came to him. “This is pointless. The power’s out, remember?”

“N-no, it isn’t.” She pressed her palm against a hand-shaped panel on the right of the capsule. The panel lit up. Another incendiary fell, landing directly in the centre of the room. The shielded capsule door shot around and sealed into place, barely saving them from being incinerated by a wall of flame.

And then, the world collapsed. The capsule descended at astonishing speed, twisting and turning along a subterranean network.

“Where is it taking us?” Maton said.

“T-to safety.”

The capsule continued its supersonic journey for another two seconds before slowing down. Maton looked ahead, not knowing what to expect. It was clear they were being transported to an underground complex. No one knew of such things better than he.

The capsule halted and the shielded door slid open. The wall ahead appeared to be constructed from lead, and he recognised it as a radiation shield. It slowly opened to reveal a well-decorated, extravagantly opulent underground habitation. The room before him was the bedroom. “What is this place?”

“I-it’s a stronghold.”

He noticed she was shivering. “You’re in shock.” He carried her over to the king-sized, four-poster bed, peeled back the duvet, and gently laid her down. “Try to keep warm. Do you have a med-pack in here?”

“In en-suite ablution chamber . . . under the water dispenser.”

Maton ran across to an immaculate bathroom, adorned with state-of-the-art facilities for cleansing and bodily hygiene. He opened up a small cabinet underneath the water dispenser and took out a silver attaché case. He took a towel from one of the racks and draped it around his bare waist.

Returning to Elena, he found her huddled under the duvet, and uncovered her legs. He touched the sensor on the attaché case, opened it up, and searched the contents. Each item was fixed into its own secure compartment. It took seconds for him to find the first item he was looking for—an anaesthetic vibro injector. “OK, Elena. I’m going to inject your legs with anaesthetic, and then I’m going to re-set them.”

Panic appeared in her eyes. “Please, don’t hurt me.”

He paused for a moment and looked at her with hopelessness. “Please don’t judge me by your own standards.” He placed the injector just below her right knee and touched the trigger, and then injected her left leg. He could see both had become inflamed and swollen. “You have a clean break to the right fibula and, I would say, compound fractures to the left tibia and . . .” He raised the sheets a little higher and noted the injuries to the top of her legs. “You have severe bruising to both left and right rectus femoris, with likely damage to the cartilages of both knees.”

“A-are you trained in medicine?”

He smiled at the irony. “I used to be a doctor before you made it law that a male must only perform menial tasks. I thought that you would’ve known that about me.”

“I d-didn’t.”

“Well, you learn something new every day.” He gripped her right leg by the ankle and the knee. “On three. One—” He unexpectedly pulled her leg with force. The broken bone clicked into place, but Elena didn’t react or flinch. He knew the anaesthetic was powerful and fast acting.

He continued with a laser-regenerating device from the attaché case—a small chrome projector, slightly larger than a pen, which emitted a purple beam of light onto the affected tissues. He twisted the calibrator back and forth in accordance with whether it was bone or muscle tissue he was aiming to heal. The beam rapidly accelerated her cell-growth.

Within thirty minutes, he’d healed her bones and repaired her bruised muscles. He finished by giving her an injection of Tranquisibiline, a powerful shock-inhibitor. “That’s still going to be a little sore for a while, so if I were you, I’d stay put.” He covered her legs over and packed the equipment back into the case.

Finally, they were alone with no distractions—two enemies, a mile beneath their own war. The stronghold was now their home. Maton considered the irony. Both of them were reliant on Elena’s food storages,

and Elena was reliant on his medical expertise. They looked into one another's eyes, Maton with a clear conscience, Elena with confusion.

"Why did you save me?" she whispered.

Without responding, he lay on the floor, exhausted, and sank into a deep sleep.

Maton awoke before Elena with a sense of unease. His first priority was to use the ablution chamber and immerse himself in the body-cleansing pod. He'd always believed a clean body and a full stomach were required for clear thought.

He rummaged through the storage containers in the kitchen, and discovered they were filled preservation cupboards that seemed to extend for miles. There was enough food to keep the two of them alive for years. He noticed the containers were steel cases, specifically designed with laser and electron preservation plates. It was impossible for the food to become stale from exposure to the atmosphere. Even after a hundred years, it would still be as fresh as the day that it was stored.

He stepped into the bedroom with a tray and two plates of heated croissants, several varieties of preserve, and two large cylinders of caffeinietta. Elena was beginning to stir. "I thought you might be hungry," he said. "How are the legs?"

She bolted upright with a start and stared at him. There was no warmth or appreciation in her eyes. Nevertheless, he took the liberty of placing her tray beside her, and sat on the edge of her soft warm bed. He amorously devoured his croissant before her, taunting her with a gleeful smile.

"You animal," she said, the sour grapes of defeat pouring from her lips.

"I know. It must seem real strange for you seeing a man eating this kind of food. Unfortunately, I couldn't find any bananas."

"If we ever get out of here, I swear—"

"Speaking of which, where are we?"

She didn't answer.

"Just a simple question."

"If you must know, we're half a mile below rural New Virginia."

"That far out, eh? How are we receiving power for the lighting and cooking facilities?"

“It’s HEP. Old technology, but ideal for down here.”

“Hydro Electric Power? What’s the source?”

She was quiet again, clearly reluctant to engage in conversation with a male. Especially *him*. “The river,” she said finally.

“The Potomac?”

“It’s the same power source that feeds the capsule that brought us here.”

Now it all made sense to him. All of the White House’s power sources had been destroyed in the explosions, but the capsule was being fed by an electrical feed, miles away from it.

“Why do you hate males so much, Elena?” he said.

“How dare you call me by my given name? I am your president.”

“Not *mine*, you’re not. So tell me. What’s the problem?”

“You’re savages, that’s what.”

Maton dropped his croissant in disbelief. Never in his life had he heard such a hypocritical statement. “*We’re* savages? *Us*? How the hell do you figure that? Are we the ones mutilating people? Flogging them? Denying them the right to their own bodies, for chrissakes?”

“What’s *that* out there?” she said, indicating the war and the devastation with her right hand. “That kind of destruction is all men have ever been able to accomplish. That’s why you need to be kept under control.”

“You think this war is the result of men? This war is the direct result of women and of *you*.”

“How so? Explain how I’m responsible for the destruction of my home? My office? The deaths of my officials . . . ? *Claudia*?”

He looked her in the eye with an assertive demeanour. “OK, suppose I take it from the beginning, and then maybe you’ll understand why?”

Elena was temporarily silent, which gave him the moment he needed.

“Retro Dawn began just before you were elected,” he said. “I spoke to women who were carers and those who worked in the medical community. There were many nurses. They were horrified by what was happening, and we formed a team. We treated many victims of the whip, and later, the penis guillotine. We gained more allies—good men who were so enraged by the cruelty they’d received. By then, the movement was growing.” He waited for a moment for his words to penetrate her hate-filled mind. “Not every woman thinks as you do, Elena. Many have an instinct for compassion, and can’t bear to see people suffering. Whenever they showed kindness to a man, you legislated to have *them* tortured, too. That gave Retro Dawn

greater growth and even more allies. Some of them were part-time athletes, acrobats, and martial artists. They helped me train the team for field work”

Elena looked away, and he suspected a glimmer of realisation was dawning in her mind.

“You torture anyone who dares to disagree with you,” he said. “We’ve had *men* like you in times past—the Caesars, Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot, Hussein, among others.”

“How dare you compare me to a male?”

Maton had no doubt she wanted to kill him but knew he couldn’t quit now. “As male and female we are symbiotes. One cannot exist without the other. Surely, you must understand this?”

“We have MHR’s for reproducing.”

“As I said. We are symbiotes. One cannot exist without the other. All MHR’s do is limit your options. You outlawed gender manipulation because you couldn’t afford to let your source dry up, could you? Not to mention the risk of future deformities with such a small sperm source. Sooner or later, the people would become too genetically close to one another.”

“You hypocrite. How can you say we are symbiotes when you initiated a force for destruction?”

“Ultimately, I didn’t create Retro Dawn. *You* did. Just as you caused all of that destruction out there.”

“What? How can you blame all of that on me?”

“You captured *me*. I was the only one who could calm them down when they flew into their incessant rages after what you’d done to them. Without me, Retro Dawn was left in *their* hands.”

“Who is in charge now?”

Maton pondered whether he should answer. However, by now she would’ve known what had happened with the person who’d become Retro Dawn’s new leader. “Monica Bruhn,” he said quietly.

“Monica Bruhn?”

“Yep. Your old conference buddy. Makes you think, doesn’t it?”

“What?”

“That the one responsible for destroying everything you had, and for causing more destruction than you’ve ever imagined . . . is a woman.”

Elena sat back, quietened. “I was close to her. Everything about her was a lie from the start.”

“I was the only one who could ever keep her under control,” he said. “She would go on a rampage, and I could ease it for her. Not with force or command, but with reason and love. You took me away from her. Now, will you listen to me?”

“What about the Eastern Hemisphere?” she said, as though in desperation to win the argument. “There has never been a time when places like Israel, Iraq, and Afghanistan have failed to regard women like second-class citizens. They treat them like they exist purely to serve males, to tolerate their infidelities, and to live with disrespect and abuse.”

“That’s true, and I totally agree with you. It’s wrong, completely unconscionable, and the men responsible should be made to answer for it. But women in the east were never kept in chains twenty-four-seven, and locked away in cages to be let out only for the purpose of sexual slavery.” He leaned closer and gazed into her eyes. “All women in the east today are beaten almost daily and mandatorily at the age of fifteen.”

She looked away with a pained expression, as though she was unable to process his words.

“None of that would’ve happened if you hadn’t initiated this goddamn Reformation. You made the entire world terrified of the female. They are now brutalising and caging your sisters because of *you*.” His voice quavered with pity for the women of the east.

Elena didn’t respond.

“How did you discover Central Operations?” he said.

“We only knew that the approximate location was Angelina City. We scouted the city with satellite surveillance. When nothing was revealed, I just knew you were underground.”

He suddenly felt gripped with concern. Torture must have been applied to one of his own people. “Who told you we were in Angelina City?”

“A young woman in London.”

His mind raced through his knowledge of those who were included in Florentine Bowman’s chapter. “What’s her name?”

“Desiree Harper.”

He shook his head, bemused. “Who in the hell is Desiree Harper?”

“I don’t know. But she was caught helping your people in a time-travel experiment.”

Maton burst into laughter. "Time travel? I like it. You're the last person in the world I would've accused of having a sense of humour."

"I'm not joking."

His chuckling abated when he saw the intense look in her eyes. "Surely, you're not serious?"

"They were trying to go back in time to kill Selina Paris. To kill *me*, one-hundred-and-forty years before I was born."

"That's impossible."

"Not according to my leading scientific advisors."

He shook his head in astonishment. "Please believe me, I knew nothing of this, and neither would I have ever condoned something like that."

"Why should I believe you?"

He tilted his head to one side and spoke with gentle earnestness. "Because I'm telling you the truth." He could see she found his words compelling, and felt encouraged he was getting through to her.

"The Matriarch was the founder of our way of life," she said. "It was her values that gave me mine. They gave us our world of today. A world of freedom for women."

"They weren't exactly *her* values," Maton said under his breath.

"What do you know about her? She was a lady who fought for the rights of women during a time when women were treated like servants by men. She introduced the Paramount Rule into her teachings as a means impressing upon males that women did not exist for them to abuse with their barbaric thoughts and deeds."

"Mmmm . . . That's not exactly what happened."

"What do you mean? What would you know about her?"

"Everything. I've studied detailed files, reports, interviews with eye witnesses, all verified by historians as genuine, and traced to their original sources. There's no doubt that what I know is the truth, Elena."

"And what is *the truth*?"

He took a deep breath, aware he was about to destroy the very foundation upon which she'd based her reality. "Selina Paris had no interest in furthering the cause of women, and neither did she have any interest in promoting moral virtues."

"How can you say that? She was a wonderful woman."

"She tormented young men with sexual denial, and abused them repeatedly, purely for her own sexual pleasure."

“Young *men*, yes. She was teaching them that the place of a male was in the service of the female.”

“And the females she abused? Where do they fit into this theory?”

Elena’s eyes widened, outraged. “What?”

“What about the females she abused? I have files of reports from interviews with her victims. They’re from nineteen-forty-six to nineteen-seventy-one, when she was thwarted by a student who went on to become a TV actor.”

“What TV actor?”

“Peter . . . Peter *something*, I can’t remember. I only know the names of her victims. He wasn’t a victim. He wiped the floor with her. The story was sold to a London newspaper by a woman named Catherine Rolland. Apparently, this guy had rescued her from being flogged at Oakpark Grange.”

“You’re a liar!”

Maton sensed the inner turmoil she was going through. What he was saying *was* the truth, and she couldn’t come to terms with it. “In nineteen-fifty-three, Selina Paris admitted female pupils to Oakpark Grange. I have information on more than enough of them—Molly Carstairs, Susan Blakemore, Jane Barnet, Margaret Sykes, among many others. Jane Barnet became an alcoholic following her experience at the school. She told her story to an eminent psychologist in nineteen-ninety-four when she was fifty-nine years old. The report was eventually suppressed like all the others, but we managed to obtain them. She said she’d spent much of her time in rehab, had four failed marriages, and that she’d never been able to settle anywhere.”

“But why?”

“Apparently, Selina had authorised for Celia Ramirez and Bridget St. John Smythe to force her and her boyfriend, Richard Malone, to flog one another.”

He could see the distress in her eyes. She shook her head in denial.

“Do you know what that means, Elena?” He waited a few seconds for a response that never came. “It means Selina Paris—The Matriarch—gave the order for a male to physically assault a female.”

“No. Stop it. Stop it!”

He smiled, knowing he was breaking her down. “Susan Blakemore escaped from Oakpark Grange in nineteen-sixty when she was unable to

bear Bridget St. John Smythe persistently forcing her to perform cunnilingus on her. She lived most of her life in a mental institution. Once again, *a female*.”

He continued to focus upon the female victims of Oakpark Grange. Any negatives regarding the males, such as Richard Malone being jailed for a series of violent offenses, and Adam Brindley becoming a drug addict, she would’ve interpreted as evidence of male barbarity and inferiority. She still had far to go. “Selina even abused her own daughter, Megan. Her father, James Parmenter, had become so consumed with his own circumstances that Selina was able to dominate his every move, leaving him with no say in how his daughter was raised. Eventually, he filed for divorce.

“When Megan turned eighteen, Selina introduced her to politicians, judges, and whoever else might have had an inkling of influence. She instructed that girl to seduce, suck, and screw as many of them as possible so that she could manipulate their decisions. She turned her own daughter into a whore. When we get out of here, I’ll show you the proof.”

She placed her hands over her ears. “Please,” she cried. “Please, stop it.”

Go for just one more. “As the social status of females rose, it was easy for Megan Parmenter’s daughter, Harriet, to spread the word into the third Millennium. Her family values were then carried down the line, through politics and academic writings. Finally, *you* arrived, at a time when the social ethos was ready to accept the Paramount Rule and the complete domination of the male.”

“I can’t take any more of this,” Elena whimpered as her tears began to flow.

He could only imagine what she was going through. Everything she had ever believed, her values and sense of identity, were collapsing under the weight of his revelations. “And for all her schemes, Selina died alone at Oakpark Grange in nineteen-ninety-seven. I will leave you with that, for now.” He decided to rest his case for the moment. “By the way, your breakfast is going cold.”

Weeks passed. Elena exhausted herself over the first few days with her hatred and rage towards Maton. Anger, sadness, confusion, and a twinge of

guilt assaulted her mind like a swirling storm—a maelstrom of torment.

As her anger abated, her mind began to clear, giving her the opportunity to consider his words. Over time, she began to realise that all she'd ever known about Selina Paris was what her mother had taught her. Questioning anything had never even been a consideration. She finally had to accept that she'd been thoroughly brainwashed. Her life had been founded upon a biased *truth*, an incomplete story . . . a fable.

Compounding that was the fact that Maton had saved her life and cared for her injuries in the immediate aftermath of her having tortured him. He was a male, the very breed of creature she'd always believed to be savage and inferior. The reality was, he was educated, highly intelligent, gentle, caring, and often, something she'd never known before—he was *funny*.

Her mind had become perplexed that so many beliefs her world was founded upon were cruel, unjust lies.

As the weeks rolled by, she became disturbed that thoughts of cruelty still ignited sexual arousal within her. The only alternative would have been to deny it and assume Maton had been lying. But she was far too intelligent to delude herself. It had taken those weeks of being alone with him for her to be conflicted by her desires. One thought persistently haunted her: *He saved me.*

Maton worked day and night attempting to activate the stronghold's holo-transmission receiver, but to no avail. Without it, he and Elena had no knowledge of what was happening on the surface. They dared not attempt using the capsule to return. It would ascend rapidly through the tunnels back to the remains of the White House. The top of the tunnel would be blocked with wreckage, and they'd be crushed by the impact.

Elena stepped into the transmission room to find him covered in electronic wires. His only clothing was the towel around his waist.

"I think I'm getting somewhere," he said, hearing her come in. "Whoever built this place, anyway? These connectors look like they were put in by chimpanzees."

"President Kirkland had it built in twenty-one-nine," she said. "My sworn oath to her was that no other would ever learn of it. Not even my closest confidant."

“Why?”

“I think she always had it in mind as a last minute security measure. If even one other knew of it, it wouldn’t be completely secure.”

“Yeah, well, a little *too* secure if you ask me. We’re trapped and no one knows where we are.”

She sat beside him. “I wonder if there’s anything left of New Victoria now.”

“Who knows?” He fell into fits of laughter.

“What’s so funny?”

“You are. Renaming Washington DC *New Victoria*. Any particular *Victoria* you had in mind?”

Elena chuckled. Her time with him had lightened her temperament profoundly. “OK, it was Olga.”

“I remember that story about her.”

“Which one?”

“The one where she got arrested in *La Société Des Femmes*. She was a former church warden, pushing sixty, and she got taken away with her panties down during the raid. Caught in the act. It cost Selina a fortune bribing the Chief Superintendent.”

Elena finally succumbed to laughter. “OK, I suppose that is quite funny.”

He turned to her, startled. “Wow, Elena. That’s the first time I’ve heard you laugh.”

She nodded, becoming maudlin again. “I know. Sad, isn’t it? You know so much about my family. What about yours?”

He threw his hands up in a not-much-to-tell manner. “My family all began with Melek and Cody Dexter. After the fall of Kirnan prison, they moved to California, married, and we’ve been there ever since.”

“I know that much, but what were they like?”

“My mom told me what she knew. Melek was *our* matriarch. She and Cody loved each other very much, and she passed on her message of love and caring for others to their son and daughter. She was a nurse, you know.”

“I know. It seems medicine runs in your family. Your great grandfather was a surgeon, wasn’t he?”

“Yes. I was named after him.”

Elena looked at him craftily. “Of a sort. Wasn’t his name *Matthew*?”

Maton grinned. “Yes.”

“It has always intrigued me why you Americans have, for so long, insisted on having surnames for first names, and more recently, evolving first names to sound like surnames.”

“Hollywood. I’m a Californian. In any case, it doesn’t take a genius to figure out who you were named after.”

Elena frowned. “I don’t know what you mean. Who?”

“*Elena*,” he said, accentuating the word, and then, “*Sel-ina*.”

“Oh, my,” she said, surprised. “How come I’d never seen that connection before? My mother must’ve known she was cryptically naming me after her.”

“Oh, your mother,” he said mock-ominously. “Geraldine Sterling, the advocate of castration.”

“Oh, come on. She was lovely.”

“Wasn’t she, just? If I ever misbehaved as a little boy, my mother used to tell me that Geraldine Sterling was going to come and get me.”

“And she probably would have cut them off, as well.”

They laughed together, their mood completely relaxed. In the solitary world of the stronghold, they had only each other. Their mutual instinct for intimacy gripped them. Without plan or preparation, their mouths met. For the briefest moment they kissed before Elena eased away.

“What’s wrong?” he said.

“Don’t you have a woman?”

“No, I don’t. None of us thought it was a good idea during war.”

“But I’ve never done this before . . . with a man.”

Maton smiled. “Neither have I.”

They nervously resumed. Consumed by the grip of passion, they carefully tasted one another.

It was an alien experience to Elena. Never before had she even considered the possibility she would one day be with a man. Formerly, the thought would’ve turned her stomach, although she never had any reservations about touching a man’s genitalia as a means of taunting him. But that was before she knew the truth about them—and about herself.

Maton’s masculine strength combined with his caring gentleness ignited something within her. It was a primal feeling she had never known before. It took her by surprise and caused her heart to flutter uncontrollably. He was the enemy, and yet she’d grown to feel the tenderest warmth towards him.

She had never felt as safe in the company of anyone as she felt with *him* in that moment.

She was overcome by an instinct to surrender to the sensations he was inducing in her as he kissed her neck. She exhaled as her heart raced and threw her head back, simply unable—*unwilling*—to push him away. Her robe fell open and she shuddered. He took her left nipple between his lips. His touch was so caring. The caress of his tongue as it circled her areola caused a flood of desire to flow from her womanhood. She groaned at the sensation of its warmth.

He gently picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. Her instinct to surrender to his embrace overcame her.

He laid her down gracefully onto the bed, knelt before her, and carefully parted her thighs. She closed her eyes at the soft, moist touch of his tongue. She'd never received cunnilingus from a male before, although the concept of the cunnilingus bar had been her own creation. The rapturous emotions that possessed her heightened the sensation one-hundred fold. For the first time in her sexual history, a tear fell from the corner of her eye.

He climbed onto the bed and placed his hands behind her shoulders. She returned his embrace, and they held one another tightly. She cried out as he entered her. Never before had she imagined an experience so filled with physical ecstasy combined with the most powerful of emotions. She felt as one with Maton, as though she'd only ever been half a person and he was completing her.

The word he'd used on the morning after they arrived came back to her. *Symbiotes. One cannot exist without the other*, he'd said. Only now did she realise the truth of that. It was a moment of wonder, where she was joining herself to her foe that they might be enemies no longer. The tenderness she felt for him was real. She now had difficulty imagining they had ever been anything other than lovers. The weeks they'd spent together had shown them that they were not simply labels. Maton did not mean *adversary*, and Elena didn't mean *sadistic president*. Both of their names had the same meaning—equals with needs, emotions, faults, and virtues.

The stronghold came alive as they reached the mutual fruition of their union. Maton spent himself in time with her spasmodic contractions. He slowed his pace as his climax abated, and joined his mouth to hers. For long moments they kissed whilst his erection wilted inside her.

They lay side by side, holding one another in silence for hours.

Finally, she spoke. “Maton?”

“Yes?”

“What does ‘Retro Dawn’ actually mean?”

He looked upwards in a pensive manner. “There was a time, during the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries, when neither males nor females were socially dominant. It wasn’t always an easy time between them, but both were socially equal. It’s *that* time we need to return to. That’s the ‘retro’.”

Elena thought about it for a moment and found the concept somewhat pleasant. “And the ‘dawn’?”

He turned and gazed lovingly into her eyes. “New beginning.” He touched his lips to hers, once again.

Maton worked on the wiring to the holo-transmitter for another two days. Wrapped in cables, he was alerted to a buzzing noise, and then a female voice.

“. . . death of President Sterling, five months ago. In other news, the battle rages on across Europe between the forces of Retro Dawn and the armies of the New Order.”

Maton crawled out from under the wires and stood transfixed in front of the high-definition hologram broadcast. “Elena, I’ve done it. We’re online.”

Elena walked briskly into the transmission room with a look of urgency.

“On a brighter note,” the brunette commentator said, “New Order forces have achieved victory in New Victoria, with over one-hundred Retro Dawn operatives captured, and at least that number killed.”

Maton looked on in horror as scores of his battle-worn friends were led away in shackles across a war-torn backdrop. A young, blonde Reformation soldier, bearing the signs of battle, came into shot holding a severed penis. A proud, victorious smile showed on her face.

“They think you’re dead, Elena,” he said weakly.

“Can we get a voice transmission to them?”

He nodded sullenly.

“We have to try it, Maton. I have to get back up there.”

“I know.” He touched a number of sensors on the control panel and the transmission image disappeared. “Can you give me a military transmission

frequency?”

“Five-five-zero-eight-one-nine.”

He typed in the code. “OK, you’re on.”

Elena leaned over to the microphone sensor. “Alpha-two-two-zebra,” she said with a commanding tone. “This is President Sterling. Respond.”

They waited for several seconds, and then a reply came. “Please confirm the password, Ma’am.”

“Oh, damn. What is it?” she said. Finally, it came to her. “Boudicca.”

Another pause was broken by the sound of cheering on the other end of the receiver. “President?” the operative said jubilantly. “This is General Jessie Deering at New Arlington. We thought you’d been killed in the attack. Where are you?”

“If you use ultrasound tracking, you will find me approximately one mile underground in New Virginia, five miles due west of the Potomac. It’s a subterranean stronghold. The exit is a network of hyper-sonic capsule chutes, which lead to the location of the Oval Room. I need to know if the chutes are clear of debris. If they’re blocked, I need you to clear them.”

“Order received, Madame President. Operations will be initiated immediately. Deering out.”

The line ended.

Maton sat with his head in his hands. Agonised thoughts flooded his mind. Would she turn him in when they reached the surface? Would the sight of her armies draw her back to her former ways? Was everything they had become to one another a mere dream? And would he be able to cope emotionally if she was to condemn him? He couldn’t deny he’d fallen in love with her.

Within twenty-four hours, debris within the chute had been discovered and cleared by the military. General Deering informed Elena that their exit from the stronghold was clear.

Maton had lived in a towel since his arrival. No male clothing had been found in the shelter. He knew it would be winter on the surface. He had no choice but to shroud himself in more towels, despite knowing he might look rather foolish. His heart pounded as he stepped into the chute with Elena.

“Well, this is it,” she said cheerfully. “We’re finally going home.”

“*We* are? Or just *you*?”

“What do you mean?”

“Once we reach the top, the fantasy is over, Elena. We both know that.”

She looked him in the eyes with sad but loving sincerity in her own. “I would never have you arrested, Maton. Not now. Nothing will ever be the same, I promise you.”

He held her gaze and studied her tearful eyes.

“I . . . I love you, Maton.”

They held one another as the door to the capsule closed. Maton wept.

Elena touched the ascension sensor, and they were launched up at phenomenal speed. They looked above them at the blur of the tunnels coming towards them. Within seconds, they were in daylight.

Maton tried to get his bearings on what was before them. It was no longer a majestic city with a history. It was a wasteland. The Oval Room was no longer. The White House was levelled to the ground. The capsule stopped above the ground as though it had emerged through the foundations of hell.

Legions of troops were waiting, cheering at the return of their leader.

The capsule opened and Elena stepped out, her arms outstretched with a joyous smile.

And then Maton emerged, draped in towels behind her. All military personnel raised their weapons and trained them upon him.

“Madame President, get down,” General Deering said.

Elena ran towards them urgently. “No. It’s all right. Don’t shoot!”

Maton instinctively stepped in front of her to shield her from any potential accidents. A searing pain struck his chest with extreme force, and he felt himself being propelled across the ruins. Shock overcame him, anaesthetising his senses as he landed on his back. He was barely aware he’d been hit in the chest by a laser blast.

“No!” Elena ran to him as he lay across the rubble in the cold, open air. “Maton. Oh, Maton.”

The troops closed in. “Madame President, get away from him,” she heard one of them say.

She knelt down and took his hand into her own.

His breathing was laboured. His chest had been literally blown apart, and he knew he was slipping away. “Elena.”

“Yes, Maton,” she said, sobbing.

“Please don’t let this continue. Let the people be as we were . . . down there.”

“I will. The Retro Dawn will rise, my darling. I give you my solemn promise. I will ensure your dream for all of us will come to fruition.”

His fingers closed around hers. He smiled up at her, but he was losing the strength to breath. A bright light appeared before him, and he felt himself flying through a strange, warm tunnel. He managed to utter two last victorious words. “Mission: accomplished.”

With that, he passed on.

Elena looked into his lifeless eyes and grasped his dead weight by the shoulders. She held him tightly, her body convulsing. Her respiration came in short bursts with her tears. Anguish the likes of which she’d never known ate at her very soul.

She glanced at her troops and saw their looks of shock and amazement. She knew what must’ve been going through their minds. This was Elena Sterling, the president who vowed to crush the male under her political stiletto. Yet, there she knelt, sobbing like a child for her very worst enemy. None of it would have made any sense to them.

She looked to the heavens and bellowed a cry of agony that echoed across to New Virginia.

Maton Dexter was buried in his family grave site at Grand View Memorial Park in Glendale, Angelina City, alongside his ancestors, including Melek and Cody Dexter.

Many of Elena Sterling’s cabinet and close aides had perished in the attack on New Victoria. Most military personnel wanted to resign due to the president’s reversal of politics, but were unable to due to their minimum five year service agreement.

During the two weeks following Maton’s death, the knowledge of Elena Sterling’s political reversal filtered through to the public, although she hadn’t officially made an announcement. She’d needed the time to grieve, and to research and compile the data regarding Maton’s claims about Selina Paris and the history of her family.

When she finally had everything she needed, she ordered a press conference and prepared herself to sit before the people of the West—to change a world.

Elena stood on a small podium before the cameras outside her new temporary office in New Arlington. Although nervous, she managed to remain strong with an intense, political demeanour. She knew it was the edge she needed to enforce her new regime with conviction.

“My *brothers* and sisters of the West,” she said.

That first comment drew expected gasps of shock from all around her.

“I come to you this day in the spirit of regret and repentance. I have come to realise that the values I, and *we*, were embracing during the Reformation, were not only harmful to men, but to women. Our beliefs were based upon concepts that were fictional.” She paused momentarily to allow for the predictable gasps to abate. “I will release all of the information to the media immediately upon the completion of this broadcast that you might all gain a greater insight into my decision. However, I am still your president. I have absolutely no intention of stepping down, and neither will I be pressured into doing so.

“My cabinet, my aides, and my political circle were mostly killed during the attack on New Victoria. For that reason, I call upon all members of Retro Dawn to join me in leading our new world, where men and women can live together in harmony.” The memory of the happiest time of her life came back to haunt her. Her tears began to well up as she thought of Maton.

Open mouths were all around her. She knew the questions being asked among the people. *Had she lost her mind?*

“As a gesture of my sincerity, I am ordering, effective immediately, the release of any prisoners being detained under Reformation law. This includes war crimes, treason, and any breach of the Paramount Rule. I order all random urine testing to cease immediately, and all penis guillotines to be dismantled and destroyed. The Milkable Human Resource regime is hereby abolished, as are no-orgasm and servant-partnership agreements, and sexual training school programs. All males working in cunnilingus bars will be treated with respect. The abuse of such personnel will be dealt with under civil sanctions. All statutory physical sanctions are hereby, abolished.”

The Western world fell silent.

In London, Florentine Bowman and Nicholas Trudeau sobbed with joy and held one another in celebration as they watched the broadcast.

In the Marble Arch correctional facility, Desiree Harper and her cell mate, Melene, embraced one another with jubilation. Desiree's, and likely Melene's, releases were to occur at any moment.

Warden Holt and Officer Barlow watched the broadcast consumed with horror.

"Be a people united," Elena said. "Know that you are brothers and sisters under the same sun. You are not enemies. You are neither superior to one another, nor inferior. The grave is the ultimate destiny of us all, and no amount of delusion can change that. My hopes go with you all, as does my support. This is President Elena Sterling."

She felt compelled to touch her abdomen through her dress. She smiled warmly, sensing the new life forming within her womb. With that, she knew Maton wasn't gone after all.

Not by a long shot.

Epilogue

April 14th, 2130

The war had ended and the new dawn had begun. A ray of hope shone across the West, but not with ease. The cultural mindset remained. Males still considered themselves inferior. Females still considered themselves superior. Echoes of the Reformation lingered. In spousal relationships, females continued to chastise their male partners and used them as chattels for their own satisfaction.

Nevertheless, four months following Elena Sterling's announcement, the first gestures of change began to stir. The state of Texas was one such witness.

Charlie Slade strode cautiously along the streets of Houston, still struggling to become accustomed to his newfound freedom of body and mind.

As he walked ahead into his day, *she* turned a corner with a carrier of provisions in her hand. He stopped in his tracks for a moment. It was the face of the woman who'd shown him kindness in breach of her official orders, years before. She had haunted his dreams since that day, but finally, it was *her*.

He moved closer to her, noticing her head was bowed. "Excuse me, Miss," he said nervously. "Might I ask . . . ?"

The woman looked up at him with a start.

"Do you remember me?"

She paused with the same look of compassion he'd seen four years earlier.

"You have been in my every dream since . . . *that day*."

"I remember you, Mr. Slade," she said. "I could never forget you."

Charlie smiled, encouraged by her tone. "Well, how do you feel now that our world has changed?"

She smiled sadly. "I'm disappointed that so little has changed, actually."

He returned her smile in a reassuring expression of warmth. “Your disappointment doesn’t surprise me. I’ve never forgotten that day in the punishment room at the police precinct.”

She lowered her head. “Every day it comes back to me. The anguish I endured in the course of my employment during the Reformation will probably never go away.”

“Please don’t be upset,” he said. “I ask only one thing of you. It has haunted me for four years. What . . . is your name?”

She succumbed to joyous laughter. “That is so incredible.”

“What is?”

“That the dream of one man was to simply learn my name, and I had known nothing of it.”

“So, will you tell me?”

“*Amelia*,” she said.

The sound of her name fell upon his ears like the fluttering of the wings of angels—the name he had guessed unsuccessfully for so very long.

His voice quivering with emotion, he said, “Amelia, would you care to walk with me?”

“I would consider it an honour, sir.”

Charlie smiled at her, smitten with the infatuation of first love. They walked away, hand in hand, into the new future and a new hope.

And so it was until 2170, after social construction had changed its perspective over twenty times regarding so many social issues, including the concepts of *norm* and *other*. Forty years was the time it would take for the West to realise male and female were essentially co-dependent—symbiotes, as Maton Dexter had always maintained. By that time, the Western Hemisphere would become a place in the universe where men and women would live, finally, as one. Domestic disagreements and family contentions would resume as they always had.

Nevertheless, Anja Danesti and Selina Paris’ insidious legacy, the Paramount Rule horror, had finally ended.

And as with every ending, it brought forth . . . *a new beginning*.

On the next page, you’ll find a special bonus feature:

The Alternate Ending

Reformation

The Paramount Rule Book III

The Alternate Ending

By

Tanya Simmonds

Foreword

In 2011, I was asked by Silver Moon Publications to change the original ending of *Reformation* because they felt it might be offensive to the femdom readership. I did feel that was a bit of an overreaction, but I obliged them. I replaced *Maelstrom* with a femdom fest called *Femara*—Parts 1 & 2.

Maelstrom came from my heart, and I wanted it to finally have an audience. It was also the conclusion of a series, and not a single book, hence the underlying sense of finality.

The dynamics with the stand-alone version (now long out of print), were very different. The story was a self-contained universe and had no connection to any of my other books. This alternate ending is the stand-alone version's ending, re-edited to bring it into the Paramount Rule universe.

The enormous change of direction in the alternate ending also demanded changes in the preceding story arc, *Reunion*, which is also included here.

Some will love *Maelstrom*. Others will despise it. For that reason, I am giving everybody the opportunity to experience the best of both worlds.

I wish you all—happy orgasms.

Tanya Simmonds

Reunion II

Subterranean Canary Wharf

London, New Britannia

July 15th, 2129

Desiree Harper dreamed the same dream over and over. Her mind repeatedly played the scene in her head. Nicholas was crying, *Why? Oh dear God, why?* The nurses carried him away from the stage. One of them whispered something into his ear. Desiree tried to remember what she said to him. And wasn't the nurse crying as she spoke to him? *What did she say? What did she say?*

Nicholas' beautiful rugged-but-gentle face haunted her mind as it had done for two long years—two years to the day.

She came round, tried to get her bearings, and quickly realised she couldn't move. She was sitting in a restraining chair in total darkness. Panic seized her. Could she have lost her eyesight?

As her senses returned, she remembered where she'd last been. It had been her weekly visit to the Medical Directorate, the place where Nicholas had been taken after she'd carried out his sentence. He never returned to his home, and she'd had spent hundreds of hours demanding an answer from the two nurses who'd taken him away. They never told her anything. They'd been convincing in their claim that they knew nothing of his whereabouts, but she'd had become obsessed with finding him. The man she'd penectomised had literally disappeared.

The last thing she remembered was leaving the Medical Directorate headquarters that afternoon and suddenly, she found herself confined to a vaso-magnesis chair in the dark. Her heart pounded with fear. "Where am I?"

A faint mumble of human voices crept in through the darkness. "She's coming round," one of them said.

"Who's there?" Desiree said.

A trickle of light flowed through the room to reveal the silhouettes of three human figures. From their basic outline, she could see they were female.

“Don’t be afraid, Desiree,” the woman in the centre said. “We mean you no harm.”

“What do you want with me? How do you know my name?”

“You will not remember, but we applied an anaesthetic to your shoulder before you reached your vehicle at the Medical Directorate.”

“Why?”

“This is for *our* protection. We’re going to administer a harmless chemical to you now.”

“What? Why?”

“Because we need to know the truth.”

Desiree sensed someone behind her. She tried to turn around, but was so intensely immobilized she couldn’t see anything. She winced as a vibro-injection was inserted into her right shoulder. It took seconds for the drug to take effect. She was suddenly overcome with a type of euphoria that instantly liberated her from her fears. The world became dreamlike and surreal.

“What is your name?”

“Desiree Loueen Harper,” she said with carefree abandon.

“What were you doing today at the Medical Directorate, Desiree?”

“I was trying to find *him*.”

“Who?”

Desiree smiled with warm fondness. “Nicholas.”

“Nicholas Trudeau?”

“Yes.”

“Why were you looking for him, Desiree?”

Desiree became saddened, and her voice assumed an almost-child-like quality. “I wanted to tell him . . . I am sorry. So very, very sorry.”

“What did you do that causes you to be so sad, Desiree?”

Desiree began to weep as she confessed. “I cut off his penis. I never saw him again, except . . . in my dreams. I . . . love him. I want to take care of him . . . even if I can’t have sex again. I must experience . . . what I did to him. I need to share . . . his suffering.”

There was silence. She saw the shadowed heads turn to face one another. “I think we’re in the clear,” she heard the woman on the left say. “Let’s get her out of there.”

She sensed the vaso-magnesis disappearing from the chair, and the person standing behind her helped her get to her feet. Her mind was not clear. The

drug had stolen her sense of reality. She didn't pay any attention to where she was being taken. She simply didn't care.

Desiree bolted upright with a start. The door opened. A middle-aged female stepped inside. She recognised her. It was the nurse she'd questioned for the one-hundred-and-fifty-eighth time at the Medical Directorate, mere minutes before she was kidnapped. She was the same nurse who'd whispered something to Nicholas with tears in her eyes as she led him away from the penis guillotine.

"Desiree," the woman said with maternal gentleness. "My name is Florentine Bowman."

"I know. I remember from your name-plate at the hospital. Where am I?"

"It's all right. We had to be certain you weren't a Reformation spy. I was there when you carried out your court-appointed duty, remember?"

Desiree sat back and tried to compose herself. "Where am I?"

"If I tell you, can I trust you to keep it yourself?"

"I suppose so."

"I apologise for asking that. You expressed true remorse. There's no way you could've cheated the effects of the drug."

Desiree sighed with relief.

"You're in an underground facility beneath the foundations of Canary Wharf. It's not too far from your home, so don't worry."

"OK."

"I have a surprise for you, if you're ready."

"What would that be?"

Florentine turned around, stepped back over to the door, and opened it. "You can come in now, dear."

Desiree looked up and *he* appeared in the doorway. Nicholas stepped into the room, and her mouth fell open. He looked the same as she remembered. He smiled so warmly with such forgiveness in his eyes.

"Hello, Desiree," he said. "It's been a long time."

She stood off the bed, exhilarated by the sight of him. "Oh . . . Oh, my . . . You're here. You're actually here."

"Yes, I am." He extended his arms out to her. Desiree stepped forwards and sank into them, instantly breaking down.

"It's all right," he said as she pressed her cheek into his chest through his taut black vest.

“No, it isn’t. I took your manhood . . . forever.”

“No, you didn’t,” he said with an assuring tone.

She looked up into his eyes, confused. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, you didn’t take my manhood *forever*.”

She broke the embrace and stood back a pace. “I don’t understand. I was there. I saw the blade fall. I saw your penis drop onto the platform.

Without answering, Nicholas smiled, slightly mischievously, and began to undo his leg wear.

Desiree averted her gaze, unable to look upon what she’d done to him. “Please don’t.”

“Desiree, it’s all right. I keep telling you. Just look and it won’t matter anymore.”

There was something sincere about the way he spoke that encouraged her to turn her head. It wasn’t until she lowered her gaze to his midsection that she received a stunning shock. She rubbed her eyes and pinched herself to make sure this wasn’t another *Nicholas* dream. How was it possible? It didn’t make any sense. His penis hung between his thighs, exactly as it had been before his sentence.

Florentine rested her palm upon Desiree’s shoulder. “You remembered I said something to him as we took him away that day. You were murmuring *what did she say?* when you were under. We knew what you meant from the questions you’d been asking at the medical centre for the last two years.”

“Yes,” Desiree said, eagerly seeking the answer to the first true miracle she’d ever witnessed.

“I told him there was ‘a way’ and that it needn’t be over. We took him to the Medical Directorate that day for post-guillotine care. It was there that I offered him the chance to regain what he’d lost.”

“But how?”

“Before we were fully established as Retro Dawn—”

“You’re Retro Dawn?”

“Yes. Anyway, at the time of Nicholas’ sentence, our movement was growing. Several of our earliest members came from the medical and scientific community. Nicholas was one of the first victims of the penis guillotine to benefit from their experiments.”

“What experiments?”

Florentine looked away pensively. “I don’t understand it on an in-depth biological level, but essentially, they were able to restore his penis by

means of an advanced form of cellular, body part cloning.”

“Cloning? You mean, they . . . grew him a new penis?”

“Actually, they grew exactly the same penis from the cells in the stump left behind.”

“It only took three months,” Nicholas said. “When I used to look down, I saw it re-forming, and then it just got bigger and thicker each day. It was incredible.”

Florentine became sullen. “We did the same for hundreds of victims after Nicholas. Unfortunately, President Sterling grew wise to it last year. A few restored victims were discovered, re-penectomised and thoroughly monitored. We have to be very careful.”

Desiree sat on the edge of the bed, struggling to take in that which she was hearing.

“Anyway, I’m sure the two of you have much to discuss. I will leave you to it.” Florentine exited the room.

Nicholas and Desiree were finally alone. She had waited so long for this moment. They looked at one another with mutual infatuation.

“I’ve always known where your heart was,” Nicholas said. “I remember your tears on that terrible day at the penis guillotine, and how you’d asked me to forgive you.”

They embraced and their lips finally met, their hearts beating rapidly in unison.

Desiree felt his penis stiffening against her abdomen as their tongues explored one another. She lowered her hand from his neck, down to his eager appendage. It was amazing. It felt exactly like it had before, with the same warm temperature, texture, and life.

For so many months she’d fantasised about fellating him to climax as she masturbated. Regulations had prevented her from taking his seed into her mouth on that fateful day. She decided now was the time.

She moved her mouth away from his and kissed his neck, gradually moving down to his chest. His pectorals were clearly visible through his skin-tight garment, and they fed her sexual hunger. She moved down farther and caressed his ripped abdominals with her lips, eagerly moving down to his now-fully-erect shaft.

Her impatience got the better of her. She gently seized his iron-hard vessel before taking the tip of him into her mouth.

He groaned with urgent delight. His hips automatically bucked back and forth, driving his huge, nine-inch, cloned manhood deeper into her mouth along the length of her warm, soft tongue. “Oh, Desiree. I don’t think I can take much more of this.”

She took the crown out of her mouth and stimulated him by hand. “Let it go, my darling. Just let it go.” She closed her lips around him again and sucked more vigorously. His penis became engorged with the veins protruding. She rested her lower lip under the dome and resumed stimulating him with her right hand. A thick jolt of semen shot out and filled her mouth. He cried out as she drew repeated spurts of seed from him, consuming each drop. It marked the first time she had ever tasted semen. It seemed to have an alien texture and flavour. Nevertheless, she knew it was safe to swallow, and most importantly—it was *his*. Doing something so pleasurable for him helped to assuage her guilt over what she had done to him. It wasn’t only the penectomy. It was the way she’d been so excited when she’d drawn the lot in court to be ‘the one.’ It was the brutal arrogance she’d displayed by ordering him to go down on her before the crowd. Then there was the macabre game they had all played with him. One woman after another stepping up to the stage to take him into their mouths whilst he was secured into the penis guillotine was unforgivable. They had all treated him worse than an animal, like a piece of meat to be abused and tortured purely for their own amusement. She didn’t believe she would ever come to fully accept the magnitude of what she’d done to him that day.

Nicholas’ breathing slowed, and his flow of semen gradually abated.

She sucked away the last of his ejaculate, stood, and looked him in the eye. He returned her gaze, and she couldn’t believe the gentleness in his expression. In that moment, she fell hopelessly in love with him.

It had been four days since Nicholas and Desiree’s reunion, during which time Desiree had moved into his subterranean living quarters. They had made love countless times as they bonded with one another and became accustomed to each other’s bodies.

They’d been walking around the streets of London for almost two hours, sampling the bars and cafés.

Nicholas didn't want it to end. He'd been cooped up at *Retro Dawn* headquarters for so long, he needed to get out, even if it was only for a short time.

Nevertheless, they both knew that what they were doing was utterly reckless, despite Nicholas' feeble attempt at a disguise—a cap and a sun-visor. He persistently kept his head down each time he knew they were walking into the range of a high-definition monitor sensor. The experience of being in love had led him to believe he was almost invincible. “I can't believe how happy I am with you, Desiree,” he said.

She smiled warmly. “I know. Me too.”

They turned a corner to find two police officers blocking their path. The blood drained from Nicholas' face in an instant, and he noticed Desiree's palm had become somewhat clammy.

“Nicholas Trudeau?” the first officer said.

He tried to speak, but his throat was suddenly too dry. The knowledge of what would happen to him should his restored penis be discovered, was chilling.

“Are you Nicholas Trudeau?” the officer said.

“Y-yes.”

Desiree gripped his palm tightly. He became extremely concerned about what would happen to her, should certain questions be asked.

“High-definition monitors spotted you an hour ago,” the second officer said. “You've been listed as a missing person for two years. Where have you been?”

“Nowhere.”

“That is not a satisfactory answer.” The officer turned to Desiree. “Your name is Desiree Harper, is it not?”

“Yes.”

“A former agent of the Women's Courts of Justice, and one who was responsible for carrying out this man's discipline, two years ago.”

Desiree lowered her head and didn't speak. She knew that the two of them being discovered together was highly suspicious.

“What is the nature of your relationship to this criminal, Miss Harper?”

“He's my friend,” she replied angrily.

The two officers looked at one another with knowing, sardonic smiles.

“Look, we haven't done anything wrong,” Desiree said. “Why don't you just leave us alone?”

The first officer laughed with authoritative sarcasm. “A little defensive, aren’t we Miss Harper?” She reached for her taser and trained it upon Nicholas. “Drop your pants, now!”

With his heart in his throat, he slowly un-clasped his belt and held the top of his leg-wear for a moment.

“Now!”

Nicholas’ trembling fingers released the garment. In an instant, his penis was on display.

“Treachery,” the officer barked. “You are both under arrest.”

Two weeks had passed since Desiree’s and Nicholas’ arrest. They’d been held in a detention centre under armed guard.

They stood naked in the courtroom facing the stern, merciless face of Judge Leder with two rows of hooded jurors on either side of them. Their hearts pounded under the distress and anguish of their predicament. For the past hour, they had listened to their charges and been harshly questioned by Judge Leder.

Desiree shivered, her hands shackled before her. She considered the irony that two years previously, it had been she who sat among the jurors, passing cruel judgment upon her now-beloved Nicholas. She remembered the excitement and egotistical sense of power that came with jury duty. All of her co-jurors had been similarly affected. As such, no mercy was to be found in any of those who would now decide their fate. It came as no surprise when they delivered the verdict— guilty of treason.

Nicholas was found guilty of another count of perverting the course of justice on the grounds of his restored penis. In addition, he was found guilty of treason with Desiree for refusing to disclose the location of *Retro Dawn* headquarters.

“Desiree Harper,” Judge Leder said. “Given the heinous nature of your treachery, especially in view of the fact that you are a former agent of this court, I sentence you to a period of fifteen years in the Marble Arch Correctional Facility.”

Desiree gasped at the severity of her sentence and broke down in devastation before her accusers.

Judge Leder smiled cruelly, clearly delighting in her agony. “And given that you refuse to disclose to this court the location of your headquarters, I have decided to issue an order to the facility to prescribe a course of floggings, application of orgasm-denial punishment, and whatever else they care to do to you until your tongue loosens.”

“No, Judge Leder,” Desiree pleaded. “Please don’t do this, I beg of you!”

“Well, I suppose that we could prise it out of you with chemical means, but where is the fun in that.” Leder’s gavel struck the desk. “Take her away!”

Two uniformed female officers of the court hurried over from the back of the room and seized her by the arms. She had never felt so helpless and traumatised in her entire life.

Once Desiree was out of sight, Nicholas was alone, facing Judge Leder—his worst fear.

She looked down at his penis with fascinated disgust. “You criminals think yourselves so clever, don’t you? I have lost count of how many of you I’ve had returned to the penis guillotine on account of this cheap parlour trick.”

Nicholas trembled uncontrollably. The thought of going through such a terrible ordeal again was beyond his ability to contemplate.

“However, you might yet be of some use to us.”

Nicholas was led into his prison cell in shackles. His yellow prison overall exacerbated his sense of despair and humiliation. His cell, as with all of the others, was neon-illuminated and open plan. All prisoners were trapped inside by a force-field at the entrance. Monitor sensors were positioned at each corner of the ceiling, pointing down upon the occupant.

He glanced with dread at his escort, the fierce-looking warden. She was approximately fifty-years-old, and clearly a sadist. Her uniform, consisting of a cold white shirt, a black tie, black cap, and extremely high-cut black skirt, suited her demeanour, perfectly.

He couldn’t help noticing the soft red lips of her vagina after she ordered him to sit on his bunk. It had been explained to him that prisoners were

considered to be less of a threat if they were seated when their shackles were being removed.

"I am Warden Holt," she said. "You will address me as Ma'am. This cell will be your home for the next twenty-five-years."

After releasing him from his bonds, she stepped away and took her taser from her belt. "Now stand and strip out of that uniform. Your prison number is nine-four-five."

He hurriedly complied and noticed her eyebrows rising, most likely noting his substantial penis.

"Your prison duties are yet to be set," she said. "You will remain unclothed until the day of your release. Tardiness, insubordination, and masturbation are punished with severe floggings."

Nicholas nodded and squinted his eyes, his heart pounding incessantly.

"In your case, if you are caught attempting to masturbate even once, you will be immediately sentenced to the penis guillotine. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

She came closer to him and took his member into her hand. He held his breath as she gently palpated the shaft to erection. "What a big cock you have. Were you an MHR?"

"N-no, Ma'am. I believe my father was, though."

"Ah, that explains it. Let me see your tongue."

Somewhat confused, he pointed his tongue out for her.

She studied it for a moment. "Very nice. I'm quite partial to tongue. Expect to find yourself in my office on a regular basis." She let go of his engorged organ and made her way out of the cell. "Now I have to go and attend to your co-conspirator."

As Holt walked away, the humming of the force shield began. He took a deep breath, urgently willing his erection to soften. The monitors were observing his every move.

Holt had been gone for only one minute when he noticed her leading Desiree, also attired in a yellow prison overall, into her cell directly opposite him.

"Now strip out of that uniform, nine-four-six," Holt said. "And be quick about it."

In her terror, Desiree required no further prompting.

"I am Warden Holt. You will address me as Ma'am. This cell will be your home for the next fifteen years."

Desiree shuddered again as she peeled herself out of the uniform.

“You have been assigned to kitchen and cleaning duties. You will remain unclothed until the day of your release. Tardiness, insubordination, and masturbation are punished with severe floggings. In your case, if you attempt to masturbate even once . . .” She pointed across to Nicholas’ cell. “*He* will go to the penis guillotine. You have been warned.”

Desiree’s eyes widened at the terrible words. She glanced across and noticed Nicholas in the cell opposite. He shot her a sad smile.

“I will return in thirty minutes,” Holt said. “You are scheduled for sanction.” With that, she stepped out of the cell and reactivated the force-field gate.

Desiree gazed upon Nicholas with her hand clasped over her mouth. He realised what was being done to them. They were being forced to look upon one another’s nakedness to keep them in a constant state of sexual arousal with no means of relief. It was the cruellest of all bodily torments.

They sat in silence for another thirty minutes when Warden Holt returned and deactivated the force-field to Desiree’s cell.

“It’s time.”

The punishment chamber was oppressive, with no décor and nothing to indicate the technological era Desiree lived in. It bore a passing resemblance to a 1970’s police interrogation room, the archaic nature of which exacerbated her fear. She lay on her back with her arms outstretched, vaso-magnetised to a chastisement bench tilted at a forty-five degree angle.

Warden Holt prowled around her in her white shirt, black tie, and a black leather uniform cap. “You have a beautiful body, nine-four-six, did you know that?” She placed her fingers upon Desiree’s vagina and stroked her soft lips. Desiree broke down again, trembling.

“I asked you a question. You have a beautiful body, don’t you?”

“I . . . d-don’t know,” Desiree said, so terrified she had difficulty getting the words past her quivering lips.

Warden Holt continued to stroke her labia sensuously, producing the inevitable flow of lubrication. “Well, one thing’s for certain, you are most definitely a little slut.” She moved her finger from between Desiree’s thighs and thrust them into her mouth. “See what I mean?”

Desiree recoiled.

“I’ve been set the task of prising some information out of you.” Holt took a six-inch baton from her belt and held the tip before Desiree’s horrified eyes. A small electrical arc appeared, buzzing at the tip. “Where is Retro Dawn, Desiree?”

Holt chillingly switched from referring to her by her prisoner number to her actual name. Desiree thought, perhaps, she was trying to confuse and unnerve her further. She was so committed to preserving Retro Dawn, she was willing to go through anything for them, regardless of her terror. “I don’t know where they are, I swear it.”

Holt grasped Desiree’s right breast and placed the tip of the electrified baton onto the nipple. The shock snapped through her, causing her to convulse. She cried out with the pain until Holt pulled the device away.

“Where is it, Desiree?”

“I-I don’t know. Please don’t—” Her body shook again as Holt delivered a second shock, this time to her left breast.

“Where is it, Desiree?”

Desiree tried to beg for mercy, but her vocal chords were paralysed with fear and shock.

Angered, Holt moved down her body and placed the electrified tip just below Desiree’s vagina. “I will ask you once more. Where is Retro Dawn?”

“Don’t . . . know.”

Holt stroked the baton along the length of her labia. Desiree screamed in pain and quickly lost consciousness.

Holt withdrew the baton and sighed in despondency. “I think we need to use the old-fashioned approach with you.”

The following morning, Desiree was unceremoniously escorted, naked, back to the punishment chamber by Warden Holt. Sleep had not come easily to her that night. Every time she slipped into unconsciousness, she was awoken by the buzzing sound of the electric baton in her mind. She was already overcome with exhaustion.

Holt pushed her harshly into the interrogation room.

A blonde, androgynous-looking, muscular woman, with excessively large breasts protruding from a leather flagellation suit, stood in waiting. A

sinister-looking, twelve-thong whip was firmly in her grip. "A fragile little thing isn't she?" she said callously.

"Yes. I don't think she will be able to take much." Holt guided Desiree over to a frame in the centre of the room and secured her wrists onto it with straps.

Desiree had learned vaso-magnesis had been abandoned for prison punishments. It had become a growing practice during the last two years because it was believed the archaic approach was far more effective for extracting information. "W-what are you going to do to me?"

"You are to be flogged. Officer Barlow here is our most respected flog-mistress. She spends hours each day developing her muscles for the purpose of exacting sufficient pain to criminals like you."

"Oh, my God."

Holt turned to Barlow. "That's the invocation of a patriarchal deity. Give her ten lashes for that before we begin the interrogation."

"No, please!" Desiree cried.

Barlow positioned herself for duty.

Desiree clasped her eyes shut, unable to bear the agonising moment of apprehension.

Her world exploded when a brutal, cutting sting flashed across her right shoulder blade. She cried out with the pain which, curiously, grew worse as the seconds ticked by. It was followed by another across her left shoulder. She took a sharp intake of breath and threw her head back. The third stroke cut across the small of her back. She saw Warden Holt's sadistic smile and knew there was no hope to be found in this terrible place.

Unconcerned, Holt reached into a side pocket on her leg wear and drew out a seven-inch, phallic-shaped, chromium vagi-stimulator. She moved across to a leather seat in the corner of the room, removed her trousers, and sat down. She parted her thighs before activating the pleasuring device.

Desiree screamed with the pain of another lash.

Holt placed the stimulator upon her pudendum and seemed to be immersing herself in sensual delight to the sound of the screams.

Desiree's cries grew louder with desperate pleading as Barlow overlaid the last few strokes. Finally, the brutal flagellation ceased.

Barlow turned to the warden. "I think she's ready for the interrogation, now."

Holt sat back with her eyes closed, clearly coming to orgasm. “Just find out what she knows.”

Barlow nodded and turned back to Desiree. “This will all end if you tell us the truth, Desiree.”

“B-but I don’t know anything.”

Barlow snapped the thongs across her buttocks, producing yet another horrifying scream.

“*The truth*, Desiree.”

Another stroke cut across the same area of tender flesh. One of the thongs caught Desiree’s labia. She bellowed, clearly driven to absolute panic.

Holt cried out with the pleasure of her climax.

Barlow angled the whip and caught her labia again. “Where is Retro Dawn?”

“No! No! Please. I can’t take any more.”

Barlow stopped. “Where is it, Desiree?”

With a sudden burst of rage, Desiree summoned all her strength and delivered her most defiant blow to Holt and Barlow. “It’s in your ass!”

For three days, Desiree hung by her wrists, her legs forced apart by an iron bar in the correctional facility’s projection room. Three-dimensional images of holographic pornography were played before her whilst an eight-inch, phallic pleasuring device thrust in and out of her, plumbing the depths of her vagina. It had been programmed for exactly the right speed and pressure. It induced the most incredible pleasure to her G-spot, only to cease at the first muscular contraction of climax.

The images before her were relentless scenes of beautiful young males performing cunnilingus upon young woman who looked, curiously like she did. The males all seemed to have been cruelly selected to look like Nicholas. They were tall, ripped, with dark hair, and all were well-endowed. The administrators ensured she would endure continuous sexual stimulation of body and mind, all catered to her own tastes, but with no release whatsoever.

She heard Officer Barlow coming into the room from behind her. “Just tell us where your base is Desiree, and this will all be over.”

Desiree found speech difficult. Her body was suffering minute convulsions, induced by three days of constant sexual stimulation without reprieve. Shivering with shock, she attempted to respond. "I can't bear it. Please let me . . . come . . . please."

Barlow moved around to face her. "You know that isn't going to happen in any event. Orgasm for a prisoner is absolutely forbidden. It's the Paramount Rule, remember? But at least this constant torment will end if you tell us the location."

Realising she wasn't going to experience relief under any circumstances, Desiree felt strengthened by another burst of anger. Summoning all of her remaining strength, she raised her head to Barlow as the phallic pleasurer continued to invade her intimate orifice. "T-then go fuck yourself, Barlow."

The ordeal for the day finally ended, and Desiree was escorted back to her cell by Holt.

"Until tomorrow then," Holt said, oozing with sadism.

Desiree didn't respond. She watched as Holt disappeared from sight. She turned away and couldn't help but notice Nicholas again. She wanted him to hold her so badly, but they couldn't even speak to one another. They could see each other so clearly, and yet they might as well have been a million miles apart.

She could only imagine how debilitated she looked. Her effervescent sparkle was gone and her hair hung limp and matted in her eyes. She felt so tired, but her dreary gaze remained fixed upon Nicholas. Despite the sadness in his eyes, she saw his youthful libido was beyond his control. His penis began to rise involuntarily at the sight of her.

Seized with panic, she turned away and covered her breasts and groin.

Holt and Barlow harshly escorted Desiree back to the projection room and secured her in the position she'd been in for the last three days. She was permitted only two ten minute breaks per day for minimal food rations, and the use of an open toilet facility.

"Are you looking forward to today's session?" Holt said gleefully.

Desiree didn't respond.

Holt inserted a cylindrical punishment pleasurer into Desiree's vagina, although it wasn't the same model that had tormented her for the last three

days. The new device was smoother, silver, and didn't bear a phallic shape. It lacked the mock-mushroom-head, and *that* disturbed her. It was clear they'd raised the bar. But with what?

"I've never used one of these before," Holt said.

"I have," Barlow replied. "They're usually very effective."

"Special order from Judge Leder. She swears by them, apparently."

Desiree listened with terrified intrigue. *What are they going to do to me?*

"Now, Desiree," Holt said. "Where is your base located?"

Another three-dimensional, cunnilingus holo-movie began before her eyes. The device inside her vibrated and moved up and down, simultaneously. She groaned with the pleasure coursing through her body.

"Where is it, Desiree?"

The probe's vibration, her three weeks of celibacy, sexual torment, and *that fucking movie* drove her towards orgasm with relentless zeal. The swelling-sensation built in her groin. She groaned as the pleasure took over her weary body and built up until she'd reached the point of no return. The vibrating probe stimulated every sexual nerve-ending inside her.

And then, at the moment of release, an electrical shock tore through her innards. "No! Stop it. Stop it. Stop it."

"Where is it, Desiree?"

She didn't respond.

Barlow looked on, shaking her head. "This is not going to work, Warden. We've been at her for almost three days."

Holt exhaled, in frustration. "Our instructions from the court have given us only one more option, and if that doesn't work, we are lost." She turned back to Desiree. "Your lover, Nicholas, was spared a second penectomy for one reason, Desiree."

"I don't understand . . ."

"You care for him, don't you?"

"I l-love him."

"Of course you do, you disgusting little slut, that is why he was spared. We have instructions to give you this one last chance. Tell us the location, or he will go to the penis guillotine again first thing tomorrow morning, and with no final orgasm."

Desiree was choked with horror. Cutting off his penis had been the most emotionally distressing experience of her life, to the extent it had become a phobia for her. There was no way she could live with causing him to go

through it again. Tears poured from her and her mouth opened again. “All . . . all right. I’ll tell you.”

Victoriously, Holt and Barlow smiled at one another, joyously.

“If only we’d have known it was going to be that easy,” Holt said.

Barlow shrugged her shoulders, complacently. “Then the journey wouldn’t have been so enjoyable, would it?”

Nicholas watched as Holt led Desiree back into her cell. He could see the devastation on her face. It was clear that something had happened on this occasion to distress her more than ever. She glanced at him tearfully as he mouthed, “I love you.”

“What I said was going to happen to him will still happen if either of you attempt to masturbate,” Holt said.

Desiree fell to her knees and sobbed. Despite the world she lived in, the experience of such cruelty, such a total absence of mercy and compassion, was clearly beyond her comprehension.

“You have many years to look upon one another’s nakedness, knowing what will happen if you try to alleviate that terrible sexual tension inside you.” Holt stepped out of the cell and activated the force-field. “I’m sure the two of you will come to hate one another before too long.”

The sound of Warden Holt’s cackling laughter echoed along the corridor. She walked away, leaving the two lovers to their living hell.

The main entrance door to the Canary Wharf Retro Dawn base exploded. Chunks of fist-sized, molten titanium flew into the complex.

A battalion of fifty Reformation officers raided the interior until only Claudia Leder remained outside. Normally, she wouldn’t have even considered joining a tactical support police team on a field operation, but she had such a vested interest in this case. Retro Dawn was making a fool of her, and their actions had become a serious threat to her position.

Within an hour, the first five operatives returned. Their leader removed her helmet and approached Claudia with professional stoicism. “Your honour, we have made a thorough search of the base and can confirm it was occupied until very recently.”

“What are you saying?” Claudia said.

“I’m afraid they’re gone, Ma’am. They’ve evacuated the base.”

“Gone?” Claudia stepped forwards into the abandoned, underground town.

All operatives stepped to one side and made way for her. She looked from side to side into every room, surprised by how well-equipped it was. She had no idea Retro Dawn was so well-funded and organised. It suggested they were even more formidable than she’d believed.

With urgent passion, she turned back to her troops, her eyes livid. “Whatever it takes—find them!”

Femara

Angelina City

New California, New America

August 27th, 2129

Maton Dexter collapsed onto his bed after another taxing week. As the leader of the Retro Dawn movement, his life had become a relentless series of planning in the execution of countless liberation missions. Between prison breaks, public exposure and penis guillotine rescues, and acting as a guru to his highly-skilled recruits, exhaustion came to him frequently.

He reflected upon his life, and how he'd always striven to follow the values of his family. The descendent of Melek and Cody Dexter, who were responsible for the downfall of Kirnan prison, he'd been a successful neurosurgeon prior to the Reformation. President Sterling's New Order decreed that males were only permitted menial occupations due to their inherent, genetic inferiority.

An extremely wealthy man by virtue of inheritance, in addition to his former vocation, he'd organised his own army to thwart the forces of Elena Sterling. His movement had begun mere weeks before her election during discussions with carers and those who worked within the medical community. Horrified by what was happening, they banded together and treated many victims of the whip and later, the penis guillotine, quickly gaining more allies. Some were men who were so enraged by the cruelty they had received. Others were females who'd been tortured for showing kindness to males.

Retro Dawn's greatest assets for field work appeared when professional athletes, acrobats, and martial artists were found among them. Almost five years since the Reformation began, Retro Dawn had become President Sterling's only serious nemesis.

His body ached for the touch of his lover. She was away again on another extraction operation in Europe, and he didn't know when—or if—he would see her again. The last time, he'd been without her for five years. He was a

virile, handsome male of thirty-nine. Consequently, his hormones were often his better.

A knock on his door distracted his thoughts. He opened the door, warmed to see the familiar face of Amelia Carrington, one of his recruits. Even at forty-one, her youthful beauty remained. She was an avid believer in self-preservation, making use of as much of twenty-second century cosmetic technology as she could afford. "Amelia. To what do I owe this pleasure?"

She smiled at him seductively. "You've had a very tiring trip. I thought you might like some company."

"Sure. Come in."

Amelia closed the door behind her and wrapped her arms around him. "Let me help you."

His will seriously weakened, he broke the embrace and unbuckled his trousers. His erection sprang out, pointing up at her.

"Lie back down," she said.

Requiring no further prompting, he made himself comfortable, and Amelia sat on the edge of the bed next to him. She took hold of his engorged member and began to gently masturbate him.

"Oh, Amelia. I haven't had this for so very long."

"I know."

He knew she had a particular fondness for giving sexual release to males. To her, denying them any form of outlet was the most sadistic form of torture imaginable. She'd become addicted to showing them kindness. Her penchant had started at the beginning of the Reformation, during her days as a police nurse in New Texas.

She dipped her head down and took his length into her warm, slippery mouth. His conscience dissolved with his will. Amelia was so very skilled in her art. She knew exactly how to bring a man to climax with ease. She'd been sucking him for only a few moments when he detected his ejaculation preparing to erupt. She lifted her head again and smiled. "Would you like me to take it inside me?"

With lustful eyes, he nodded. Amelia stood and removed her leggings to reveal her perfectly sculpted vulva. She straddled his midsection and gripped his member, guiding it towards her succulent opening. It wasn't the first time she'd gone all the way with him.

The door flung open and Maton noticed a look of horror on her face. "What's wrong?" He turned and followed the direction of his gaze.

Monica Bruhn stood in the doorway with tears in her eyes. “You fucking swine! I gave you all of me. You were my life-mate. I spent five years in that fucking school, torturing young men just to get information for you, and this is how you thank me? By betraying me with that Texan whore?”

Amelia abruptly climbed off him and tried to hurry out of the room, only to be met with a blow from Monica’s fist. She fell back onto the bed, senseless.

“Monica, please, let me explain . . .” Maton said.

“Oh, I understand. I’ve been fighting for the wrong side all these years. Elena was right. All men are monsters. They take our hearts and crush them before doing the same to the next woman.”

“You’re wrong, Monica.”

“You’re the one who’s wrong.” She pointed to his still-erect member. “That thing between your legs is the cause of so much pain. The penis guillotine was the greatest instrument ever created.”

Maton was horrified at hearing such words coming from the mouth of the woman he loved. “You don’t know what you’re saying, Monica.”

“I know exactly what I’m saying, Maton. You and your little army are finished.” She pointed to his penis again, made a chopping sign with the side of her hand, and stormed out of the room.

“No, Monica, wait.” Maton ran out of the room after her, but it was too late. He clasped his hand over his mouth in horror. The look in her eyes told him exactly what she was going to do. “Oh, dear God, help us.”

Monica stormed out of the underground base and into the streets of Angelina city. She ran into the first bar she could find and locked herself away in the ladies rest room. Her buxom chest heaved as her sobbing reached a crescendo. Never before had she known such grief. Heartbreak didn’t even come close to describing her agony.

Elena Sterling and Claudia Leder looked into the night sky from one of the many balconies of Sterling Palace, the building that had once been The White House. Elena had insisted on completely redesigning the building to accommodate her own feminine tastes—the regal abode of an Empress.

Similarly, she had renamed the nation's capital, Washington DC, *New Victoria*, after the name of the Matriarch's friend and confidante, Olga Victoria.

She flicked away a strand of her flowing black hair. Her long black dress hung from her by slender shoulder straps. Her breasts were almost entirely exposed, the material barely concealing her nipples.

Elena knew she was a stunning-looking woman. She'd made use of every type of cosmetic facial and body enhancement in existence. At forty-six, she barely looked twenty-five. There was not a heterosexual male alive who was not sexually captivated by her looks.

She turned away from the stars, her sapphire blue eyes filled with rage. "How are we going to stop them, Claudia?" she said in an aristocratic English accent.

Claudia placed her palm upon Elena's shoulder. "It's just a matter of time, dear. We came so close in London. They must have evacuated their base immediately when those two lovers were arrested."

"We don't know who is in charge of Retro Dawn, Claudia. We don't even know what the name 'Retro Dawn' is supposed to mean."

"Whoever it is must be extremely wealthy, from what I saw. This is the trouble you predicted in New Germany last year, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

"I always know."

The two women were alerted by the sound of a miniature siren coming from inside.

"Were you expecting a call?" Claudia said.

"No."

They stepped inside and walked across a spectacular living room with ornate marble pillars, priceless original paintings hanging from the walls and as many apparatus' designed for sexual pleasure as there were armchairs.

Elena opened the door to a naked young man with an inordinately large penis. His head was bowed. He held a palm-sized, silver transmission receiver in his cupped hands for her to take.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion, slave?"

"I beg forgiveness, President Sterling," he said. "I will not disgrace your superiority by allowing my eyes to behold you. I have been ordered to bring

a message to you.”

She took the transceiver from him. “Return to your mistress and tell her I have ordered that you be flogged for interrupting us. No less than thirty lashes!”

“Y-yes, President Sterling.” He turned and hurried away.

She called after him, “If I find out that you haven’t given her my order, I will have your penis cut off.”

Claudia gestured to the receiver. “I wonder who could be calling you at this hour.”

Elena touched the sensor on the chromium unit. A three-dimensional image of a familiar woman appeared. “Monica Bruhn,” she said. “You treacherous little witch. You have a lot of nerve calling—”

“Shut up, Elena,” Monica said. “I bring you a gift.”

“Oh, the Trojan kind, no doubt.”

“I can give you Retro Dawn.”

Elena was silent, uncertain as to whether Monica was trying to set a trap for her.

“I made a mistake, Elena and . . . I’m sorry,” she said with sincerity in her eyes. “I am willing to turn myself in, but I want total amnesty. In return, I will give you every Retro Dawn base, emergency retreat, and Maton Dexter’s back-up plans.”

Elena frowned. “Who is Maton Dexter?”

“He’s the one you’ve been looking for. He’s the leader.”

Elena turned to Claudia. “Do you trust her?”

Claudia smiled, nodding her approval. Unless Monica had a genuine intention of handing over Retro Dawn, turning herself in would have been a senseless suicide.

“All right, Monica,” Elena said. “Come to me. I will give you total amnesty if you give me Retro Dawn. But if you betray me—”

“I won’t Elena. I’m coming in.”

The transmission ended. Elena looked at Claudia with stunned glee. “Now we have them.”

Within two days, simultaneous strikes against all thirty-seven Retro Dawn strongholds situated in New America and New Europe were executed.

Monica's revenge was cataclysmic. The resistance was taken by surprise with nowhere else to hide. President Sterling had defeated her enemy with spectacular ease. Five-hundred-and-sixteen Retro Dawn operatives were captured and taken in chains to five, sprawling detention camps situated around the district of New Victoria. Two camps in New Arlington were reserved for the most physically appealing rebels in preparation for selection by President Sterling and her closest allies. The others would be consigned to trial and, if found guilty of treason, would receive life imprisonment with no possibility of orgasm.

Claudia Leder was escorted by a battalion of armed operatives into the first of the New Arlington camps, a vast, chrome-lined outpost, the size of an aircraft hangar. One-hundred naked prisoners were magnetised to glistening titanium stakes at two-metre intervals, their arms suspended over their heads. The chamber was filled with the fear accompanying their unified trembling.

Claudia admired the incapacitated prisoners as though she was marvelling at the most beautiful flowers in the universe. "What a delightful sight. Just look at their bodies. They're phenomenal." She moved closer to a tall, blonde, incredibly well-endowed male at the end of the first row of detainees. She studied him for a moment before taking his penis into her hand and noted the number tattooed along its length. "Ninety-seven," she said. "Who is this one?"

A stern-looking, dark-haired operative standing beside her touched her palm-top, digital identifier and typed in the number. "Bjorn Holmgren. Swedish. Former MHR. Escaped from the Stockholm National Centre for Reproductive Supremacy in December 2127. Speaks limited Britannian. Specialities: size, cunnilingus, and erectile stamina."

"Just beautiful," Claudia said. "Have him cleaned up and sent to my quarters at the palace. I'll give him a thorough examination before recommending him to the president."

She moved along the next row until she came to a stunning young woman with a distinctly European appearance. She had the number 'seventy-seven' tattooed a millimetre above her clitoris. "This one?"

The operative entered the number into her digital identifier again. "Anezka Christiansen. Danish. Criminal record for Spousal theft. Former

athletics champion. Speaks fluent Britannian. Date of affiliation with Retro Dawn: indeterminate.”

“Interesting. I’m sure we can find some athletic activity for her to occupy herself.”

Anezka closed her eyes mournfully as the operatives began to laugh at Claudia’s cruel, sarcastic comment.

The young man attached to the stake next to Anezka struggled in vain to free his arms. “Lade hende være alene, du kælling!”

The smile faded from Claudia’s face. “What did he just say?”

Within seconds, the translation appeared on the screen of the operative’s palm-top. “He said ‘leave her alone, you bitch.’”

Rage filled Claudia’s heart. “Who is this infidel that he dares to speak so to me?”

Another consultation with the identifier provided the answer. “Jorn Larsen. Danish. Convicted of spousal abandonment, February fourteenth, this year. Rescued from public exposure by Retro Dawn. Apparently joined on the same day. Anezka Christiansen believed to have been involved with rescue.”

“You really do sound like a robot, officer,” Claudia said, mildly irritated.

“Ma’am, yes, Ma’am.”

“I rest my case. Nevertheless, this is very interesting. Shortlist the two of them and have the male flogged. Thirty lashes. That should calm him down, somewhat.”

Claudia made her way farther along the line, her sadistic joy overwhelming her senses. A young man in his late twenties caught her eye. “The one on the end?”

The officer hurried over to where Claudia indicated and lifted up the prisoner’s penis. “Number nineteen,” she said, and typed it in to the identifier. “Charlie Slade. American. Criminal record for masturbation in twenty-one twenty-six. Nothing else recorded. Unknown how long he has been a member of Retro Dawn.”

Claudia pondered him for a moment before making her decision. “Very well. I think the president will be pleased. Shortlist him.”

She moved into the middle of the detention centre to join the troops. “Take the rest to the palace dungeons. We’ll find some use for them, I’m sure.”

In the second New Arlington detention centre, Elena strolled along a line of prisoners with a team of armed operatives.

“You might be interested in these two, President Sterling,” the commander of the team said.

Elena looked at the two magnetized prisoners, derisively, a male and a female. The young woman was beautiful and the young man was toned and stunningly handsome. “Who are they?”

“Luc Monet and Corinne Laurent. They were actively involved in sexual intercourse in the Paris base of Retro Dawn when we attacked. They are clearly lovers.”

“Interesting. Have you any details on them?”

“Yes, Madame President. The girl is simply a malcontent with mother issues, and the young man is a cunnilingus champion from the Marseilles Dubois. Neither have any priors.”

Elena gently caressed Luc’s penis and noted how eagerly it became engorged. “Terrible disrespect to your president, young man,” she said.

Luc shivered at the scolding. She had no doubt he was terrified of being sentenced to the penis guillotine.

“F-forgive, please,” he stammered in a broad French accent. Beside him, Corinne wept in terror.

“From his employment record,” the officer said, “cunnilingus is his specialty, not erection control.”

“I will ponder that,” Elena said. “He might have to be penectomised if it’s going to become a problem. For now, have them cleaned up and sent to my quarters.”

She turned and walked through her band of armed escorts. Concealed at the back was Monica Bruhn. “Well, Monica. Which one is the leader?”

Monica stepped forwards, her eyes glazed with the pain of betrayal, and slowly walked into the middle of the detention centre. She scanned all of the prisoners and found her quarry within seconds. As she came closer to him, he displayed no emotion. “This is him,” she said. “This is Maton Dexter.”

Elena hurried over to her, eager to feast her eyes upon the man who had caused her so much distress. She immediately noticed he was naturally handsome with a well-trained physique. “What is he like sexually?”

“The best tongue I’ve ever had, and he can fuck like a tornado.”

Elena threw back her head and laughed like a child who’d just received the finest birthday gift of her life. “That settles it. He’s mine.”

Urgent to seize the moment, Monica hurried across the room to identify Amelia. “This is the slut who was screwing him behind my back. Amelia *fucking* Carrington!”

“Amelia Carrington,” the identification officer interjected with her ID scanner. “Former police nurse, defected to Retro Dawn in January, twenty-one twenty-seven.”

“Beautiful body. Bring her too and assign the rest of them to the palace dungeon.” Elena departed the holding bay with Monica and her entourage. Never before had she known such a profound sense of power coursing through her loins.

“A frighteningly good stroke of fortune, wouldn’t you say, dear?”

Elena was barely conscious of Claudia’s comment. She shuddered as the tongue probed the lips of her vulva. Bjorn lay flat beneath her, his arms shackled behind his back. His head was raised and supported by a leather strap, bringing his lips up to Elena’s flesh through a hole in the seat. Her eyes rolled as the euphoric spasms stole her will from her. She glanced down at his enormous erection as it protruded through a metallic hole in the steel belt secured around his waist.

“Aaaahh, this one’s good, Elena,” Claudia said as Charlie sucked her clitoris from under the adjacent face-sitting chair. “I believe I chose wisely.”

“Oh, yes, darling,” Elena said. “You certainly did . . . Aaaahhh. I needed this so badly, I was so ah . . . ah . . . aroused.”

Charlie flicked the tip of his tongue against Claudia’s clitoris in earnest. Her loins gave way to the delightful spasms of climax, taking her breath away in the same moment. She cried out with the intense pleasure of the experience.

“I-I’m not far behind you, darling.” Elena gazed around the spacious recreation room, out through the open doors to the balcony, and into the celestial sunset. In that moment, she felt omnipotent and as one with the universe.

She heard Claudia hyperventilating. Her orgasm continued, and she was clearly having difficulty regaining her senses.

“My word, Elena. You must . . . try . . . this one . . . sometime.”

Elena arched forwards and gripped Bjorn’s erection. She pondered the possibility of taking it inside her, so great was his size. The difficulty for her was whether any male, even a genetically superior MHR, was worthy of entering her royal body.

Claudia took a remote control device from the bureau beside her. “Would you like me to help you along, dear?”

Elena glanced over to her friend. “Oh, you are a darling.”

Claudia pointed the remote at Bjorn’s waist and lightly touched the pad with a fingertip.

Bjorn screamed in response to every nerve ending in his brain becoming ignited by the agony inducer in his belt. Elena knew his penis would’ve felt as though it had become triple the hardness of his most solid erection. It would’ve felt as though it was exploding. Nevertheless, the pain was simply an illusion of the mind, but an illusion bringing with it the most hellish of beliefs. In response to his torture, Elena’s loins gave out, his chilling howl drawing her cruelty out through her orifice.

Claudia waited for Elena’s climax to abate before switching off the agony inducer. Bjorn’s feet became limp with exhaustion. “What plans do you have for tonight?”

Elena sat in silence for a moment as she gathered her thoughts. “I will crucify this one in the middle of the room. He will make a wonderful decoration for our guests.” After stretching her arms, she stood, took the remote control from Claudia, and pushed the face-sitting chair away from Bjorn.

Elena pointed the remote control at his waist-belt. “Get up.”

He rolled onto his stomach and eased onto his knees before managing to stand.

“Get over to the frame in the middle of the room, slave!”

With his hands shackled behind him, Bjorn shivered uncontrollably as he staggered over to a vaso-magnesis frame resting on the floor. Elena could only imagine what he’d been thinking when she said the word ‘crucify.’ His mind must have conjured up terrible images of nails being driven into him. Not that she would’ve had any objection to that, had she no further use for him.

She activated the agony inducer again and he fell to the floor screaming. She knelt down and released him from his shackles before stepping back. Once she was at a safe distance, she deactivated the cruel device. Bjorn exhaled in relief and lay beside the X frame.

“Get on it,” Elena said.

He reluctantly complied, seriously weakened. Once he was lying upon the frame, she came towards him, the remote control trained upon him at all times. She grasped his right arm and placed it diagonally along the upper arm of the frame. He did likewise with his left arm—anything to appease her. Within seconds he felt the invisible force pulling him down onto the frame. Then, he was rising as the frame erected mechanically.

Elena stood back and watched as her slave appeared suspended. “Wonderful.”

Claudia took her face-sitting chair away from Charlie and his head slumped to the floor. “Let’s have you up too,” she said.

“Not yet, Claudia.” Elena pointed to two ropes hanging from the ceiling next to where Claudia stood. “Bind his legs with those for me, please.”

Claudia took Charlie’s left leg and a length of rope, and wrapped it tightly from his ankle up to his thigh.

Elena grinned as he was treated like a piece of meat on display in a butcher’s store.

Once his left leg was trussed up towards the ceiling, Claudia set about doing likewise with his right. “This is interesting dear. What do you have in mind?”

“I have the urge,” Elena said, and moved over to them. Placing her feet at either side of Charlie’s head, she lowered her thighs in order to position her vagina above his mouth.

“Open your mouth, slave,” Claudia said in a commanding tone.

Charlie did as he was ordered and closed his eyes tightly.

Elena relaxed her pelvic muscles and her bladder opened, unleashing a torrent of liquid relief into Charlie’s mouth. Before too long, he began to choke and sputter on her fluid.

“Drink, slave. Drink!” Claudia said.

The salty liquid poured into Charlie’s mouth and spilt onto his chest until the flow abated.

Finally, Elena stood, utterly slaked, and made her way to the door.

Before leaving, she turned to Claudia. "Have him flogged for me darling. That should teach him what it means to spit *me* out."

Claudia smiled. "Of course, dear."

"And make sure the flog-mistress lays them on severely."

"Just leave it to me, and don't worry yourself."

Elena opened the door to be greeted by a scantily-clad, black female guard escorting Amelia Carrington naked in shackles. "What is the meaning of this?"

The guard was visibly taken aback by the rebuke. "T-the prisoner you ordered to be sent to you, Madame President."

Elena studied Amelia for a moment, noticing she was terrified, although she'd been cleaned and skin-toned. She stood with tear-stained cheeks and her arms bound behind her back. Upon seeing her perfectly-sculpted vulva, Elena remembered. "Of course, the prisoner Monica pointed out."

At that moment, Claudia, having unbound Charlie, led him towards the door.

Elena noticed Charlie's eyes lingering upon Amelia. "Oh . . . oh . . ." he said, wide-eyed. "After all this time."

Elena looked at him intrigued, as did Amelia and the guard.

Claudia frowned. "Who gave you permission to speak?"

"P-please," he said, looking directly at Amelia.

Elena noticed the faint hint of familiarity in Amelia's eyes.

"Please tell me," he cried.

"W-what?"

The guard pushed Amelia's bound arms upwards causing her the most debilitating pain. "You speak only when you are told to, slave."

Elena turned to Charlie and saw desperation in his eyes. She instinctively knew it wasn't the fear of his forthcoming flogging that was propelling him into this frenzy. This was something else. "Get him out of here."

Claudia pushed him harshly past Elena, and out the door.

His shoulder brushed past Amelia momentarily. "Please tell me. I need to know," he said.

Claudia led him naked down the corridor, but she couldn't prevent him from stretching his head back to Amelia, who automatically gazed back at him.

"I need to know!" he said.

Claudia prodded him again. "Get moving, slave."

Amelia shook her head, as though trying to glean the question from him with her eyes. However, Claudia had already pushed him around the corner. From a distance, Charlie bellowed, "What is your name?"

"You certainly know how to throw a party, Elena." Mirabelle Torrance looked around the recreation room filled with dignitaries and celebrities from around the Western world. The room was drowning in the sound of party revellers. Alcohol flowed with carefree abandon. All guests wore the finest, most extravagant attire, dresses and capes, stiletto-heels, and fur-lined jackets. Each garment was designed to offer its own definition of 'revealing.' With some, it was a dress that left the breasts exposed. With others, the vulva was exposed but the breasts concealed. It often depended upon what was on the guest's agenda. Sexual practicality was an essential consideration in twenty-second-century fashion.

Only Elena was completely covered. Her silver satin dress displayed only a glimpse of cleavage. "I always aim to please, as with my policies, Mirabelle."

Elena had tasked Mirabelle, the Chancellor of Discipline Development, with overseeing, authorising, and deciding upon the practicability of the Reformation's punishment regime. The penis guillotine had been one of Mirabelle's most innovative developments, given that nothing like it had ever been devised by any previous government. In the beginning, it was untried and required considerable scientific planning. The likelihood of death arising from its execution required extensive development.

At forty-nine, Mirabelle had managed to retain a slender physique, and was extremely well-spoken. She'd arrived at the party with the intention of having her nether regions pampered. She wore a crotch-less brown leather suit with high-heeled boots reaching up to her knees. A leather crop hung from her waist belt. Her hawk-like grey eyes scanned the slaves in the room. There were at least thirty of them, either performing sexual services or serving drinks. They were a selection of Elena's newest acquisitions from Retro Dawn, all beautiful and well-shaped, both male and female.

Mirabelle spotted the Swede magnetised to the X frame in the middle of the room. His penis and testicles had been clamped inside a vaso-magnesium ring so as to maintain a throbbing, steel-like erection at all times. A ball-gag

had been inserted into his mouth and strapped around his head. She could only imagine how he was trying to come to terms with his predicament, having no alternative but to accept his fate. Would his mind break and find enjoyment in the humiliation with which he was faced? Beautiful women were stroking his manhood surreptitiously as they walked by him. In a drunken stupor, one guest, naked save for her stiletto heels, seemed unable to maintain her balance. She sat down on the floor before him. Lifting up her right leg, she rubbed the tip of her shoe up and down his quivering member. The point of the high heel lightly caressed the underside of his testes. Mirabelle estimated she was about twenty, stunningly beautiful, and typically juvenile.

Nevertheless, she clearly found the crucified Swede appealing. With an awkward effort, she managed to sit up straight. Unconcerned, she took his penis into her mouth. As she slid her lips along the length of his desperately stiff organ, he gritted his teeth with the intense pleasure. There was no possibility of him ejaculating due to the regulator within the vaso-magnesium clamp. If he was to enter the throes of release, the clamp would tighten painfully around the base of his penis and testicles. Mirabelle grinned with pride. The clamp had been one of her own designs.

Two beautiful, young female guests stood and watched the intoxicated girl's performance a mere yard away from her.

"It has to be the drink," one of them said, giggling.

The other nodded, merrily. "Alcohol gets me like that too."

"Surely, you're not considering sucking him too, are you?"

"Maybe later."

Mirabelle looked across the room and noticed the young, French cunnilingus servant she'd been told was from the Marseilles Dubois. He was serving drinks, and sported a collar with a ring for a chain around his neck. His penis protruded persistently, despite being tightly bound.

Offended, Mirabelle approached Elena, who was merrily conversing with two other guests. She tapped her shoulder.

"Yes, dear?" Elena said.

Mirabelle pointed over to the French boy, angrily. "What is the matter with that slave, Elena?"

Elena followed Mirabelle's finger and a look of horror came across her face. "Even through that binding," she said furiously. "What does it take to

keep that lustful animal under control? I can't have him walking around in that state, serving my guests."

"Let me handle him," Mirabelle said.

"Oh, would you, dear? Thank you so much."

Mirabelle marched across, took his drinks tray from him, and stood before him. "Do you know who I am, slave?"

He looked down, terrified by her tone. "Excuse, Madam."

"What's your name?" she said.

"Luc, Madam. Luc Morel."

She grasped his hair, pulled his head back, and gripped his penis with her free hand. "I could have this cut off in an instant."

"P-please don't, Madam."

"We don't want to see your disgusting lust unless I ask for it, slave."

She let go of his hair and slapped him harshly and repeatedly across the cheeks. Tears came to Luc's eyes, and Mirabelle noticed her chastisement was having the desired effect. His erection began to wilt.

She took a crop from her waist belt and flexed it before his eyes. "Bend over the table!"

Shaking, he did as he was ordered and braced himself for the stinging pain to come.

Mirabelle stood back slightly and let the anxiety build in him for a moment. She then brought the crop down onto his hindquarters. His howl of pain was guttural, drawing a raucous cry of laughter from the on-looking crowd. She overlaid the strokes, cruelly producing the most desperate screams.

A young woman appeared before them, sobbing. Mirabelle looked up and saw she was a slave holding a drinks tray, naked with a collar around her neck. "Oh, Luc, my darling."

"How dare you interrupt a discipline?" Mirabelle said.

"N-no, Corinne. You have to walk away. *Please*," Luc said.

Corrine wept. "I beg you, Madam. Have mercy on him. I love him."

"How sweet." Mirabelle thrashed him until his buttocks were a ghastly mass of welts.

Finally, he collapsed. She cast her crop aside and pulled him up by the hair. "Come over here, slave." She dragged him a few feet across to the nearest cunnilingus chair and sat down with her legs resting along the 'V' shaped seat. "Get your tongue in there." She harshly pulled his head

towards her dripping, hairless sex. She glanced across at Corinne. “Now you can watch him love *me*!”

The party goers were drawn to Mirabelle and Luc. Mirabelle’s body shook and her moans were rapturous. She moaned with pleasure as she was brought to orgasm by the Dubois’ best.

After a brief period of recovery, she cast Luc aside and approached Elena. However, she stopped in her tracks when she saw a familiar face reach the president first. *This should be interesting.* She edged closer to the conversation with gnawing intrigue.

Elena turned to the new arrival. Her jovial party smile evaporated with obvious angst. “Monica! What are you doing here? You have your amnesty.”

Monica looked around with a pensive expression. “The division of the powerful and the powerless is blatant, Elena. When I discovered Maton with Amelia, I wanted revenge. But I never imagined what I see before me now.”

“Are you having regrets, dear?”

“I would never have wished such a horrific destiny upon the rest of them.”

“So, why are you here?”

“I’m leaving. I had to see it with my own eyes.”

“Yes, it is rather wonderful. I’ve initiated a new, national holiday in celebration of the fall of Retro Dawn. I’m calling it the *Festival of Femara*.”

Monica shook her head. “You’re celebrating the downfall of your first enemy, Elena. But what I see before me is an abomination.”

“Right, you’ve seen it. Now go.”

“Just don’t think of having me hunted down. You don’t want the world to know you would’ve been screwed without the one who’d already pulled the wool over your eyes.” With that, she turned and exited the room.

Mirabelle followed Monica outside, but stopped in the doorway as Monica fell to her knees in the hallway. She watched her weeping and heard her mournful utterance: “I didn’t want this.”

Clearly unable to bear her guilt, Monica stood and ran.

Midnight arrived, and all of the guests turned to hear their president announce the next phase of the evening's entertainment.

Two guards led Anezka and Jorn onto the dance floor with their hands shackled behind them. Stripes of the whip covered his back and legs—a severe penalty for attempting to defend his lover's honour.

“These two revolutionaries are lovers, isn't that sweet,” Elena said. “They will be lovers again tonight for us. But with a difference. Guards!”

Two guards pulled Jorn to his knees and placed a whipping horse before him. A third guard brought Amelia, naked behind him, and unshackled her hands. She wept in her humiliation. Elena had ordered she be vigorously instructed as to what was expected of her. One of her duties as a palace slave was to prepare other slaves for dastardly tasks and forms of entertainment. Elena thought it appropriate, given Amelia's past history of showing mercy to criminals when she worked as a police nurse.

A dildo was thrust into Amelia's hand and a bottle of lubricant into her other.

Anezka looked on, mortified by her forthcoming task. The threat of Jorn going to the penis guillotine if she refused to comply with the games had been clearly conveyed to her.

The guards bound Jorn over the whipping horse, his wrists shackled to the sides and his ankles secured and spread wide apart. His buttocks were opened up, exposing his anus. With trembling hands, Amelia approached him and poured the lubricant onto his rectum.

Elena saw Jorn gritting his teeth in preparation for the ordeal to come. She knew it would be physically painful, invasive, and brutally humiliating. He'd already experienced two days of public exposure in New Denmark. But even then, his torments hadn't been inflicted upon him by people he cared for.

Amelia massaged the oil in and around his intimate opening.

However, Elena could see she was stalling. “Proceed, slave.”

Amelia cringed and pressed the dildo against Jorn's anus. Slowly, she eased it into him, clearly trying to be as gentle as possible. First, an inch, then two, then three, and then four. Before long, she'd loosened his innards enough to take the whole length of the dildo.

Two of the guards removed Anezka's shackles and secured a dildo-belt to her bare waist. An eight-inch imitation penis protruded from her groin. Tears flowed from her eyes uncontrollably. But it had been made clear to

her that she must submit to her new mistresses if she was to survive. Her instructions had been given to her with chilling resonance.

“Enough,” Elena said. “The next slave will step forward.”

Amelia withdrew the dildo from Jorn’s back passage.

“And now, ladies. A feast of victory over the enemy. Behold the female taking a male in the way in which all men wish to take *us!*” There was a momentary silence before she issued her order. “Proceed, slave.”

Anezka staggered forwards, the dildo at her waist inching ever closer to her restrained lover. “Oh, Jorn,” she said. Soon, she was invading his loosened, slippery opening. Jorn closed his eyes as Anezka moved slowly backwards and forwards. The crowd laughed in hysterical, compassionless, drunken mirth.

After a few minutes, Elena grew bored with Anezka’s lax performance. “Faster,” she said. “Faster, faster, faster!”

Anezka increased her pace, but her lack of enthusiasm was still apparent. A sharp stroke across her buttocks from a guard’s whip encouraged her performance rapidly.

Jorn gasped at the sudden pounding inside him.

“Never before will this disgusting male have felt so dehumanized,” Elena said. “The pain of penetration will make the situation so much more unbearable for him.” She gave the guard the motion to continue the flagellation. Anezka responded by moving more vigorously. Every time her hips pulled back, her buttocks were met with another cruel cut of the whip.

“Just look at the lover’s go,” Elena said with a cackling laugh.

The crowd roared their approval. Perspiration fell from Jorn’s brow, and then something bizarre happened. He cried out as her thrusting drew the semen from him. Lashing upon lashing of thick, hot seed spurted along the back of the whipping horse.

The guests screamed in hysteria, some falling to the floor in an undignified display of intoxicated hilarity. Even Elena could not help but to put her hand over her mouth as tears of laughter rolled down her cheeks. Once she’d composed herself, she managed to continue her role of the great party host.

The two guards pulled Anezka away and removed the dildo harness from her. Two more released Jorn and unceremoniously pushed him to the back of the room.

“We should have known. Prostatic ejaculation is a well-known phenomenon. Nevertheless, that little accident won’t go unpunished, I can assure you all,” Elena said through her drunken hilarity. “And now, brace yourselves for our acrobatics display.” She motioned to Anezka. “Our ejaculating slave’s former lover is apparently quite an athlete. She was instrumental in numerous rescue missions for our enemy, and now she will entertain us with her prowess.”

The two guards gripped Anezka by the arms and led her to the centre of the floor where Bjorn remained suspended from the vaso-magnesis frame.

Amelia skilfully massaged lubricant into his enormous erection, using sensuous rotating movements with both hands.

“You know your duty, slave,” one of the guards said to Anezka.

Elena studied Anezka’s eyes with keen interest. Despite the circumstances, it seemed she was experiencing the twinge of arousal, despite being in love with Jorn. It wasn’t surprising. Bjorn was truly beautiful, and he was also in possession of one of the largest penises. To make the proceedings even more interesting, her lover, Jorn, was being forced to watch from the wings.

Amelia stood away from Bjorn, leaving his glistening tumescence for all to see. He glanced down at Anezka for a moment. A glint in both of their eyes came and went in the same fleeting instant.

Anezka closed her eyes and raised her hands high over her head before gracefully executing a handstand. The tip of Bjorn’s penis lightly brushed her inverted buttocks. She spread her legs wide open and curled them backwards into a crab position. Her calves wrapped around Bjorn’s waist, and with one upwards thrust of her pelvis, he was inside her. The guests cheered in dumbfounded awe. She continued to gyrate her hips upwards rapidly, almost vibrating her orifice around his throbbing shaft. In her inverted position, the blood rushed into her head, but she managed to maintain her momentum. She gasped, and Elena assumed the tip of his engorged member had brushed her G-spot.

Sliding backwards, Anezka took him in deeper, causing her bulging eyes to roll. Bjorn’s head fell back as though in response to the intense delight of her succulent orifice. He remained painfully stiff due to the vaso-magnesis ring. The sensation of the beautiful young athlete’s depths would’ve been adding to his sexual desperation for release.

Elena turned her attention to the far side of the room. She saw Jorn turning his head away, only to be cruelly turned back again by one of the guards. “Watch,” she said. “Watch as your lover takes a superior man—a man of finer looks, physique, and a much larger member. Watch it, slave. Watch, watch, watch!”

In devastating humiliation and heartbreak, Jorn sobbed.

Bjorn surrendered to the sensations, as shown by his rolling eyes. Anezka pushed her inverted hips upwards again in order to take as much of Bjorn’s titanic appendage as possible. She cried out as her orgasm took her. Her respiration reached a peak as she came.

Bjorn gritted his teeth, revealing his oncoming climax. Elena laughed, knowing the semen would be drawn up to the shaft of his penis, only to be cut off by the constriction of the vaso-magnesis ring.

He bit into his ball-gag, obviously trying to bear the frustration.

The guests fell about laughing again, this time at Bjorn’s terrible, sexual plight.

Anezka un-wrapped her calves from his waist and threw her body backwards. The thick bulbous head of Bjorn’s erection slipped out of her dripping lips. The tight constriction of the ring further accentuated his hardness, keeping him on the edge of climax, unendurably.

Anezka’s feet touched the ground, and her wrists were immediately shackled behind her.

Elena stepped into the centre of the room. “That, ladies, brings us to the end of the entertainment for this evening.”

There were a few intoxicated moans of disappointment, but Elena knew that most of them were already having difficulty remaining conscious.

“Save your strength and get some rest,” she said. “We will have the Femara Festival party next weekend.”

Femara Part II

Sterling Palace

New Victoria, New America

September 13th, 2129

Maton Dexter lay on his back, his arms strapped to a torture table in Elena Sterling's private punishment room. Situated along the entrance to the subterranean dungeons, Elena used it only for her most important prisoners. None had been as significant as Maton.

The previous day, researching him had led her to a startling discovery. Maton Dexter was the descendent of Melek and Cody Dexter from Kirnan prison. Melek was the daughter of Anja Danesti—the creator of the Paramount Rule. He was descended from the originator by whom Selina Paris had been inspired. Elena marvelled at the way in which destiny had brought them together.

She sat astride his bare waist, naked save for a pair of black tights which stopped at her thighs. She pulled on a pair of gloves, which extended up to her elbows. She smiled victoriously as she showed him the sharp claws built into the fingertips, and scratched them along his chest. He winced but didn't cry out.

"It would have been so easy for me to apply drugs to ensure your submission. But that would've been a meaningless victory," she said.

"What do you want from me?"

"I want you to come to me freely, Maton. I want you to want to serve me."

"You ask a lot."

"I will break you."

She stepped off him and touched a sensor on the side of the table. Instantly, his bindings retracted into the table to be replaced by casings that completely shrouded his hands and feet. He was suddenly rotated upright, his arms and legs spread-eagled inside an ovoid frame. Elena took a whip from the desk behind her and walked across to him.

"I have always enjoyed whippings. Ever since I was a young girl, perhaps twelve or thirteen. I always masturbated to thoughts of men being flogged." She drew her arm back and spat the cats across his buttocks. He howled

with the pain. "That is so beautiful, Maton." She lashed him again, revelling in his humiliation and pain.

The door opened and she turned, preparing to issue a barrage of rebuke to whoever had dared to interrupt her private moment. However, she was calmed in the same instant. "Claudia."

"Hello, dear," Claudia said, smiling. "I've only just got back."

"Darling, you missed one hell of a party. But don't worry. We're having the Femara Festival party in the dungeon this Saturday. Can you make it?"

"Yes, darling." Claudia gestured to Maton. "Who is this?"

"This, darling, is Maton Dexter, the leader of Retro Dawn."

"Oh my! What are you going to do with him?"

Elena looked upon her prisoner and stroked his penis as it hung between his thighs. "I intend to amuse myself with him, Claudia. Would you care to join me?"

Claudia grinned eagerly.

In spite of his circumstances, Maton became erect. Elena knew he wouldn't be able to avoid feeling attracted to her on a primal level. She stroked his stiffening member and noticed him gritting his teeth. She knew he hated her, but his instincts were too strong for him. She continued to masturbate him in earnest, whilst he struggled valiantly. Nevertheless, it took mere moments for her to bring him to the brink of orgasm. At the crucial moment, she took her hand away.

"Oh, how all men would love to spend their seed," she said, giggling callously. "But they can't. We females can come to climax whenever we like, can't we, Claudia?"

Claudia removed a triangular patch concealing the crotch area in her leggings and showed her vulva to Maton. "We certainly can, dear."

Elena removed her claw gloves and then the tights from her legs. She began to stroke the perfectly-sculpted lips of her bald labia, taunting Maton even further.

"I have men flogged, their penises guillotined, and their minds tormented just for doing what we women can to ourselves every day." She inserted her fingers inside herself and moaned with the sensation of her self-pleasuring. Maton's erection throbbed, and she could sense how badly he wanted to plunge himself inside her. By now, his agenda and his very identity had surely fallen to the grip of lustful passion.

“No man may know the pleasure of orgasm under my rule,” she said. “I have successfully stamped out male sexual relief. Just look at my body. My succulent vagina.”

“But why?” he said. “What does this profit you?”

“You are men,” Claudia replied.

“And we hate you,” Elena added. “But in your case, there might be room for negotiation.”

Maton frowned. “I don’t know what you mean.”

“Perhaps I might permit you a priceless gift in return for your loyalty. An annual ejaculation, perhaps?”

Maton looked away.

Elena noted he was going to be difficult and opted for spontaneous terrorism. “OK, let’s have some fun.” She moved back and took a small disc from the desk. She aimed it at him and stroked the top. The frame to which he was attached began to descend.

“Claudia?” Elena said.

“Yes, dear.”

“The needles.”

The sadistic judge picked up a metre-length chrome pole, with a curious-looking electric ball attached to the top. She then affixed it into its stand between Maton’s thighs before moving to the back of him.

Elena touched the disc again and the electric ball was suddenly covered with glowing heated needles. The staff seemed to lower until the needles were a mere fraction of an inch from his testes. Maton swallowed hard and snapped his head up to Elena with a look of desperation.

“I could destroy you slowly, beginning by skewering your jewels,” she said, consumed with arousal at the sight of his torture.

“We just wanted a peaceful world,” he said. “That’s what Retro Dawn means!”

She took her hand away from her vulva, intrigued. “What does ‘Retro Dawn’ mean? It’s a stupid name.”

“There was a time during the late twentieth century and the early twenty-first century when neither males nor females were socially dominant. It wasn’t always an easy time between the two, but they were socially equal. It’s *that* time we want to return to. That’s the ‘retro’.”

“And the ‘dawn’?”

“New beginning,” he said tearfully.

She shook her head, exasperated. "We have the new beginning, you fool. The period you speak of is a blight on our history. A nowhere time. Women were somewhat reliant on men for their financial survival, and at a time when there was global economic collapse. As always, men made a mess of everything."

The needles were dangerously close to his testicles, and panic appeared in his eyes. Elena knew she would only have to use the remote disc to lower him one more millimetre and the barbs would be burning into his orbs.

"P-please, you're right," he said. "I am a fool. But d-don't do this to me."

Elena and Claudia laughed in unison at his palpable distress.

"This is delicious," Elena said. "When I think of the woman of the east and how they suffer today."

"T-that isn't my fault," Maton said. "You have to believe me."

"There has never been a time when places like Israel, Iraq and Afghanistan have failed to treat their women like second-class citizens who exist purely to serve males, to tolerate their infidelities, and to live with disrespect and abuse."

"That's true, and I totally agree with you. It's wrong, completely unconscionable and the men responsible should be made to answer for it."

Elena lowered her head mournfully for the women of the Eastern Hemisphere. They'd been kept in chains twenty-four-hours a day and locked away in cages to be let out only for the purpose of sexual slavery since the Reformation of the West. She knew it wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for her. The rest of the world had become terrified of the female, but she couldn't bring herself to accept any responsibility. It merely served to enforce her convictions that men were barbaric animals. "Men fear me, but they dare not confront me," she said. "They take it out on innocent, vulnerable women, just like the bullying cowards they have always been."

She glanced at Maton's testicles again and noticed his legs quivering with his fear of the needles. Skewering his manhood might have been greatly amusing, but she wanted to keep her options open. To destroy his testes would destroy his source of testosterone and she wanted him to suffer relentless arousal and denial. Additionally, his penis showed more than ample potential.

"Are you going to execute his punishment, my dear?" Claudia said.

"No. I think we can make use of him at the dungeon party."

Maton sighed with relief and sank into submission. "I will serve you, my President."

Claudia looked at Elena open-jawed. "Do you have any idea what you're doing?"

Elena smiled with the confidence that had led her to leadership. "Of course I do, dear." She motioned for Claudia to follow her to out of Maton's earshot. "I have the prisoners monitored at all times, Claudia. They are not the same as the citizens of the outside world any longer."

"I don't understand."

"The prisoners require a different approach if I am to glean the greatest of pleasures from them. They will serve me best with the application of an age-old system."

"And what system would that be?"

Elena grinned. "Punishment and reward."

Elena led her entourage of fifty-three guests through the lower levels of the palace. Her ornate, metallic brassiere and matching pouch G-string barely concealed the perfect slit of her vulva. She gently caressed her royal tiara with a hint of imperious narcissism.

Claudia and Mirabelle followed behind her, passing rows of empty cells in their body-hugging, crotch-less, nano leotards. The sprawling underground metropolis was a bleak statement of the place of the inferiors.

They arrived at a ten-foot-high bolted door. "Ladies," Elena said proudly. "Welcome to paradise."

The doors opened to reveal a vast dungeon the size of an arena. The two-hundred most-appealing prisoners were shackled around the chamber, some to the stone walls and others to marble posts. A few of them hung inverted by their ankles.

At various positions around the room, twenty torture guards, similarly dressed to Elena's guests, brandished their whips. Numerous apparatus to aid the ease of sexual pleasure were distributed evenly around the arena. In the centre of the court, an antique-styled penis guillotine stood ominously.

Three naked female slaves operated an alcohol bar close to the entrance. Elena knew that her guests would not be satisfied unless all of their self-indulgent tastes were catered for.

She inhaled a breath of satisfaction at the sight of her helpless victims. They were all so incredibly beautiful. She knew tonight was going to be an orgy of sensual delight for her and her friends like no other.

Despite their predicament, some of the younger male prisoners came to immediate erections as their scantily-clad female persecutors entered the room. Lars and Morten from the Sif Academy were the most libidinous. The penises jutted forth from their inverted thighs as though eagerly inviting their punishments.

“How about a little music to get us all in the mood, ladies?” Elena motioned to the torture guards. “Begin!”

The guards turned as though they were androids, reached their whips back, and began to flay the hanging prisoners. The whistle of the strokes filled the room, accompanied by a chorus of male and female cries. Elena took a sharp breath of cruel elation. Patches of moisture began to show around the crotch areas of her esteemed guests.

She took a key from her G-string and approached a young male who was shackled to a post. Lash after lash cut across his chest. He was handsome, with long dark hair, and she noted he was well-endowed.

“Cease!” she said, and took the whip from the guard. Elena released the prisoner from his shackles, and he looked into her eyes with terror. “Kneel before me,” she said.

He obeyed, and she wrapped the whip around his neck, pulling him close to her crotch.

“I-I will do whatever you wish of me, My President,” he said.

“Really,” she said, in mock disbelief. She pointed over to the penis guillotine. “Would you go into *that* for me? That would give me the most intense pleasure.”

The prisoner looked across in horror. “Please, Madame President. Please spare me the ultimate punishment.”

“You are Jarren, are you not?” she said.

“Yes, Madame President.”

“You were a member of the Angelina City chapter of Retro Dawn. I read your story. It’s similar to many of the other male members. You’d been flogged for masturbation after being caught at a roadblock with a low sperm count, and you were soon recruited by Retro Dawn. Now, you will pay for your rebellion.”

“I beg you,” he said, his voice trembling with dread. “Spare me the guillotine. Spare me.”

Elena took the whip from around his neck and gazed at him for a moment. The whippings continued all around them. The guests were pre-occupied, using their keys to unshackle their chosen pleasure slaves. They’d been driven into a frenzy of lust by the floggings.

Elena returned her attention to Jarren whose eyes were still looking pleadingly into hers. “I want you in that guillotine.”

“No!” he cried.

She caught the attention of two guards. They hurried over to her without delay. “I want him in the guillotine. Find the Texan and get her to make him hard.”

Jarren was harshly ushered over to the infernal apparatus. His eyes seemed maddened by fear as they shackled his wrists behind him. They fed his flaccid penis through the lunette and bound a tight bracing harness around his buttocks. There were no means by which he could pull himself out.

Elena looked across and saw the beautiful Amelia being led naked towards him.

“On your knees, slave,” the guard ordered her.

Amelia knelt down in front of him, her compassion clearly apparent in her eyes.

“Wait,” Elena said. “I seem to recall another prisoner being particularly taken with this slave.” She slowly moved around the arena until she found her quarry.

Charlie Slade had been released from his shackles by one of the guests and commanded to tongue her anus. He sensuously rolled his tongue around her musky orifice. “I have need of this one,” Elena said, making no mistake of the fact that the guest had no say in the matter. “Come with me, slave.”

Charlie stood, his hands firmly bound behind him. The guest he was attending exhaled in disappointment and moved along until she found another to satisfy her longings.

Elena led Charlie over the guillotine. Amelia was vigorously sucking the other prisoner’s member as it protruded through the lunette. It hadn’t taken her long to bring him to a quivering erection. Charlie’s penis rose immediately.

Claudia approached Elena, naked save for her thigh-high leather stilettos. “Hello, dear. What have you got planned for these three?”

“A game, darling.” Elena grasped Amelia by the shoulders. “Down on all fours slave and get those buttocks up high.”

“Y-yes, Madame President.”

“Resume the fellatio.” Elena turned to Charlie. She gripped his rigid appendage and gave it several smooth strokes before speaking. “It seems you have quite a penchant for this slave, don’t you?”

With his knees buckling under the pleasure of the president’s hand, he nodded.

“Good. Then we can have this virile member of yours go inside her.”

Charlie closed his eyes, as though he could barely believe he was about to feel the pleasure of his dream-woman’s succulence.

Elena untied his hands, pressed the end of his erection to just below Amelia’s labia, and slowly pushed it upwards. He exhaled with the obvious pleasure of her warm, wet, velvet cavern encasing his manhood. Elena suspected it was his first time.

Her mouth filled by Jarren’s throbbing erection, Amelia’s eyes widened as Charlie buried himself to the hilt inside her.

Elena turned to the first guard. “You will flog the male prisoner’s buttocks if he slows down his pace.” She then turned to the second guard. “You will flog the wench’s back if she slows down her sucking. If she climaxes, or if either male ejaculates, Claudia here will release that guillotine blade.”

“But I thought you planned—” Claudia was cut off by Elena placing her forefinger to her lips.

“Come over here for a moment.” She led Claudia a few steps away. It wasn’t difficult for the two of them to talk unheard under cover of the sounds of pain and pleasure.

“I thought you planned to let the slaves have a free orgasm tonight,” Claudia whispered.

“I do. This is just for fun. We can’t cut off that slave’s penis. He hasn’t been tied off, and in any case, I’m sure I’ll want to make use of him before we can grow him a new one.”

“As you know, I object to the new ‘annual orgasm for slaves’ policy,” Claudia said. “However, you are the expert in leadership, and you haven’t failed us yet.”

“Good. Now, you go and pretend to be the one who’ll drop the blade.”

The two women hurried back over to the guillotine, and Claudia unravelled the rope from the hook on the side of the frame.

Jarren froze in terror. "No! I beg of you."

Charlie ceased thrusting and Amelia stopped sucking. Both looked up in horror at Claudia holding the unsecured rope.

"We're going to play a game," Elena said, and turned to Charlie. "You will thrust with everything you've got." She turned to Amelia. "*You* will suck with everything *you*'ve got. If either of you slow down, you will be flogged. If any of you come to orgasm, he loses his manhood."

Wicked laughter passed between Elena and Claudia.

"Begin!"

Charlie and Amelia were motivated by a stroke of the whip each. In an effort to avoid another stroke, Amelia set her lips to work upon the prisoner again.

Charlie thrust into her with a combination of lust and fear. He slowed down as the delightful surge of orgasm gripped his loins, as Elena had planned. The task she'd set for them was impossible to accomplish. The whip cut across Charlie again, motivating him to resume at a satisfactory speed. However, Elena knew he was so close. At all times, he was on the brink of a potentially lethal ejaculation.

Jarren's eyes assumed the look of panic as Amelia's mouth drew him to the edge of relief. "No, no, no," he cried. She immediately slowed down, only to feel the stinging cut of the whip again.

"Isn't this wonderful, Claudia," Elena said, marvelling at her own perverted concept.

"Indescribable, darling. And what a brilliant touch, making this guillotine so archaic-looking. It makes it so terrifying."

The whip cut again across Charlie's buttocks after he attempted to slow down. He withdrew in a desperate attempt not to come, but his effort was in vain. His seed spurted across Amelia's back in repeated bursts. Amelia closed her eyes, clearly sensing the warm liquid fall upon the cuts on her back.

"No!" Jarren screamed. And then, without warning, he erupted. A thick geyser of semen filled Amelia's mouth.

Elena and Claudia looked on, open-jawed.

"It's unbelievable," Claudia said. "Even when their organs are at risk, they can't stop it. They must need it so badly."

“They do,” Elena replied. “If you use a man’s libido against him, you can control his every move. In his case, his primal instinct was triggered in the instant he believed he was to lose his manhood.”

Claudia’s eyes widened. “Now I understand your ‘orgasm for slaves’ policy. As much as I hated the idea of giving them relief, it’s an ingenious idea, if applied under extremely controlled conditions. I will never question your judgement again.” She unravelled the guillotine rope and pulled it taut at the top of the frame.

Jarren had tears of relief in his eyes. All present could see it wasn’t even attached to the blade. It was simply embedded into the wood. The guillotine was a hoax.

Charlie and Amelia knelt on the floor, trembling. They looked into one another’s eyes, unable to resist embracing each other. Elena realised they were desperate for their moment of mutual comforting.

She turned to Claudia. “Come along, darling. Let’s continue.”

Mirabelle inserted smooth chromium rods into Lars’ and Morten’s urethras whilst they hung inverted from the walls at the far side of the arena. Their youthful shafts remained solid.

She stopped momentarily to absorb the spasm in her loins. Bjorn was on his knees with his head pinioned upwards, sucking her labia.

“That’s it, slave,” she said. “Suck, don’t lick. That’s how I like it.” She resumed sliding the rod in and out of Lars’ penis vigorously. He cried out with the pain, but she knew he was far too well trained in the art of submission to attempt to resist. She stopped to do the same to Morton.

Taking the two of them in turns, she continued her bizarre game of woman penetrating man until Bjorn drew her orgasm from her. She came copiously, her juices spilling across his face to the accompaniment of her howl of release.

The dungeon party continued until the early hours. Alcohol was consumed in the same unrestrained quantity as the previous Saturday night.

Claudia sat perched on a cunnilingus chair, having her womanhood attended to by Luc Monet. She had a longstanding penchant for cunnilingus and was a contributing patron of the Dubois Franchise. Having the Dubois’

best pleasure her, with slaves being tormented all around her, was a delight she couldn't miss. She shivered with lust as his tongue probed her dripping lips with relentless, perfect pressure. She caught sight of Elena in the distance supervising her own pleasure. Three guards held Maton with his hands bound behind him.

"Shackle him spread-eagled to the floor," Elena said.

The guards lay Maton down. His eyes darted from one wrist to the other as they secured them into four shackles in the floor. He had no idea what Elena had in mind for him. Once his ankles were shackled, he was helpless. His legs were spread wide apart with his ample penis lying pensive between his thighs.

The guards moved away, leaving Elena to her pleasure. She knelt beside him and smiled warmly. Something about the sudden gentleness in her eyes unnerved him.

"I'm not going to hurt you, Maton," she said and took his appendage into her hand. "Wouldn't you like it if this vessel of yours went inside me?"

His heart leaped. There had to be a catch, but he wanted her so badly. His libido and need for sexual freedom had first inspired him to form his militant movement. It had also been the cause of his downfall. Nevertheless, as the hand of his beautiful enemy continued to stroke him to hardness, his will and sense of reason was lost. "Please, yes," he said. "I want you so, My President."

"I am your domina, as in ancient Rome was the title of a female slave owner. I have not decided when or how often I will give my slaves relief. It is something to be considered. But to earn it, I must have total surrender and obedience from all of you."

"Y-you have mine, Domina," he said. "To feel you, I will be yours."

Elena exhaled victoriously. She let go of his organ and climbed astride him.

He noticed her gaze was transfixed on the whippings and forced pleasuring as she gripped his erection and brushed the bulbous head against her swollen labia. His hips involuntarily bucked upwards with a desperate hunger to be inside her, but she ignored it. He realised the moment was to be in her time and no one else's.

Finally, she lowered herself and his eyes rolled with the sweet warmth of being inside the cruellest woman on earth. She closed her eyes and

immersed herself in the moment before rocking back and forth upon him. She pressed her pelvis down taking the full length of him inside her, groaning with the intensity of the tip pressing against her cervix.

Maton gasped with the pleasure. He had been with many women in his life, but he'd never sensed such overwhelming passion in any of them. Elena's desires seemed to physically manifest themselves through the walls of her vagina.

Ahead of them, Jorn lay on his back with a dildo mask strapped to his mouth. A guest drew herself up and down the phallus whilst holding his engorged shaft. She moved forward and took him into her mouth.

He glanced behind him and caught sight of Anezka, her hands bound and her face buried between the thighs of another guest. Many of the guests were making use of the female slaves. He presumed it was because female slaves were an extremely rare novelty.

Young Luc was thrusting himself in and out of Claudia with vigorous, energetic prowess. Maton had always presumed Claudia was primarily a lesbian, but with a penchant for the male tongue. Seeing her engaging in intercourse with a male was most surprising. It was clear the excitement of the party had encouraged her to broaden her horizons.

Elena began to ride him with the utmost passion. He lost his reason as her tight, wet vagina drove him ever closer towards ejaculation.

Ahead, Jorn spurted uncontrollably into the mouth of the unnamed guest. All rules had lost their meaning in this unique night of passion. He saw another spurting across the arena floor as a guest took a slave's anus with a strap-on dildo.

Lust and base, primal instincts permeated the arena, filling it with the intoxicating aroma of pheromone.

Elena cried out as her body surrendered to the intensity of climax. It drew Maton over the edge, and he spurted his seed deep inside her. She continued to ride him until she was utterly slaked.

Finally, the party drew to a close. All slaves who hadn't reached orgasm were returned to their shackles. Those who had were ordered to remain on the floor.

Elena stood naked in the centre of the arena. "My distinguished guests. You will find, at each corner of the arena, containers of small boxes. Please take a box each. Inside you'll find phallus stimulator rings and vaginal

probes. You will attach them to the shackled prisoners. Any left over, simply return them to the containers.”

She used the time it took for the guests to perform their tasks to continue. “Prisoners, you must now accept that you are my slaves, and your purpose in life is to serve my pleasures.”

The prisoners listened with dread as the devices were attached to their genitals.

Elena casually caressed her firm breasts. “You will serve with obedience, whatever is asked of you. Masturbation in the cells is strictly forbidden and will be severely punished.”

She felt herself becoming aroused again, aware that being told by a beautiful woman that masturbation was forbidden always accentuated the desire to do it like nothing else could. “However, just as transgressions will be punished, obedience will be rewarded. As a show of my promise to you, I will grant each of you an orgasm, effective immediately.” She motioned to the guests. “Ladies, please activate the stimulators.”

The guests touched the sensors on top of the penis rings and vaginal probes. They instantly lit up, accompanied by a buzzing sound. A chorus of groans of pleasure surrounded them. Powerful vibrations surged through the erections of the shackled males and the dripping vulvas of the desperate females.

Elena closed her eyes, smiled, and stretched her arms outwards to absorb the sensual spectacle and the power. *Always, the power.*

Many slaves ejaculated in unison. Semen fell like rain as they hung from the walls, their penises throbbing with the effects of the vibrating rings.

Anezka gasped with relief as she hung next to Jorn. The vibrations shook two weeks of pent-up stress out of her, as with Amelia.

Having been returned to their inverted positions, Lars and Morten cried out in a combination of intense pleasure and sharp pain as their seed rushed through their thoroughly-invaded urethras.

Bjorn released lashing upon lashing of his genetically superior sperm across Mirabelle’s back with a grateful sigh of relief.

Elena stepped back over to Maton, crouched over him, and opened her bladder over his chest, bathing him in a steady stream of her warm liquid.

The other guests noticed and seemed to take it as a sign of permission. The slaves on the floor fell prey to the expulsion of the women’s indulgences.

“Guards,” Elena said. “Release the slaves from their shackles and provide them with cleaning materials. They can spend the night cleaning the arena.”

The arena doors were sealed, securing the two hundred slaves inside. They busied themselves with suds of soap water and piles of towels, cleaning away the remnants of semen, cervical secretions, and urine.

Charlie Slade clung to Amelia’s side as they mopped the floor together. His need to be close to her was intense. He felt magnetised to her.

She looked up at him, her smile permeated with sadness. “Don’t worry. If we are obedient, we can have a good life here.”

“Why is everybody so willing to submit?” he said.

“Because we have no choice. And because we have the promise of the most valued commodity in the West if we obey.” She studied his pensive demeanour. “If there was any other way, I would tell you, but you have to believe me, there is no escape for us. We must accept our fate and embrace the virtues we’ve been offered. But why are you so drawn to me?”

“I would spend an eternity in Hell if it meant that I could be close to *you* . . . the only woman who ever showed kindness to me.”

Amelia rested her hand upon his naked shoulder. “Oh, my dear. I think that is the most beautiful thing I have ever heard. But I don’t understand.”

Charlie could hold back no longer. This was the time. This was the moment. “For almost five years, I have obsessed about you. You were the only woman who ever showed kindness to me. You administered a flogging to me in the police station, and it tortured you. You did everything you could to make it as bearable as possible. Afterward, we pleased one another.”

She looked away pensively. “I think I remember.”

“It has haunted my mind for years,” he said. “What . . . is your name?”

She succumbed to joyous laughter. “The dream of one man has been to simply learn *my* name, and I had known nothing of it,” she said. “It’s *Amelia*.”

He felt as though the sound of her name was like unto the fluttering of the wings of angels. With a quavering voice, he said, “*Amelia*. Such a beautiful name.” His tears came. As she embraced him, he sobbed. “I love you, *Amelia*.”

She rocked with him, and said, “Perhaps Heaven *can* be found in the pits of Hell. You have my solemn vow, I will love you too—the only man who has ever held me in his heart. Perhaps hell isn’t so bad after all.”

Epilogue

Sterling Palace, New Victoria

January 1st, 2030

0400 hrs

Elena stood on the balcony of Sterling Palace attired in the most expensive nano-thermal wear. The world slept. She had to feel the sensation of the chilling winter wind blowing against her face as she looked across the landscape of the world. *Her world.*

It was the fifth anniversary of her rise to power. Her greatest enemy had not only been vanquished, but had become the source of her greatest pleasure. She called them *The Submissives*. If she wanted an orgasm, she could have one served to her. If she wanted to whip someone, she could take her pick of subjects. If she wanted sex, there was always Maton. If she wanted a change, there was that gorgeous, Swedish MHR, or any of the slaves in her unique basement.

She'd been petitioned by 'that Texan whore' for permission to marry 'that young ex-con.' Of course, they each received thirty lashes for daring to make a request of her royal personage. Nevertheless, knowing the meaninglessness of marriage within the dungeon, she granted them their wish, more as a cruel mockery than anything else. Charlie and Amelia became the first dungeon husband and wife.

Her days consisted of ruling her share of the earth. Her nights were reserved for her indulgences in the dungeon. Most weekends she held a party for her friends and ambassadors. Occasionally, she had an early night.

As the sky slowly darkened, she contemplated a philosophy she'd heard years before from her grandmother. *When one has all that one desires, none of it has any meaning.*

Elena searched her heart, trying to find an understanding to her grandmother's statement. It gnawed at her mind. Ultimately, she had to submit and asked herself—*Does it mean anything, now that you have it all?*

After another prolonged moment, her heart provided the answer—*Hell, yes.*

Under the Paramount Rule

Tales of Oakpark Grange

Eight tales of classic female domination

Beautiful schoolmistress, Selina Paris, has transformed her stately home, Oakpark Grange, into a school for young males, where she imposes the most harrowing rule upon them. Masturbation is strictly forbidden.

In a story spanning over fifty years, the trials and tribulations of her libidinous students are painfully illustrated. Canings, floggings, various methods of genital chastisement and orgasm denial, act as precursors to the lustful indulgencies of Selina and her like-minded assistants. Her lifelong friend, Olga Victoria, and her beautiful co-tutors, live in an erotic haven, where their obsessions with their own pleasures and the torments of others know no boundaries.

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Excerpt from

Under the Paramount Rule

Tales of Oakpark Grange

Selina hurried up the stairwell, overwhelmed by desire. She hungered for her bedroom and scaled the steps with obsessive urgency.

She came to the door of her boudoir, turned the knob with quivering fingers, and locked herself in.

She braced her back against the door, overcome with an intense need to shut out the world. She knew she was exploring the very depths of irresponsibility and unprofessionalism with what she was doing. There were five, highly-paying pupils awaiting her instruction in the classroom. She had abandoned them to the authority of Olga, a woman who didn't have the capacity to instruct a class of infants.

Her desire was all-consuming. It was a compulsion to attend to herself the way in which Charles had done. But there was an ironic element to her need. It was in punishing him for it that the tempest in her own sex had arisen.

Gasping with desire, she unclasped her belt and skirt and cast them onto the floor. Her undergarment remained, frustrating her even further. With some annoyance she gripped the elastic and forced it downwards, tearing it away from her quarry.

She lay back upon her bed and parted her naked thighs. As her fingers came closer to her orifice she could detect the heat rising from it.

The image of the cane in her hand, swishing through the air, repeated in her imagination. The deep red marks it left in Charles' tender flesh. The sound of his cries . . . It fed her lust in a way she couldn't explain. His punishment had been so inhumane, and the reason for it was so sadistic it was inconceivable. If he had needed relief even remotely close to how urgently she did in that moment, then the torture of denial must have been unendurable.

That realisation led her to her awakening—to the dawning of her sexual awareness. Finally, she knew who she was. The suffering of others, the sensual teasing of virile young men, the forbiddance of their sexual needs, the cruelty of flagellation, and the power . . . *Oh, the power.*

Her fingers caressed her lubricious folds of flesh, causing her to shudder with all-consuming joy. The blissfulness of masturbation was divine to her senses. Her callous thoughts accompanied the rotations of her fingertips as she brought herself closer to a crisis. Her succulent juices coated her fingers, and the scent of her lusts filled the air, drawing her into a primal frenzy of excitement.

The length of her forefinger continually brushed her clitoris until she could bear the need no longer. Sliding her index finger upwards again, she rested the tip onto her tiny nub and began to rotate it around in a luscious, circular motion. She was unable to prevent a whimper escaping her throat as her climax approached.

Her mind raced through visions of her inner desires, and the cruelties she wished to inflict upon the boys who would become her charges. But she couldn't visualize them. The sexual acts, the punishments, the torments, were deeply inveterate, but not yet accessible to her imagination. She knew, however, the day would come when she would see and experience them.

Her body trembled with the felicity of orgasm, the most intense she had ever known. A feeling akin to wedded bliss came over her, as though she had become as one with punishment. Such an extraordinary form of love-making caused her to feel somewhat uneasy as her completion neared its end.

She placed her fingers into her mouth and tasted herself, gradually becoming aware of what she'd done. The release of orgasm returned her to her senses. The thought of her sadism was no longer a source for arousal but rather, guilt. The ferocity with which she had chastised Charles was now a memory that disturbed her. Nevertheless, she knew she had to return to the class immediately.

She put her underwear and skirt back on, shaking her head as she tried to collect herself. She needed credibility and couldn't go back on what she'd done. She had to see it through, notwithstanding that such severity would eventually return her passions to her. Of that, she had no doubt.

She stood and made her way towards the bedroom door, knowing a destiny she could never have imagined awaited her on the other side.

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About the Author

Tanya Simmonds is a former criminal defense lawyer, and she lives with her husband in rural England. As an author, she has written on a number of subjects, academic and fictional. Her dark erotica novels included *The Paramount Rule* (Chimera 2009), *Prisoners of the Governess* (Pink Flamingo 2010), *Reformation* (Silver Moon Publishing, 2011), *The Paramount Rule* (2nd Edition. Pink Flamingo, 2011), *Reformation: Stronghold* (Femdom Cave, 2011), *The Penitentiary* (Pink Flamingo, 2012), *Under the Paramount Rule: Tales of Oakpark Grange* (Pink Flamingo, 2012), and *Selina: The Paramount Rule Compendium* (Pink Flamingo, 2014.) Following the closure of her primary publisher in 2016, these titles went out of print.

In 2017, she made the decision to self publish her line of titles, *The Paramount Rule Trilogy*, *Under the Paramount Rule: Tales of Oakpark Grange*, and *The Penitentiary* in their never-before-published original forms.