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Slaves of the Theocracy

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Dedication:

To my beloved Erin for her support, education, commitment, and exemplary contribution to my work.

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Chapter One

ast sections of the city burned out of control, Vwhile others were little more than contorted heaps of smoldering rubble. Each pocket of towering amber light was left to devour without restraint as it ate through the shattered buildings. Great plumes of thick black smoke curled upward from the sites of devastation to feed a dark bruise of smog that loitered over the city and stretched out to the skyline.

Theresa watched from a distant hilltop as the blazes created an artificial sunset on the horizon, and the smoke brought a premature twilight to those beneath it. The ground gave a restless quiver of mourning as the amputated top floors of a skyscraper fell from a ragged concrete stump. The quake from the impact rolled out through the entire area, making her sway on her feet. Lowering into a crouch to steady herself, she watched the dust cloud spread through the burning and ripped streets.

She was on a stretch of hills that overlooked the valley and led back into farmland and wilderness. A chill breeze began to waft through the trees and it dispelled the heat emanating from the inferno that was the devastated city. The canopy of dense and 1

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interlocked foliage rustled and swayed against the wind. It had helped shield the refugees from prying eyes once they had managed to flee the city but it would not keep them safe for long. Huddling closer into her rough blankets, the icy fingers of the wind wormed through the gaps and touched her skin. She held her pistol close as she dolefully watched the continuing assault.

The sleek, midnight vessels of the alien foe hovered motionless over the crooked buildings, their opaque hulls bathed in the dull shades of light coming from the ravaged city. Pounding streams of incandescent ruby energy streaked down from above to shred concrete, metal, and flesh amidst belching energetic eruptions. It formed an irregular heartbeat of minor tremors through the soil that was discernible even on such a far away hillock.

Theresa asked herself how many times she had watched this very same scenario play out on a cinema screen. She was never much of a sci-fi fan, and had always laughed at it because it seemed so very fake.

However, when the horror was unfolding for real, when actual alien craft were mutilating whole cities with barrages of deadly bolts, and human corpses lay strewn and deserted in the once-teeming streets, then the matter was far less jovial.

She hated the sight of those ships. They were veritable angels of death and misery. Whenever their black and malignant visage was seen, only the fortunate were able to escape their wrath in time. At least until the next occasion, when a human being was unfortunate enough to see them.

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The creatures had descended on every country like a blizzard of razors. Without warning or word, they had proceeded to level everything in their path with swift and merciless efficiency. No weapon had proven even remotely effective against them, and everyone that had tried to resist their onslaught had been ruthlessly crushed.

Theresa wondered like she had many times before as to what had prompted this genocide. Had the messages of friendship and curiosity that humanity had hurled into the void drawn those who did not care for peace? On the other hand, had this alien military force merely stumbled upon their backwater primitive planet by accident and decided to obliterate it on a whim? Was this entertainment to them, or were they intent on sweeping humanity from this world to take it for themselves? Whatever the reason, they were here and it was clear that every human being and structure was superfluous to their overall design.

Theresa heard movement from behind her, but did not react. She knew the soft, measured tread and could tell that it was Katherine. Her friend was striding up from the far side of the hill and when she arrived, she knelt down beside Theresa and deliberately faced away from the image of annihilation coming down on the valley. Katherine was obviously refusing

to torment her thoughts with the distressing sight. She was still in shock. Her nerves were at the point of breaking, and Katherine now clung to Theresa for a source of strength and comfort.

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Theresa leaned over and kissed her on the cheek before embracing the trembling woman. With despair and woe in such abundance, any chance for pleasure and comfort was now a precious commodity. Theresa had never even considered being with another woman before the aliens came, but that first night when she was cringing in the darkened woods as the sounds of destruction ruled the air, she had fallen into Katherine's arms with wanton abandon.

Since then, they had wandered the wilderness together, clawing their survival from the debris of human settlements. After having scrambled through countless blackened ruins, their travels had finally brought them to an untouched city. It was a chance to restock and gain some much-needed supplies before heading back into the safety of the forests and fields.

The military were trying to get everyone they could to enlist with their efforts, but Theresa had seen the aliens work first-hand and knew that it was pointless. It was only a matter of time before the alien fleet turned its attention to this forgotten city, and Theresa wanted to be far away when it did.

They had managed to scrounge up some of what they needed when fate had decided to cut short their moment of good fortune. The eldritch ships had screamed down out of the sky, swatting fighter jets aside and flattening every artillery emplacement in seconds. Theresa and Katherine instantly sought out the sewer system and used it to speed their passage out of the city, as they had on previous occasions.

With four other refugees in tow, they succeeded in escaping before the next wave began.

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Weary and exhausted, the group had staggered into the tree line just as the implacable enemy had begun to move in on foot. As they always did after suppressing all significant defense, they created a deadly perimeter of infantry through which nothing could pass, and anyone who tried was either driven back into the aerial barrage or killed on the spot.

A pernicious cordon of their foe now fenced in the entire population. They showed no mercy or quarter and they were invulnerable to even the most stringent efforts to harm them, and all the while death rained down steadily from above.

Theresa looked at Katherine's face. It was ruled by her stress and had been reworked since the first attack. When they had initially met while foraging for food in a blasted town ruin, they had both had a slight layer of fat to them. It was nothing significant, but it was of the kind that was annoyingly stubborn and which no amount of dieting or hours pounding away at the gym seemed to be able to shift. This had been quickly lost through bouts of hunger and endless running, leaving them both slender and wiry of limb. If the situations had been different, they would have looked considerably more attractive because of their trials. However, they were dirt and soot-smeared, exhausted, haggard and on the verge of physical and mental collapse.

Katherine had cut her long, curly brown locks into a rough, short mop that she kept beneath a thick furry hat. Theresa's waist-length auburn cascade had been reduced to a brief bob that ran around just below her ears and gave her a fringe across her eyebrows. A 5

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thick scarf was curled several times around her neck and tucked under a large overcoat.

“It’s the end of everything, isn’t it?” said Katherine.

“Looks that way,” she replied flatly.

“Dammit, Theresa! How can you stay so calm?”

“Would blubbering or ranting do anything? I just want to find a quiet spot to hide and hope this passes by.”

“And if it doesn’t?”

“Well, we’ve lasted longer than most, I guess.”

“Do you even have a heart anymore, Theresa?”

“At least it’s still beating. I intend to keep it that way for as long as I can. As far as I’m concerned, getting all emotional won’t help that,” she answered sedately.

It was odd to think that even the people whose life had not been snuffed out by the alien barrages were as dead inside as any corpse. Feelings and compassion were qualities that were no longer feasible. To be able to endure the horror, one had to shut off and retreat inside a vacant shell. The things they saw and that they had to do to stay alive would not be possible if they had not.

The only indulgence she allowed herself was Katherine. Despite the stony front she presented to the world to defy its hatred of her and all humans, she thought she might be in love with Katherine. Her presence helped her keep a link to her own deserted emotions. Katherine could still feel, and being around her allowed Theresa to do what needed to be done to help both of

them survive. They had a symbiotic relationship that was vital to both of them. She 6

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protected Katherine, trying to maintain her, the things that Theresa herself, had lost.

Another massive quake rippled through the soil, making the nearby trees sway. Theresa moved closer to Katherine, and their lips met. Theresa found that Katherine was initially hesitant, but she knew that her friend wanted comfort just as badly as she herself needed to feel the closeness of another living human.

Theresa gave some brief sucking pulls to the lower lip of her lover and then traced her tongue along the delicate flesh. Katherine's tongue emerged and they curled the wet organs upon each other. Theresa entwined her tongue around Katherine's for a moment, then reached forward so she might move into the mouth of her lover for a deep and lingering oral dance. Katherine then mimicked the same actions in full as she often did, because she relied on Theresa's choices in sex just as much as she did with regard to survival.

Theresa sent her hands into the Katherine's coat and beneath her shirts. The winding passage down through the multiple layers took the chill from her fingers, and when they finally cupped Katherine's breasts, her hands were warm and cozy. She caressed her lover's assets, brushing her nipples with the lightest of touches.

When Katherine arched a little and gave a long sighing gasp of pleasure, Theresa felt moisture gather in her eyes. Theresa found the responses to her touches delightful and she wanted to continue, but she was in danger of actually feeling something again and was frightened into stopping.

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“We’d better get moving. Once the city falls they’ll begin fanning out into the surrounding area,” said Theresa as she pulled away. They both knew the tactics of their adversaries all too well.

“Okay,” said Katherine without inflexion and began to refasten her attire.

Theresa rolled her blankets into a tube before slotting them into her backpack and then slipping into the padded harness. Like Katherine, her body was covered in layers of thick clothing. The coats, shirts, and sweaters almost doubled her size, but such bulk was vital. No power remained for civilian use and lighting a campfire for heat would swiftly draw the ravages of an alien strike unit. Even Theresa’s pack was loaded with only the most vital supplies and equipment. Any excess would encumber, and the slightest delay in reflexes or speed could prove fatal these days.

Her hair was knotted and tangled from the flight out of the city, and her delicate features were smeared with more dirt than usual. She had not even considered removing it because grooming was an obsolete effort in this dreary time. Theresa took her balaclava out of her pocket and pulled it on. She rolled it up so that it contained her hair but did not cover her face, and then she stood up and looked carefully around.

“Come on,” she said as Katherine hefted her pack onto her shoulders.

Threading a path deeper into the woods, the two women joined the other numbed survivors and in a loose group formation, they began to wander away 8

from the scene. For some time, the soil still shuddered with the tremor caused by a particularly savage detonation in the arena of assault. It was a testament to the continuing destruction and it kept them moving despite their fatigue.

Katherine suddenly released a piercing scream of terror. The whole group whirled and reached for weapons or dove into cover. Theresa dragged out her pistol and saw Katherine sprawled in the grass. She was clawing frantically at the dirt with panicked alarm.

“Capture Mine! Do something!” she yelled while straining against the thin wires that were encircling her legs.

Capture Mines were a diabolical hazard that the aliens had liberally sprinkled across the lands. They lurked beneath the soil and were undetectable and terrible. Once they ensnared you, there was no escaping them.

Theresa dove forward, and the weight of the pack as it landed on her back knocked the wind from her lungs. She skidded on the dew-moistened carpet of grass and snatched her lover’s wrists. The tendrils of the device were slowly slithering upwards to grasp Katherine’s hips and then her chest. The animated wire tendrils hauled back with every inch of purchase they gained on her and brought her closer to the sunken pit from which they had sprung.

Theresa pulled with all her strength. She swung her legs around and dug in her heels to try to keep Katherine safe, but the mechanism was just too strong. They were both dragged towards the exposed 9

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hole at a steady pace, and Theresa’s boots scraped deep furrows in the soil while her muscles burned from overexertion.

“Give me some fucking help!” screamed Theresa.

The others were not inclined to risk capture, and so stayed in the shadows or began to flee. Despite the fact that Theresa and Katherine had helped them escape the city, they held no loyalty or obligation to repay their debt.

Most people knew that the mines only concentrated on one target at a time, but it was not this knowledge that kept the others at bay. It was the fact that the enemy responded within minutes of a capture. With the imminent arrival of a strike unit, the sands of their lives were trickling away with alacrity.

However, Theresa had seen too many people lost to these abominable machines and she could not face deserting Katherine to such a stark fate.

“Theresa! Please, don’t let go!” implored Katherine.

Tears of chagrin were streaming down her face.

“I...I can’t...hold...on!” she cried. Her arms were aching from the strain of combating the pull of the automaton and they felt ready to dislocate or spring from her sockets.

“Theresa! Leave her! We’ve got to get out of here!

Now!” yelled one of the other survivors.

“Fuck you!” she roared and continued her efforts with new vigor.

A length of wire encircled Katherine’s throat and tightened into a choking hold. It was another deterrent against aiding those that the machine targeted. Only once the victim was sealed in the 10

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submerged body of the mine would it cease this strangling embrace. Resisting the will of the mechanical beast could kill a person.

The sweat of exertion and terror began to glisten across the skin of both women and it created a slick surface that made their hands start to slip apart. They parted millimeter by millimeter until Theresa flew back and dropped heavily onto the grass. Gasping, she rolled over and looked up to see Katherine being drawn down.

Her arms clasped at every blade of grass as she strove to preserve herself from the interior of the fell machine. She could not even cry out anymore, because the hold at her throat was too tight. With a hollow thud, she fell into the hole. Her arms and head briefly battled to stay out and prevent the lid from closing, but it was futile.

Theresa scampered forward but was already too late; the entrance to the pod was closing. Articulated arms grabbed the defiant limbs of the captive and pulled them in so that the transparent panel could slide shut with a murmuring whirr. Katherine was squeezed into a ball. Her face was pressed against the glass surface as she instinctively fought her damning bonds.

With a flick of her wrist, Theresa pulled out a knife and stabbed it to the rim. A scintillating burst spat from the virulent connection. Theresa stabbed again and then tried to find some leverage so she could pry it open. The point scraped and scratched at the lid, throwing up the odd spark but failing to even mark the dense unearthly alloy. With a chorus of heavy

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clicks, the lid locked itself.

“Nooooo!” hollered Theresa as she dropped the knife and banged her fists to the panel. She knew that she should look away, but she could not.

Tightly compacted within the interior, Katherine’s eyes bulged and her mouth opened into a silent scream as the mechanism went to work. The animated coils began to drag her clothes down, ripping them from her and leaving her naked in a huddled and impossibly cinched ball. Corrugated

pipes with phallic heads rose around the base and started to steal entry into her orifices. The machines stopped and started to conduct whatever unearthly rites they were designed to do to a human body.

Whatever it was, Katherine was livid with distress.

She shuddered and her face became a mask of the most intense anguish as her body was penetrated and then controlled.

Left aware and helpless within the tiny prison, Katherine could do nothing to prevent her violation.

All she could do was stare up pleadingly into at the face of her lover.

“I’m sorry, Katherine. I’m so, so sorry,” said Theresa and put her hands to the agonized face that was a mere inch away, but might as well have been on another continent for all her chance of reaching it.

With a mental shove, she brought herself from the sight and tried to concentrate on her own self-preservation. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she tried to push the damning image of Katherine’s face from her mind’s eyes. Katherine’s fate was sealed. She was doomed to whatever purpose the aliens used the 12

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mines to facilitate.

With the tenuous quality of her own fate graphically illustrated, Theresa turned and upon hearing an explosion that gave her directions, she began to run away from the city.

The darkness was ripped aside by a dazzling beam of white light that poured down from above. Theresa covered her eyes for a moment and then held a hand up as a shield. She peered over her fingers and was mortified to

see a black silhouette blotting out the stars. With a startled shout, she bolted aside and plunged into the woods. Moving at a pell-mell dash, she sought to throw off any pursuit.

The crackling spit of alien weapons brought shrieks as the other refugees were gunned down.

With her heart pounding in her chest and her breath racing, Theresa continued to sprint. It was useless to try to help them and any attempt to do so would only put her life in needless jeopardy.

The undergrowth clutched at her with paws of greenery, ripping her clothing and unzipping her skin in brief scratches. When a larger obstacle contrived to trip her, she stumbled forward and increased her bounding gait to fight off the fall and stay upright.

Theresa sloughed off her backpack and let it fall into a patch of weeds. If need be, she could return for it some other time, but right now she needed to escape. Besides, the most important articles were kept in her pockets, and on a belt of pouches and canteens over her coat and about her waist.

Theresa continued her flight without thought. The alien offensive had annihilated her civilized shell and 13

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this left only animal instinct for survival and self-preservation. The reason she had tried to save Katherine was that they had been together from the start. Theresa could rely upon and trust her. The other reasons were less easily definable and despite their importance, they could not be acknowledged.

When the black ships had filled the skies, they had learned how to survive. They had rescued each other from numerous hostile encounters in the havoc that had ensued, be it from the aliens or their own starving and hunted race.

Katherine was the only person she could fully trust, and now she was gone. Theresa was completely alone in a world that held nothing but mortal jeopardy.

A tall form stepped out from behind a tree. It was over six feet in height and had a slender humanoid frame that was sheathed in a carapace of dark armor that looked more like chitin. The opaque shell was instantly recognizable, and gave the aliens an unsettling insect quality along with ultimate protection. An elongated curving helmet rose to an acute peak at the back. The entire construction was seamless, without apparent concession for sight or breath. The persecuted human race had dubbed them

'bugs', a light nickname to diminish the dread they generated and to give a name to something that had not even bothered to identify itself. She had laughed when she had first heard it used, but then she had seen these diabolic warriors in action and all humor had fallen from the word.

The alien raised a gauntlet-covered fist and from a device along its forearm there launched a bolt of 14

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sapphire light. Theresa plunged to one side and the effulgent projectile tore a crater in the bark of the tree directly behind her.

Turning from the extra-terrestrial obstacle, she continued her sprint with added maniac vigor. A nest of cramps was crushing her chest. They squeezed her arctic lungs and occasionally skipped down her throbbing legs. Her sight began to roll in and out of focus as she pushed her exhausted body onwards, seeking only escape.

A black shape moved in front of her and before she could react, an angry riot of pain flashed down the side of her face. The slap was greater in magnitude than any normal strike, tearing her from her feet.

Theresa was sent through the air and then crashed to the ground with a jarring thud.

Momentarily stunned, Theresa's senses returned in a tardy trickle that cost her valuable seconds. Aware of her predicament, she instantly reached for a weapon. The moment she brought it out and to bear, a stern grip snatched the muzzle and tore the pistol from her grasp. The savagery of the theft almost took her trigger finger out at the knuckle.

The alien briefly looked at the firearm and then crushed it in its fist. The metal folded like clay and with an absent wave, it flung the pistol away into the undergrowth and then locked the fingers of its other hand about her wrist. Without apparent effort, it hauled her to her feet and swung her about in an arc that ended with her being viciously slammed into a tree trunk.

Theresa began to sink down. Dazed and winded, 15

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her limbs were no longer heeding the call to action.

The brief crack of an energy pulse sounded and an eerie warmth flowed through her physique. It was not quite paralysis, more like a separation from all control. She felt the rough connection with the ground and felt the brush of a cool breeze as it touched the perspiration on her face.

Lying twisted and supine, each racing breath unleashed a thin cloud of fog that helped obscure her immobile and fixed forward sight. Her assailant stepped into this frozen field of vision and looked down at her with a barren face.

The alien was adorned a little differently from the others she had seen. Its pauldrons and breastplate bore an intricate emblem that was etched in crimson.

The alien also wore a flowing silver-gilded cloak that hung down its back and rippled in the wind.

Ordinary members of its kind fell in behind it, suggesting perhaps that the figure was an officer or from sort of leadership caste. It reached down and locked cold fingers about Theresa's throat before hoisting her up with ease. She dangled like a puppet, her limbs flapping loosely at her sides as an uncomfortable ache ruled her neck because of the suspension.

A testing shake had her jiggle limply and then to her horror, the commanding creature lifted its other fist. From the armor of its forearm sprang a foot long serrated blade. The weapon extended along the back of its hand and stood poised to eviscerate her.

Theresa wanted to close her eyes against the sight but could not, because her eyelids were still frozen

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stiff. Helpless, she watched as the razor edge slipped under the strap of her waist belt and with a brief slash, cut it from her. The ring of bags and bottles struck the floor with a cushioned clatter and relieved some of the weight on her throat.

The eager blade slotted into the base of her coat and sawed upward before moving down her sleeves.

The tip hooked the material, tearing away the garment before it continued to unwrap her.

Theresa's breathing quickened as fingers locked into the waist of her trousers and the alien that had stepped up to assist gave a sharp tug. Buttons popped free, seams parted, and the creature ripped both jeans and underwear down and off.

Confusion and panic scrambled all her thoughts.

Theresa prayed that they not be motivated by lust.

Nevertheless, if they were, then what manner of inhuman monster lay beneath their satanic shell? The irrational thought of being violated by some bug-eyed, sucker-fingered reptile made a mortified chill creep along her spine and insidiously affect her thoughts. The panic grew to such levels that she found herself hoping that they would just kill her and spare her such a grotesque, nightmarish violation.

The cool edge of the knife slipped under her jumper and shirt. Rising up, the durable fabrics parted on the keen, unearthly blade like the most fine silk upon a razor's edge. The neck of the clothes opened and then, at some silent command from its master, the weapon retreated into the forearm sheath and vanished from view. The towering shape removed the last shreds of her attire and laid her 17

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down. Theresa's body was still unresponsive to her despairing fight for movement. There was nothing to be done to prevent the event unfolding around her.

The left hand of the beast closed about its opposite wrist and after a series of soft snicks and a sibilant hiss of escaping pressure, the armored glove came away. The removal revealed a seemingly human hand. It was slender and a little pale, but it was normal enough.

The creature lowered into a squat beside her and reached out to cup one of her breasts in its hands. The icy skin instantly banished the warmth her heavy clothing and panicked dash had kindled and preserved.

The alien began to knead the soft flesh, testing it fully before checking the other breast. It pinched and pulled at her nipples, making Theresa sob and

cry out in her own mind because her throat still refused to work for her. She fought to yell out for help, to curse the alien, to do something to try to stop this molestation, but her body remained stubbornly inert.

The creature opened her mouth and examined her teeth before it began appraising the rest of her body with pinches and groping squeezes.

Theresa's fight to move or scream became all the more frantic when she felt its palm glide down her belly. Her breath descended into rapid pants as fingers brushed aside her pubic nest and started to slide in. Conducting an impromptu internal exploration, the creature also treated itself to a brief fondling.

A sedate tingle in her appendages signaled the 18

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slow climb back to motion, but other than a faint wriggling of her extremities, she could do nothing to escape her persecutors. Probed and degraded, Theresa had no clue what their intentions were, only that they were far from benign.

Using both the grip between her legs and the gauntlet about her neck, the creature hauled Theresa up and pressed her against a tree. Acting without verbal instruction, two of the spectators took hold of an arm and pulled it back to stretch her naked form upon the rough bark. They then each reached down and lifted an ankle so that Theresa was spread-eagled and pinned to the trunk by their abnormal strength.

Hanging by her joints, her torso was left wantonly offered to their leader's attentions.

The emblazoned creature stepped forward and pinched her nipples more fiercely this time. It started to slowly twist them, making the tender nubs light up with pulsating waves of pain. Theresa's drawn features contorted

into a slight grimace and her awakening larynx managed to release a gurgling moan. Without further delay, the creature stepped forward and pressed its armored frame to hers. There was a soft, pressurized whisper and uncertain about the more intimate details of human physiology, the alien used its fingers to stay aware of the precise location of her opening.

It was becoming terribly clear that the alien was male, and it was confirmed when his engorged member thrust into her with such harshness that for an instant Theresa thought that he had changed his mind and plunged the blade into her.

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Theresa jolted as though electrified, her indolent muscles finding fresh life against this abuse. The alien commenced his ravishment with licentious gusto and the sharp contours of his sculpted metal armor scratched and chafed Theresa's skin. It felt as though he was trying to drill a path into her viscera with the innate savagery of his passion.

He was not alone in his sadism, either. The subordinates were bending her limbs and rotating her joints to the point that Theresa feared they would break her bones to sate their infernal desire to cause her distress.

The molesting snatched up her breasts and squeezed them in a vice-like grip. The bare hand was infinitely weaker than the gauntlet in its attack, proving that their incredible strength was no innate property of whatever race they were, but an artificial product of their empowering armored suits.

Theresa squirmed and tried to burble her pleas for clemency. Her voice was still not capable of stringing together coherent syllables and the sobbing moans and grunts only seemed to excite the alien further.

With a final volley of piercing thrusts, the alien eased his lust. The vicious nature of his assault raised Theresa's suspicion that he had gained his satisfaction through her mental and physical dismay rather than from the forced intercourse.

The aliens simultaneously released Theresa and let her drop into a loose heap on the grass before she slumped onto her side. With a maximum effort, she began to crawl away, her limbs and insides now raw from the experience.

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A metal toe lodged beneath her flank and flipped her like a turtle. Theresa flopped vainly on her back and tried to continue her lethargic flight. A forearm was raised in the shadowy twilight of the wood and she feared that they were now going to execute her.

She expected no less, because no one had ever told tales of this passion for abuse. It had to be because all those that had endured this predilection did not live to warn others about it.

The glare of the weapon as it discharged a fresh bolt was joined by the now familiar sensation of delicate heat trickling through her nervous system and disrupting it. The lead alien removed his other glove and revealed what appeared to be a signet ring on his index finger. The black gem that was set within the device began to glow with a soft amber sheen that displayed the raised elaborate symbol on the surface.

Holding the device up to his blank face, the creature checked the glow. Satisfied that it was ready, he then grabbed Theresa's arm and pressed the ring to her shoulder. Searing agony lanced into the tissues and spread out like a baleful cancer. Her howls emerged as whistling sighs because of the stun bolt. All she could hear was the sound of her skin sizzling as the stink

of frying cells stung her nostrils with their acrid presence. The molten touch made her mind boil as it remained and ensured that the branding was deep and permanent.

The scathing ring came away but it took long moments before the heat started to ebb. Wheezing and exhausted from this latest abuse, Theresa watched with a numb mind as they hefted her up and 21

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fixed a belt of sturdy design about her waist.

Restraints lay at her hips and accepted her wrists into their locked embrace before she was slung up over one armored shoulder.

The group marched through the forest and delivered her to a large clearing where a portable pulsing light of rich emerald signaled exclusively upward. The pulsing excess radiance strobe lit the grim warriors that paced about the perimeter and maintained a silent vigil over the other captives.

Theresa was not the only human present. A line of some dozen or so specimens had been gathered and bound in a similar fashion to her, their positions suggesting readiness for transport. Theresa was dropped at the end of the queue and the alien departed. Another alien approached and slipped a long crystal rod out of a pouch on its belt. It moved the device over her frozen body with steady sweeps and after putting the tool back, it examined the brand on her shoulder. The alien lifted its forearm and began to tap information onto the strange keypad that replaced the firearm that was ordinarily there. She could see that the small buttons had convoluted circular symbols on them to represent the alien language and after transferring the data into the system, it checked the small readout and put its forefinger to Theresa's neck. She felt a quiver in the skin and there was whistle of pressure. Soft cozy numbness began to waft through her system, depositing a fog in her brain that began to lower her slowly into a dreamless slumber.

The last thing Theresa recalled before coma struck 22

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was a dreadful shape that seemed to grow in size as it descended from above. The green signal light in the camp revealed its underbelly in rhythmic pulses until it blotted out the night sky with its massive dimensions.

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taggering up through stifling layers of Sunconsciousness, Theresa became aware that she was still alive. She had no idea how long she had been out. It could have been seconds or weeks, but judging by the stiffness in her limbs, she was inclined to believe the latter.

Theresa tried to moisten her chapped lips with her tongue, but the organ was just as parched. The dryness was accompanied by a foul chemical tang from the drug that had sedated her for shipment.

She felt that her body was no longer bound and so Theresa decided to sit up so she might investigate her surroundings. A barrier about her throat prematurely halted the move. When she opened her eyes, all she could see was darkness. The cell that held her was unlit, so she moved her hands and conducted an assessment by touch alone of what lay around her.

She quickly found that the metal hoop at her neck was far sturdier than its gossamer construction suggested, and despite some virulent yanks, she

failed to snap it.

Turning her attention to her confines, she found that she was sealed within a squat metal coffin, and 24

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the smooth ceiling was barely three inches from her face. It was a tiny prison, and was quite impermeable to her cursing cries and pounding fists. Despite her knowing the futility of trying, she found that she could not help herself. The attacks on the barriers that held her were a reassurance that she was an unwilling prisoner, one who would fight for her freedom at every given opportunity.

After awhile she calmed herself and simply lay still to preserve her strength. Theresa absently traced the esoteric symbol that was now impressed into her shoulder. The skin was still sore, and the mark was deep and indelible, sure to remain with her for the rest of her days. However, she had no clue as to what it represented. Was it a mark that assigned her to some sort of terrible doom? Was it for status or to distinguish her as some sort of property? Just what was it that the invaders wanted from her?

Turning from this bleak subject, she started to consider her location. Was she in some Earth-bound fortress that the aliens had established, or was she even now being carried amongst the stars? If she was in the hold of one of their primary vessels, then what could she expect from their homeworld? Was she now a souvenir of battle, or was she to be an organic trinket to be put in a museum or zoo to provide an example of the species that they had eradicated?

The collar opened at a central seam that she had not detected with her fingers because of its subtlety. It then retreated into the floor and vanished. A moment later, the wall to her left began to swing upward with a smooth mechanical grace that unveiled the dimly 25

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illuminated corridor beyond it.

“Leave your berths immediately!” ordered a powerful but clearly synthesized voice.

Theresa shuffled aside and lowered herself to the ground through curiosity as to her surroundings and location rather than fear of her captor’s anger. The sight of other humans in the process of obeying the same command startled her.

The short corridor was lined on both sides with rows of the same tiny bunks. They were all close together and stacked some five berths deep. The ranks of doors had stopped as they leveled with the interior ceiling and they now began to glide into the structure of the walls to allow unrestricted departure for all the captives.

Every single one of them was young and completely naked. They were gathered from both genders, and although the symbols themselves were slightly different, they were all universally branded at the shoulder. The people were timid, frightened, and confused, their lack of available modesty further introducing cause for angst.

The end of the corridor slid open and revealed armored sentinels. The guards were without the concealing helmets that had thus far been the trademark of the brutal race. It was the first time any of them had ever seen the foe that they had come to fear and loathe, and it appeared that they were a kindred species, at least externally. Other than their slightly greater height, they seemed to be lithe versions of humans with sculpted features that were pale, aloof, and possessed of an unnatural

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pulchritude. This radiant aesthetic visage was offset by their dark, slightly tapering eyes that were cold, pitiless, and without visible trace of emotion. Their stares were like wells of pure malevolence and they made the prisoners wonder whether they had perished and demonic forces were now herding them to their fate in the bowels of purgatory. Had the alien attack been some unfathomable version of Judgment Day?

Their ears ascended to slight tips and the lobeless lengths were dotted with a row of silver rings. They had manes of sable black hair and each held a long pole. The tip of this shaft was adorned with three articulated metal claws.

“Enter the hall!” demanded the voice, and like harassed sheep, the crowd began to obey. Each of them was too petrified by the ordeal of capture to resist and they were riven with anxiety at the fate that was in store for them. Human atrocity was well explored and could at least be vaguely predicted, but no one could predict what horrors these beings and their technology were capable of.

The awaiting chamber was large. Stark metal walls and twin lines of soft red-tinted lights provided scant illumination by which they could all just about observe the room’s main features. A long sunken trough was set to one side and a descending slope on either end led into the yellow waters that filled it to within two yards of floor level. The right side of the rectangular hall was lined with dozens of small ramps. The vertical side was barely a pace from the wall, and all of them were dotted with open and 27

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ready metal restraints.

There were eight more gaunt-faced guards within and each of them was armed with one of the clawed poles, in addition to the standard weapons that had been incorporated into their armor.

“All prisoners will proceed to a separate station on the right,” ordered the voice.

As the timid captives began to acquiesce to the will of those that had kidnapped them, Theresa wondered if the guards knew any Earth language because none of them had uttered a single word in any tongue, not even their own. Were they telepathic, or were they so practiced in their duty that they no longer needed to correlate their actions? Just how many people had been here before her?

Her musings were interrupted as a pair of burly and heavily tattooed men made a sudden break for the door. The nearest alien guard acted with incredible celerity. A sweep of the haft of his weapon stripped the legs out from under one of them and dropped him to the bare floor with a stern smack. The sentinel then deployed the head of the device to deal with the second human.

The pole stretched telescopically and the claws opened wide to snatch the head of the rebellious man from behind. The moment the claws grabbed him, they erupted with scintillating radiance. Arcs of energy wove amongst the robotic fingers in jagged effulgent forks and danced across the man’s skin. The victim squealed as he was punished for his disobedience and he bucked and jolted as he was lifted from the floor to hang by his tormented head.

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The ferocious discharge ended and the man went limp. The alien swung the pole back towards the other captives and the claws opened to release the enervated figure. The man bounced on the floor and rolled to an inert halt. Lazy trails of steam rose from his hair and the scorched imprint of mechanical fingers that was still clearly visible.

The claws curled into a ball and bright arcs of power started to weave along the struts. The felled captive saw the approaching source of radiance and tried to crawl back away from them. The fist jumped forth and deliberately grazed his shoulder. The captive shot away with a howling squeal as every muscle and tendon jolted to stark attention. The man tumbled head over heels until he struck one of the ramps, and then sagged in defeat. Shuddering from the shock, the man remained where he was and pawed weakly at the ground.

Having seen the punishment meted out for recalcitrant behavior, the other prisoners quickly scampered to a station. A frenzied parody of *musical chairs* ensued and soon everyone had a place.

“Kneel with your thighs pressed to the vertical surface. Lay down the length of the slope. Put your wrists and ankles into the restraints,” said the voice and the captives began to reluctantly comply while the pacing guards let their weapons churn with lucid sparks of energy to illustrate the consequences of failure.

Theresa rapidly got onto her knees and moved forward. Shifting her legs apart, she entered them into the trammels that were waiting at mid-thigh. The 29

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open jaws snapped shut the moment her body entered them and with a soft hiss, they slid inwards and pulled her into their tight embrace. Her legs were now spread wide and her rear was proffered for the gaoler’s amusement, or their malicious intentions.

Theresa grabbed her legs in shock, but already she could barely squeeze a finger between the skin and the ribbon of metal. With no option available to her, she put her ankles into the yawning fetters. The bonds clapped shut and shrank into the floor to establish a most stern hold upon her.

The holler of someone who was not submitting quickly enough goaded her on. Theresa draped herself down the slope and the bond at the center closed, holding her torso to the cool metal. Her movements were slowly being stripped away and she had no choice but to resign herself to it, just as all the other captives were doing. She placed her temple to the base of the ramp while also reaching out to slot her wrists into the bracelets that waited out on the floor. A clank announced their closure, and a soft mechanized whine proceeded the establishing of a firm and automated entrapment.

A few minutes passed as the more hesitant members of the throng were guided into position with harsh brutality. Once silence had fallen, the wall behind them erupted with sound. The noise of panels sliding back gave way to a mechanical cranking grind that drew closer and closer until the touch of metal briefly brushed her rear.

The assembled prisoners broke into shouts and shrieks of outrage and revulsion. Lubricated rods 30

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parted their sphincters and sheathed themselves deep into each and every proffered rear.

Theresa struggled and tried to force out the intruder, but it dove onward with a relentless sloth.

Her desire to face this torment with silent serenity vanished as a pressure grew within her, drawing out her tears and yowling cries of dismay. Some sort of bulb was billowing outward just beyond her sphincter. The growing influence was sealing her innards and preventing the leaking of whatever it was that they were intending to introduce.

Theresa bucked against her bonds as her anus was terribly punished from trying to contain and adapt to the swelling balloon. At the verge of causing

serious trauma, it stopped, leaving a pernicious residual pounding in her anus.

Dozens of mechanized pumps began to chug softly to themselves and a gurgle ran along the immersed tubes before flowing unchecked into the bellies of the prisoners. The fluid was warm and caustic and made their insides bellow with outrage at being filled to capacity by the flood that seemed to burn like acid and encourage the most painful cramps.

The hall filled with cries as each of them was subjected to the horrible enforced enema. The wave of liquid continued to churn onwards, stretching and flushing through their tracts. Theresa howled until she was hoarse and her body quivered in tight spasms as she fought to expunge the source of her woes. The swollen anal barricade prevented her from forcing out even one single droplet and she quickly found that any attempt to try to squirt some of it out 31

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only made it swell against the bulb and plague her rear even more harshly. The only way to ease the awful procedure was to try to relax and let it occur and stretch deep along her canals. There was no choice but to wait for the reversal of the flow while jerking against the restraints and adding her voice to the symphony of pain.

When the machines eventually began to stop adding to the reservoirs, the sentries moved in. Each locked the grappling head of their subjugating tool to the head of a captive. They took a moment to relish the distraught pleas of the chosen human and then transformed the words into a squeal as vehement discharge raged upon their bodies and filled them with agony.

Theresa felt her pulse quicken as the wails of response grew closer and closer to her station. The guards were moving methodically down the line and this gave those furthest away plenty of time to meditate on their looming turn under the baleful assault of the weapons.

The resistant males found themselves singled out for greater levels of attention from the aliens. They begged for mercy as metal fingers grasped their heads, legs and snatched their bared genitals. The sobbing petitions for mercy were distorted into screeching hollers when suffering was pumped in through every pore and nerve. The two men were left whimpering like children when the claws finally retreated after a prolonged dose of the charge.

Theresa knew that there was no point asking for clemency. The aliens were intent only on enjoying 32

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their deeds, in finding grim satisfaction in screams and the sobbing requests for mercy. She was aiming to deny them this pleasure and with a great effort of will, she remained taciturn as they finally reached her. Those next to her were not so strong and were weeping and burbling in abject panic as the claws took hold of them.

The claws of the metal fist took hold of her head and she screwed her eyes up, bracing for the assault.

Seething power blasted through her and branched down into her body. Theresa broke into violent paroxysms as every part of her was brought to wrenching attention and filled with excruciating suffering. Theresa could not swallow her scream because the pain was just too much to stoically bear in silence. Her piercing wail drowned out her phased thoughts and as the claw came away, she melted into an inert heap within her bonds.

The venomous emissions had stolen her vitality and left her an enervated husk as the alien responsible for it moved onto the next hapless soul. The next prisoner failed to remain mute and freely begged them to show pity.

The occasional throe of residual influence tightened Theresa's body while she lay weak and drained by her trials. Whatever was blocking the

expulsion of the waters dropped and she found that her muscles could finally begin to eject the flow.

Whimpering with derogation, she slowly expelled the liquid that plagued her innards. It seemed that the discharge had been given to help shake the internal well of caustic liquid and it proved that the aliens 33

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were all too willing to use the most painful solutions to achieve the simplest results.

Once each and every prisoner had ejected the dregs, the bulbs began to thankfully deflate. The relief of having the rod withdraw from her rear was immense, a feeling that was accentuated by the sudden snap of all the restraints as they opened up to set the ranks of captives free.

The people rose slowly from the ramps. Degraded and pained by their experience, some were openly sobbing while others were bleary-eyed from shock.

Some were red- faced with rancor, but the sight of the electrified claws kept them from trying to attack their oppressors.

“Proceed to the trough!” barked the voice and with goading jabs, the supervising guards began to steer the crowd towards one end. They were halted at the start of the incline and left facing the yellow-tinted liquid.

The lead captive was singled out and nudged forward. The poles were used to ensure he wandered into the foul-looking waters, and keeping wary of the weapons, the man fearfully complied. All of them had tasted what the weapons could do and none wanted a repeat, no matter what they had to do to avoid it. The man continued to walk until he was in the center of the trough and submerged to his neck. The claws snatched his head and forced

him under. His flailing arms splashed about and sought to prize off the digits that shocked his fingers each time they touched the weapon.

The aliens grinned and held him down until they 34

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were sure he was clean. They finally let him rise back up after a spiteful duration. He coughed, spluttered, and quickly waded back out on the other side.

Crawling from the waters, he hacked violently from the touch of the fluid in his throat. The guards then continued to usher in the rest of the crowd one a time.

The crowd huddled together like a cornered herd awaiting slaughter. Like genuine domesticated animals, they were unable to do anything to avoid their continued processing towards an uncertain and bleak fate.

Theresa was separated from the group and moved forward. The claws waved dangerously close to her and spurred her on lest the fervid digits brush her skin. The waters were cold as they rose about her ankles and climbed up her legs to her waist and then to her neck. She shivered in the chill folds of the chemical and as expected, her head was grabbed.

The tight grip of the claw gave her a moment to suck in a deep breath before she was dunked. Forced below the surface, she struggled to rise and pushed up with her legs, but she was unable to overcome the enhanced strength of the alien that was cleaning her.

She did not dare touch the anchor that was pinning her down. She had more than endured her fill of its electrical caress.

The hand churned her around under the water and then let go. Theresa thrust upward, bursting from the surface with a choked gasp. She swam

swiftly for the other side and dragged herself free to join the other shivering wretches nestled in the corner. Their minds and bodies were numb from what was being done to 35

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them. Theresa sat quiet and withdrawn, her thoughts frugal. Her psyche seemed to wither away from reality to protect her sanity from its straits.

The last woman was drawn shrieking into the trough and kept under for an unusually long period.

Released from the trough, she crawled into the group and retched from having swallowed some of the foul waters.

A nearby section of wall parted with a smooth gliding elegance. The guards then began to congregate on the prisoners, holding their weapons aimed forward like lances. The claws snapped with warning and crackled with bursts of bright energy.

“Enter the chamber and sit down. Place all corresponding body parts into the restraints,” ordered the mysterious voice.

The prisoners were funneled through the door and into the chamber that lay beyond. Naked bodies jostled and bumped as they pushed forward and anxiously avoided the waving, crackling claws.

The room could have passed for any normal lecture hall at first glance. Chairs descended with a steady sloping floor to face a podium that bore a large screen and a lectern carved with swirling sinister designs. However, the seats were stark metal affairs with high backs and numerous cuffs. It was instantly apparent to the prisoners that they were going to undergo enforced lessons in a topic that was sure to be unfamiliar to all of them. After all, if they had any clue as to what was to be taught, the comprehensive restraints would not have been necessary.

Placing herself in the supposed safety of the 36

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middle, Theresa settled in with wavering resolve. The restraints clipped on and shrank to her shins, thighs, waist, neck, forehead, biceps, and her wrists. Once all were in place, she was left with virtually no movement at all.

The guards withdrew and the entrance sealed itself to become indistinguishable from the normal smooth surface of the metal wall. The chairs gave several strange clicks and whirring noises as though they were privately computing something. Something stung the base of her spine, and there was another hum of calculation and motion.

A single line of red light was projected down in front of her and moved back across her body. Theresa looked around and saw the same act being conducted on every other denizen of the hall. The line then moved from right to left and back again before shutting off.

A segment of wall beside the main screen swung aside to allow an alien woman entrance. She was like the men, in that she was slender and salacious. She was painted with dark brooding shades of makeup that magnified her satanic scowl, her mane of black hair was spiked and flowed backward in jagged tufts to fall down her back, and her shapely legs were sheathed in tall, stiletto-heeled thighboots. The dark, shiny material of the footwear was tattooed with curling silver designs and a leotard of the same fabric followed the curves of her body. The high cut of the thigh reached just beyond her hips, and the cups that cradled her breasts were adorned with a silver stud at the nipples. A spiked choker encircled her throat and 37

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long gauntlet gloves poured up her arms to leave her jet black and talon-like fingernails exposed. The color of her attire emphasized by contrast the paleness of her skin, and it was this pale sheen that made her appear to be crafted from animated marble rather than living flesh.

She stepped before the lectern and activated the screen. The surface flickered and rose through shades and brief bursts of static until it became a white canvas.

“I am Kharond. Your appointed tutor,” she announced. Her silken voice was radically different to the harsh, vituperative tone with which she spoke.

Another section of wall opened and a male figure emerged. His tall body was armed with covert and defined muscles, and a dark metal circlet held his dark hair back. He wore a close-fitting vest of leather and a matching set of tight trousers. He also wore a set of armored boots with matching plated gloves that reached to his elbows.

“And I am Chernakk, your supervisor,” he said before stopping and standing to attention beside Kharond.

“You have been selected for enslavement by the Phed Dregakk Theocracy,” began the woman. “We have chosen to harvest your world after a brief period of meticulous examination. We have been watching you and gathering specimens to study and experiment on, testing the merits of taking you as slaves. We know what makes you whimper. We know how to break you, and we have found it adaptable to what we ourselves find enjoyable. Do 38

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not think that you are the first. Our glorious empire spans countless systems, and you will be just one of the many races under our control.

“You are going to be kept alive to serve our wants and whims. We have forged our culture about the guiding principle of fulfillment. As the tools that we will use and abuse, you are similarly pledged to this goal of sating our desires.

“Your own language is dead. Your planet will be strip-mined. The rest of your race will either be slain or taken as our possessions. If you use any tongue save that of our own, you will be severely reprimanded.

“Now, we are currently traveling to one of our outer colonies, where you will be sent to your allotted households. Each of you bears the brand of a Phed Dregakk House. Most of you have been claimed by those of the warrior caste and thus are destined for the family home of whatever House claimed you.

“There are four castes in Dregakk society. The religious caste rules and governs our empire. The warrior caste protects and expands our realms, and the worker caste forms our basic citizenry. A vast leap down from even the lowest citizen is you, who will become our beasts of burden, our pets, servants, furniture, decorations, even entertainment. You have no rights, and a Dregakk will suffer no compunction or discipline for slaying you, should you fail to perform adequately.

“As we travel, the time will be spent teaching you your new language, and we will begin immediately.”

Theresa was stunned by what she had just heard. It 39

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was scarcely credible. The human race was extinct.

The only remains to be preserved would be those that were destined to languish in bondage under this evil rule. Again, a primitive race had been subjugated by those more technologically advanced. After reading of such

historical incidents across the globe, it was startling to see it transpire on the scale of whole worlds.

She had always considered the possibility of extra-terrestrial existence as reasonable. The chance of life evolving on a world was infinitesimal and reliant on defeating numerous fantastic odds. However, in the near infinite depths of the universe with all its myriad worlds, the sheer volume of available chances made it a certainty that numerous worlds out there bore life.

In addition, Earth had been set back at least twice in its development. Once was perhaps when it was struck during its formation by a foreign body. The theory suggested that debris from the collision formed the moon as the raw matter of the world once more began to condense and finally take shape. The second had been the eradication of millions of years of advancement when the dominant species of the planet had been rendered extinct. With such setbacks, there were guaranteed to be races amongst the stars that had not been afflicted with such poor luck and thus they could well be many millions of years more advanced than humanity.

Theresa recalled a friend who had employed the age-old rebuttal against UFOs. They had asserted, as many others had, that it was impossible to find a power source capable of sustaining interstellar flight, 40

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therefore no alien race could ever reach them. But surely if one asked the military a single century ago to build a bomb no larger than a suitcase based around a fistful of gray metal that could easily flatten a city in a heartbeat, would they also not have deemed such a thing implausible as well? Nothing was impossible, only improbable, and in a vast universe, everything improbable was sure to have occurred somewhere.

The Phed Dregakk had proved her right, but it was an argument in which she dearly wished she had been proven wrong.

The screen began to display strange, unearthly symbols and the tutor started to explain the fundamental basics of the Phed Dregakk language. It was difficult to comprehend. Their language was intricate, with many subtleties and bizarre nuances.

The only thing that made the task easier was Kharond's deliberate oversight concerning word-concepts that may have been used to cause unrest, words like justice, freedom, escape, and countless others. They were teaching their possessions only enough to understand and answer their masters, no more.

After hours of study, the woman announced that it was feeding time. Slender tubes lowered from the ceiling, falling just within reach of the restrained student's tongues.

"You will be fed only the nutrients required to keep you alive and healthy with no additional matter, thus there will be no excess. If you devour anything else, then your own waste will reveal your treason and I can assure you that your punishment will be 41

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both prolonged and unendurable. Now, eat and sleep.

I shall return in eight of your Earth hours to continue your education."

Theresa hooked her tongue to the thin reed and pulled it into her mouth. She instantly recoiled from the thick ooze that dribbled from the end. The taste almost made her retch. The sludge bore a foul, acrid tang that she could barely stomach. It was only because of her gnawing hunger that she managed to face supping on the grotesque ooze that was washed down with a meager quantity of brackish water.

The tubes withdrew and slipped from her lips, depriving her of any more. A click beside her ear drew her attention away from the disappearing tentacle. Turning her head was an impossible task, so she was reduced to relying on

her peripheral vision to learn what was going on. A small wire emerged into view with a pellet tip that curled around to lie just before her mouth. The projection stopped and hung motionless and just out of reach.

The purpose of the device was revealed when one of the captives tried to address their fellow slaves. A humming buzz of electrical charge sounded and the woman's speech became a piercing yell.

Theresa closed her eyes and felt wet trickles run down her cheeks. She could not face this. Her mind was close to tatters. She had been ravished, explored, branded, tortured, violated, humiliated, and now she found that this treatment was to be her lot for the rest of her life, a lot that involved endless servitude to a despicable race of beautiful fetishistic despots.

She wanted to express her dismay, but the 42

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microphone would only cause the chair to assail her skin for daring to break the nervous quiet.

Sleep was hard to gain in the unnatural position, and sparse rest was the best she could achieve. It scarcely seemed to be a single hour before the door shuffled open and Kharond and Chernakk sauntered in on wickedly high heels and heavy boots.

The woman waved a slender hand over the lectern and activated the screen. As it powered up, she touched a control to issue a brief, universal shock that ensured all of her students were awake.

She took her position behind the control panel and continued where she had previously left off, only this time she began to question the captives on their knowledge with a word in English before demanding the translation. Chernakk stood behind her with arms folded before his chest while he glared at the assembled prisoners.

Kharond chose her subject with a small torch. She shone the thin beam directly into the eyes of the chosen student to indicate that individual and when they failed or mispronounced the word, she flicked a control on the lectern and let scathing energy lambaste the erroneous pupil. She then continued to call for the answer, applying the torment with each failure until the subject had almost fainted from the pain. The tests continued to move across the crowd and several more men and women were left debilitated by the consequences of failure.

“You!” barked Kharond, and the light plunged Theresa into a world of dazzling white that obscured everything else in the room.

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“Translate this... *completed*.”

Theresa’s mind whirled and she tried to recall the word. It was on the tip of her tongue, but refused to make itself known. Cursing her own inability to assimilate the complex language, Theresa rummaged in her thoughts for an answer. She had spent too long living like a fugitive animal, forsaking civilization and speech in the ruins of her own world. Her mind was not attuned to academic pursuits anymore.

The chair gave a soft murmuring hum as the charge built. Theresa gave a quick struggle to try to escape and then jolted against her bonds as weaving arcs of power slithered along every surface. Her shrill cry eclipsed the buzzing discharge and as it faded, she went slack. Gasping for breath, she whimpered softly and continued to try and somehow slither out of the chair’s infernal clutches.

“Translate!” announced Kharond, but the shock had done little to dislodge the memory. The woman had forced too much data into Theresa, and she could not unravel such a vast unintelligible mess without more time.

“I...I don’t know—“ she began, and her human words suddenly dissolved into a piercing singular tone.

The electrical castigation continued and lasted longer than ever. Her body fought to spasm free of the bonds, and her voice croaked from its excessive use. When the charge trickled away, she was barely conscious. Theresa’s mind was reeling, her vision wavered, and her muscles twitched from the trauma of the maltreatment.

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“You were warned against employing your obsolete tongue,” stated Kharond, revealing why Theresa was suffering so and why she was to be punished further as a lesson to the others. If she could have, she would have protested, but the shock had left her a drained and near lifeless husk.

The restraints clacked open and this let her slump forward. Chernakk had closed in during her apathy and now snatched her hair. He lifted Theresa’s head up to regard her vacant gaze and then without remorse, he used the follicles as a towrope to haul her out into the aisle and down to the front of the evil classroom. Theresa tried to negate some of the strain on her scalp by moving, but found that whenever she commanded a limb, it just flopped unsteadily. Her nerves were still fazed from the educational bursts.

The teacher depressed a control on the lectern and caused a panel in the ceiling adjacent to the screen to slide back. A heavy chain began to lower from the hole, and she could see that the stern links were dotted with barbed thorns, and that a set of four dense manacles dangled at the bottom.

While Theresa still floundered, she was rolled onto her front and Chernakk sat astride her spine. The male clapped a hand to her brow and hauled Theresa’s head back. Her mouth dropped open and she was made to accept a gag. The vast, soft orb was crammed into her maw to make her choke as

her jaws were pushed apart until they ached. The pliant ball brushed the back of her throat and made her struggle and retch as it promised to roll down her throat after crushing her tongue into the base of her mouth. No 45

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chance was permitted to try to spit the accursed item free, for it was swiftly and oppressively buckled about her head.

“That’ll remind you about what language you use in our presence, slave,” he growled with glee.

Chernakk got off her back and with the aid of Kharond, he went to work on the rest of her body. All four of her limbs were bent back to enter the jaws of the cuffs and once she was secured, she was winched upward two full meters. A pulsating ache began to bloom in her shoulders and hips as the weight of her body strained her joints. Every ligament seemed to protest with fury, and Theresa gurgled and snorted as she found breathing difficult. Her jaws were parted so keenly that her nostrils were pinched just below the bridge so that the skin was stretched taut to hamper her already restricted breathing.

Chernakk drew forth a small bag and knelt beside her. He unfastened the drawstrings and started to remove some ornate silver devices. They were evil looking puppets, perhaps six inches in height and shaped like demonic figures. The man pinched the extending ears and the elongated snout opened to display tiny teeth running in two rows along each jawbone.

Shaking the puppet to untangle the spindly limbs from about its rotund torso, he clamped the tiny beast to the tip of Theresa’s nipple. The token nip she expected turned out to be a mauling blight. The drastic tension in the sprung clasp made her tender mammilla become an ardent volcano of pain and when the weighted body of the device was released, it 46

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caused the leaden form to dangle and pull at her flesh. Theresa writhed and tried to throw it free, but it only added to the havoc imparted by the tiny sculpted imp. Another minute devil bit her other teat, creating a matching set of distress.

“Now then, slave,” purred the woman. “Let’s see to your discipline.”

Kharond grabbed her chin and lifted it up as Chernakk started to stroke one of the malicious toys against her exposed loins. Theresa drew her thighs together and tried to stop him.

“Relax, slave! Or I’ll make this worse!” barked the male and slapped her thighs with irritation.

“I advise you to comply, slave,” suggested Kharond. The gravity in her words left Theresa with little doubt that the threat of the male was genuine.

In small jolts, Theresa slowly opened her thighs to grant him access, whereupon he started to rub the snout of the device against her intimate regions. The cool metal trailed through her pussy and started to focus more deliberately on her clitoris.

“That’s it, slave,” said Kharond as she saw Theresa stiffen and give a soft groan of pleasure. Despite her bondage, the skill with which Chernakk was manipulating her was overcoming her distress. She wanted him to stop making such a display of her reactions, but also his caresses were astonishingly effective.

“Such a wanton creature,” commented Chernakk.

“We’ll have to teach her a *very* strict lesson,” added Kharond.

Theresa bounced on her bonds and clapped her 47

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legs together as the clamp closed its teeth about her clitoris to become the most baleful of the diminutive villains.

“Much better,” said Chernakk with a chuckle.

“Then why stop? Add more,” said Kharond.

“An excellent suggestion. She suffers wonderfully and besides, she’s got to learn to keep quiet. Don’t you?”

Another pair of the implements was affixed to her thighs, another set was added near her armpits, and more were added to her hips, her triceps, and then to her tear-sodden cheeks. She continued to weep her tears of suffering as the little monsters maintained their hounding grip and her body reviled the caustic suspension.

Eventually, Chernakk moved before her and regarded her face. Together, the couple drank in her agonized expression and wobbly breaths as though they were the headiest aromas.

“Hmmm, what else can we do to educate this slave?” asked Chernakk while he stroked her cheek with the back of his armored glove.

Kharond took one of the clamps and traced the snout along Theresa’s trembling lips. Theresa stared at it with fright.

“What will it take to make her speak again and earn some more, I wonder?” she quizzed.

“Maybe this?” said Chernakk.

Theresa clenched her teeth to the gag and scowled as he began to pull on the clamps that were affixed to her nipples. He turned them left and right while laughing happily at the misery that he was imparting.

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“No? Well, how about this?” he added.

Strained mews slipped over the ball as he began to harass the other clamps. Theresa’s face was red with strain while she tried to contain her words. The temptation to beg and plead against the gag was almost impossible to resist against such travail. She shook with effort as he continued to test various clamps and push her tolerances to their limits.

“Still nothing? Maybe she’s learning after all.

Who’d have thought a human could manage that?”

Kharond ran a finger up Theresa’s cheek to gather tears and sweat. The woman looked at the moisture that coated her finger and then flicked it away.

“We’ll know for certain in a second,” said Chernakk.

Theresa’s mouth jumped even wider open and she gasped with shock as he started to operate the clamp responsible for containing her clitoris.

“Oh, almost,” commented Kharond. “But keep going, just to be sure.”

Theresa’s jaws snapped shut against the soft bloated orb and with lips curled back, she hissed through the combined barricade of teeth and gag. She struggled to stay mute and confined her responses to gurgles and spluttering murmurs.

“Maybe this will do it,” said Chernakk and he started to offer abuses that were more distinct to her compressed clit. Theresa jiggled and clawed at her manacles as Kharond held her head up, watching her misery unfold.

“No? Oh well. Maybe the next slave to fail will be less resilient,” said Kharond, her words being 49

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deliberately loud and aimed at the watching ranks of aghast prisoners.

“Maybe we need a different approach,” said Chernakk after letting go of the clamp and standing up.

Theresa gave a meager sigh of relief and then trembled as the alluring female alien smiled a wicked, playful grin and went back to the lectern. Chernakk followed the woman and treated Theresa to a smirk before folding his arms and returning his surly stare to the other humans.

Kharond took out a slender weapon that was not wholly dissimilar to a riding crop. The length bore an array of tiny blunt barbs that made the device appear as a rigid rose stem that had been wrought from shadow. The handle was carved from bone, the bleached shard engraved with a detailed design of swirling patterns and melting faces. Three silver hooks held a ruby pommel, and the hooks meshed at the tip to fling forth a brief cascade of tassels.

“Will this do?” she asked.

Kharond handed the weapon to Chernakk who quickly returned his eyes to Theresa’s suspended and suffering form. Taking the implement at either end, he flexed it between his armored fists. Theresa saw the thorns bend against his digits, revealing that they were not solid and that the weapon would at least not lacerate her skin.

“Very likely. But we’ll see for sure soon enough.”

The finely crafted device whistled upward in an underarm arc to etch a fiery welt into her abdomen.

Theresa squeaked into her gag as the line resonated 50

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with its own ghastly lucid pulse. She had never been subject to corporal punishment before, and had never considered that it could possibly be as distressing as it was.

Another strip connected with her breasts, and the abuse made her dance upon her shackles. The tiny beasts attached to her skin jingled in sympathy and kindled new distress as their weighted bodies swung beneath her.

The torrent of blows continued without delay. Each swipe accurately evaded the metal clasps and began to cover Theresa with a plexus of angry weals. The torment threatened to eat away her sanity. She swore to herself that she could not take a single new stroke but there was nothing to be done to prevent it and the fierce swipes continued to devour her senses with their intense vigor. It seemed an eternity before the harsh blizzard ceased and let her fall quiescent upon the restraints.

“I guess she really has learned her lesson,” said Kharond.

“For now, at least. Nevertheless, we shall see,” said Chernakk, setting the whip across the lectern.

The woman returned to the lessons as though nothing had happened. It seemed that such abuse was nothing out of the ordinary to the vile and sadistic race. The other prisoners studiously avoided Theresa’s tear-stained gaze and kept their attentions firmly upon the screen. None of them wanted to acknowledge the chastisement that had shocked and horrified them all. Rather, they redoubled their efforts to learn.

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Theresa tried to keep track of the teachings, not just to prevent herself from lagging even further behind, but to aid in distracting herself from her predicament and the gnawing pain that ate at her body with fangs of woe. The hours trickled by with a dreadful sloth, drawing out her suffering until mercifully the lecture finally came to an end.

Kharond took up her whip and proceeded to part Theresa's knees. Chernakk moved into the gap and a pinch caused the most excruciating of the clamps to let go. The loss permitted sensation to flood back in and raise the pain to a stabbing peak before it receded.

Theresa convulsed and howled onto the gag as her clit seemed to swell with a hurricane of misery, but the loss of this pox was negligible, as it was almost instantly replaced by a tidal wave of punishing heat when Kharond swung the crop into her inner thigh.

The stroke was repeated on the other side, making Theresa fight the hold on her knees. She desperately tried to close her legs and shield the targeted region, but each of her persecutors now held a leg and stopped her.

A volley of twelve scorching blows followed and each one caused more anguish than its predecessor as the area of her thighs became choked with horrible dismay. The attack ended abruptly and Theresa was left too sluggish to react to the fingers that groped the radiant and punished zone. The touches brought back a meager shadow of the ordeal because of their unwelcome touch upon the vexed skin, but Theresa barely acknowledged this because of her torpid state.

The other manikins were removed in swift succession, and each wound rose through innumerable levels of pain before starting to sluggishly fade away. Once the last one had been taken from her aching form, the chain started to pay out slack and she was returned to the ground.

When her contused belly and thighs were laid out on the floor, it made Theresa groan and quake. The manacles released her bruised and raw joints, and the gag was pulled free of her racked jaws. The object was damp with saliva, although her mouth had long since become arid. Theresa could not tell whether it was the hands of the male or the female removing the clamps or the bonds, because the painful release was taking up all her awareness. Her joints throbbed and pins and needles rushed across her. Her freedom was even more distressing than the bondage itself.

With her limbs still unresponsive, she was towed back by a wrist. Her languid body slid along the floor behind Chernakk, and she was restored to her empty seat. Acting together, the two creatures inserted her joints, letting the metal rings snap shut and wither away to establish their unyielding hold, one that brought an unwelcome touch to the lively welts and bruises. Theresa lurched against her bonds as they were set in place, and the restoration of her pains made her giddy.

“Make sure you remember that lesson, slave.

There’s plenty more to learn, and plenty worse to experience,” warned Chernakk before turning to the captive crowd. “And that goes for the rest of you as well!”

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Food tubes descended once more as the aliens left the hall and it took all of Theresa’s residual effort to draw in the sustenance, such was the extent of her lethargy. Once she had dined on their foul fare, the microphone emerged

to encourage silence. However, talk was the furthest thing from her thoughts, and Theresa soon slipped into a recuperative coma, the awkward pose now unable to stop her.

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Chapter Three

n electric jolt brought Theresa round with a startled cry. She opened her bleary eyes to see Kharond's strict visage slowly enter focus while she stomped across the stage. Theresa's body was raw.

The dark streaks from the bilious blows were still fresh and vibrant and made her greatly fear a new mistake. Her concern grew as Chernakk walked out and took his standard threatening position behind the tutor.

The screen activated, and the lessons began afresh.

Quizzes tested that the captives were taking in the knowledge, and the woman displayed her customary glee when delivering the inspiring shock therapy.

Weeks seemed to slip by as the monotonous cycle of learning, feeding, and sleeping rolled around time after time. Finally, when she wondered whether there would ever be anything to contradict this rota, their tutor wandered in and began the day with a different message than usual.

"I'm sure that you'll all be glad to know that we'll be setting down shortly. You will be taken individually to receive your implants and separated into groups for emigration to your final destinations."

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Implants! What mechanical horror had these beings contrived to further suppress revolt and ensure obedience? Theresa did not want to think about the possibilities, but they played with her thoughts and filled her with numerous horrendous possibilities.

One at a time, a pair of fully armored guards entered and released a slave. The warriors carried them off and they were never seen again. After perhaps half an hour, they returned and collected the next slave.

The rows began to disappear through the door and the line of vacant chairs drew ever closer to Theresa.

The chosen prisoners wailed and fought to break free as they suspected the extent of the atrocities that might await them. Theresa could only wait with growing trepidation. Beads of sweat formed on her skin and trickled down as tears started to manifest and trail down her cheeks. She pulled and tensed against her bonds as each slave was taken and by the time her neighbor vanished, she was shuddering with terror. She closed her eyes, fighting not to speak because the microphone was still present. Then a duo of armored forms snatched her arms, lifting her from the open manacles.

Theresa offered only the paltriest efforts to resist as she was frog-marched through the door and carried in quailing silence down a short corridor. The passage had several doors, all of which had an amber-lit panel in the center with no other distinguishing characteristics.

Her towering crutches stopped, turned, and then 56

one of them touched a pad. The portal moved aside of its own accord and displayed the chamber that lay beyond. Theresa just hung in their grasp, her toes barely touching the cool metal floor.

The small box room had a single occupant. The male was clad in black vinyl leggings, tall patent boots and a tight black top. The top had long, figure-hugging sleeves that entered a set of thin surgical gloves at his elbow. He was currently tending a tray of instruments that lay before some mode of operating table.

The slab was embellished with stirrups to grip both ankle and knee, and splay the chosen limbs wide and to a drastic degree. When she spied the copious trammels adorning the polished surface of the table and the complete absence of any anesthetic canisters, Theresa pulled against the pinioning hold of her captors. A shivering fright found a welcome home in her mind and body, but the enhanced grip of the aliens was not to be broken. She trembled with distraught angst as they lifted her body and dumped her upon the metal. Her resistance proved to be no obstacle to their designs.

Their hands worked with alacrity, setting the bonds about her arms. They encircled her waist and forced down the appendages that sought to avoid capture. Theresa opened her mouth to speak and was reprimanded with a stinging slap across her cheek before she had even uttered a word. With heat in the side of her face, she did not resist as her chin was grabbed and lifted up so that a strap could be established across her forehead.

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Theresa began to sob with an appalled murmur while her legs were drawn apart and slotted onto the awaiting stirrups. The overlaying straps were then used to keep the joints in position.

The surgeon turned around and placed the tray before her naked loins. Theresa shut her eyes tightly and tried to steel her resolve for the forthcoming ignominy.

“First things first,” he commented and then lifted a strange osmotic syringe that he pressed to the base of ribs. The device gave a click and fired with a hissing purr. A brief swell of pressure grew within her, and then started to drift out and vanish into her capillaries.

“That shot carried the active DNA that will grow your *slave gland*. This gland will be grown within your viscera and will continually release a genetically crafted molecule. This will raise your libido and help cultivate your submission to the Phed Dregakk. The gland develops with your system, adapting to it, and so the longer you are exposed to the slave gland, the stronger its effects become. Now, for the more fun part of your preparation.”

Lifting a speculum-like device, he inserted its smooth jaws into Theresa without any quarter of delicacy. The intrusion made Theresa yelp at the sudden violation and struggle against the straps.

Throwing her eyes open with shock, the wide orbs bulged as the implement parted, stretching her inner walls. The device forged the opening through which the insane surgery would be performed and continued to click steadily wider. Theresa was in 58

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turmoil at the abuse, and the indignity of being manhandled further eroded her humanity.

The clamp locked into place, leaving her loins to quiver from being so brutally broached. A lengthy rod was inserted and the tip prodded around deep inside her. Theresa held her breath and stiffened when a particularly tender spot was touched. Her muscles strained against her bonds and the

tendons of her neck were tensed as the surgeon continued to explore. A shriek slipped free as the palpating tool prodded a notably sensitive area. This discovery expedited the surgeon's work.

Keeping the rod to this area, he took up a pair of fine, overlong tweezers. Something was picked up and put to the area and a cylindrical instrument was applied. There was a faint whirr, and then a metallic shot that sounded like a staple gun blended with a cannon.

A broadside of pure agony shot along her spine and made her scream at the very limit of her voice's tolerances. The pain did not decrease, and remained a constant accompaniment to the surgeon's efforts.

Finally, the tool withdrew and let her suffering dwindle a little. With a twisting tug, the clamp was hauled free to let her delicate flesh finally close.

Theresa lay gasping, a light glaze of sweat spread across her skin as her body twitched from shock.

"I have just grafted a bio-energy regulator to your most sensitive nerve cluster. Those of your ruling House know the code to activate this implant, thus they can bring you unequalled ecstasy or agony with the touch of a button. Now, let us see if it works 59

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before I use a tissue regenerator to heal the area of the graft. First, the boring part," said the surgeon in the language that Theresa was now at least semi-fluent in.

The alien lifted a small three-inch tube with two buttons placed on the end. He gripped the rod, stroked the tiny black button with his thumb, and then forced it down.

Theresa thrashed against the bonds and released a deep resonant gasp. Her eyes rolled back and her eyelids fluttered as her jaw shuddered and spread wide. Her back strove to break the straps as a galloping wave of condensed multiple orgasms rolled through her. After a long and stuttering exhale, Theresa entered a series of palpitating pants. The utter rapture was greater than any pleasure she had ever felt in her entire life.

The surgeon released the button and the spell passed, and such was its ecstasy that Theresa was sorely tempted to plead for him to continue. The captivating allure of this most exquisite of experiences was nearly irresistible.

Concern suddenly kicked aside her rosy afterglow of bliss as she realized that she was now going to have to test the second setting. The words had barely begun to form in her throat when the surgeon pushed the white tab.

The contrast between the two trials was more profound than the difference in the color of the buttons that brought them. Her cry ripped through the air and the straps groaned audibly as they tried to keep hold of her.

The Phed Dregakk warriors leaned over and each 60

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took black delight in her exquisite torment. The surgeon did not relent, keeping the implant active while he also savored the sight with his colleagues. If she were not forced to spend every particle of her breath on her howling, she would have implored for a cessation. It felt as though she was dissolving amidst fire, her body crumbling under the corrosive attentions of her internal enemy.

The alien let the test run onwards and picked up a dark instrument. It had a crystal rod jutting from one end and the shard started to pulse with a lime glow. If this was the tissue regenerator, it meant that the check would soon

be finished, but such was the pain that every nanosecond was an eternity that was too long to even hope to endure.

Darkness began to gather in her periphery vision.

The black swells crept outward to gradually reduce her vision that faded completely as consciousness fled.

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Chapter Four

he Capture Mine had Theresa in its clutches. The slender wires were encircling

g her skin and biting

deep to make themselves felt even through her clothes. The coils were dragging her back into the Stygian pit that would soon become her prison.

Theresa's fingers left deep furrows in the soil as she tried to stop the machine from taking her into its belly. The animated strands encircled her throat and squeezed to begin strangling her. Sudden panic made her hands jump back to try to pull them off. As she deserted her holds on the ground, she slid rapidly back and dropped into the hole. Theresa flung herself up but already the lid had closed and her hands struck the clear cover.

With a muted wail, she pounded her fists against the window to her tomb. The powerful arms of the machine snagged her limbs and the coils started to tear away her clothes. Theresa's scream of distress filled the interior as the violating phallic rods arose and started to thread into her body.

Awaking with a start, she continued to try to scramble for freedom, but found that her arms were now trussed. Checking her body, Theresa found that 62

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she was on her knees. Her arms were held tightly around her body in the manner of a straitjacket by wire that was wound in diamond patterns around her limbs. Hoops at her wrists released twin wires that trailed up between her buttocks, followed her back, and encircled her shoulders. The metallic bonds were extremely tight and formed a cinch that was impeding her circulation and also brought a throbbing nibble.

Although she tried to slip free, she found them too comprehensive to slough off. The most distressing source was the nooses that had been applied to the base of her breasts. The wires forced them out and swelled the flesh to make the nipples stand erect and eager to be used.

Theresa strained for a moment, and then gave up when the flex of her body made the ache of the wires rise to new levels of severity. She sagged with resignation and looked about to see where she was. It was a small, barren chamber. The only source of light was a dim red bulb that was set in the ceiling. The whole room seemed to vibrate softly and then a swift series of tremors ran through the floors and walls.

Helpless, she sank back down onto her haunches and waited for whatever it was that her captors intended.

A short time later, a section of the wall parted, allowing one of the armored warriors to stroll leisurely in. He snatched the cords about her arms and employed them as a hoist to get her to her feet.

The strands dug deeper because of his action and this made her scowl.

“Where are you taking me?” she enquired.

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The alien twisted the bonds and made them crunch her flesh when they tightened suddenly.

“Beg me to tell you,” her captor demanded.

“No!” she replied angrily.

The alien closed his fist on the slender tendrils and caused them to constrict further and squeeze her flesh inwards. Her yowl filled the tiny room and she pranced wildly upon his grip.

“Beg me,” he asked softly, his lips now close to her ear.

Theresa yelled her words because the pain had inspired a high volume in the hope of prompting an end.

“Please stop! I’ll do anything you ask!”

“That wasn’t the question,” he whispered and turned his hold a little further. The bonds were threatening to eat down to her bones unless she somehow placated the sadistic guard.

“Where are you taking me? Please! I beg of you!”

Now stop! Stop!” she screamed, her legs now trembling beneath her.

The guard relaxed his grip and chuckled while Theresa sagged and gasped for new breath. A moment later, the opposite wall released a trio of weighty clanks and slid outward a full foot before it started to glide upward. A tremendous gale washed inwards and threw her hair about while buffeting her with a sudden forceful shove. Only the anchor of the guard’s hold upon

her restraints kept her upright while the sweeping winds whipped around her.

Squinting to protect her eyes from tiny particles, she looked out onto a wide grassy plain. The scene grew 64

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closer as the vessel continued its descent. When the blast-flattened grasses were only a few feet away, she was cast from the chamber with an absent push.

A brief moment of free fall followed and she struck the ground with significant force. Her legs buckled and she sprawled onto the soft greenery. The driving winds pushed against her back and the storm of grit forced her to keep her eyes screwed shut as they pelted her skin like stinging hail.

The roaring growl of powerful engines joined the raging tornado, and then both sources began to steadily wane. Theresa hollered while enduring the stress of the artificial storm and then the bellow of the craft started to give way to the merry chirp of birds and the rustle of vegetation upon a more gentle and natural variety of breeze.

Theresa wondered if she was still on Earth, and brought her knees up under her body. She eventually managed to sit up after several failed attempts, and began to study her new surroundings.

The small shuttle that had delivered her was rising towards the heavens. So were several other such craft that could be seen in the extreme distance as tiny black specks. A vague series of hints showed some sort of monstrous starship loitering in orbit, the outline being revealed by light catching areas of its hull.

The vault above her bore only one sun and for otherworld excursions, two or more seemed somehow more appropriate. The misty orb hid behind a

thin veil of cloud, and though it looked ordinary enough, it seemed somehow different.

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Perhaps it was a lighter shade, perhaps a little smaller than the solar body that graced the skies of Earth.

The heavens had not enlightened her, so she turned her attention to the surface. At a glance, it could have passed for any temperate land, but the trees were unnatural and the plants were like no flora she recognized. Like the sky, the vegetation seemed normal enough but they were endowed with draping leaves and rainbow blooms the likes of which could not be found anywhere on Earth. Her logical nature and dashed hopes did not want to assent to the premise that she was on a different world, but no other explanation fit. Theresa gave a soft and slightly unhinged titter. It was absurd. She was bound, controlled, and was no longer on Earth. She had to be dreaming. This could not be real.

After a few tries, she managed to return to her feet.

The sound of scampering footfalls reached her ears and over the top of a low hillock came a small group of figures that proved with undeniable certainty just what sort of regime she was facing here.

There was a young Dregakk woman lounging upon a dark wooden litter. The silver fretwork was made up of foreboding and morbid styles. The woman wore a flowing crimson skirt, its knee-length folds draped over her crossed legs. A substance similar to latex coated the shapely appendages and tall ankle boots covered her feet. A halter neck top of the same gleaming fabric encased her torso. A silver studded belt enveloped her waist and short gloves covered the hands that were curled about the handle of a furred and highly ornate bullwhip. She wore a 66

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silver circlet that held back her long hair and let no strand fall across her somber make-up. The crimson hue of her eye shadow matched the color of the skirt exactly.

At each corner of the litter was a solid harness that fitted over the shoulders of a naked human female.

Buckled straps secured them to the supports and a wide belt encircled their waists and held their hands to the base of their spines in attached shackles. A thin strap ran between their legs from the front and back of the belt and each studded line had two wide dildoes fastened to them. The lengths were hidden deep in the orifice that contained them and the exposed bases of the oversized toys sprouted a short chain with a leaden weight that bounced with each step and rocked the phallus with a slight and teasing momentum. The tiny hint of the shafts that she could see were glistening with some sort of perpetually slick substance that served as a constant lubricant.

The feet of the imprisoned women were encased in knee-high boots. The footwear was locked into place and it set them atop tall stiletto heels that flared at the bottom, as did the rounded toe. Like cloven hooves that were wrought from leather, they seemed deceptively realistic in their craftsmanship. The final part of their ordeal was a severe bondage bra that forced out their breasts and fully displayed the thick silver rings that tipped each of their erect nipples.

The women jogged forward and lifted their knees high with each prancing step. Their heads were held up with a lifeless pride by a tall posture collar. Their hair was shaven away at the sides so that their long 67

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manes of hair fluttered down their backs.

At the rear of the platform, there extended a dark chain that was connected to the collar of an unrestrained female. A soft leathery sheath was wrapped about her torso. Apart from that and her high-heeled boots, she was naked.

The strange procession carried the regal alien woman towards her at speed, the human steeds bearing their charge with a steady fluid ease. Their stride was so exactly in unison that scarcely a slight bump or tilt affected the occupant of the litter.

Theresa studied them closely as they approached and experienced dismay to see people, slaves, used in such a demeaning and strenuous manner. The bearers of the woman still bore the marks of the scourge and showed that they had been inducted and forcibly trained to this devolved lot.

“Halt!” commanded the woman and the mares obeyed without hesitation. Their bodies had a slight glistening layer of sweat upon them. Their chests rose and fell with their racing breaths, making their nipple rings sparkle in the light.

“Lower,” she said and the women sank to their knees with perfect timing.

The slave at the back of the litter hurried round and went down on all fours to present her covered back for the woman’s descent. As though this was the most ordinary convenience, the alien female stepped down. Theresa was speechless. How could these captives suffer such degradation without complaint or resistance?

The woman strode over and looked down at her

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with impassive disdain. She reached out for Theresa’s engorged breast, causing her to shy away. The blank stare metamorphosed into a galled

frown, the woman's dark eyes like bottomless wells that glittered with sudden outrage.

Reversing her grip on the handle of her weapon, she revealed the hint of two buttons of white and black set within the pommel. A thumb dropped, sending a blast of harrowing anguish through Theresa's anatomy. The shock lasted for no more than a second but it was a warning as to what could be expected for further disobedience. Theresa began to wilt from the effects but suddenly a gloved hand shot out and clamped forefinger and thumb to her nipple.

Employing the nugget of flesh as a rein, she pulled Theresa upright and drew her back. Rotating the grip, she made Theresa whimper while she kept the firm hold in place. With Theresa under her complete control, she slotted the finely wrought weapon onto her belt and then put her freed hand to Theresa's face.

She moved it first to one side and then the other in assessment of Theresa's visage. With a twist, she forced Theresa to turn and reveal her back for analysis.

"My husband has chosen well. I suppose accepting the post of Warmaster after finding your retarded planet was a wise move after all. Who would have thought it?" she whispered. "Can you understand me, ape-creature?" she asked firmly while she continued to peruse the bound flesh before her.

"Ye—," Theresa began and then snorted as the woman tugged downward, compelling her to drop to 69

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her knees. After letting go of the nipple, the alien beauty straightened, towering over the belittled human.

"Did I authorize you to speak?" she said laconically.

Theresa shook her head and panned her gaze to the grass. The glossy material on the woman's legs glinted in the diffused sunlight as it moved and a boot lifted to place a triangular sole to her shoulder. A nudge dropped her onto her wire-webbed back where she lay as the woman stepped forward and used Theresa's stomach as a casual footrest. Pushing the heel into her belly, the woman addressed the supine captive with an enforcing tone.

"I am Morschka Thaine, first mate of Eldral Thaine.

You bear the mark of that noble House and are my property. You have been brought here to serve in any capacity I choose. Despite your insolence, I shall be lenient and bring you into domestic service. Do not make me regret my generosity, slave."

The foot slipped off and slotted a toe under her side to roll her onto her front. Morschka locked her fingers into the back of Theresa's hair and pulled back. Her roots growled, and she quickly moved her knees up to provide assistance and lessen the pain.

With a final struggle, she brought herself to her feet.

After taking a fresh hold on her favorite nipple, Morschka began to draw Theresa towards the litter.

She continued to lay down the ground rules of enslaved existence as they went.

"You will refer to myself and my husband's second mate as Mistress. My daughter is referred to as Miss, 70

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and any other Phed Dregakk you meet are either Sir or Ma'am. When my husband returns, he will be called Lord at all times. Though you will treat

us all with the utmost respect, you will reserve a special reverence for him.”

They reached the back of the litter. A length of cord was paid out and tied to the wire hoops about her breasts. A testing tug was given to ensure the knots were secure and by employing the abased woman, Morschka restored herself to her cushioned seat.

“Back to the estate,” she ordered and the humanoid steeds lifted up from the kneeling pose, trotting hastily back the way they had come. Theresa and the living step trailed silently behind them.

The human ponies were considerably more accustomed to this mode of transport than Theresa.

Despite the fact that they were in molded and bizarrely heeled hooves and she was barefoot, it was an incredibly laborious feat to try to keep pace with them. Each time she staggered or lagged, the cords twanged taut and the nooses squeezed into her breasts. The hazard of falling and being dragged by these bonds was enough of a terrible warning to ensure she kept herself upright and pushed her body further than it would have otherwise wanted.

The journey carried them up to the hill and onto a smooth road that ran past on the opposite side. The road was made of what looked like a single weaving slab of marble and it extended beyond sight in either direction. The Phed Dregakk race had to have vehicles that could ferry them about more quickly and efficiently than this archaic and befouling 71

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manner. However, Theresa had seen their penchant for oppression and reasoned that such methods perfectly suited their perverted wants.

Following the road, they entered a region of lush farmland where neatly tended fields of crops flourished. The expansive acres bore many workers that were human and male, and they all worked under the scrutiny of

Dregakk overseers. The aliens of both sexes were dressed in a somber uniform that was comprised of a sturdy leather jerkin, gauntlets, and boots, along with smooth fabric leggings and a loose shirt under them. Each overseer carried a whip with many long and knotted thongs, and these thick, pendulous strands stood poised and ready to lash a weary back or to inflict torment via the implants that the handle could so easily stir into activity.

In the distance lay the home of the ruling family. It was akin to a diabolic fortress and was all sky-stabbing spires, sharp angles, and black obsidian stone with fluttering dark banners, each of which was adorned with the House emblem embroidered in silver. The curling columns were carved with strange designs and rows of jagged battlements rimmed every terrace and roof.

If this was an accurate example of Dregakk architecture, Theresa dreaded the possibility of ever seeing one of their cities, because no structure had ever filled her with such a sense of foreboding as this one did. Should she ever need to sum up the style in a single word, she would have picked ‘evil’ without pause, although ‘insane’ could be applied just as readily.

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The nightmare building drew ever closer while they ran along the road. The looming vision helped to distract her from the many slaves laboring beneath the faded sun and who quickly turned their lecherous stare to the lagging members of the procession.

They halted in a compound that housed a stable and a small open courtyard. Several pens lay behind them, and Theresa was somewhat disturbed to see that her fellow humans populated this place in the sole function of steeds. Small herds filled each of the pens, and others could be seen in the stables, while prized specimens had been tethered in individual booths.

The right end of the courtyard held an open bay in which a number of litters lay beside expertly constructed gigs and carriages. Their extravagant design gave them the momentary apparition of huge sulking insects. Forged to latch onto humanoid frames with malformed arms, they were sculpted from a midnight wood into a most devilish design. A decorative silver lattice lay over much of the twisted surfaces, with lavish and sumptuous seats giving a hint of vague beauty to these mutant engines.

The litter stopped, and Morschka's living step scuttled forward to take her appointed place. The Dregakk woman walked over to Theresa and unfastened the cord at the source before using the slender string as a lead to keep hold of her.

A Dregakk male emerged from the stables to take the team into the bay where he then began releasing them from their posts.

Theresa could not help regarding him with a 73

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salacious gaze, because he was a magnificent sight.

He was feral and strong of feature with a head of long midnight hair that was tied into a ponytail. His loose shirt was pulled to his chest by a snug waistcoat and leather leggings that followed his athletic form into tall riding boots. A curved bar jutted from each ankle to clasp a vicious spur just behind each of his heels.

Every aspect of his attire gleamed like a jet mirror.

Were it not for the debasement of being treated as an animal, she briefly wished she had been allocated to his care rather than to service in the house.

“Setchak?” said the Mistress of the estate.

“Yes, ma’am?” said the groom as he turned to face her. His mane of glistening hair swayed with his curt bow and the leather gave the softest of creaks.

It gave Theresa a fleeting satisfaction to know that some Dregakk held sway over each other as well.

Although she might be at the bottom of society, the layer above her was not universally even.

“I will be heading out again in a few hours. See that a swift gig is ready for me.”

The groom bowed again and continued with his work. Morschka left him and started to tow Theresa into the house.

The huge double doors swung silently open at their approach and displayed a high, vaulted hall with wide curling stairways and portraits of majestic and dour Dregakk lining the walls. The aesthetic splendor of the sight would have been impressive but they had furnished it in the manner that their black hearts favored. The colors were gloomy and the furniture was harsh of visage. Their chandeliers 74

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incorporated bone and skull designs as their primary influence but what was far worse were the organic components.

A naked woman sat cross-legged. An oval tray with a crystal jug and glasses were kept atop her hooded head by a harness. Her hands were raised to the sides of the tray for stability and a food tube snaked out to the wall from her mouth to keep her alive in this eternal position.

Six men were tied to the wall in a close row. Their faces were hidden beneath compressing hoods that were again punctured by sustenance

bearing cables.

Their loins were held in terribly tight, transparent briefs that allowed their sheathed members to emerge. The cocooned penises were rampant and laced cruelly with cord to make the flesh blush a fierce purple. Two of these stiff rods supported coats that employed the cocks as hangers. One of them was wilting significantly. It was a failure that would no doubt bring chastisement should he drop the short cape that currently dangled from his tip.

In a glass cabinet, there stood a woman who was suspended by her wrists. Her ankles were locked to each side of the floor to part her legs and she was covered with piercing silver rings that flecked her body, pussy, thighs, arms, eyebrows, nose, and earlobes. A row of five hoops sealed her lips and allowed only a food tube to sneak out from a corner.

The pipe followed her ringed cheek and entered the wall behind her to ensure her survival. On the multitude of circles were hung eerie keys. The conical devices were clipped all over her, and a tattoo of its 75

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lock was written in the skin above it. Judging by the labels, the locks were not generally for doors but for cells and storage compartments, and from the woman's vacant stare, it was clear that she had been contained for a very long time.

Beside the door were three forms whose gender was hidden by the ball of latex and the ferocious metal bands into which they had been utterly sealed.

Their heads emerged into a smaller bubble and the customary pipe flowed into a nostril rather than their mouth. This left their tongues free to clean the feet of those who entered.

Joining the churning sea of rolling patterns in the ceiling frescoes were even more suspended bodies. A dozen or so men and women were arranged like a wreath, forming a circle about the House symbol that dominated the center. Every one of their heads was placed to the perimeter of the badge, and each was sealed inside a hood whose food tube hid amongst an attached chain before entering the ceiling. The condemned hung face down, their bodies ensnared by a plexus of wire with chains snatching these bonds and rising to the roof. Their arms were bent back and cruelly raised, with fingers splayed out in a starburst by individual splints. Breasts and scrotums were compressed and weights had been added onto the tips to stretch out the sensitive zones. Legs were drawn wide and each foot was connected to the foot of their neighbor.

Morschka yanked Theresa to the side and had a slave ignorantly lap at her feet to remove the dirt.

Morschka's own boots and soles were licked clean 76

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with an equal degree of frenzied speed. Theresa jiggled and tried to stay still as the flitting tongue tickled her bare skin. Laughter seemed so alien in the hall that she dared not emit even the quietest giggle.

An older Dregakk female came from beneath one of the stairways. She was dressed in some manner of maid's uniform that was solely comprised of the polished latex variant. Her legs were sealed within a close sheath and court shoes perched her atop lofty heels. The dress bore a high neck, hugging her body before forming a short, ruffled skirt. The sleeves were somewhat baggy, culminating in a set of tight gloves that were incorporated in the middle of the forearm.

The apron had crimson drawstrings that were a mere fanciful addition, for it was clearly permanently fixed in place. To the side were two slender slots. One held a stubby cylindrical device, and the other provided a holster for a

long crop. The weapon was just over a meter long and the handle was a delicate carved stick of ebony that had a satanic leering face for a pommel and two chillingly familiar buttons at the hilt.

“Ketak. Prepare this new slave for service,”

ordered Morschka and handed over the cord as though it were the leash of a hound. The haughty woman then began to head upstairs, her skirts swishing around her latex-smoothed limbs.

The woman named Ketak took up the rein and with a paining tug to it, she walked off. Theresa was obliged to follow.

Beneath the main stairs on the left lay a smaller set that spiraled downward beneath the surface. Without her arms to aid her balance, Theresa was careful to

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keep her eyes on the steps as the steady click of the woman’s heels echoed in the gloom just ahead.

The flight was not large and they were abruptly deposited in a large octagonal room with a plain door set in each of its broad faces. With enough familiarity to know the contents by heart, the woman led her to one of these. The opaque surface whirled open at their approach and closed just as smoothly once they had entered.

The box room was devoid of all furnishing save for a small cupboard and three metal rings that were riveted to the wall at waist height. The rings were set on either side of the door, the third on the wall directly opposite.

Ketak opened the cupboard and took out three lengths of rope. As though she were moving an automaton, she lay Theresa supine in the center of the floor. She dragged her a full stride towards the door and then began to tie

the lengths about the ankles of her charge. After knotting the bonds to each wall ring, she took a thick collar from the cupboard and buckled it firmly into place about Theresa's throat. Already Theresa could see what was coming and her pulse began to quicken with nervousness.

The third length of rope was fastened securely to a fixture at the front of her collar, and the woman passed the final coil through the last ring before she started to take in the slack. A yank made Theresa's ankles churn with distress as they were stretched outward. Another hefted her into the air and her frame was quickly drawn between the three points.

Another made her bobbing form rise even higher.

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The woman's strength was formidable and she hauled further inward after putting a foot to the wall for added leverage. The final drag straightened Theresa's body with main force. Satisfied that Theresa was secure, the woman brought the rope back and tied it off upon the collar to leave Theresa wheezing for breath while every joint bellowed its hate of this maltreatment.

Wiping a few beads of perspiration from her brow, Ketak returned to the cupboard and produced a handheld device. It looked a little like an oversized electric razor, but the heads were of a configuration that was unknown to her.

The machine was activated and began to hum with a tremulous tone. The heads generated a soft aura of yellow light and then drew close to Theresa's pained left ankle. Roots of hair became stabs of sharp fire as they were suddenly hauled out. The machine's aura left no follicle in its wake as it yanked her hairs free.

Theresa squealed and tried to tug herself free, but the ropes were too thick and the rings that held them were too firm. The device rolled up her leg in steady swoops, extracting every hair it came across and then turned to the right leg. The shearing continued until her limbs were bare and to her dismay, her hindquarters were not to be spared either. The cheeks of her rear quivered as they were stripped of their fine pelt and then the device plunged into the cleft to tear out these hitherto untouched growths. It was a level of neglect that made the forced removal of this zone more painful to endure than any other.

With idle brushstrokes, the heads slipped upwards 79

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to meander upon her inner thighs and strip away her pubic mound. Her screams had been zealous before but now they jumped to such pitches that they could have shattered glass. Her tormentor's lips curled into an amused smile while the room echoed with Theresa's cries. The maid was clearly wallowing in the delight of her venomous duty.

The device fell silent and the anguish descended to more tolerable levels. Theresa wheezed heavily. She was fatigued by the ordeal and was exceedingly glad that it was finally over.

A mumbling buzz made her heart sink and she saw that the machine was running again. However, the pitch was different this time and electrical arcs wove at the pronged heart of the candescent halo.

The device was set down and sent a shock wave into her already raw flesh. Tiny spits of bright energy jumped from it and struck her roots. The electrolysis destroyed the source of hair growth with shivering internal blasts of havoc. Theresa howled afresh, the torment prompting a desperate struggle that threatened to dislocate her joints, such was the frantic need to get away from the baneful tragedy.

When the last of her skin had been depilated, the infernal contraption was deactivated and replaced in the cupboard, ready for the next unfortunate soul to warrant such permanent stripping. Ketak drew her crop with deliberate lethargy and flexed the weapon between her gloved hands. The steady preparation for yet another flogging of her physique snapped Theresa's strength.

"Please! No! I—," she began with tears streaming 80

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down her face and slipping into her ears and hair.

Ten savage strokes of the crop traced white heat across her belly and the fronts of her thighs. Theresa wailed pitifully throughout as the woman relieved a little sadistic lust before opting to release her charge.

The ropes were unfastened and after she was lowered to the floor they were detached to leave Theresa huddled on the ground. Her abused flesh was permitted a moment of recuperation while the coils were wound into loops and placed back in the cupboard along with the collar.

Without being granted further pause for recovery, she was lifted up and taken into the next chamber.

Theresa's feet shuffled on the floor and the rooms seemed to tilt and turn from the acute ravages of her shock and fatigue.

Theresa fought to focus her senses and from the hints she was getting, she could see that it was some sort of storage room or vast wardrobe. Many sets of the shimmering, burnished uniforms hung on hangers while a wall-length mirror occupied the entire opposite face so one might assess their image.

Twelve makeup booths held a myriad assortment of dark shades and brushes that were set neatly before a smaller mirror whose perimeter was lit by a patterned border.

The woman unhooked the end of the wire and began to unthread the coils and slowly free Theresa's torso and arms. Theresa clenched her teeth as blood and sensation thundered back into the compacted tissues. Crippling eruptions of pins and needles flooded into the more heavily restrained areas and 81

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Theresa gave whimpers and mewls of dolor that made the maid grin.

When her arms were finally freed, she briskly rubbed the weals and waited as the maid took up a small slab of crystal that was no bigger than a dining plate. With a touch, it lit up from within and a series of colorful holographic images appeared above it. The device projected numerous symbols and ideograms that were sifted through far too quickly for Theresa's groggy mind to process. The flashes of color and bright designs were entrancing and Theresa found herself staring blankly at it as her body sought to gather power again.

When Ketak had finished touching effulgent areas, thereby programming the machine, a schematic representation of a woman's body appeared. The Thaine family symbol appeared on its shoulder and Theresa's own features emerged onto the three-dimensional manikin. Every single possible measurement was presented on the rotating image, as well as all her medical data. A few sweeps of the light when she was being taught the

language of her captors had gained every statistic required in the clothing of her enslaved frame.

“I am Ketak Miare, the Housekeeper for the Thaine family. I am responsible for the conduct and efficiency of all domestic slaves. Obey me without question or hesitation and you will find your existence tolerable. You are to refer to me as Ma’am at all times. Is that understood, slave?”

Theresa nodded, thinking herself foolish for believing that a servile Dregakk citizen would be any

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less strict than the upper castes they served. Ketak drew out a uniform, handed it to her, and then sat down on one of the stools by the booths.

“Put the dress on first, slave,” she advised from her seat. The woman was watching Theresa’s naked form with clear prurience, but it did not seem that she wanted to experience her flesh in a sensual manner, more a sadistic one.

Taking up the heavy folds of material, Theresa began to pull it up onto her body. It had an almost silicone quality to the interior that allowed her to draw on the impermeable polished folds without talcum powder or anything else to assist. She smoothed the sheets down her torso and straightened her breasts into the molded cups. She laced her digits and pulled the fingers of the gloves fully into place.

The clothing was extremely tight, and the area designed for her body was acutely so. It had an elasticity that was far more drastic than normal latex and it made her wonder if Ketak had deliberately erred in selecting a correctly fitting dress or whether this was just the way that they were intentionally supposed to fit.

Ketak got up and came over to raise the back zip and Theresa found that their uniforms differed in that her own had a thick collar that was flecked

with silver studs and buckled at the rear. The collar also had a ring at the front and was very much a part of the dress. It covered the zip and was locked into place to deprive her of any access and therefore any opportunity to free herself from the constricting garment.

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“The device on your wrist will issue summons.

You will obey these orders above all other considerations.”

Theresa looked down at the slight ridge on her left wrist. At first, she had thought it was just a wrinkle in the fabric but then she saw the tiny metal oval in it.

The device was so small that she could barely believe that it was a radio. The thing was minute and she had to assume that its volume would be insufficient to draw her attention unless it was directly to her ear, or perhaps this was deliberate act to facilitate tardiness and give endless excuses for 'righteous' discipline.

“Now the stockings, slave.”

Theresa was hesitant to comply with this command. Her legs were still throbbing badly from having been so brutally plucked and castigated.

However, she had seen in the hall some shred of what barbarity these beings were readily capable of, so she strengthened her resolve and drew up the tight sheaths that made her welts grumble from being pressed upon. She found that for her, the shoes were not separate from the hose; they were blended into one at the end. The stockings gripped her legs with a tight cinch but there was no clear means to keep them up. It seemed odd that

there was no way to remove the rapier heel and yet she could just peel off the whole stocking to be rid of it.

Ketak produced a slender metal tube and knelt before her. Pulling up the skirt, she drew down the rim of each stocking. Using the small button on the device, she dispensed a ring of clear gel onto the exposed skin before pressing the fabric back onto it.

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“It will take a moment for the molecular bond to form, so stand still, slave.”

In a sudden panic, Theresa wondered what the woman had done to her. Had she just somehow glued the stockings to her? She trembled at the thought but it was likely to be true, as it perfectly explained the oversight in the construction of the hose.

“Now for cosmetics. Sit down here, slave.”

Theresa pulled down her skirt and found to her anger that the hose and her skin were now linked at the top. It was an unyielding seam, which could only be dissolved by her captors.

Tottering on skyscraper heels and hampered by the skirt, she sat down. Theresa looked at herself in the mirror with shame and embarrassment.

The Housekeeper removed the covers from some colors and drew up a stool beside her so that she could supervise.

“You know the manner in which to decorate your squat face, so do it and do it well, slave.”

As she started to apply the shades, Theresa wondered how the Dregakk must see her. To them, lithe, tall, and slender was the norm. Average humans had to seem like overweight, bulbous-faced, bestial primitives with no finesse. Here, a human slave could not attain beauty. Even the most gorgeous catwalk model could scarcely compete with the statuesque grace and stunning comeliness of even the average members of this race.

Theresa considered how beings with such radiant attributes could possibly be so corrupt and decadent.

The old cliché of beauty being only skin deep seemed 85

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to be the very founding commandment for these vicious people.

Theresa finished and laid down the brush. She had darkened her eyes and used tapering elongated points to make them seem more slender. The blood red eyeshadow and lipstick further added to her sinister visage while the hint of blusher gave the illusion that her cheeks were more drawn than they were. It had been a long time since she had used such products, but she guessed that her skills would return with a little practice. The Housekeeper inspected the work and nodded with approval.

“It will do, slave,” she said and stood up. “I will now show you to your quarters, and then you can begin work.”

The door skimmed aside and Theresa was taken across the hall to another door. Theresa ensured she recalled which one it was in relation to the one that led back to the surface and then followed Ketak in.

The long room was lined with bunk beds that were three layers high. Each had a thin padded surface and an open and waiting halter clamp at the head. Two more gyves were located on either side to acquire the occupant’s arms

and another pair waited for the ankles. It seemed that even sleep was to be turned into a restrictive trial now.

The Housekeeper walked to a bed and stood before the small opaque plate that was set at the foot.

“What is your name, slave?”

“Theresa.”

A wash of heat filled her cheek as the back of a gloved hand connected sharply with it. Theresa 86

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turned her head back and looked down at the floor while her skin throbbed.

“Theresa, *what?*”

“Theresa, Ma’am,” she corrected while stroking the stinging area.

The woman shook her head and gave an exasperated sigh before pressing the corner of a plate.

A keypad of Dregakk symbols lit up. The holographic projection lifted a centimeter from the panel and Ketak tapped in the closest translation of the word as she could. She then added the last few symbols that connected the data with the statistics that had provided Ketak with her sizes.

“This is now your bunk. When your restraints open in the morning, you will find your duties on this screen. You will begin them immediately. The location of anything that corresponds to your allotted task will be listed as well, because we have found how difficult you feeble barbarians can find even the most simplest of directions. Now, come this way, slave.”

Indignant at the constant reviling but keeping quiet, Theresa was taken back up to the entrance hall where the humans suffered in their depreciated poses. The Housekeeper tutted irritably when she saw the cape on the floor. The sagging living hook had dropped it as expected. Ketak picked up the item and dusted it off. She then pointed to the flaccid penis.

“Get him up, slave,” she barked.

Theresa stalled and was uncertain of what to do.

She gave a croaking yelp when the crop leapt into the 87

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woman’s hand and hacked into the back of her thigh.

The material of her stocking seemed to do little to soak up the pain of the impact.

“Well, ape-thing?” snapped Ketak.

Theresa reached out with aversion and her fingers slowly took hold of the constrained length.

“Pathetic!” growled Ketak and immediately hung the cape on a spare intimate tip. After grabbing Theresa’s hair, she pulled her down onto her knees and presented her face to the offending manhood.

“Gobble it up, slave!” she hissed.

Theresa stared aghast at the bound cock, but could not comply. The crop hummed upon the air and issued a sound thwack against her rear. Her cry of distress was instantly exploited and Theresa gave a choked gurgle as Ketak thrust her pain-opened maw onto the shaft.

“Suck it!” growled Ketak and started to steadily beat Theresa’s buttocks with her scathing weapon.

The stinging blows made Theresa jolt and twitch, and she slowly had her resolve flogged away. With closed eyes, she locked her lips and began to perform the required fellatio.

“That’s better,” said Ketak with an amused chuckle while watching Theresa’s mental anguish unfurl.

Although her prisoner was obeying, she still continued to apply the crop in random swipes.

Theresa mewled when Ketak’s guiding hand thrust her deeper onto the rising shaft and made it brush the back of her throat. She arched and retched whenever Ketak did this and then the crop never once failed to slam across her rear so that she hollered onto the 88

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gagging male rod.

“Now to get that ape-thing *really* hard,” she crooned.

Ketak grabbed Theresa’s hair and pulled her back up onto her feet. She then pulled her head down to make her bow deeply before clamping her shins to her slave’s temples.

Theresa squirmed as her skirt was hoisted up and her anus guided onto the semi-soft penis. Her actions had been arousing for the slave, but the strangling cords were hampering the influx of blood into his manhood. Theresa grabbed Ketak’s firm thighs and tried to prize them apart, but the latex-sheathed pincers were just too strong. The covered end of the member touched Theresa’s bald sex and with rough movements, the Housekeeper stuffed it in. Theresa let out a holler of disgust and pain at this desecration

and struggled even more energetically as the saliva-lubricated cock entered her.

Ketak held on and slapped her hands to Theresa's hips. Rocking her back and forth on the length, the ridges created by the strangling cords bounced her tracts upon them.

"There we go, slave. Now you can really get him up," lightly commented the woman.

The convulsing grip of a tight pussy on the male had him stiff and proud again in moments. Ketak continued and Theresa started to respond to the penetration. The thrust of her body onto the rigid length grew more pleasant and she started to grow wet with desire. She wanted to hate this event, but the chance for just a little pleasure was too hard to resist.

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Her desire flourished and she fought to contain her moans of pleasure. If Ketak saw that she was actually beginning to enjoy this, she was certain to stop.

"Oh, I see. Time for another opening, then," said the woman as she saw the hint of moisture on the male's bound phallus.

Theresa gave a sob of shock as the hardened shaft was stuffed into her rear. The ridges of the cords danced her sphincter upon them and she tried to arch up as it drove deep into her. The feeling of being held down and offered to this violation was strangely enticing. Theresa remained lodged between Ketak's firm thighs and she was made to rock upon the male captive.

Ketak pushed her all the way down until her anus was holding to the root of his shaft and she started to churn Theresa on it a little before dragging her back out. Her puckered bud closed to his tip and almost came free, and then she pushed Theresa all the way back down again. The acute defilement by a rock hard cock made her murmur and yammer because the sensations were incredibly intense.

“I think that’s done it, slave. After all, we don’t want him finishing. He’ll be all flaccid again for ages if that happens,” said Ketak.

Theresa was drawn free and the Housekeeper pulled her skirt back down and then cast her aside.

Theresa dropped to the floor with a slap. She huddled over and held to her own body as her mind coursed with hate and revulsion. She deliberately brought up such negative emotion to counter the fact that she had found some pleasure in the coupling.

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“Get up,” irritably hissed Ketak.

Theresa stoically obeyed. The angry style of her make-up concealed her genuine rancor as her own shame and guilt began to reinforce her animosity.

At a swift pace, she was escorted to a small waiting room where long sofas flowed along the walls and two human trays bore glasses and bottles of drink.

The Housekeeper forced Theresa down onto all fours, drew her weapon, and took one of the seats.

“Clean the floor with...wiiiiith...” she began while looking up and twirling the crop with contemplation.

“Oh, your tongue will do for starters, slave.”

Theresa glanced up with shocked mortification.

The woman had to be jesting. The delay cost her dearly and as the whip was reversed, the white button was thumbled.

Theresa gave a squall of anguish. She recoiled back and collapsed onto her side, clutching the center of her agony with both gloved hands. Kicking her legs, she rolled back and forth, arching her back and clawing at the smooth stone tiles. Her heels clattered and her uniform squeaked as it failed to slide easily against the surface.

The Housekeeper closed in to observe the reaction to the implant with her customary eager enthusiasm.

The shock briefly ended but only so that Theresa could sag and sob before it recommenced with a second vindictive stab of the button.

Lost in the hurricane of the generated pain, Theresa reached blindly for the control. The woman just laughed and shoved her back to the floor where she gurgled and twitched. Her eyes rolled wildly and her 91

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teeth chattered as her piercing screams swirled through the room. The shock ended and Theresa melted into a moribund heap.

“I told you to lick the floor, slave,” repeated the woman with a distinct snigger of mirth in her voice.

Heedless of the wounds to her dignity, Theresa extended her tongue and began to run it along the panels. The surface was virtually spotless but even so, the task was no easier to perform.

Crawling on all fours, she lapped away. Theresa could feel the iniquitous glare of her oppressor savoring the sight of this demeaning act.

Two sharp pips rose from the stub at the Housekeeper's side. She removed the tiny cylinder and pressed the end. A small swirl of light formed above the mechanism and condensed to form a projected face. From her lowly position Theresa could only see the rear view of the three dimensional image which was an anonymous mane of Dregakk black hair.

"Yes, Mistress?" Ketak said respectfully.

A clear and familiar voice responded. The tone was impatient and brusque, and it was clearly Morschka.

"I'm heading out soon. Have that new specimen sent up along with her code."

"Yes, Mistress," said Ketak and deactivated the communicator before putting it back.

"That's enough, wretch! Get up! You are going to Mistress Morschka's chambers to wait on her. She also wants your transmission code. It is 221/496/C. Do you understand?"

Theresa nodded as she ran through the code in her 92

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mind again and again to commit it to memory.

"Well, get moving, you degenerate ape! Upstairs!

Sixth door on the right,” growled the woman and then slashed the crop into Theresa’s rear. With a croak of misery, she skipped away and gingerly rubbed the latest mordant strip while she made for the entrance hall.

Ascending the stairs was a most tedious affair. The stretchy skirt dragged at her thighs whenever she stepped up and she was still not confident on the absurdly tall heels. She would have used the banister to help steady herself, but the stone rail was like all Dregakk masonry—it was spiteful, with many hundreds of razor-edged barbs immersed in the obsidian rock. Was it her imagination or did the odd fleck of red on these tips look unsettlingly like blood?

Theresa realized that it was an effect to unnerve because it was bright and fresh looking, not dried and rusty of appearance.

Once she was at the top, she glanced at the single large rosette made from the eight dangling slaves that perpetually hung there. They were no more than an ornament, not even credited with sentience and if they were, delight was being taken in their terrible numbing existence.

In the center of the balcony was a splendid arch with a wrought silver gate that opened in the center.

The silver weave of life-like thorned stems wound around the outer frame where an occasional elongated bloom erupted from the frozen plants.

Sealed inside this intricate latticework were two women. They were spread-eagled by the barbed 93

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struts that encircled their cruelly cocooned bodies and which drew their limbs out in petrified metal grips. A single stem entered their closed mouths and was no doubt a disguised food tube. Their lips were sealed; not just

closed, but glued shut with the same adhesive that kept her legs inside the stockings.

Theresa reached out and touched the weird join on their lips. It was as though the skin had been grafted together. She lifted her skirt, looked at the seal more closely, and found that they were identical. The latex and her skin had become one.

The two meshed victims looked at Theresa with imploring stares, each yearning to be set loose or to have someone ease their strife. There was nothing to be done for the hapless captives and keeping herself focused, Theresa pushed the image of the despairing captives from her mind as she drew the gates apart and entered the hallway.

Soft purple carpets silenced the sharp rattle of her heels on bare stone. The same dreary atmosphere affected the decorator's tastes in the corridor and the walls were dark, with deformed pillars of jet that formed a series of shallow alcoves.

Arched double doors were spaced far apart and at regular intervals. Each was wreathed by a frame of stone and had soul-shattered contorted faces etched about them. The models were drawn from many strange races that were either real or the product of the sculptor's demented imagination.

Counting off the portals, Theresa came to the sixth.

It was similar to the others with no distinguishing marks, emblems, or indeed anything to confirm that 94

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this was the correct entrance. She leaned out to try to recount and make sure, but the pillars prevented direct line of sight.

Sucking in a deep breath for courage, Theresa stepped forward to knock. The door swiftly parted and slid back into the walls before her knuckles struck, causing the rap to swing through empty air.

The spacious chamber held a massive bed, the dimensions far beyond the abnormal height of the Dregakk. The deep blue covers and pillows matched the cascading curtains that bordered each end of the two extended windows and baroque tables stood on either side of the bed with a matching chest at the foot. A dull wheezing sound from within suggested that a slave was currently in residence.

An open arch in the left wall gave access to an octagonal room. Each face was a polished mirror, and each mirror was a door to a section of the Mistress'

wardrobe. Through the refracted images, Theresa could see the tumultuous beating that was currently underway.

Morschka was dressed as before. Her heel was pressed into the back of a squirming blonde maid whose arms and legs flapped while her bared posterior was relentlessly flogged with the curled lengths of the bullwhip. Another maid stood back and was regarding the scene with strained disinterest. She had bowed her head and was letting her long red hair fall forward to help hide her averted gaze.

Theresa moved towards the room and as she entered, she tried to keep her presence as inconspicuous as possible. Drawing the attention of 95

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these monsters seemed to be the best way to attract unnecessary suffering.

The wailing maid fell silent as the whipping stopped. The heel came away and the maid climbed back to her feet. After pulling her skirt back down

over her empurpled cheeks, she dried her eyes with the back of her gloved hand.

The Mistress released the leather coils, letting the whip hang loose in her grasp so that the snaking length slithered upon the carpet. She casually took in Theresa's presence and turned to the assailed maid.

"Rebecca! Fetch my portable data unit," she ordered.

The slave scurried off and returned with an opaque glass pad. The Mistress pulled a small needle from the side of the device and slotted it into the base of her whip. The pad lit up and projected another layer of congealed incandescent light just above it.

"Your code, slave!" she demanded.

"221/49 ... 6/C, Mistress," she replied. The moment it took to fully recall the code caused a sudden terrified angst to roll through her.

The woman's painted nails tapped an allegro tune across the surface of the slate and brought up a blueprint of Theresa's body and access features to all of her gathered information. The projected keys accepted the combination and allowed access to Theresa's communicator.

As the Mistress typed, Theresa reviewed her form in the mirror that lay opposite. For a moment she mistook it for one of the other maids, such was the outlandish quality she now presented. Was this the 96

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way she would spend the rest of her days? Would she always be on the verge of being punished or demeaned? Perhaps she could find a way to escape, to find a way back home. Then she recalled what she had first been told in the education chamber, that it would be a blasted dead rock in space. There was no way for any of them to go back.

“Name,” requested the woman.

Theresa was buried in her own private thoughts and missed the command.

“Pardon, Mistress?”

“Name! What is your name, you evolutionary offal!”

“Theresa, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress.”

The information was checked and with a soft beep, everything was uploaded into the core memory.

Morschka had to have asked with regard to her name because the symbols used for it on the pad obviously did not translate well to the actual pronunciation.

The Mistress walked towards the exit and the maids shied away as she drew near. As she touched a section of the frame, a panel slid up and revealed a single button and a small speaker.

“Theresa Thaine, twenty-five.”

The wrist device gave a pair of sour notes and then echoed the woman’s words in perfect volume and pitch without distortion or static. It seemed that there was no stigma in attaching the family name to their slaves.

Theresa guessed that just as this was the Thaine house, the Thaine furniture, possessions, land, and even Thaine’s family, she was Thaine’s slave and should be regarded as such.

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“Lift your skirt, slave.”

Obeying immediately, Theresa took the hem and hitched up the tight layer.

“Turn around,” she ordered.

Theresa put her face before the mirror and left her rear a prone and open target. She braced herself for what she guessed was coming and closed her eyes so at least she would not see it.

The whip cracked like a thunderclap and bore a geyser of pain into her cheek. The soft flesh rippled under the blow and Theresa squeaked and jerked forward. She bucked against the glass and fought to stay upright as the horrendous stroke continued to stay with her in vigor and intensity.

Morschka stepped into the center of the room and stared at her own reflection. After a moment to contemplate, she began giving orders. Either Rebecca or the red-haired slave—Mary, performed the duty.

They drew out the clothes she wanted to see and held them up so that the Mistress could compile a satisfactory ensemble.

Afterwards, she had the maids remove her clothes with obeisance and present new ones. If they were not right, they put them back in the correct wardrobes.

Theresa tried to hide her licentious stare while she regarded the naked sublime form of the Mistress. She was perfect in every way, in every curve, in every inch of unblemished skin.

Leggings were held out for her to step into as she leaned on the bowed maids that were now holding them open and the smooth material pulled up about her waist before thigh boots were added. A basque 98

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was laced about her torso and long gloves were drawn up her arms. The woman then walked from the room with the maids trailing immediately behind her.

Morschka stopped by the dresser and pointed to the vacant spot on the floor before it.

“Theresa. On all fours,” she ordered.

Afraid of gaining another taste of the scourge, she obeyed and as she settled down, she felt the alien dominatrix sit upon her. Although the woman’s body was slender, the weight on the small of Theresa’s back was enough to make the position an increasingly uncomfortable one. The other maids began to brush the Mistress’ hair and retouch her makeup. They took care to achieve perfection and the slightest of trembles in their hands betrayed their awareness of what would befall them should they fail.

“Which one of you received the underwear again?”

asked Morschka.

“I did, Mistress,” answered Rebecca.

“Put it on Theresa, like I told you before, slave,”

she said.

The woman reached up under her skirt and pulled down a plain cotton thong. Stepping out of it, she moved over and started to fasten the garment around Theresa’s face. Theresa stared at the woman with appalled alarm, but did not say a thing. It was not Rebecca’s fault. They were all at the mercy of their captors and dared not disobey.

A line of gel was smeared along Theresa’s lips and in seconds, she found that she could not even part them. The seal forced her to smell deeply of the well-99

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worn panties with every breath she took.

As Theresa knelt, the smell of the underwear filled her nose and her arms started to go numb from being locked in the same static position. The temptation to try to ease her situation was soon too great to resist.

With a measured pace, she shifted her hands aside by digging her fingers into the carpet and pulling them along. All she wanted to do was relieve the pressure just a little. A gloved hand smacked her cheek and made her stop.

“Kneel still, damn you, Theresa!” spat the Mistress.

Morschka snatched the brush from Rebecca and then shoved the maid away. Swatting the back of the brush into Theresa’s rear, she put considerable strength behind the blow. The slick surface of the skirt and the polished bone head met with a resonant clap.

A peal of similar applause cheered six more slaps and distended Theresa’s seat with a potent glow while making her moan with each strike. The Mistress was about to hand back the implement when she suddenly changed her mind and added another trio with the rigid paddle, finishing by skimming it across Theresa’s crown.

While the maids recommenced their work, Theresa made sure to remain immobile. Her scalp and rear throbbed with a stable cadence and she could feel a small lump welling on the rear of her head.

A young Dregakk girl wandered into the room and flopped idly onto the bed. Although she seemed perhaps sixteen or so in human terms, she was as tall, if not taller, than Theresa. Her budding figure was encased in a halter-neck sleeveless catsuit of gleaming 100

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latex, and the skin-tight garment flowed into heeled boots to form a single comprehensive item.

“I’m bored, mother,” she complained as she held her hands up and examined the slightly pointed nails.

“Have you nothing to do?”

“Not until this evening.”

“Well, don’t think you’re going to pester me all afternoon. I’m heading out to the Kchenacc estate.

That is, if these human neoplasms ever get finished.”

“They are fun, though. Their squirming is much more enthralling than the Pehdrad slaves back on Yamakk.”

“At least *they* had some meager shred of intellect.”

The girl rolled across the silken covers and stopped when she saw Theresa. She turned onto her front and regarded the kneeling form with curiosity.

“Is that the new one?”

“Tree-za, or something. You know these stupid human names. It takes a serious head injury and an anesthetic to be able to pronounce them the way they do.”

The girl slid onto her feet and marched over. She squatted down before Theresa’s down-turned eyes and her slender fingers reached up and ran through her hair. Theresa held her breath in anticipation of some arbitrary offensive.

“Have you coded her into the archive yet?”

“Just now.”

The girl tightened the thong and moved a new part of the crotch to Theresa's nostrils. She released a broad smile as Theresa winced a little at the sudden escalation in pungent feminine aroma. The girl's eyes 101

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glinted with wicked thoughts of the possibilities her devious intellect might create for Theresa.

"Where are you going this evening, then? It had better not be with that Temgach rascal," interrupted Morschka.

"No," she replied with an exasperated hiss. "I'll probably take a trip to the Pain Gardens. I hear the Temple has introduced two new Sacred Engines. By all accounts they're the most cunning and awesome examples of their skill yet."

"I hope you are not intending to make a moonlight rendezvous there."

"You only want me to keep away because his family are worker caste, not high and mighty lords-of-the-universe warrior caste like Father!"

"Exactly. You have to set your standards higher.

Now that your father is a Warmaster, all manner of avenues are opening up."

"But they're all so tedious and dull," she moaned.

"Think less of yourself and—."

"Think more of House Thaine, yes, I know."

"If you are so eager for activity, perhaps you should initiate yourself into the Holy Order?"

“It’s not worth considering until I reach the age of Ascension. If I enter now I’ll just be whittling away my time, waiting for that day.”

“But you could make friends, contacts, and alliances that will stand you in good stead for your future.”

“HMMMM, perhaps. Anyway, I’ll leave you to your preening, mother,” she said.

She stood up and started to stroll for the door. The 102

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girl paused in the doorway and turned back for a moment.

“Will you be inviting the Kchenaccs over?”

“I might arrange a picnic. You can bring some of your friends if you wish.”

“I’ll see. You’ll be back for breakfast, though, right?”

“Probably. After a few hours with those children of theirs running around, my ears and nerves will be at their tolerance for infantile shrieks and cries. I doubt I’ll be staying over.”

The girl left at a leisurely speed, leaving Theresa to fear what she might do if her interest persisted. The titivation was eventually completed and after brushing away the maids, Morschka sprayed a foul-smelling aerosol onto Theresa’s lips. She removed the thong and stormed from the room to leave the slaves to tidy up in her absence.

Theresa stretched her aching back and felt the bond at her lips vanish. The gel completely evaporated, leaving no trace of even having been present. She whispered to her fellow captives once the bold footsteps of their Mistress had faded into silence.

“How long have you been here?” she asked.

“Nine months,” somberly said Rebecca.

“Three,” said Mary.

“Why was she beating you?” Theresa asked. The severity of the attack had made her wonder what had instigated it and therefore how she might avoid the same.

“Since when do they need a reason? She just felt like it, I suppose,” the woman said with bland 103

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indifference.

“How can you stand this? It’s like purgatory!” said Theresa.

“What are we supposed to do? Fail to obey and you can end up as an immobile piece of furniture for the rest of your days. They put stuff in the food tubes to stop your body wasting or going numb, so you’ll stay fresh and in anguish for decades.”

“Can’t you run?” said Theresa. It was a proposal rather than a question. Having survived in desolate wilds since the early days of the invasion, this lush land would allow her to eke out an existence with ease.

“Where to? This whole damn planet is theirs,”

answered Mary.

“Surely some of us have managed it?”

“But of course. With what they do to their slaves many have tried, some even succeeded in slipping off the estate, but when the Hunters recapture

you—and they always do—you’re paraded through the streets of the main city and then handed into the Temple,”

said Rebecca, with a chilled degree of terror in her voice.

“The Temple?”

“These bastards have turned their sadism into a religion. I accompanied the family when they attended some sort of ceremony there. What I saw in that foul pit haunts my dreams every night. Because of it, I can only advise you to seriously forget any notions of running. The price is worse than you can possibly imagine,” warned Mary. Her voice was trembling from the recollection of the atrocities she 104

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had seen, and several repulsed quivers ran through her physique.

“Count yourself fortunate to be here, Theresa. No male can ever hope to be assigned to domestic service. Lord Eldral is most particular about that,”

said Rebecca. “Being a maid is sort of the top of the scale for us humans. But we can be demoted on a whim to the lower stations.”

“What sort of *lower stations*?” asked Theresa, wondering if there was any other status to maid, pony, or statue.

“Anyone of us could become a filly at a moment’s notice. The grooms train you to be a steed and that’s where you remain. The only benefit is that you are actually considered a beast and spared being violated by the males,” said Rebecca as she closed her eyes and tried to blot out the recall of numerous such encounters with the Dregakk menfolk.

“What about the workers in the fields?”

“I don’t know of any females being sent there. But it’s been used as a threat to us. It’s exclusively the preserve of male slaves. They’re stationed communally in large barracks and the work is terribly demanding. After that, I suppose only the Temple awaits.”

“There are other estates. Some are a great deal worse and some are a little better. One of the nearest to us has an entire farmyard of debased captives,” added Mary.

“What? Animals?” asked Theresa.

“Humans and aliens that they’ve turned into beasts, with bondage uniforms and training,”

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explained Mary. “I was serving Morschka on a visit there and saw pens filled with what I could only guess were equivalents to sheep, dogs, even a pen filled with sort of humanoid fowl who took out their frustrations on the slaves that were condemned as worms by pecking them relentlessly. Those as cows were bound in sheds, where machines milked them daily.”

“She’s right,” confirmed Rebecca. “This estate is nowhere near as savage as some. On a different trip, I was taken to another farm. This one had a small allotment where people had been planted. I could see neat rows of heads in the furrows because their bodies were buried. I couldn’t believe my eyes as they were watered like crops and I could only hope that the farmers of this insane place didn’t dine on them, too.”

“Surely you’re joking?” asked Theresa, stunned that such things were possible even by the Phed Dregakk.

“Am I? You’ll see soon enough, sweet thing,”

grinned the woman and condescendingly patted Theresa’s cheek. She was obviously untroubled by Theresa’s disbelief.

The last of the brushes and pots were neatly put away and the drawers were closed.

“So what do we do now?” asked Theresa, trying to forget what she had heard.

“I suggest you pray. If that little witch summons you, you could be in for a rough time,” warned Rebecca. “Her name’s Pelakh, and she really likes to work over any slave that catches her eye.”

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“But...but, she’s just a kid!” exclaimed Theresa.

“In their terms, yeah. She’s actually twenty or thirty years old or something. Dregakk age like we do until they hit puberty, then they start to age really, really slowly. Morschka’s a few centuries old, at least from what I hear, but they can reach over a thousand years of age. I’ve heard hints that they’re genetically engineered. That’s why they call us ape-creatures and talk of evolution with such disdain, and that’s why they can be so cruel to us without any conscience or remorse. You’ll find more of that out when Pelakh calls on you.”

“Come on, she doesn’t need to think about that.

She might get lucky and it won’t happen,” said Mary.

“Just warning her, that’s all.”

“I’ve got some cleaning chores scheduled. If you’re at a loose end, Theresa, I could do with some help.

This diversion has really thrown me off my schedule, and Ketak’ll punish me if I don’t get it done,” said Mary with a look of concern.

“I don’t see why not. What do you want me to do?”

The two women left Rebecca to her work and together they began to walk downstairs. Mary showed her through the labyrinth of passages that filled the huge castle and each was virtually a clone of those above.

It was good to speak again. Since her capture, Theresa had not spoken on an equal level with anyone, only been ordered about and insulted. The amiable chat served a great deal in the soothing of the mayhem in her mind.

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“So you only just got here?” asked the maid.

“Today.”

“I know the language lessons take awhile, but you still have the best and most up to date info about home.”

“Earth? I doubt it still exists. In any way that we might remember it, at least. When I was captured, nearly every city had been leveled. I’d just managed to get out of one of those still left when it was attacked. By now, everyone on Earth must be dead or heading to this...Theocracy, in the guts of those evil ships.”

“It was that bad? I’d hoped some weapon had been developed to combat them. To...to give us a chance,”

she said. Tears were welling in her eyes as one of her last hopes started to slip through her fingers.

“If they had, it wasn’t in use when I was taken. But it’s okay. We’re still alive. There’s always hope,” said Theresa, trying to soothe the woman, whose personal despair at their fate was starting to visibly overwhelm her.

“Alive? I’m not sure I’d call this living,” she said morosely.

Theresa stepped forward and embraced Mary. The woman laid her head into Theresa’s shoulder and gave reign to her tears for a moment. Theresa held her close and stroked her hair.

“There’s a lot of pain here. We should take our opportunities where we can,” she said.

Since losing Katherine, there had been no recourse for token bliss, and Theresa’s hands started to comfort Mary in a different way. It did not matter about 108

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feelings or desires. The chance to exploit a moment of Dregakk absence and feel some physical pleasure was too tempting to resist. There were no men here.

Female companionship was all that was available.

Theresa needed to feel caresses and kisses to keep her sanity, to defeat the endless wish for her to suffer. If Mary spurned her, then she would happily attend herself. But Mary did not resist and began to reciprocate.

The woman’s head lifted up and they began to kiss with wary vigor, like an illicit couple expecting to be walked in on at any moment. Theresa let her lips wander lower and they pecked a route along the woman’s jaw line until

they were stopped from proceeding lower by the locked collar. Theresa started to sink down onto her knees and her hands slowly fondled the latex-bound curves of the woman.

“My chores. They’ll...if...I don’t... “

“Sssh, I’ll help. We’ll get it done. Let’s just do something for *us* for a moment and then get back to appeasing these monsters. Love me, Mary. Steal a moment to hold as a memory against all this,” said Theresa.

Placing her hands to either side of Mary’s legs, she rolled up the skirt and nuzzled in to let her tongue spill against the woman’s pussy. Taking a series of long licks that trailed through her, she caused the maid to stiffen and gasp. The potent rhapsody of a delicate tongue attending her quickly melted Mary’s reluctance and she began to sink back down onto the floor.

Theresa decided not to push or rush the woman 109

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and continued to attend her as she sprawled out. Her tongue danced to Mary’s clit and then poured its broad flat against it with a steady, precise rhythm.

The woman’s body arched up and she gave uneven pants and licentious gasps.

“Oh, Theresa, thank you,” she uttered as she started to massage her breasts through the rubber dress. After she had drunk of the cunnilingus for several minutes, Mary started to turn herself around beneath Theresa’s body. The woman rotated and Theresa swung a thigh over Mary’s face before hoisting up her own skirt. Theresa lowered her sex onto the flushed features of the maid and felt a tongue reach up into her hairless loins.

“Mmmmm, that’s it,” Theresa crooned and then lowered her own lips back to Mary’s heated pussy.

Theresa suckled on her for a moment and then went back to wiggling her tongue into the wantonly offered pudenda. She pushed it deep to taste of the woman, to fill her with sensation before returning to devoted clitoral stimulation. Mary mimicked her actions and Theresa started to conduct all the acts and tactics that she personally found the most delightful, just so that Mary would copy them. She could have tried to read Mary’s reactions and focus on what she wanted, but Theresa yearned for her favorite forms of service.

Theresa was far more attuned to the affair and was the first to climax. She held tightly to the body beneath her and fought to continue her tongue work as crippling bliss thundered through her body. She held on longer than she would have ever done so 110

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before. Normally, the thrashing of Katherine’s spry tongue within her took her to such peaks that she had to throw herself aside to get away from it before the input overwhelmed her. Now, after all her suffering, she intended to fight to weather every moment she could. She had learned to try to take pain so the least she could do was to try to use this skill with regard to rapture.

As she was still riding upon the excruciating ecstasy, Mary started to jolt and cavort beneath her as she too entered the realms of fervid climax. The woman’s tongue became more spasmodic in its toil and this made Theresa’s ongoing orgasm even harder to take. With a final flickering wriggle of her tongue to make Mary squeal with pleasure, she rolled off and held her. The two of them lay still upon the floor for a moment, their bodies twitching on occasion as they recuperated from their coupling.

“Oh, that was something,” murmured Mary.

“Indeed it was,” said Theresa. “But we’d best get going.”

“A kiss first?” asked Mary.

“Of course,” she replied with a contented grin.

The two maids pushed their bodies upright and leant over to let their tongues curl and taste their own juices upon the palate of their lover. They sucked on each other’s lips and tongues, holding to them and pulling back along the extended wet lengths. A final few loving pecks were offered and then they forced themselves back onto their heels.

Mary led Theresa away and stopped before a section of wall before putting her hand to it. The area 111

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gave a click and slid back to present an alcove that was filled with a selection of mounted brooms, dusters, and other basic cleaning tools.

“Is everything hidden like this?” asked Theresa after having seen no trace of this secret closet until Mary had activated it.

“Generally. You only have access to what you know about.”

“Even the intercoms?”

“No. Those are coded somehow. They only open for the Thaines. Even their staff cannot open them.

But then again, they carry their own communication devices,” said Mary as she selected some of the tools before closing the panel. Theresa looked at the brushes and cloths with puzzlement.

“With all this technology, surely they have a better means than this to tidy up?”

“Why should they bother? They like to see us labor and sweat. Besides, they probably think us too backward to master anything more complicated.”

The words fitted well with the petty and spiteful nature of the Dregakk that Theresa had come to expect.

With their tools, the pair preceded to a sprawling third-story hall. The walls were hidden behind a solid bank of red curtain that only parted to reveal the windows to one side. The head of the table pointed to a large mounted symbol of House Thaine and the suspended disc was sculpted from obsidian and embellished further with silver. The lack of outer furnishings seemed to be deliberate so as not to distract from this imposing centerpiece. The long oval 112

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table was surrounded by a perimeter of high-backed chairs, each drawn in the medium of a dark red-grained wood so that the items matched each other perfectly in misshapen style.

Together, the two maids began to polish, clean, sweep, and dust the room. They conversed freely as they worked, talking of their lost culture while Mary gave Theresa some invaluable nuggets of advice that might sustain her in this new life. The veteran maid had learned them from others or through her own painful mistakes. The best advice was concerning offences and mistakes that could not be made twice, because the consequences brought a premature end to maid status or life itself.

When they were done, the landscape beyond the windows was growing darker and bathing the open fields in swelling shadows. The ponies were being stabled for the night and the workers were being whipped back to their abode. Theresa noticed that several had been set aside, and she watched with interest as the males were tied to steel poles with dense ratcheted bands of metal. A crossbar held out their arms and more bands

were applied to trap them as others hauled their heads back and totally deprived them of any movement.

It took a moment to realize their purpose and when it dawned on her, Theresa gasped with shock. Staked in the center of the fields, they were to perform the role of scarecrows. The weighted clamps that were added to their nipples and the cruelly spiked parachute about their testicles helped to deny them sleep during this assignment and the sporadic 113

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activation of the implant further bolstered their effectiveness. A small device was plugged into a tiny fixture above their heads and lit up once the overseers had departed. It was clearly some sort of motion detector, because any intrusion into its field of effect activated the implant and had the hollers of the doomed slave drive away the unwanted pest.

“Time to eat their repulsive sludge and retire,” said Mary with a sigh and began to collect the utensils.

“Why does it have to taste so damn foul?” Theresa wondered aloud.

“Actually it’s quite bland once it’s just been made.

They add flavorings to bring about that stomach-churning tang. Just another despicable little touch I picked up when I happened to come across some of the kitchen maids.”

“Still, it beats eating at McDee’s,” she quipped, and they laughed together. It was eerie to hear such a sound in such a place and the carefree moment did much to soothe their frayed nerves. Theresa and Mary walked to the main hall and went down the steps where they had to part because they were stationed in different chambers. The two maids moved closer and after checking cautiously in each direction, they again embraced each other. A brief kiss was followed by a tighter clinch for strength and courage against

their fates. Neither knew for sure if they would ever see each other again. Their brief time together had given them an instance of peace and fortitude for the coming trials under Dregakk rule.

“Goodbye, Mary.”

“Bye, Theresa. Take care. I hope to see you again.”

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“Likewise.”

With a final kiss and a wave, they entered their individual halls. Theresa passed the lines of uniformed women now held to their beds by throats and extremities. The numbers already present made Theresa wonder just how many humans had been taken by the Theocracy. For already there were dozens here and the hall was only filled to a token degree in just one of several barracks, on one estate, on one colony.

Theresa climbed up onto her mattress and avoided the clamps as she curled up into a ball. Her arms and legs were weary. Her feet were sore from the unaccustomed heels. She wanted to undress and peel the thick, smothering folds of her uniform from her body, but until the collar and the sealant were breached, she was trapped within the all-encompassing shell.

Sleep beckoned with a strong voice and so she chose to relent and settle into the restraints before she passed out and was caught unencumbered. The collar snapped shut and one at a time she put her wrists and then her ankles into the cuffs. As the final one locked, a square panel slid back on the wall. A thin telescopic rod extended, carrying a dark tube beneath it. The dangling tip stopped above her lips and as she had on the ship, she was forced to reach up and pull the tube in so she could suckle on the life-sustaining foul slime that dribbled forth.

Once the trickle stopped, the tube withdrew and the hole sealed over again. With this tiny portion filling her stomach, she closed her eyes and tried to

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forget her troubles and gain some sleep.

Hands moved upon her body and brought her suddenly from her descent. She opened her eyes and saw three maids standing next to her bunk. One was voluptuous of build, with long brown hair that was woven into a plait. Another was small and slender, with short black hair, and the third was a tall and slightly muscular blonde female. Theresa opened her lips to speak, but the smallest of the three suddenly clapped a hand across her mouth.

“I saw this little bitch snogging Mary from the second quarters,” she said.

“Really? I thought she was a new recruit,” asked the blonde woman.

“She is.”

“So it wasn’t the gland?”

“Nope. She just has to be into it.”

“Mmmmm, then let’s give her what she wants, girls.”

“Be quick, though. Ketak will be coming through soon.”

“Okay, I’m riding her face first. Christine, take her tits. Claire, get her pussy.”

“Right on, Ashley,” said the tall woman that Theresa now knew as Christine.

The small maid clambered up onto the bunk, lifted herself up, and swung her leg over Theresa's head.

Her skirt rode upon her limb and Theresa was suddenly being smothered in Ashley's smooth succulent sex.

Gloved fingers delved into Theresa's pussy and to roughly caress her. Theresa gave squeaks of 116

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discomfort as she was manhandled, but the woman's pudenda kept them under firm control. She gave a scream into the muffling intimate flesh when Claire pinched her clit and started to give tiny pulls to the tender morsel.

Christine's hands started to massage her rubber-coated breasts. The woman's attention was harsh, spiteful, and focused primarily on squeezing her nipples and rolling them between her fingers. She also kneaded the flesh of her assets with brutality.

The woman was clearly enjoying the chance to mete out some of what was so frequently done to her by their owners.

"Well? Get licking, then!" snarled Claire. The diminutive maid atop her reached around to pinch Theresa's nose shut while she rode herself upon the captive's face.

Theresa could not believe that her own kind would so quickly revert to internal sadism to offset the barbarous depravity of their captors. How could they consider using one of their own in such a manner?

They were all in this terrible nightmare plight of alien captivity together, so surely some sense of camaraderie should preside over their actions. They had so many dangers and problems waiting for them every second of every

day without each other adding to the horror. Other maids had helped her out and eased her situation, why then had these three chosen to do the opposite?

Claire did not release her hold, and it was clear that she did not care whether Theresa serviced her or perished. Her eyes were glittering with malignant 117

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lust. Her desire was to cause pain to another, while expressing her own token shade of control. Theresa hesitantly lifted her tongue and as her face started to grow hot and her lungs fought for air, she started to act more quickly. Theresa pushed her organ up to its limits to fill the woman and then started to flitter and suck so as to bring the most distinct results.

Theresa's eyes bulged from the suffocation and from the quick, sudden entrance of a warm, wet tongue onto her belly. Claire's organ thrashed within her and then began to slide back and forth. A moment later, she started to suckle and offer small nips to her clit. The wild and varied use of the woman's tongue was startling and confusing, and it left Theresa unprepared for what the woman was going to do next.

A latex-smoothed finger wormed into her tracts and conducted a brief stimulating exploration before it jumped out and exploited her natural moisture to worm its way into her rear. Theresa tried to clench and deprive the woman of entry but with her legs spread and bound, it was impossible. The digit squirmed through her braced orifice and while it wiggled within her, the woman's tongue began to pour itself against her clit.

Christine's hands continued to make themselves felt upon Theresa's torso. They cupped and crushed, tweaked, and flicked with gusto. Theresa strained against her bonds, but there was nothing to be done.

All she could do was suffer for the desires of her own kind and give them the pleasure they wanted.

She briefly wondered why no one was helping her.

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Surely, the other maids were seeing this and surely some of them were not yet restrained. Nevertheless, Theresa could guess that should they intervene, then maybe tomorrow evening the evil trio would be visiting their bunk instead. It was like being in prison and these were the bullies.

Ashley shifted back a little and released her suffocating hold. Taking firm rein on Theresa's hair, she ground her pussy against the trapped face and reveled into the deft oral worship. With her spiteful inclinations being sated, the woman was tightening her hold and arching forward, her jaw dropping open while orgasm beckoned.

"Come on, bitch. Give it to me!" she growled, revealing that she found equal enjoyment in verbal befouling as she was in the act of physical abuse.

Theresa operated her tongue with alacrity and used every tactic she could to try to end the ordeal as quickly as possible. If Ketak were to enter and find this situation, she would punish Theresa as freely as she would the other women.

Ashley threw her head back and released an ululating moan onto the air as her hands and thighs clenched even harder to Theresa's head. The woman remained in a flexed pose as she savored every lick and kiss from Theresa's straining mouth and then lifted herself up.

"That was goooood. Who's next?" she asked and patted Theresa's sweat-flecked brow. Claire lifted her mouth from Theresa's pussy and gave a broad grin after licking her lips.

"My turn," she said.

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Ashley removed herself from Theresa and ceded her place to the powerful woman. Claire crawled up along Theresa's bound form and straddled her face.

She was wet with lust from her earlier actions, and her feminine tang poured across Theresa's senses.

Theresa considered protesting, but they were clearly enjoying themselves and her distress and a few words of complaint were not going to change anything.

"You know what to do, or you know what you'll get!" warned Claire and grabbed Theresa's ear. The woman twisted it to have her scowl and whimper, and then she lowered herself into position.

Theresa swallowed her rage and began to serve the woman as she wished. Christine moved from abusing her breasts and took up a place between Theresa's parted legs. The woman began to taste deeply of Theresa, giggling softly as she did so, while Ashley stretched and pulled down her skirt.

"I'm heading to my bunk. Goodnight, all," she said, and wandered away with a slight smug swagger to her stride.

After having poured her tongue into Theresa, Claire was highly aroused and it took only a few thrusts of Theresa's tongue against the woman's sex to bring her to climax. The woman was less tolerant of her pleasure, and could only last a few seconds before she was forced to rise and move from Theresa.

Without word, she exchanged places with Christine and then made for her own restrictive bed.

The curvaceous woman took her place and Theresa merely performed as she was expected to do.

Christine enjoyed a brief ride before she, too, was 120

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brought towards climax. Near the last moments, she commanded Theresa to go slow and slapped her when she did not decelerate to the required pace.

With her tongue moving in slow circles against the woman, Theresa was made to draw out her orgasm into a long and succulent event. Every motion was now becoming a strain to orchestrate. The frenetic rate demanded of the others had exhausted her organ and now it was starting to ache a great deal. The stretched pull of the flesh grew worse with every lick and Theresa had to fight to keep going.

Claire shook and caressed her own breasts through her uniform as she rode Theresa's tardy and weary tongue. The woman gave a final long sigh of rhapsody and then climbed down from her perch.

"Thank you," she said, and leaned in to kiss Theresa's lips. Theresa did not respond to this false gratitude and merely closed her eyes. The teasing cunnilingus that they had performed had kindled her own libido, but the stress and fight to serve the spiteful trio had denied her any real satisfaction.

Claire saw the hunger in Theresa's eyes and ran her fingertips down her cheek.

"You want to come?" she asked pleasantly.

Theresa nodded, hoping that the appreciation expressed by the woman might extend to actually doing something nice for her as a reward for all her efforts.

“Maybe this?”

Claire stretched an arm down as she continued to stroke Theresa’s face with the other. A digit touched her saliva-sodden loins and after slipping through her 121

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lips, she started to etch small circles on her clitoris.

Theresa sank into her bonds and she moaned softly as the woman continued to stimulate her.

“Oh, you like that, don’t you?”

The woman was exceedingly dexterous and each movement of her finger was a delight to experience.

Theresa’s breath started to quicken as she felt warmth spreading through her belly.

“Yes, yes, I do. Oh...it...”

“Ask me for permission to come.”

Theresa was wallowing in ecstasy as the finger continued to tickle her engorged and ravenous clit.

She was almost there, another few seconds and she would climax. It did not matter about the words, she needed the pleasure.

“Please, *please* may I come,” she hissed through bared teeth. Theresa’s eyes were clenched shut. Her hands clawed at the padding and her toes curled within her boots as her chest rose and fell on vast breaths.

“Maybe next time,” laughed Claire and vanished from the side of Theresa’s bunk.

Theresa’s eyes jumped open and she was about to implore the woman to finish her work. The burning need for climax was monstrous and her abdomen flexed and quaked as she tried to find some way in which to end her famine. Theresa could feel her relief slipping away as her body calmed and she jiggled and fought to stop it.

Finally, she relaxed into her bonds and ground her teeth with fury. Theresa promised that if the women returned, she would sink her teeth into them for this 122

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felonious ravishment. It was bad enough being used and degraded by the Dregakk, but to have the same done by her own kind was intolerable. Worry as to what they might do was her motivation in performing as they wished. Now that she knew what they wanted and what they could do, she would make them pay next time they tried it.

Theresa wanted to seek solace in sleep, but her anger and frustration were at such levels that it stopped her. The last sounds of restraints closing echoed through the room, and silence descended. The lights dimmed a little and a few minutes later, the sound of the main door opening reached Theresa’s ears.

Ketak began to stroll slowly down the central passage that was formed by the lines of bunks.

Theresa thought that perhaps it was just an inspection to make sure that all maids were accounted for and had succumbed to their bonds, but then she started to hear the wails of anguish.

Ketak chose maids at random and either gave them a dose of their implant or launched her crop in overhead arcs that assailed thigh or breast with equal harshness. The noises grew closer and closer, and Theresa prayed that she not be chosen for some arbitrary punishment. When she saw a vague hint of Ketak near the base of her bunk, she braced for her possible discipline.

The Housekeeper paused and took hold of the hem of Theresa's raised skirt. She frowned and then touched her digits to Theresa's wet sex.

"Slaves do not have the right to pleasure 123

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themselves!" she hissed.

"But, M—" began Theresa with a frantic edge to her voice. The woman had assumed that she had done this herself and she had to prove to her otherwise. The words were thrown up into a keening holler of dismay as the implant began its stern work.

Theresa flashed against her bonds and shook as the burning castigation coursed through her.

The moment the shock ended, she grabbed a quick breath and was about to try to confess the names of the true culprits when Ketak's arm swung overhead and delivered the crop across the front of both thighs.

The stolen breath leapt out as a croaking shout and Theresa's words of solicitation seeped out as a series of vaguely strung-together syllables that were dropped amidst a series of morose screams. Ketak continued to

lambaste her thighs and then gave her another prolonged session of internal havoc. When the blast ended, Theresa was barely aware of her surroundings. The world shifted and turned over on itself. Her body was raw and her thoughts were indistinct. She managed to mumble something but had no idea what, because her mouth and mind were now operating independently.

Fresh howls roared from her throat as the crop was used to assail her breasts. The uniform offered little protection against Ketak's stern swats, and Theresa was made to suffer terribly for her supposed crime.

"No touching yourself!" said Ketak with a bilious shout and grabbed Theresa's chin. "Understand!

Slave! You are property, you are owned, you may only make use of this property when you are 124

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commanded to do so by those who *do* own it!"

Before Theresa could speak, the implant was brought to surging terrible life once again. The searing abuse continued for an eternity of hellish misery and then ended as abruptly as it had began.

Mercifully, Ketak continued both her route of inspection and her random abuse of the maids.

Theresa sagged into her restraints and tried to beat back the waves of nausea that fluttered through her torso. The scorching weals on her assets and legs were making her squirm and yearn to try to soothe them.

"This is a warning to you all. If any of you touch yourself again, you will all suffer for it. If you see a slave stealing caresses, tell me and you will be

spared that fate. Now, thanks to Theresa, you may all taste of your implant one more time.”

Ketak started to stroll very slowly down the length of the corridor with her finger on her control. The aura of influence projecting from it embraced each maid and made them shriek until she had passed far enough by to end their misery. Theresa was once more punished, and the woman continued towards the door.

The soft folds of slumber surged forward far quicker than would naturally be expected, making Theresa wonder if nutrients were not the only ingredient in the ‘food’. She was beset by lingering pain, filled with animus and resentment, and she was still sinking into a dreamless coma. The suspicion was leant further credence when Ketak wandered back passed her and gave her a final vicious swipe to her thighs that she barely even noticed.

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The last thing that Theresa detected was when Ketak left the chamber and the wall beside her opened again. This time a new telescopic length moved out, stopping above her mouth. It was one of the microphone devices and Theresa guessed that if any of them attempted speech, they would be viciously shocked for such a transgression. At least she would spared any verbal abuse from those who erroneously blamed her for their dose of the implant.

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Chapter Five

Theresa was startled awake when the pleasure setting of her implant kicked into life. The T

simultaneous groan of rapture that poured through the hall told her that she was not alone. Her eyes flashed open and she saw that the microphone had retreated into the wall.

Theresa tensed against her bonds and shook with the unbelievable ecstasy that poured through her entire physique. The influence of the device was almost too much to bear and it was getting stronger and stronger by the second to have orgasm swiftly manifest.

Theresa panted and gasped. Her teeth were clenched as she struggled against the restraints. As she was reaching up towards the peaks of a constant and unwavering climax, the pain setting activated.

Everyone in the hall hollered as the final peak of their delight was stolen by the sudden thrashing blast of anguish. The automated signal kept them in misery for a short period and then it stopped. A second later, the restraints snapped open simultaneously throughout the entire chamber.

Theresa rubbed her eyes and stretched. The 127

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clinging material of her uniform creaked with her motions. After frantically wiping her face, a cramp struck the balls of her feet, making her scowl and grab her toes. She bent them back as much as the footwear allowed until the crunching gnaw had passed.

Ignoring the other legions of maids that were waking up, she lowered herself to the floor and glanced at the panel. The words took a moment to become something more defined than smudges and as she managed to

focus, she then had to force her sleepy and befuddled mind into translating them.

When the words were read properly, she had to double-check. Theresa hoped that she was mistaken somehow and a different version would appear if she would just try harder to find it.

Slave: Theresa Thaine 25

Status: House

MaidCode: 221/496/C

Year of the Goddess: 3626

Season: UhrhnaDay: P'hahk

Initial Duties ...

1/ Attend Thaine family breakfast. Tasks to be allotted on location.

2/ Wait on Miss Pelakh Thaine in her quarters.

A three-dimensional map of the routes to take to the specified locations appeared beneath the orders.

The glowing blueprints betrayed only the tiniest hint of the building. 'Only what you needed to know', she had been told, and here was the proof.

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Theresa put a hand to her forehead, cursing her misfortune. By all accounts, the girl was a termagant of the first order. Hoping that a summons would

take precedence over this allotted fate, Theresa followed the others to the dressing room.

She kept her eyes peeled for Ashley, Claire, and Christine, but she was not sure what she would do if she saw them. She wanted to attack them and beat them to the ground. Her time in the wilds of Earth had taught her much about self-defense and unprovoked attack, and she wanted to use such skills on the three that had made her suffer.

When she realized what she was thinking, she immediately pushed the notions aside. She was considering the easing of her enslavement in the abuse of other humans. They may have started it, but last night she had cursed them for daring to act in such a manner. Despite her hatred for what they had done and the abuse by Ketak it had provoked, she eased her boiling rancor and resolved to avoid them rather than batter and bloody them. Besides, damaging ‘Thaine property’ might well carry consequences far more grievous than anything the three bitches could ever hope to inflict. Token vengeance was not worth the risk of inspiring Dregakk ‘justice’.

After taking a stool, she found that her cosmetic shades were almost unchanged despite tears, sweat, smothering, and sleep. Whatever substances the Dregakk employed, only the bottles of remover that were available seemed to have any effect on them.

Touching up a few mistakes, she again examined

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herself in the mirror. The fabric of her uniform was impervious to stain and snag, leaving her permanently presented in this servile facet. Copying the others, Theresa found a simple wipe with a cloth removed the smudges and dust to restore the perpetual gleaming sheen.

Theresa began to make her way to the conservatory by taking the route her owners had prescribed. The destination was on the seventh floor of the main

building—a hell of awkward stairs away. If she could have seen her feet, she was sure that they would be a mass of blisters by now.

By following a short corridor, she came to a passage. The left wall was a latticework of crimson panels of glass. The light that poured through served to bathe the scene in a molten hue that stained everything a vivid red.

The clear double doors in this transparent filter slid open as she drew near and a wonderful scent of flowers and plants rolled outward. The pollen in the air tickled her nostrils and made her breathing become deep while she savored the aroma.

The chamber was a greenhouse of exotic and wonderful plants that towered up in thin columns or grew outward in dense bushes. The flowers were a riot of color and fragrance and when she saw an infant rosebush, she realized that these specimens had been gathered from every world this race had crushed.

The clear glass panes of the ceiling let the early morning rays tumble through and fill the conservatory with a soft, warm glow. Following the 130

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meandering path, she came to a clearing where a circular table stood surrounded by chairs. Two other maids were setting out cutlery, arranging the condiments, and spreading a range of foods with meticulous precision.

One of them turned to Theresa as she stared at the tantalizing sight of the meal. It was a real meal, one that was solid and with substance, flavors and smells.

“You’re the new arrival, aren’t you? Theresa, is it?”

asked one of them.

“Yes,” she replied, unsure if any modes of address were required between slaves.

“If you take this jug and fill their glasses when they require it, you can watch and see how this is done.”

“Thanks. That’s really good of you,” she replied, appreciative after having recalled how readily the maids had abused her as she lay bound in her bunk.

“Nonsense. We’ve enough to worry about without hampering each other,” she said.

The sound of the door hissing open made the maids quickly take up position behind the chairs. The considerate woman handed Theresa a crystal pitcher and steered her to the side. After manually correcting her posture, the woman stood tensed and to attention next to her.

Pelakh sauntered in and her chair was drawn out and tucked in as she sat down. The girl lounged idly back while the maid withdrew to await the next command. Theresa felt her mouth watering as she watched the girl eat. The splendid scents made her pine for just a single taste of the fare.

The girl drained a slender, fluted glass and held it 131

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up for refilling. Theresa stepped forward and poured as the ice cubes jingled against the side of the crystal.

She was about to step back when the girl halted her.

“Set down the jug and turn around, slave,” she ordered.

Theresa obeyed with a flutter in her heart and a growing sense of unease. The girl crossed her legs and smiled with malevolence.

“Put your hands on your head, slave,” said the girl and began to fish a frozen orb from the drink.

Theresa closed her eyes in fear as she interlocked her fingers and felt the girl’s digits rise under the hem of her skirt.

“Legs apart, slave,” she commanded grimly.

Theresa had barely shuffled her feet a few inches when the numbing chill of the ice touched her buttocks. She went rigid and clenched to deny access in the vague hope that the girl would give up if entry were made difficult enough.

A brutal shove made her arch back with a gasp when the freezing sphere was sent through her defenses and into the orifice. She felt the driving thumb withdraw and the ice slither upward. The cold radiated into the warm tissues and made her squawk.

Her arms swayed and her hands held tightly to her head as her stomach muscles flexed and rippled.

Another was fished out and forcibly injected, then another. Her breathing became rapid and uneven as she endeavored to endure this defilement. Her stomach was tightening against the temperature change and painful myalgia was rising in intensity with every new addition. Theresa trembled as the 132

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arctic spots became more and more intense within her, and she started to sag.

“Stand upright, slave!” scolded the girl.

Pelakh reached up and snatched the back of Theresa’s collar before yanking on it. Bending her over, she made Theresa’s spine smart, but the discomfort

stopped her from wilting any further.

Theresa became aware of only what was being introduced to her anus, so when Morschka entered, she barely even realized.

“Having fun, dear?” asked the first mate while she took the seat that had been pulled out for her.

“Just playing with one of the maids, Mother,” she replied.

Pelakh was speaking like this was just some innocent pastime, and Theresa gave a mewl of distress when another orb of burning ice was thrust into her. The Mistress looked into Theresa’s stress-riddled face and smiled with approval before turning her attention to her breakfast. The woman continued the daily routine as though the act was not even occurring.

Another was rammed in and the girl stopped.

When Pelakh let go of her collar, Theresa straightened up. The clench of her rear revealed the freezing nuggets, and she briefly considered trying to expel them. The girl curled a rubber-coated leg up and pushed Theresa away with a boot that shoved into her rear. The girl was treating her like a toy that had become tiring, but there was nothing frivolous about the warning that followed...

“If I see one drop of water exit, I’ll make you lick it 133

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up and then turn your mind to jelly with torment,”

she warned.

Summoning another maid to lick her fingers clean, Pelakh then wiped them on the woman’s hair to finish the task. It was astounding as to just how

casual their brutality and humiliation could be conducted.

“Why not just glue her shut?” asked Morschka as she took a sip of her own drink to help wash down a small fruit. “You should see them cavort when denied such a rudimentary function.”

“Perhaps another time. I want to see her reaction to our toilet facilities.”

“She does have a delicate little temperament, doesn’t she? Be careful not to break her, though, your father will want to do that,” remarked Morschka.

“He gets all the fun,” grumbled Pelakh before changing the topic slightly. “Do you think the Council will decide to breed them?”

“Maybe. It depends on how they are being regarded in the rest of the Theocracy. If the demand is low, a new race will have to be enslaved to amuse us.

From what your father tells me, there are a few other species ripe for conquest. He has put forward a few of his best aids for the prospective position of Warmaster to those worlds.”

“If they decide against it, perhaps we should gather a few fertile specimens so we can preserve a small number. It would be a shame to let them go the way of the others. I really like the way these humans whimper.”

“If it is so, I’ll see about getting a breeding permit for the estate so you can have all the pets you want, 134

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my dear.”

The girl smiled and rose from her seat now that she had finished her meal. Theresa was in a private hell of emotion at such words. Her plight was not

eased by the well of water that had been formed by the melted chunks. The quantity now sought to be purged with such insistence that it was taking all her flagging willpower to keep it in. Her rear was clenched as tightly as possible to stop the waters, but she was not sure that she could hold out for much longer. Pelakh wandered away and beckoned the fidgeting form of Theresa to follow her.

Theresa moved hastily, but the girl was walking with purposeful sloth to make the havoc in her slave's rear all the more acute. A trickle escaped and in a sudden panic, Theresa redoubled her efforts at containment. She knew that the discomfort she was in would be a drop in the ocean compared to the punishment Pelakh would mete out for disobedience.

Pelakh took her through the halls and past other toiling maids before delivering her to a single door.

The girl opened it by pressing her palm to a jewel bordered plaque that lay beside it.

The interior was dark until they entered, whereupon the lights rose in radiance and filled the chamber with an anemic glow. The small box room was a sight of such disgusting profligate obscenity that Theresa felt her mind recoil. Nausea struck, but there was nothing solid to expel as a response, only the lost residue of the nutrient slime.

A shallow ditch in the center of the room held a bound man. A network of straps tied him down. His

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mouth was stretched open to accept what looked like the bottom of a toilet bowl. A fat pipe gripped his member and another entered his rear to carry away what he was here to re-digest. If this sight were not revolting enough, three men and three women were knelt side by side. Their legs were folded back to press their calves to their thighs and then the limbs were parted and

restrained to the floor. A stout pole rose from the ground to flow along their backs and embrace their arms and body with thick straps before splitting to connect to a seat. The padded surface had a mouth-sized oval in the center, one that was pressed down onto the face of the captive and which also craned their heads back. Their lips were sealed with molecular adhesive to the perimeter and four blunt hooks kept their jaws open. Each seat bore a label and each label bore a name—Eldral, Morschka, Beiox, Pelakh, and the last two were marked with the Dregakk symbols for ‘guest’ and ‘staff’.

The organic bidets were connected to similar waste-disposal tubes, and thanks to an overabundance of tight metal bands, they were as motionless as the other degraded captives.

“Go on then, slave,” encouraged Pelakh as she nudged Theresa forward.

Theresa was desperate to relieve the pressure in her rear, but to use another human being in such a manner? The escape of another weaving line settled her choice, and she swiftly hitched up the skirt and dropped onto the seat.

There was nowhere to put her feet except on the man’s body. A mottled pattern of light bruises

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showed that the previous user had not kept their high-heeled tread light.

Theresa released her hold and the small quantity rapidly spewed out. Theresa swallowed her own disgust as she heard frantic gulping from the trained, degraded male.

“Perhaps I should have you put here until my father returns from smashing that feeble world you call home. Would you like that, slave?” laughed Pelakh.

The girl was leaning against the wall and one of her hands wandered up and down her own body at the titillating thought.

“No, Miss!” said Theresa, and she spoke with such manic conviction that the exclamation had the girl giggle with coy amusement.

“What you want is irrelevant, slave. If I want to, I shall, and there’s not a damn thing you or any other ape-creature can do about it. Now, use the staff’s bidet, or else.”

Theresa paused. The thought of this method of cleaning her loins revolted her.

“They can’t complain, slave. We paralyzed their vocal cords with the same brand of surgery that sterilized you.”

The revelation was a shock and yet somewhat of a relief because it meant that she would at least be immune from their insane breeding program, should it commence. Were the statues and decorations also rendered mute by this procedure? It would certainly explain their silence in the drastic levels of confinement they were made to dwell in.

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Staring at the open maw, Theresa continued to delay. She was afraid to obey, but was equally afraid to resist. Pelakh broke the stalemate in her mind when she delivered a decisive incentive.

“Use them or replace them, slave,” she warned.

The multi-purpose mouth used by the Dregakk staff was male, bringing at least some small measure of familiarity to the loathsome exploitation.

Theresa sat on the seat and closed her eyes as a lapping tongue began to roll beneath her. It ran across the hairless orifice and slipped in for long licks.

Reluctant to remain for any length of time, she stood up and pulled her skirt down. Pelakh's face was filled with glee at having horrified her, and Theresa would soon discover that it was this sort of response that stoked the flames of her capricious youthful malice.

Theresa was escorted out of the room and along the hall to a set of double doors. The opaque panels parted respectfully for them and Theresa found herself in a bedchamber. It was akin to Morschka's, save that it bore more unfamiliar gadgets and some shelves with ornaments and holographic pictures of other Dregakk—most of them young and male.

Pelakh threw herself onto the bed and her lithe body bounced to a halt. She pulled up a corner of the mattress and removed a small disc.

"Come and kneel here in front of me, slave. I have something to show you," she demanded, and then indicated the floor immediately before her.

Theresa obeyed and kept her eyes down as the girl lay on her front, waving her heeled feet in the air.

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"This is Temgach," she said and held the disc out before Theresa's eyes. The disc lit up from the inside and a small tornado of colorful light whirled above it.

The projected spirals settled and became a clear image above it. It was a Dregakk male. He seemed to be just a few years older than Pelakh, but with their strange ageing processes, he could be a just few months or a maybe even a few decades her senior.

“Do you think he is handsome?” she queried with a sweet tone.

This air of honesty did not fool Theresa. The boy was like all Dregakk, a vision of elegance and handsome radiance, but like all Dregakk, he would be a soulless tyrant within. Theresa hid her true feelings about the girl’s race and lied as professionally as she could.

“He is, Miss. Very.”

“Lift up your skirt. I want to see if you do,” she stated flatly.

Theresa gave a soft gasp of astonishment at such a blunt order.

“Do it,” growled the girl and Theresa tardily obeyed.

Pelakh reached down and Theresa was appalled to feel the girl send a collection of squirming fingers into her pussy. Lifting them back, she examined the dry fingers and gave a scornful tut.

“I can see that I will have to teach you to appreciate real beauty, slave. So, stare at this picture and masturbate. I want to see you orgasm at the sight of my secret boyfriend.”

Theresa was chagrined at the words. How could 139

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she be expected to comply? It was a topic not to be broached even in intimate conversation, let alone something to be ordered and subjected to another’s scrutiny. The girl grabbed her face and squeezed her nails into Theresa’s cheeks.

“Unless you want to spend a few weeks as a sewer, I suggest you obey me, slave!” she growled, and then gave a light slap to each of her cheeks before letting go.

Theresa's fingers slipped under the folds of her skirt with a hesitancy that prompted malign consequences. Another slap was delivered to her cheek and the impact spun her face aside with its strength.

“Come on! And get those eyes open, you trivial life form!”

Theresa began to relent. Pelakh shifted back and rested her head on her hands to watch the show.

Theresa's fingers played upon her sex, etched swirls on her clit, and sometimes plunged a gloved digit in and out in imitation of penetration. She was frantically trying to use everything she knew about her own body to stimulate herself against the hideous shame and embarrassment.

The humiliation bit at her with teeth of anger and bitterness and the choler increased as she stared at the male. She actively fanned the flames of this loathing because she was beginning to become highly aroused.

All it had taken was a few touches and she was wet with need. The image of the male and of the lounging curvaceous rubber-clad female was increasing it, and all the while Pelakh drank in her angst with a broad

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grin of ecstatic delight painted across her lips.

With a shudder, the first orgasm rumbled through her, but its pleasure was countered by the shame of her performance and the fright from the awareness that she was beginning to enjoy it. Theresa shook and gasped as she stared wide-eyed at the semi-translucent image and the girl that could be seen on the other side.

“That's enough, slave. Come over here,” said Pelakh and she switched off the image before rising from the bed.

A small interconnecting door beckoned and swallowed them. As the lights came on, Theresa took a step back as she instinctively avoided what lay inside.

The walls were lined with a multitude of discipline devices. They were implements for punishment and torture without doubt. They were arrayed like museum pieces and each one was set upon its own mount and was winking in the soft light.

Several small cabinets with black doors stood amongst the arsenal of agony and four primary sites of torment lay within the walls. In the center was a metal pole that reached to waist height with fetters at the base. The tip was shaped like a demonic phallus that was oversized, swollen, and dotted with slight nodules. A chair of weighty construction and copious restraints stood beyond with its back set against the wall. To the left was a sunken overlong bath, one that was designed for the antithesis of relaxation because latex restraints grew from the bottom to take in every aspect of a humanoid frame. To the right was a thick 141

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circular pole that rose from floor to ceiling. The outer surface ran with shallow ridges and it had rings set at regular intervals.

Pelakh walked to the wall and flicked a switch. A hum issued from the phallus-capped pole and two bricks began to rise on either side of the base to carry the fetters with them. As the pads lifted from the ground, the girl's fingers fiddled at the back of Theresa's collar. She unlocked the barrier to the zip and then drew it down before removing the dress.

The material clung to her as it was pulled away and her skin tasted air again as it finally escaped the rigid embrace.

With a clank, the platforms halted. Theresa stepped out of the dress. She was now naked, save for her stockings and her numerous surly weals.

“Get on, slave,” commanded the girl.

Theresa’s pause caused the girl to snatch a whip from the wall and put her finger to the white button.

The whip was a polished metal stave with a D ring riveted at one end between the buttons and a bushel of slender leather cords spewing from the tip.

Nevertheless, it was not the whip but the ominous button that Theresa knew would cause her the most distress.

“I told you to get on, slave,” she repeated with severity and gave a light touch to the button.

A shivering, tightening woe started to course up her spine and spread out along her limbs when the lowest setting of the implant was initiated. Theresa’s legs trembled and the girl started to press a little more. This action revealed that the implant was 142

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capable of the most discreet pleasure and pain as well as the most unbelievable degrees of ecstasy and agony, depending on how much pressure was levied on the controls.

Almost in tears, Theresa stepped up onto the pads.

Pelakh touched a hidden control on the wall and the fetters snapped open.

“Put your feet in, slave.”

This was Theresa’s last chance to escape. Once she was surrendered to Pelakh’s wishes, she would be trapped. She also knew that there was no alternative.

The girl could exploit the implant to do as she wished until Theresa gave up and did as she was told, and then the girl would conduct her intended abuses anyway.

With a damning metallic tone, the jaws shut and the bricks began to slowly sink back. The tip of the phallus drew closer. It moved under her skirt and relentlessly rose towards her loins. A soft gurgle from it revealed that it was oozing lubricant from its uppermost reaches, but this was a trait that only eased Theresa's mind a little bit.

“Make your choice of orifice,” advised Pelakh with a giggle in her voice.

A slight move of Theresa's hips would select which area the titanic rod would drive into, but Theresa was muddled as to which one. It was a decision too grave in its ramifications for any mortal being to have to make.

The cool, wet tip touched her vulva and started to part the lips as it continued its pitiless passage. In a last minute panic, Theresa jolted forward so that her 143

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anus might swallow it.

Theresa pulled at her bonds and shrieked as the dildo started to drive into her. Prized open to levels she could not accept, she jerked and tried to pull free, but all she succeeded in doing was to make the gigantic toy churn within her. Her sphincter resounded with fulgent mayhem while the battering-ram phallus spread it apart and the tiny nodules added a scratching, unbearable influence. As it entered her body, her tracts joined in with their own hollowing hatred of this penetration as they too were forced to ride the prickly intruder.

When her limits were reached, the tip pushed against a fleshy barrier deep within her. It felt ready to tear its way onward should she sag, and

fortunately, the elevating bricks reached floor level.

At a peak of suffering, Theresa grabbed the pole and tried to dislodge it, to find some means to expel the scathing device. It was useless. She had chosen to offer her body to the girl's torment and there was to be no escaping it now.

Hands snagged her wrists and tugged them back to a keen angle before she detected what felt like leather enclosing the joints. Clasps from the cuffs locked onto the length of the pole and left her twisted backwards to a severe degree. Only the penetrating rod maintained her balance now. The distress thundering out from her speared rear was hideous, and Theresa's yowling reflected it in full.

The malicious girl ran her fingers through the thongs of her selected weapon and combed out the tangles before Theresa's near inverted eyes.
Theresa's 144

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rear was beginning to get a little more used to the dildo and her cries were starting to become less virulent. The position that she was forced to keep was still uncomfortable, but she had endured worse here.

"I do so love flogging you humans. All bent back and in pain, you're going to be quite a sight, slave,"

purred the girl.

The leather tentacles began to lambaste Theresa with a torrential volley of blows. The knotted and woven strands made her abdomen light up with fresh heat, and Theresa went into twisting spasms. She was lost in a delirium that was washing away her sanity while the girl just panted with lust on each and every savage swipe and regarded her travail with eyes that were wide with sadistic relish.

The lashes continued to descend. Dozens upon dozens were bestowed until there was hardly a fragment of pink, non-abused skin left. Soft, raised trenches criss-crossed her front. They looked a little like the bite of stinging nettles, and each time a new swat of the whip fell onto her, the old lines were revived a little more by the infliction of new.

Pelakh stopped and wiped the sweat from her brow while wearing a savage smile. Squirming licentiously against her clinging attire, she hung up the weapon and selected some sort of minute aerosol.

Pelakh returned and placed the end to Theresa's arm.

The container gurgled and again she felt the slight interior swelling from the pressure of an osmotic injection.

“A cocktail to make your nerve endings more sensitive, with a little something to stop you from 145

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passing out, slave. Enjoy!” she said merrily and put the device back.

In its place, she took down what appeared to be a normal belt. The outer surface ran with small sheathes that made it look like some sort of bandoleer. Pelakh buckled it about her waist and strolled to Theresa's side. With a sneer, she pinched one of the holstered objects and drew it out before lifting it up to Theresa's water-filled eyes. The girl turned the fiercely sprung clamp to make the silver peg-like device catch refractions of the light and dance them on Theresa's face.

“Oh, God, please, Miss, no!” she whimpered.

A cool hand gripped the sweat-moistened flesh of her breast and the clamp was taken down towards it.

Theresa could see that her punishment was about to begin in earnest.

Pelakh started to trace the cool tips of the clamp upon her nipples. She laid the sides to them to let the cold of the metal soak in and to help stiffen the peaks of Theresa's breasts. She also swirled it round and round to offer a slight stimulation that her body could not resist. Theresa fought to try to stop herself from responding, to somehow have her mind overwhelm the innate response the girl was cultivating.

"There we go, slave. Much better. See, you are obedient after all," she crooned as the nipples arose and stood out prominently for attack.

Theresa begged her not to do it. She tried to appeal to whatever shred of decency their race might have.

Pelakh merely mocked such notions with her soft titter of a laugh and snapped the clamp to the 146

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proffered nipple.

The searing bite squeezed the skin and held firm.

Theresa threw her head back and squeaked. She squirmed and tried to throw the infernal tool from her breast. It was impossibly savage in its effects. The drug had taken the ordinarily uncomfortable anguish of a clamp or peg and taken it to levels that made it feel more like an act of piercing. The slow, steady beat of mayhem that the clamp brought was magnified by her ultra-sensitive nerves and made for a level of distress that was like nothing she had ever felt before.

Another clamp was drawn and shown to her eyes.

Pelakh paused to listen to Theresa's blubbering sobs and begging words before she placed it to her other nipple and began to tease it. Theresa again whimpered and tried to ask the girl not to do this to her as she felt her own nipple betray her. When the clamp was applied, it bestowed the same awful effects as before. Her body shivered with her fight to get loose as the implement brought about another wanton storm of vehement havoc.

Theresa shrieked, cried, and tried to plead, but the girl continued to decorate the flesh of her breasts with the elaborate clamps. The implements rocked and quivered with her struggles. They chimed upon one another as the movement made their effects leap up to new degrees. She wanted to stay still to stop herself from increasing her own woe, but the heinous effects would not permit silence or stillness.

"Fuck you! You filthy alien bitch!" Theresa spat when her agony caused her tongue to run loose and have her curse her assailant.

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"My, such disrespect for a slave to show," purred the girl.

Pelakh dithered a moment before adding the next clamp. Theresa winced, gritted her teeth, and the pain brought fresh dissent.

"I'm not a slave, I'm a human being. God! We'll kill you all yet, you bastards!" she roared through clenched teeth and closed eyes.

"Well, we'll see about that. I mean, it's not likely because we're soooo much more superior," she said softly as she traced the clamp down Theresa's torso and ran it along her pussy. "In fact, I want to hear you admit it."

The very prospect of being clamped in such a vulnerable place was bad enough. With the accentuating chemical in her system, Theresa was sure that such an application would snap her mind.

Self-preservation dispelled her will to rebellion and replaced it with a façade of obedience.

“I...I’m so sorry, Miss. I didn’t mean that. You...you are superior,” she whimpered.

Theresa felt the cool metal rubbing against her loins. That alone made her all too ready to apologize and sob and beg for forgiveness in order to stop this mordant application.

The girl continued to rub the infernal device against her and snapped the jaws to make the device click and threaten its application.

“So as your superior, I know what’s best for you?”

“Yes, Miss! Yes! Always!” hissed Theresa.

She tried to keep her thoughts focused against the bites of flesh that were coating her breasts. If she 148

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could resist the pain and refuse any more outbursts, she could try to dissuade the girl’s cruelty with compliance.

“Well, I think you *need* those clamps on your breasts. Moreover, in fact, I think you need some more. Therefore, I must be right, because, as you said, I am superior to a lowly ape-thing such as yourself.

Am I not, slave?”

“Yes! Yes! Miss! Please! Put it on my breast! Teach me! Train me to be your slave!” she exclaimed.

Theresa was desperate to avoid gaining a clamp to her genitals. Even though her throat burned from having to say such things, they came easily.

“Really? You are sure? It will hurt a great deal.”

“Pleeeeeease, Miss? Just one more! On my breasts!”

“Oh, very well,” said Pelakh.

Theresa gave a small throe of response and fought to endure the effects as another pinch of skin was captured.

“And what do we say?”

“Th...thank you, Miss.”

“You want more?”

“Yes...M...Mi...ss!”

“So if I wanted to add some here, you’d happily agree to accept them, slave?” she said.

Once again, Pelakh began to stroke Theresa’s pussy with a peg.

“Of course, Miss,” she whimpered.

Theresa been made to ask for clamps to her breasts to avoid this very fate, and now she was being made to ask for that as well. She had to accept the girl had a propensity for increasing her misery, and Theresa did 149

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not want to even consider what would be done to her as punishment for failing to ask for clamps on her sex.

“So what do you say, slave?”

“Miss, Pelakh. Would you...would you please...

clamp me. Clamp me down there. Clamp my pussy...

my...my clit. You’re...you...you’re so...so...right.

You’re so superior and what you...want to...want to do is...is what I need,” she said, trying to string together coherent sentences against her anguish, fright, and loathing.

“Very well, slave, seeing as you have successfully realized just how lowly you are,” said Pelakh with a beaming victorious smirk.

The words of revolt and abuse that charged up Theresa's throat were mercifully corrupted when the clamp grabbed both sides of her sex lips and pinched her shut at the center. The words poured out as a squeal of response. Before she could accustom to the grievous application, another was added and then another as the girl took exquisite delight in making her squirm and squall.

When a tight line of clamps were holding Theresa shut and making the skin reverberate with utter misery, the girl stepped back to admire her handiwork. Pelakh sat down in the stern chair after collecting her whip, and then she watched Theresa weep and groan while her body ran with rivulets of fevered perspiration.

Theresa's entreaties for lenience or release were now not even being acknowledged, even though she wept for an answer. The girl was simply sitting there and feasting on her plight.

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Suddenly, to Theresa's confusion, the girl began to buckle herself into the chair. Pelakh fastened the straps about her entire latex-coated frame and left only one arm free. She closed her eyes and while she listened to Theresa's suffering, she began to caress herself. Her fingers squeezed against the tight fabric and she slowly massaged her crotch. The girl strained occasionally against her bonds, seemingly to remind herself that they were there.

The portions of the ordeal that proved hardest for Theresa to bear were the moments when the girl grabbed the whip and gently touched the black button. The astonishing bliss that poured through her body was of such power that it made her forget her pain. Theresa surged against her bonds and even began to delight in them and the ferocious sting of the clamps. The chemical in her system was just as adept at magnifying pleasure as it

was pain, and even the lightest touch brought physical joy that almost made Theresa swoon.

Only after what appeared to be hours of infernal confinement did the malefactor release herself and get up. Without word, she walked over to Theresa and began to twist and pull at each clamp before opening the jaws, removing the tool, and then slipping it back into the belt. The spiteful precursor play brought back the mayhem and when each clamp vanished, Theresa wailed for long moments while the storm of returning feeling galloped through the enhanced pinch. The sharp but welcome end to each castigating effect sorely tested the restraints and this became even more of a task when the girl began to strip away those at 151

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her nipples, and acutely so when those along her loins were taken away. Theresa's jaws stretched wide and her howl rolled through the room with new vigor each time she was freed from one of the vile contraptions.

Theresa had a brief mental image of human slaves sitting at a conveyor belt in a factory. Dull-eyed and fastened to dildo-armed stools, she imagined them packaging the clamps for shipment to the rest of the Theocracy. The thought of human beings touching the clamps and knowing that at some point the things they were making would be causing the most grotesque anguish to others of their kind had them weeping with sorrow for what they were being made to do. They were being made to facilitate the agony of their own or suffer it themselves as whip-armed supervisors strolled behind them and kept track of their work.

The last one came away, and Theresa felt her body float on tranquility and a sudden rush of intoxicating pleasure and satisfaction. The raging adrenaline and endorphins that her torment had brought were continuing to thunder through her veins, and the drug immeasurably enhanced their effects.

The loss of the most significant parts of her pain had her vibrating and swaying with heady joy. It was a glorious sense of bizarre euphoria, as though she had been stripped of guilt and sin, that she had met her judgment for being an inferior race and had been forgiven. The insane notions continued to ride along on her bliss as she gently rocked herself upon the dildo and found pleasure in the massive device that 152

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choked her anus. New tears trickled down her cheeks, but these were tears of corrupted joy rather than anguish.

Theresa's arms were detached from the pole and her back gave a series of flesh-muffled crunches when she straightened up. The dildo made itself felt with every movement of her insides upon its vast dimensions, as did the tiny ranks of nodules. Theresa shivered and gave mews of pain and pleasure as her body reacted favorably to the release and the shift of the toy within her.

Pelakh approached the controls and caused the platforms to rise. Theresa grimaced and suppressed a cry when the bloated trespasser started to withdraw from her body. The chemical took the pain and pleasure of its passage and threw them to impossible heights. Her rear finally shut and the fetters sprang open.

Theresa swayed giddily and dropped heavily to the floor when her legs gave out beneath her. She held her assailed breasts and comforted the raw mounds while she wept bittersweet tears. For a short time, the touches to the flushed areas of skin were to remind her of the staunch sensations the clamps had brought, to reminisce about the savage and delightful woe they had caused her. Theresa shivered as the heat of her pain fled, and her evaporating sweat stole what warmth remained. This seemed to take her intoxication with it, and suddenly the recall of the joy she had taken and the thoughts that had found a place in her mind were as much a wound to her as the torture itself.

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She then heard the brittle tone of heels closing in on her. Theresa looked up and saw Pelakh standing astride her with hands on her hips. The girl towered over her like some malevolent titan.

“Lick my boots, slave,” she demanded.

Exhausted, Theresa shuffled to the nearest toe and began to run her tongue upon the smooth surface. All pride was lost to her, and not only was there a desire to prevent more pain, but there were sneaking desires to explore further. She had found a strange and insane form of nirvana while suffering the girl’s attentions and the temptation to return to such heights of pleasure was overwhelmingly seductive.

The intensity of the experience, the ferocity, its uncompromising harshness somehow had brushed the soil from something that had been slumbering in a shallow grave within her mind. At present, she could not reason the cause, and so she tried to dismiss it as the product of extreme circumstances and physical abuse.

The fawning devotions covered the foot and had her somewhat perplexed, for there was no join to stop at. The footwear and catsuit were one and the same.

Fortunately, Pelakh decided for her and when she was satisfied with what Theresa had done so far, the viper turned around.

“Now the heel, slave.”

Theresa shut her eyes against the sight of the stiletto and began to run her tongue up and down the spike. Her eyes jumped open and she felt an odd

sense of relish creep through her thoughts. She stared lasciviously at the tightly encased legs of the girl and 154

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gave a quiver that she hoped would be misinterpreted as the effects of cold and shock. The midnight skin that was stretched across Pelakh's elegant frame left a hot tang upon her palate and the scent of rubber coursed through her nose. Against all reason, Theresa found herself starting to enjoy the humbling task and then when she was done, she continued to curl her organ around the heel for her own satisfaction. The girl did not stop her, and was probably assuming that she was overcompensating to avoid punishment.

When she was assured that the chore had been done, Pelakh ordered her to treat the other foot in a similar manner and waited while Theresa happily carried out the task. She fawned over the feet of her abuser with dedication and lust.

The second heel was removed from her attentions when the wearer simply walked off. Theresa lifted herself up onto her knees and regarded the girl with a sudden libidinous intensity. The slight wriggle of her curves against the suit caused refractions of light to play across it. Wrinkles appeared and then vanished with the play of her hips. The flex of muscles could be seen against the impermeable layer that divided the lowly human wretch from the cruel creature of beauty and sophistication.

Theresa took a slow breath and felt arousal filling her mind. It swiftly grew to potent levels and only then did she realize what was happening. She blinked with bewilderment and then gave a slight shake of her head to try to cast such absurd thoughts away.

With a maximum effort, she altered her perception 155

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and focused choler towards the girl while she took a strange bodysuit from the wall and cast it before Theresa.

“Get in it, slave,” she demanded.

The words had been spoken with such trenchant gravity that Theresa knew that this suit was to be her next source of torment. The bodysuit was made of a thick, unfamiliar substance and when she retrieved it she found that it was almost greasy to the touch. It had a quality akin to raw meat and also it had a segmented metal rod running along the spine, with several clear panels set elsewhere upon it, revealing patches of intricate micro-circuitry.

“I said put the item on, not examine it!” barked her tormentor.

Theresa flinched and started to locate the opening.

Pelakh retook her seat and took some sort of control in one hand while the whip remained in the other.

With trembling fingers, Theresa opened the neck and stepped in. The item was baggy and easily let her slip within. She pulled it up, slotted the straps over her shoulders, and straightened the crotch. She could not help but shudder because of the fleshy quality of the oily material.

“Does it feel strange, slave?” asked Pelakh upon seeing the expression on Theresa’s face.

“Yes, Miss. It does.”

“It is comprised of electrically motivated fiber bundles. Not that I expect your base smear of intelligence to comprehend that. So, let me demonstrate. It means that when I press this button, this is what happens...”

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The control panel issued a confirming pip when the button was depressed and the rod on her back gave a hearty thrum of power. Suddenly the fabric began to constrict. It closed in so rapidly that it was pressed to her skin before she could even react. The generator on her back increased the pitch of its signal and the corset began to truly squash her.

Compressing her torso, it squeezed the air from her lungs and made her contused breasts explode with a supernova wash of fresh dismay.

“Isn’t science fun, human ape?” jeered Pelakh.

Theresa dropped to her knees, clawing at the material that was now as hard as stone and denied her every attempt to gain purchase. Theresa tried to suck in a breath but the embrace was too tight to permit her diaphragm any fraction of movement.

“What’s that, slave? It hurts? You can’t breathe?”

How awful that must be for you,” scoffed the girl.

Pelakh proceeded to step up the pressure another few notches. Theresa dropped onto her back. Her limbs were starting to go numb and her face burned from the asphyxiation. The crushing fist suddenly went loose and as soon as she gained a breath, she hurled it out as a scream. The instance of release had brought an unexpected and terrible wave of anguish with it.

Panting, she was seeing spots flicker across her sight. The lack of oxygen was making her head swim.

She tried to rise, but the dizziness in her skull had crippled her. The folds immediately jumped in and hugged her. The reactive garment made her exhale and fight the brute strength of the pernicious 157

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contraption. Only on the verge of unconsciousness, was she released and the resulting blast of pain swiftly brought her back to full awareness.

Theresa was granted enough time to recover, and then she was squashed once more. Pelakh continued to relish her squirming body and the violent spasm when she was given reprieve before blacking out. The same ordeal was repeated countless times until Theresa felt that every cell in her torso had been mashed into pulp. The bodysuit expanded outward into its flimsy, baggy state, and remained so for a longer period than normal. Theresa accepted the invitation and gladly sloughed off the hated garment.

As she crawled free, she felt the sudden sting of an osmotic injection in her side and flopped over onto her back to see Pelakh returning a different device to its storage compartment. In seconds, her limbs were becoming heavy. They were not going limp, rather they felt like they were becoming detached from her influence. It was not paralysis either, more a diminishment, a robbing of strength.

When the sadistic alien girl turned around, Theresa's heart sank. She had donned a harness about her hindquarters, one that sprouted a monstrous dildo whose entire length was armed with ranks of small and slightly pliant nubs. Strings of lubricant were dripping from the sexual weapon and they issued slowly from the lines of tiny holes that ran along the length. The openings continued to drool the viscous goo with a steady and automated rate.

"The shot I just gave you hampers movement, but as you will see, it does not lessen pain in any way, or 158

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affect the enhancing drug,” said the girl as she knelt down by Theresa’s feet.

Theresa tried to scuttle away when Pelakh lowered and crawled forward on all fours with the fake penis wiggling beneath her. However, Theresa’s limbs merely pawed the ground in futile sweeps until she felt her thighs being parted.

With a smooth pelvic thrust, a spear of scintillating sensation bored into her. The rude penetration by such a toy was made unbearable by the drugs in her system and accentuated by the lines of nodules upon the device that felt more like razor sharp barbs than soft nubs.

Theresa wailed while the girl began to thrust in and out. The small nodules felt as though they were shredding her with a thousand daggers of exquisite anguish. The pounding drives swelled her belly and made her arch upward as all hint of pleasure was stolen by the evil ravishment.

“Come on, slave! You can scream louder than that!” hissed Pelakh.

The girl was lost to the charm of her assault and ground the toy into Theresa with more barbarity to gain what she wished from her slave. Theresa tried to get the infernal alien rapist off, but her weak arms were shrugged away like they were made of straw.

Pelakh seemingly failed to even detect the attacks because her attention was so singularly taken with the body squirming beneath her and with Theresa’s insane howls.

“Louder! Scream, you human maggot! Scream for me!” she roared as she rolled her hips and shoved

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with even greater venom. Impaling Theresa, Pelakh started to slap her tender breasts and catch her nipples in ruthless pinches. The contusions from the clamps and the ferocity of the grips the girl applied, made Theresa shake with dismay and squeal until her voice was hoarse from the prolonged session.

On and on went the assault, until with a final churning jab, Pelakh chose to withdraw fully and stand up. Theresa kept her eyes closed. She did not want to see her blood dripping from the phallus or to touch her mutilated womb. Her mind told her with undeniable truth that if she did look, then this was the sight awaiting her. She could not realize that not one wound or scratch had been sustained. The pain that suggested such trauma was merely a product of the enhancing chemicals and if she had looked, all she would have seen would be a strap-on dildo that was still weeping lines of untainted lubricating jelly.

A soft whirring noise echoed over her thudding pulse and the pain began to unexpectedly fade.

Theresa risked a glance and saw Pelakh applying a tissue regenerator. The lime beam ran over her belly and eased the stretched skin. It restored it in full and kept it tight for the next time she was to be monstrously filled with artificial manhood. After only a few seconds, the pain was all but gone.

The physical woe may have been erased, but the mental scarring was still very much with her. Again, the sudden relief took her to a sensual high. The contrast between her relief and the torment was so drastic as to bring about the most profound sense of well-being. Theresa had to fight a wide smile from 160

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blooming on her lips or in having gratitude slip free on her mumbled incoherent murmurs. Tears welled in her eyes when the contradiction and insanity of her plight and her responses to it churned her thoughts.

The girl put the mechanism back in its box and touched a wall control. A small section slid up and a rectangular chest was pushed into view by two hydraulic rams. The box was very dense and also very small, with riveted bands along all its edges. The sides ran with lines of small holes and some dense locks hung opposite some equally fearsome hinges.

Without any hint of emotion, the girl opened the metal lid and returned to the sprawled form of Theresa.

Taking the limp slave under her armpits, Pelakh dragged the slack form towards the open box and began to fold it into the tiny cell. Theresa panicked when she felt the walls against every side compact her into a fierce ball. She tried to hold onto the rim as she was rolled smaller, but the drug was still stopping any effective resistance.

A food tube was threaded through a breathing hole and put to her lips. Theresa was unwilling to assent to any part of this act, and so she held her teeth shut.

The girl responded by simply pushing with more vigor. The tip ran across her teeth with a xylophone rattle while it sought a point of entry. As her jaws opened a little, the tube slipped through and the nozzle started to plunge down her throat. It slithered towards her belly and made Theresa gag and gurgle.

A spot of the same glue that left her legs imprisoned in stockings swiftly and irrevocably fastened the life-161

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giving pipeline into place on her lip and cheek.

“See you later, wretch. You were fairly entertaining. I’ll definitely have to have some more fun with you,” said the girl and then dropped the lid down.

The locks were thrown shut, and Theresa was left consumed by the suffocating inky blackness.

As her jaws and throat began to gather new vitality, she started to be able to do something other than incoherently whimper. She suddenly hollered for release when she felt a tiny shudder run through her tiny prison. It told her that she was being ferried back into the wall, but her pleas drew no response from the girl.

The rams ferried her back in and the alcove and the panel slid back into place to cut off the meager amounts of light that came through the breathing holes.

Theresa tried to remain calm, to see this adversity through in quiet tranquility. It was a futile wish, and she soon succumbed to the desperate need for release.

For a while she talked to herself to try to stay calm and sane. The tube in her throat warped the words but mainly she just needed to hear a voice, something other than quiet, even if that voice was her own.

“Stay calm, Theresa. Stay calm. You can take this.

You’re a human being. Homo Sapien. Homo tough-bitch. They’ll not break you. Stay calm, breathe...

easy. Forget...forget about...about the tightness...the dark...the...p...press... pressure...all... *someone!* Please!

Please! Let me out! Anyone! ”

Suddenly she was kicking into the walls, flexing her arms, and straining her back to try to get out. The 162

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box remained secure against her straits, and there were no answers to her frantic calls.

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Chapter Six

ime continued to crawl by. All she became aware of were the periods of dazed consciousness with T

her panting breath being all she could distinguish in the hot, sweaty folds of darkness. She felt her reason starting to fade as time rolled out of her capacity to keep track of and days seemed to pass before the box staggered forward once more on a mechanical shove.

Theresa dared not hope it was true when the lid began to open. She thought perhaps that she was dreaming again. Many times her mind had conjured the same event in her more delirious fits, her most precious wish being produced by hallucinatory imaginings.

The weak light of the torture chamber blinded Theresa with its intensity. She had stared for so long into a featureless midnight void that her eyes raged with shock from even the dim glow. After a moment to acclimatize, the dazzled sheet of white started to gather some color and some shapes and she saw the young and fantastically comely face of Pelakh staring down at her.

A touch of foul-smelling solvent broke down the molecular glue holding the tube down her throat and 164

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the pipe was drawn free. The slick outer layer glided up out of her esophagus so distinctly that her confused body retched with its exit.

Despite the option for freedom placed before her, she could only continue to languish in the box. She had been confined for too long to be able to attempt her own exit. Her body flexed and struggled and she surged within the pit of the cell but she could not even reach the lip.

“So, you don’t want to leave? Is it that comfy in there? Are you hibernating? Well, I guess I can leave you in here for longer, if that’s what you really want.”

“No! Miss, please. Let me out. I want to come out...it’s just that I can’t...can’t move, Miss!” she sobbed as she writhed in the chest and tried to make her stiff limbs obey.

A strap was taken down to give encouragement.

The stout weapon was lifted high by way of a threat and then when Theresa still failed to get out, it started to spank her exposed skin with dreadful stinging claps. Theresa’s escape was made all the more difficult because she had to jolt with every stern lick of the leather tongue to her body. It would take all her concentrated effort just to make a decent attempt at flight, and the strap was ruining even that vague chance.

Twice, she slithered onto the side, only to fall back in when her limbs gave out before her weight could shift onto the side of freedom. The smacks continued unabated and on the third try, she hovered once more on the brink until with a final frantic push she pitched over and dropped onto the floor.

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“There, see what can achieved when a superior being encourages you?” chuckled Pelakh.

As though examining an animal, the young sadist pulled on a thin surgical glove and parted Theresa’s thighs. She proceeded to conduct an impromptu exam with rough and careless movements. The sudden entry of two fingers made Theresa snort as they opened her for a visual glimpse.

“Completely healed. Not even a sign of stress. No one will ever know,” she muttered to herself and cast the thigh back to close Theresa’s legs with a clap.

Pelakh ripped off the glove and slouched across the chair. The item was an engine that Theresa hoped to avoid, because the extent of the restraints suggested it was a prelude to extreme abuse.

How she wanted to just dart forward and lock the girl in her own tool. Then she could violate and hurt her as she had been, make the girl beg and sob for unattainable mercy. However, the consequences would be too dreadful to even contemplate, so she was left to saving the notion for use as a sweet fantasy. Yet despite the hatred she felt for this most vile of enemies, there was a soft seed of pleasure in being owned and ruled by such an implacable, beautiful, and evil creature. It was a tiny part of her psyche, but it seemed to be growing, and she had no idea why.

“Your dress is there. Put it on, slave,” ordered Pelakh, and returned to examining her nails.

Theresa picked up the discarded sheath, finding it in the exact same spot where she had left it. She struggled to make her stolid limbs work and started 166

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to slip back into the garment.

“You are fortunate that my mother wants you at the picnic, slave. Personally, I would have liked to leave you in there for another few days,” said Pelakh absently.

The girl remained unaware of Theresa’s smoldering scowl as she re-weighed the merits of snatching revenge. The need to brutalize the girl was increased by the wish to do something to stop this eerie hunger for her slavery before it reached such degrees that it overwhelmed her.

A pointed toe nudged her with disdain and made Theresa ponder what the Dregakk gained from such acts. Did being raised and conditioned to find such things pleasurable indoctrinate to a degree that made it so? Did torture and domination replace ordinary intercourse for them or did it match it or enhance it somehow? Were they truly a genetically sadistic race, or was it merely a product of upbringing?

Pelakh closed in and yanked up the back zip before securing the collar and locking it firmly in place.

Again, Theresa found herself trapped in the maid’s uniform.

“Come, slave. We are gathering to depart.”

After a few faltering steps, Theresa began to reacquire her equilibrium although her knees still felt like jelly and this left her distinctly unsteady. She could not overcome the trait, despite her most valiant attempts and although she had a fear that perhaps the session had crippled her, she knew it was only a temporary disability, an after-effect of her imprisonment. She pushed such paranoia away from 167

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her numbed thoughts because right now, there were some far more legitimate things to fear.

Following the young bitch, Theresa returned to the main doors and strode out into the morning light where she found a small procession ready to move off.

Morschka sat on her favored litter, as did another woman of roughly equal age with two children. The Dregakk female had a mane of tight black braids that were fastened in some places with ornate rings. A tight leather corset embraced her body and flowed over her hips before entering a long skirt of the same material. The skirt reached to her booted feet and was slit up the side all the way to the corset. She cradled a long dressage whip across her lap and wore several rings and bracelets that were studded with dark purple gems. The jewels perfectly matched her melancholy eyeshadow and lipstick. Theresa guessed that the woman was one of the Kchenaccs that had been mentioned during her first run-in with Pelakh and Morschka.

Two young Dregakk shared a third litter. One was an adolescent male and the other was a girl. The pair sat side by side, pressed close, and were holding hands. It was bizarre for Theresa to see such a display of affection in the race because all she had ever seen from them so far was unrelenting cruelty and malice.

“Come on, Pelakh, I’m starving here,” announced the girl.

“Stop complaining, Tana. I had to get this fool slave. Unless, of course, you want to serve yourself?”

she retorted.

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The human step for the fourth vacant litter moved in to allow Pelakh to climb in on her leather padded back. The girl settled in and deserted Theresa.

With the arrival of their last member, the full unit began to jog off down the road. The mares and colts that supported the litters received the occasional lick of a dressage whip or crop to keep their pace and to reinforce the dominance of the Dregakk.

Theresa's transport was waiting to fall in at the rear of the convoy. Three maids sat in the small open coach, but Theresa did not recognize any of them. The back of the wiry vehicle was loaded with several hampers that were all strapped sturdily in place for the trip. A team of six burly human colts were harnessed at the front to provide locomotion.

Opening the low door, Theresa climbed into the only available spot and the coach tilted as its suspension sought to balance the new weight. She settled in beside one the maids, and their uniforms squeaked as they brushed against each other. Theresa was left facing the two somber faces opposite and with a sudden lurch, they began to move off.

The human ponies flexed and strained, and the muscles on their backs rippled in the light to draw Theresa's libidinous stare. With some huffs and grunts of exertion, they accelerated to a brisk trot with their knees instinctively raised high with each hoofed step they took. The bound slaves drew them quickly up to the rear of the litters with their weighted dildoes bouncing in and out in tune with their prancing steps.

Theresa watched the land and tried to distract 169

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herself from her troubles by calling up times spent in such halcyon portraits of rural splendor. The world she was now confined on was a glorious place, untouched by sprawling construction, grotesque office blocks, or choking streams of cars wallowing amidst clouds of noxious fumes. None of that existed here. Yet, she could not help but question why fate had chosen to deal this paradise to such vile beasts.

Roving gangs of human men were still tending the farmlands. Their bodies were tanned from working constantly under the mild sun, but they were also marked with numerous welts. Those near the road looked round as they passed. Their lecherous gaze was so intense that it instilled an instinctive fright that caused Theresa to look elsewhere. Since the alien assault on Earth, her own menfolk had been as much a source to be feared as the aliens.

Only those slaves that were bound and defenseless seemed safe, and Theresa found it easier to continually watch the galloping colts with prurient lust than to even meet the eye of a farm worker. After having looked at the workers, she could see why sentence to the fields was such a heinous malediction for female captives. The legions of starved and denied cocks would make frenzied use of any supple female that they might get a chance to exploit.

Removal from civilization and harsh treatment was stripping away evolution, and turning them into coarse barbarians who were at the mercy of their own carnal urges. However, to the men, it was at least clear what they were becoming. Theresa was not so sure of the effects this lifestyle was having on her own

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psyche.

The other slaves began to speak. They started by introducing themselves, then talked about how they had arrived and the time each had served on the colony world. Most of them were eager to know the last news Theresa had about Earth. Each of them was still clinging to the ethereal hope that somehow they would be rescued. The women were deluded, but it was the only thing keeping them sane.

They purposely ignored the fact that even if the Dregakk were driven from the surface of Earth, their own race did not possess the technology to travel

out and stage a recovery for its lost people. Even if they had, since when had humans ever tried to mount coherent rescue attempts for troops lost on foreign soil during wartime? What hope then for civilians on some distant uncharted planet?

Theresa replied openly and frankly. However, so that her bleak words would not crush all their slim hopes, she stressed that without any media or method of newsgathering than unreliable and tardy word of mouth, even if there had been a victory, she would almost certainly be unaware of it. The women focused on this statement and managed to cling to their insubstantial dream of liberation.

The entourage left the road and began a cross-country march through some sparse woodland before stopping upon a line of small hillocks. The grassy backs of the mounds rode up out of the canopy and overlooked the crystal waters of a lake. A thundering waterfall fed the wide glittering surface and a thin mist drifted out around it.

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Theresa dismounted with the other slaves and helped carry the weighty hampers to the summit where they begun to swiftly set down blankets and arrange cutlery and food. One of them led the steeds down the hill and tethered them to trees so they did not wander. The human ponies sank to the grass to rest from the tiring journey, their orifices chafed from the pounding drill of the eternally slick artificial phalluses.

The maids found continual work in serving the needs of the lounging nobles. Refilling drinks, bringing new selections, and all manner of mundane tasks were idly demanded of them.

The Dregakk women gossiped leisurely about society. They talked of whose star was rising, whose was setting, the intrigue, and the rumors. The

Thaines were clearly in favor with the Theocracy because of the events of Earth. It seemed that the sadistic Dregakk had found the human race an enthralling source of raw material. From what Theresa could discern, Eldral Thaine had been instrumental in finding her planet and had taken the risk of accepting the Warmaster post to it. If humans had not been so amusing, the damage to his standing would have been immense, but to the clear relief of his spouses, the Theocracy was enjoying the new species.

The children soon became bored and went off to play. They took one of the maids with them after snapping a leash to her collar and a short time after, Pelakh and her companions decided to leave the site as well. The trio called for Theresa to be their accompaniment.

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Walking upon the soft grass was difficult.

Theresa's heels perpetually sank into the giving ground and this forced her to place most of her weight upon her toes. Theresa pursued the youths down the slope as they made directly for the lake. She tried to keep up as best she could, but it was not easy while she negotiated the gentle incline that trailed down to the lapping edge of the waters.

Tall trees were situated all about them and threw their branches out over the silvery waters. The leafy heads were spaced a little apart so that radiant columns of golden sun streaked through. The group sat down in a solar spotlight and began to bask in the rays. The beams reflected upon their polished, snug fitting attire and this gave the group an almost seraphic halo.

Theresa knelt down a few meters away and watched the waters flow and ebb on tiny ripples. The birds chirped happily and the odd hum of a passing insect joined the lap of water and the rustle of wind through the trees. Theresa was soon dreaming of a life free of Dregakk 'hospitality'.

The young group were indulging in gossip as well, but it was not of high society. Rather, it concerned their fellows, themselves and focused primarily on relationships. She thought perhaps that the boy was the one that had taken Pelakh's fancy, but when she caught the male's name as Gharagk, it became clear that the similar physical traits of this race were making it difficult for her to find distinctions between them.

After bemoaning the oversight of forgetting 173

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pillows, they called Theresa over and had her lie face down. A head each went onto her shins, thighs and onto her upper back. Once the trio had employed her as a headrest, they simply watched the clouds.

Theresa remained as still as she could and while absently listening to their conversation, she cast her thoughts to a far away homeworld. A change of topic occurred a few minutes later, drawing her back and filling her with instant concern. They had been daring each other to perform various childish pranks and a sudden escalation in the stakes drew in Theresa's existence.

"I dare you...to... Ha! Kiss the human," said Gharagk.

He had aimed his wager at Tana and from the tone he used, it was clearly deemed the final victory in their bid to outdo each other.

"Very well, but *I dare you to do it with her,*"

retorted the girl.

"No chance, that's disgusting," hissed the youth.

"Scared?"

“No, I am not!”

“Prove it then.”

“What do you mean, *prove it*? You think I’m going to just jump on this foul creature because you say so?”

“Freghak would do it.”

“Uuurgh. By the Goddess. Freghak, Freghak, Freghak. I’m sick of that name. He’s an idiot!”

The two girls sat up and looked at him with a sneer of goading. Their eyes prompted him to clear his name of the accusation of cowardice.

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“Fine. Fine! Freghak! Pah!” he snapped. “You first though, and not some measly peck, either. I want to see a *real* kiss.”

Tana smiled and laughed. It was clear that she had gained the lesser of the two carnal pursuits and was looking forward to seeing him fulfill his side of the bet. Theresa, however, was not.

“Sit up, slave,” demanded the girl.

Theresa lifted herself onto her knees. Her heart was fluttering crazily, like a wounded bird. The youth grabbed her chin and the back of her head before she prized open Theresa’s mouth with malicious force.

Tana released a winning smile at her partner while Pelakh observed with a smirk. Another’s lips touched hers and Theresa fought off the urge to instantly recoil. The girl’s tongue entered her mouth and sought to meet her own, but she found that she could not reciprocate. The tip prodded her slack

tongue, trying to rouse it into animation, and poking at the slumbering organ while it cowered back.

“Too bad, you lose, the bet’s over. The human’s not doing anything back, so I win!”

Tana came away with a scowl and grabbed Theresa by the hair. With violent rotating tugs, she shook Theresa’s head so that her scalp raged with fields of lucid discomfort.

“Listen up, you filthy ape scum. You had better liven up that tongue or I’ll rip it out right here, right now!” she hissed.

The threat was given with such asperity that Theresa was left with little doubt that she might well do it. When the girl returned, Theresa responded

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fearfully and exchanged a frigid kiss with the alien.

Their tongues entwined and wriggled upon each other before they started to reach into each other’s mouths. Tana tickled her lips with a flitting tip and plunged deep before closing her own lips to Theresa’s tongue and sucking upon the length. As Theresa extended her own organ a little, the girl performed a quick mock fellatio upon it.

The libidinous play suddenly ended and the girl threw Theresa away with disdain. She swiftly grabbed a glass of water and used it to wash her mouth out. Tana spat the soiled water onto the grass and then turned to Gharagk with a grin.

“There! Now it’s your turn,” she growled.

Theresa was just starting to rise when the male grabbed her shoulders and pushed her back down.

After lowering his trousers, he hitched up Theresa's brief skirt. The girls moved closed together to watch the show and the two of them gave merry chuckles while whispering into each other's ears.

Theresa did not resist as he parted her legs. The male moved atop her and took hold of his cock.

Theresa's lack of arousal was only matched by Gharagk's own shortcomings, so to stimulate himself so he might win the bet, he began rubbing the head of his semi-erect manhood against her. He ploughed through her vulva and concentrated on her clit to make her pussy more amenable to entrance. Both their eyes remained firmly shut as they conjured any kind of erotic fantasy in order to assist them.

Theresa's strange desires lurked at the back of her mind and she had to fight to stay committed to 176

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normal licentious fantasy. Her libido was firing up while she remained pinned beneath him, about to be molested on a bet by those who controlled and ruled her. The fear she had of surrendering to such desires made her strive all the harder to stay normal.

Gharagk started to become more erect and Theresa's loins started to grow wet from contradictory desire. Gharagk then began his ravishment without any measure of delicacy, his only concern being his own satisfaction and gambling victory. Theresa writhed beneath him from a mixture of protest and enjoyment, the results stemming from feeling a live, warm phallus diving into her body.

For a moment, Theresa opened her eyes and looked into his face. She saw the disgust written plainly upon his features and as he caught her stare, he delivered a slap across her cheek.

“Don’t look at me, you primitive oaf,” he spat and began the coitus with more gusto.

Theresa winced with the harsh treatment, but she continued to find a covert pleasure in being so methodically used for another’s pleasure. Was this all she was to them? Was she just a whore to be abused and humiliated? She was not even regarded as a person, just some sort of near-mindless robot, a creature that the Dregakk were blessing by elevating to such a status.

In some ways it reassured her, even titillated her.

She had spent so long fighting for her life, trying to protect Katherine and herself from death or capture that it was almost satisfying to have every strata of responsibility undeniably ripped from her. She had 177

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failed Katherine, and that guilt still weighed heavily upon her. She had trusted governments and authorities, and they had failed her. There was guilt involved there, in addition to egregious bitterness.

She had been a citizen. She had been given the power to vote. She also had the means to protest and think for herself but like all humanity, she had simply sat back and let the rulers do as they wished with virtual autonomy.

They had failed the whole race by not doing something to ward against an alien assault, but everyone who had so easily called them their leaders shared a portion of that blame. There was not much they could have done to thwart the Dregakk, but Theresa wanted someone to accuse for her plight and they would suffice until someone better could be found.

This guilt was eased by her complete inability to do anything about her situation. She was so comprehensively controlled that there was no free will any more, no way to choose, no way to resist them. All she had to do was obey and find what pleasure she could, when she could, and how she could.

In the corner of her eye, she spied Tana drawing her whip because of Pelakh's furtive taunts. She thought that they were perhaps going to beat her, but instead a finger hovered over the black button on the pommel. Theresa prayed that they not do this to her.

If they activated the implant, she would writhe like a slut in heat beneath Gharagk and make him think that she found him the most astounding partner. Such an 178

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opinion might make him tempted to use her again to inflate his ego whenever he felt like it. However, what she really feared was that the pleasure setting would bolster her lust still further and feed the growing pool of her weird debauched desires.

Theresa closed her eyes and readied for the rapture. She also sent a deluge of mundane carnal images through her mind to try to have her libido fixate on them rather than her current situation.

Muscular male models, actors, rock stars, situations, locations, everything that was as banal and deviance free as possible thundered through her imagination.

“What are you doing?” asked an innocent voice.

Gharagk jumped free and turned away from the source so he could speedily do up his trousers. The girls laughed aloud and replied to the newly arrived children.

“Nothing, little ones. Gharagk was just trying to...erm...squash the slave,” replied Pelakh.

It was strange that the race was as careful about keeping the underage out of sexual situations as humans were. Spiteful human children would torture a fly, an ant, a spider, or similar lesser species, keep something in a jar and so on, and the Dregakk children did the same with what they regarded as a similarly lesser species.

However, a human child generally did not take such pursuits with them into sexual maturity, whereas the Dregakk waited until their offspring had reached sufficient age, and then permitted them inclusion in the more sexual forms of abuse and maltreatment.

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The older Dregakk had hid their erotic use of her body from the young, but were agreeable to the children abusing slaves in the more traditional and seemingly innocent ways. Even though it meant she would be safe from the disturbing concept of children exploiting her in such ways, it was a bizarre distinction for such a depraved and malevolent race to make.

“Can we try?” asked the boy, his malevolent streak already well developed at an early age.

The girls smirked and barely managed to suppress their giggles.

“No. You aren’t big enough,” said Tana.

“Am to!” protested the child. “I’ll jump up and down!”

Gharagk stood up and walked over to the children, leaving Theresa to straighten her clothes and restore herself to a kneeling position.

“What is it you little ones want?” he asked.

“We’re bored and there are no toys,” complained the girl.

“Wait right there and I’ll make one for you,”

Gharagk said with a villainous grin before he ran back towards the hill.

Theresa ignored them. Her thoughts were dripping with shame and resentment. To be ravished as a dare, to be taken because of the base organism she was perceived to be made her furious, more so because of the gratification she had taken in it. Was that what it was like for them, something even baser than bestiality? In addition, why was it that when she was under their direct rule and abuse she was finding 180

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some shred of delight in it?

Gharagk returned with a coil of rope and walked under the stout overhanging branches of a tree that was located near to the water’s edge.

“How about if I make you a swing?” he proposed.

The children readily agreed as he hurled the length over a branch. Pelakh stood up and wandered over, her latex skin catching the light as her slender body sauntered within it.

“Just what are you doing, Gharagk? We have *other* things to do,” she said.

“Making a swing,” he explained bluntly and then beckoned to Theresa.

She thought perhaps that he wanted her to aid in the construction but as she approached, he grabbed her wrists and began to bind them with one end of the length. The diabolic smile that he wore made her unease all the more potent.

“I could do with some help here,” he called out, summoning the girls to take up her ankles as he held the other end of the rope in readiness.

Her feet were snatched and tugged backward into the air so that the weight of her body wrenched at her wrists. The strain in her arms was terrible and was made worse by the mental anguish of realizing what fate she was about to have inflicted on her. Theresa was lowered to the correct height and thick strands encompassed her ankles. The youths let go and she was left dangling face down, twisted, and suspended.

“There you are. One comfortable swing,” noted Gharagk with pride.

The children ran forward with a cheer and climbed 181

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aboard. They misused Theresa’s back as the seat and she stifled a cry as their diminutive frames made her tendons and joints shriek and her shoulders pulsate with a keen gnawing throb.

Gharagk pulled her back and with a running shove sent her swooping out over the waters. The wind rushed about her as the momentum carried her up and then back. The wrench when she began a fresh ascent made her arms feel ready to dislocate and each subsequent swing made her cry out with the drastic stress.

As she started to get used to the anguish of her demeaned predicament, the children started to jiggle when they succumbed to the Dregakk doctrine. They tugged at her hair and made her gasp and sob as she swung past the gathered youths. She heard them exchange a comment that made her thoughts fill with inveterate rage.

“They do so enjoy torturing the humans, don’t they?” reflected Tana.

“It does you good to see children growing up the right way,” replied Pelakh and all three of them agreed heartily with the sentiment.

The spiteful demon children continued to amuse themselves with her suffering and demanded to be pushed higher every time. The increase in altitude was accompanied by a corresponding increase in Theresa’s pains.

Fortunately, the Dregakk children were as fickle as human ones, and they were soon tired of the ride and wanted fresh amusement. They jumped down and scampered off into the wood, thereby leaving Theresa 182

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to be set free.

“Well? Are you going to finish, then, or what?”

asked Tana.

“You aren’t still on about that, are you? I’m tired,”

moaned Gharagk.

“I did my part, now you do yours.”

“It’s only fair,” interjected Pelakh.

“You used her mouth, and so will I. If you have so much energy to spare, you can beat her while she does it,” proposed the male.

The girls pondered the idea and then agreed. They wanted to see one of their own race humiliate himself, but even more than that, they wanted to contribute to Theresa’s misery. Gharagk sat down and opened his trousers while the girls drew their weapons. The long crops were lithe and armed with small twin flaps of leather at the tip.

Theresa was pushed forward onto all fours and her mouth was steered onto Gharagk's shaft with such severity that she almost gagged as his tip poked the back of her throat. Her dress was rolled up and ferocious strokes whistled into her rear and the back of her thighs. Knowing that they would continue while the oral task remained unfinished, she clamped her lips to his cock and began to suck with all her might. Rolling her tongue upon his engorged rod to add to the sensual effects of the fellatio, Theresa hoped to bring him to an early climax.

The slashes into her rump were delivered at a steady, clockwork pace, and each welt made her skin erupt with fresh fiery heat. Theresa's hysterical need to escape the biting crops made her head rock back 183

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and forth as fast as her muscles allowed. Theresa pulled back to dance the tip of her tongue about the end of his member and then swallowed him up again.

She invested some of her time to reach under and engulf his testicles. She suckled on them with desperate verve before returning to plunging her mouth from root to head. Tears ran down her cheeks from the strain and her torso twitched with every fresh swiping hack that sank into her exposed hindquarters. Her mewls and cries were issued against Gharagk's manhood and with her thoughts in chaos, she finally felt him start to stiffen and swell against her raw maw. This encouraged her and after a final barrage of piston drives, she heard the Dregakk male release a long drawn sigh and felt warm semen spill across her tongue.

"Clean up properly, slave," warned Tana and added a particularly vicious stroke across the back of Theresa's thighs.

The shock of the pain controlled Theresa, and she gulped down the main measure of thick fluid. The taste and the sensation clung to the sides of her throat while she continued and with a deft tongue, she removed all excess.

Once she had done as they asked, her partner put his hand to the side of her face and shoved her away.

Tana walked forward and gave him a deep kiss of congratulations while Theresa rubbed her whiplash afflicted neck muscles and tried to avoid sitting upon her sore buttocks.

“That’s enough fun for now. Let’s go back,” he announced while refastening his clothing.

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The consensus was in favor of this and they returned towards the hill. Theresa was still affected by the residual trauma of being stretched, suspended, beaten, and molested, and so she limped a little ways behind them. During the first few steps, she had to pause and put a hand to a tree while she recovered her equilibrium and strength. Fearing the discipline brought from tardiness, she shook her head to clear the grogginess and rededicated herself to keeping up.

When they arrived, Theresa found that a third woman had joined them. She was a little younger than Morschka and was clad in penurious attire. She wore a basque, a G-string, long gloves, and knee-high boots; all of which were crafted from a gleaming plastic substance. A curled whip lay at her side and this was clipped to a small ring set on the hip of the thong.

“Greetings, Beiox,” said Pelakh, the introduction revealing the woman to be the Warmaster’s second mate.

“Greetings, Pelakh, and welcome, Tana and Gharagk. I haven’t seen you in quite some time.”

“Nor we you. What have you been up to all this time?” answered Gharagk.

The trio settled in and took up glasses that they immediately presented to be filled by the poised maids.

“Although I miss the estates, city life does have its diversions,” replied Beiox with a knowing smile.

Her finger circled the rim of her glass while she contemplated the hidden meaning of her words. She dipped a digit in and then licked the sweet fluid from 185

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the material. It was then that her eyes caught sight of Theresa when she finally got up the hill and moved in to join them again.

“A new one?” she asked.

“The latest from Earth,” said Morschka and beckoned Theresa to come closer.

Theresa knelt down beside the woman and was careful not to sit upon her pulsing cheeks. Morschka spied the evasion and lifted her skirt to assess the cause of her discomfort. Upon seeing the dense mesh of angry welts, she looked to the youths and chuckled.

“You mischievous brats. What have you been up to?”

“Just passing the time,” innocently replied Pelakh.

There was no point in complaining. Such a beating was merely an everyday diversion and besides, if she brought up the ravishment, whom would they believe? She would probably be hideously tortured for daring to slander a Dregakk citizen.

The family continued to chat awhile, leaving Theresa to reflect on the injustice of her lot. When they finally decided to leave, all the maids were set to packing away the possessions. During this service, the slave girl Joanna accidentally cracked a cup and was immediately reprimanded. The other maids were forced to hold her down on the grass and the Dregakk group worked together to give her a vigorous flogging.

Again, Theresa found a contradictory delectation in the event. It was not pleasant to have to hold down the woman's wrist as she bucked and fought to break

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free. Joanna howled and squealed while she jolted and suffered under the repeated swipe of whip, crop, and paddle, and Theresa felt partially responsible.

She should have just let go and refused to be party to another human's torment, but if she did there was no doubt that she would immediately replace her and Theresa doubted that Joanna would show the same consideration in return.

Besides, it was also somewhat of a lubricious delight to watch the nubile woman wriggle on the grass, her latex skin shimmering in the light with the flex and play of her panic-stricken muscles. The tears that flowed down her eyes were invitingly sumptuous and Theresa wanted to lean in and lick one from the woman's cheek.

Once Joanna was left listless on the grass, they were sent back to continue their work. A servant was sent down to gather the litters and after collecting the human-powered vehicles, she guided them up the slope. The steeds lowered the ornate platforms down towards the grass and the living steps moved around to kneel and allow the passengers to climb back aboard.

After carrying the hampers back down to the carriage, the slaves buckled them back into place and then entered the rear. The team of enslaved ponies then obediently drew them off in the wake of their absolute owners.

The captive maids again took the chance to talk on the journey, but Theresa kept quiet, preferring to try to forget the entire incident. Christine, who had been given the duty of escorting the children, was beside 187

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herself with worry. The infants had smuggled food out with them and despite her best efforts, they had force-fed her the sustenance. Her calamity now stemmed from the assured discovery of her ingestion and when such grand perfidy was uncovered, the Housekeeper would mete out a most cruel and lingering punishment. It was possible that she might even be sent to the stables, there to become one of the poor wretches that were destined to bear their enslavers upon their shoulders, with her nipples pierced and her orifices filled to capacity. There was no comfort that they could give her, her fate was sealed and certain.

At the house, a fresh troop of servants removed the used hampers while grooms began to handle the task of detaching the steeds from the vehicles.

The Dregakk groom named Setchak emerged and drew Theresa's immediate attention. If she had to be used for the carnal pleasure of this race, why could it not be by someone like him? The male noticed the gaze and caused her to divert her look elsewhere with a sudden shocked dart of her head. He strode up and grabbed her collar.

"I need a maid for a brief moment, Mistress. May I borrow this one?" he asked. Setchak was clearly using the pretence of acquiring her service to get her alone.

"Of course."

Morschka's affirmation was a damning sentence and she was led into a tack room at the rear of the stables. The chamber was filled with vast arrays of crops, bridles, harnesses, saddles, and many devices and implements that she could not even guess the 188

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purpose of. He drew her to the corner and pushed her in so that her back was to a bank of crops. Pinning her in with his arms, Setchak stared at her. Theresa was afraid to meet his eyes and kept her gaze lowered.

"What is your name, slave?" he asked softly.

"Theresa, sir," she replied timidly.

"Why were you staring at me?"

"I...I wasn't, sir," she stuttered, not realizing that she had been so obvious.

"You find me attractive?" he stated flatly.

Theresa did not respond so he grabbed her hair and yanked it back to lift her gaze to meet his.

"Well, do you?" he growled.

With her scalp aflame at being pulled so acutely, Theresa whispered her confession.

"Y...yes, Sir. I'm sorry."

The male smiled broadly and let go but remained where he was to keep her quailing in the corner.

"You pathetic insect. How dare you insult me with your base primate lusts! When you reach my stables...and you *will* reach them. You know why?

Because no maid has ever remained in service for longer than a few years, you all err eventually. When that day comes, I'll break you to harness myself. No filly will ever have suffered as you will. I can assure you of that," he said forcefully and then hurled her aside. "Now go back to your duties while you can, and remember that I am now your eventual destination. Your retraining as an animal under my control is inevitable."

Rubbing her scalp, Theresa quickly jogged out. She was horrified by what had been prophesized, but also 189

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she found it slightly alluring. Setchak would spare no ordeal in her re-education as a pony and would handle the task personally. Despite the rigors that it would entail, it had some alluring aspects to it.

Theresa entered the lounge after passing the children. The brats were being taken to their playroom while Pelakh and her friends also disappeared upstairs.

Drinks were poured and the interrupted discussions continued as Beiox lifted her slightly muddied boot. It was encrusted from the walk across the hill and she had neglected use of the cleaners at the door.

"You! Slave! Lick them clean," she demanded of Theresa.

Theresa had suffered enough today so she lowered her head and began to remove the dried soil with her tongue. The task was a little nauseating but it was at least a pain-free affair.

"Put some effort into it, wretch, or I'll make you use your pussy!" growled the woman.

Beiox reversed the whip and harshly thumbed the black button. Theresa let out a long groan as rapture burst in her loins like a cannon shot and spread

through her system on a scintillating shock wave. Her legs snapped tightly together and she began to lick with zeal. An occasional icy shudder ran through her while she worked. The pleasure was incredible, a delight that cast away all the horrors of this alien place. With a loving attention, she stripped the boots clean and began treating the heels with a degree of vigilance that mimicked her fellatio with Gharagk.

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She restored them to an unblemished sheen while she writhed and slithered on the floor, her body coursing with heady rhapsody.

“Now for the first wife!”

Theresa wriggled over to Morschka. Her hands were trembling and her sight wavered while she tried to stay focused against the hurricane of pleasure that possessed every nerve in her being. Dropping onto her front, she cradled the boot with reverence and as her legs curled beneath her, she lovingly lapped away the slight crust of mud. Again, she was suckling at the heel and toe and running her tongue all over the footwear of her owner. Her soul was ruled by the complete sense of elation at being so meticulously owned and controlled by such vastly superior and beautiful beings.

“And don’t forget Lady Kchenacc,” said Beiox.

Theresa again slithered over to the guest and attended her calf-high boots. The long leather skirt brushed against her cheek and then draped over her head to plunge her into twilight. With the scent of leather and the woman ruling within her small shelter, Theresa found even more exquisite gratification in her task and ran over her own work many times before her owners allowed her to stop.

The implant fell dormant and left her with the dry taste of mud and grit in her mouth. Theresa ran her tongue over it, savoring the taste. The material was a luscious reminder of her service to the women. A moment later, she realized what she had been doing.

The crapulent cloud that the implant had created was gone and a sense of utter disgrace ruled her actions.

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To think that she had groveled and lapped with such passion and lust. The realization of what she had been connived into doing by her own weakness and sensual hunger thrust more deeply into Theresa than one of Pelakh's dildoes.

It took a few minutes of wiping around with her tongue to finally ease the tang and dislodge the last few stubborn particles of grit. Then her wrist issued four soft pips and her implant gave her a momentary jolt of distress to draw her attention. Theresa lifted her hand and looked at the small speaker.

"Come to my room, slave. Right now!" ordered Pelakh.

With distinct trepidation, Theresa got up and left the women to chat and be served by the other maids.

She started to head up the stairs, and each step made her stomach knot as she wondered what other insane acts the girl had planned.

The bedroom door slid aside and when Theresa stepped in, she found that Pelakh stood in the doorway of the torture chamber. There was now little doubt as to what her intentions were. Why did Pelakh keep picking on her?

Surely, she could abuse other slaves. After all, the choice was not exactly limited.

The girl unlocked her collar and ordered her to remove her dress. Theresa obeyed, and left the naked skin of her torso open to fresh woe. She now stood in the cool room in her stockings with her hands by her side and her face lowered.

“Kiss my feet to show your gratitude for letting you come back again, slave,” said Pelakh.

Theresa dropped onto all fours and placed a single

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peck to each pointed toe of the girl's attire. It was bound to be an act of abasement that was to form a prelude to another harsh session with the alien virago.

“Tell me you wish to be tortured, slave,”

demanded the girl.

Standing over the cringing form with her hands on her hips, she watched Theresa sit up and look across her latex-bound torso. Despite her hatred of this dominatrix, Pelakh was still a remarkable sight. It was hard for Theresa to believe that the supple, budding figure of womanhood before her was actually several years older than she was.

“Pardon, Miss?” she asked, hoping that she had misheard.

A slap stung Theresa's cheek and as she recovered another slap, caught the opposite one.

“Ask me to torture you, slave,” she repeated with more gravity.

Pelakh was going to do it anyway. Declining to request a session would only ensure a prequel of maltreatment to make her voice a bogus desire for it.

Theresa's logic was sound, but it was still not easy to petition her pains.

"Please, will you torture me, Miss?" she stated with as much conviction as she could muster.

"Pardon, slave? What was it you just said?"

The girl had heard, all right, she was just humbling her further. Swallowing for strength and still tasting dirt in her mouth, Theresa added a deep breath and repeated her entreaty with greater clarity and volume.

"Please. Please, will you torture me, Miss?"

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"Well?"

"What do you mean, Miss?"

"Well, if you want me to torture you, you'll have to tell me what it is you want me to do to you, slave,"

replied Pelakh.

Theresa closed her eyes. She was aghast. How could she choose what nightmare was to befall her?

She would have to pick a place and try to predict what it was that Pelakh could do to her on it. She did not have enough experience with Dregakk methods of sexual domination and discipline to guess accurately.

“If you don’t tell me, I’ll have to do every single one to ensure I get the right one and make you happy, slave,” she warned with a malignant edge to her voice.

From her kneeling position, Theresa studied the engines that were available in the room. She was already far too familiar with the dildo-capped rod and knew she could not face it again. The chair was a monstrous restraint and would hold throes of the greatest magnitude. The bath was a clear site for mock drowning and dunking, and such torment frightened her. This left the pole and no doubt a brutal scourging once she was fixed to its many rings.

As to what the ridges were for, she had no clue, and that fact increased her malaise.

“I...I would like the pole, please, Miss,” she mumbled.

The girl lifted a leg to the subtle creak of rubber stretching upon her long limb and hooked her foot to Theresa’s shoulder. Locking her instep onto her collar, she deliberately dug the heel in and leaned 194

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over. Placing her forearm across her thigh to add more pressure, Pelakh lifted Theresa’s chin with her other hand and kept her there so that their eyes met.

“Repeat it clearly, slave, and in full.”

Theresa gazed deep into her tormentor's dark eyes and spoke aloud as a sudden dedication to surrendering to the girl took over.

“Please, Miss. I really want for you to torture me, Miss. On the pole. Please, Miss. I...I need to have you make me suffer. I want to please you in any way that I can.”

Theresa watched Pelakh smirk and then reach out to pat her head with congratulations. Then there came a visible brief flicker of doubt. The girl had obviously heard an unnatural amount of conviction in Theresa's request, and it had caught her off guard. With a harsh shove of her foot, she threw Theresa back to the ground and marched over to the pole.

“Get over here, slave!”

Unable and unwilling to resist the girl's demented designs, Theresa proceeded to the site that she had personally chosen. The girl shoved Theresa's back to the pole and lifted her hands high over her head. A set of manacles were retrieved and used to fix her wrists to one of the loftiest rings. This prevented any interference with what was to follow.

Theresa watched with numb dread when Pelakh took up a roll of thick wire. She tied the tip to one of the rings level with her wrist, choosing the anchor furthest from Theresa's trembling joints. With grim purpose and a spiteful leer, Pelakh began to draw out the cold metal coils.

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Pelakh pulled the reel taut against the ring and then proceeded to stroll about Theresa's body. The lending of her weight to the spool made the wire stretch all the tighter, and Theresa's breathing quickened into rapid gasps when the line ran across her wrists and forearms, binding them tightly to the pole. Every movement caused fresh pain as the wire pulled at her. The infernal lines crossed her forehead and adjacent elbows, and she moaned when the girl walked onward. Pelakh conducted her sadistic maypole dance with deliberate lethargy while Theresa gurgled and gave meek doleful squeaks.

A line drew across her nose and biceps, pinning them in. Theresa started to struggle but it was already far too late to get free. She opened her mouth to

shriek as the embrace closed in and another length slipped within her rictus. It tugged at the corners of her mouth, and as two more were used to grab her jaws, the girl prevented full closure. After traversing her chin, the relentless spirals moved to her armpits and then ran across her breasts.

Theresa mewled when they squashed her assets to her chest, the severity of the pull causing the wire to add to her mayhem with every hampered breath she took. After lingering to build a comprehensive mesh, the coils lowered still further and traveled under her bust. They gained acute force about her stomach and hips, whereupon the wire finished manufacturing a corset that coated her entire torso and left her whining in anguish.

“Ah, that’s so much better, isn’t it, slave? I do so love your voice when it’s squealing like an animal, 196

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rather than pretending it can muster the intellect to properly use the power of coherent speech,” mused Pelakh.

Theresa’s thighs began to gather layers and the soft flesh bulged between the dense horizontal bonds.

Pelakh stopped at this point and regarded her trapped subject with glee before tying off the wire at a ring between Theresa’s knees. The girl then snagged Theresa’s stilettos with her hands and started to pull back. The cocooned slave croaked for her to desist and begged for a cessation of the bondage, but as usual, Pelakh was not paying attention to such requests.

“Time for you to fly, slave!” she mused and simultaneously pulled Theresa’s feet back.

Theresa’s entire body weight descended onto the encircling bonds that lodged on the ridges and prevented her from sliding down. Trapped and held to the pole by dozens of burning slender strips, Theresa could only

emit a keening wail of wretchedness as her ankles were connected together by more wire and then affixed to the bonds of her torso. This prevented her from alleviating her suffering by finding purchase and support on the floor and made every pull of her feet increase the crush upon her ribs and her bound breasts.

The lithe girl ran her hands over the squeezed flesh. Her body drew up against Theresa's so that the prisoner could feel the girl's latex-clad body surge against her. Pelakh traced the bulbous wedges between each wire bond and licked her lips while her breath gave a quiver of licentious delectation.

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"Mmmmm, I'm going really going to make you suffer now, slave. And I'm going to love every single second of it," she purred, proving that even this was not enough for Pelakh and that she had to inflict more, simply for her own dark joy.

Another dose of the accentuating drug made her agonies rise in fervor and a misshapen black box was set down before her suspended knees. A cable was unwound and its metal jaws clamped onto the wire at her knees and at her wrists. A remote activator was taken from a small holster on the side of the machine and the power generator was switched on. Several lights came on and the machine gave a cranking grumble of expectation while it began to build its scathing charge. A line of tiny red spots started to slowly come on and lengthen along one panel. Once all were lit, the pitch settled to a steady tone and the machine was ready to pump the power into the conductive wires at the mere touch of a control.

Theresa's screams became all the more frantic when she discerned what was coming, and Pelakh began to stroke the activation tab in readiness. The

sounds reached a soul-torn apex the moment the button was pushed down and then they were suddenly cut off into a gurgling strained choke.

Theresa's body gave a stern throe and remained silent and at attention under the candescent influence of the generator.

The girl watched Theresa's petrified form with amusement for a few seconds and then released the tab. Theresa's body went slack, her shrieks pouring freely out as control was restored to her.

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The hollers developed into weak fits of choking and whimpering until the button was pushed again.

Theresa was brought to a rigid flex and her body vibrated against the wires. It felt entirely possible that she might dice herself if she was made to strain any harder. The girl released the tab and Theresa dropped against the wire mesh that encompassed her. A split second later, she yowled with dismay when she was able to answer the havoc the shock had given her.

Pelakh stepped out before her captive and put her spare hand to Theresa's damp skin. She seemed to give orgasmic shudders when she felt the perspiration.

"Ready for more, sweet slave?" she asked softly and lifted the control up to Theresa's tear-streaked features.

Before she could make a sound, the generator raged and poured its venomous charge through her body. Theresa jolted against the wires and remained at a taut pose while the current controlled every muscle in her body. The shock passed and Theresa again went limp upon the restraints. She strove to gain breath against the crushing corset and through tear-

bleared eyes, she saw the girl take down a weapon and return with it. The long, woven rod held an oval paddle at the tip. The length of the supporting strut made Theresa fear just how much it would add to the paddle's effects.

"Time for some old fashioned discipline, slave,"

said the girl.

Pelakh swung the implement back and Theresa's eyes widened as she watched it swing in towards her

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thighs. The smacking harsh strokes into the soft tender flesh were immediately joined by the electric jolts that added even more suffering. The diabolic youth would bring her to rigid attention and while Theresa quaked and quivered, she would slap the paddle to her with some vicious swipes. When the burst of power ended and she regained command of her physique, the resulting scream was all the more hearty and prolonged. As Theresa wailed, the girl would embrace herself and jiggle with ecstasy as though the resonating sound of a human's misery was sexually stimulating her.

The steady clap of the stinging paddle issued, along with the hum of the generator and her hoarse scream. Together, they remained a constant accompaniment to Pelakh's lustful laughter and Theresa was brought to an as yet unexplored pinnacle of pain.

The blows fell without mercy and the electrical discharge raged through her helpless frame until eventually, with a weary arm, Pelakh ceased her truculent assault. The girl threw the paddle over her shoulder, dropped the remote, and moved up against Theresa.

"Oh, that was some show there, slave. Did you enjoy it as much as I did?" she whispered.

Theresa felt the girl straddle her side and press her latex-smoothed loins against her body. Rubbing herself against her slave, Pelakh's breath panted against Theresa's ear. The girl was in a libidinous frenzy while her hands wandered upon Theresa's anguish-riddled physique. Her lips met Theresa's and 200

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she sucked one in and nipped softly at it as she continued her bizarre onanism.

“Oh, I want to see more. I want to continue. You humans are so delectable to punish. You suffer beautifully, and it's so much glorious fun to humiliate you! Debase you! Dominate you! Mmmmm, it just drives me *insane* with lust and satisfaction.”

The cable was disconnected and her feet were released. Theresa put her boots to the ground and pushed up with her toes to take the weight from the strangling cords. It gave her the tiniest and much needed hint of remission.

Pelakh was still controlled by her arousal and pressed her body to Theresa. Her lips nuzzled to her neck, starting to rise and against all reason, Theresa moved in and kissed her. Their lips pressed together just as tightly as their bodies, and both of them were quaking—Pelakh with sadistic lust, and Theresa with masochistic rapture. The brief enamored spell faded, and the two parted and seemed to pretend as though it had never even occurred. The mere notion was just too outlandish; that she had done such a thing with someone they should have held nothing but contempt for.

Her abuser removed the generator clips and began to wind the cords back onto the reel in silence. The release of the compression brought back the pain when sensation warily returned to the abused regions and fully announced the trauma it found there.

When the cuffs were unfastened, Theresa dropped lifelessly to the floor. Her body was a tiger-striped lattice of stern welts, and her thighs were covered 201

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with ardent rosy shades.

The girl stood over her while she finished winding the last of the coil back onto the drum. She then settled down and straddled the limp form beneath her. After setting aside the wire, she leaned in and tightened the grip of her parted thighs to Theresa's body. The pressure rekindled the contusions she had gained and made her wince and mewl slightly.

Pelakh took hold of her face and brought it round so she could stare into Theresa's slack features.

"Wake up, slave. Time for some more!"

"Wh...what...why are y...you doing this to...m...

me?" she sobbed.

Her throat felt like sandpaper from having been made to holler so acutely, but her mind was in an even more debilitated state. She had felt a rush of licentious frenzy in the darkest moments of her torment, and could not explain or come to terms with it.

"Because I like to. The weak are destined to be crushed by the strong. It's the way of the universe.

You should be grateful that you're entertaining enough to keep around and not just made extinct, slave."

With a mocking titter, she swung her thigh off Theresa and got back up. As Theresa started to recover her senses and some shade of mobility, the youth started putting the implements and devices back in their places.

“Now get in the bath, slave. I’m not finished with you yet,” she added and put a heel to Theresa’s rear before jabbing it in to goad her towards the sunken 202

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trough.

With her body raw, aching, and faint, Theresa slowly slithered over. It took her a few minutes to get there because her body lacked the strength to rise or move easily. In addition, she could not pass out because of the damning chemical that still ruled her system. A cry escaped her as she dropped in and the sudden bump to her bruises made them all light up in ghastly unison.

The girl began to buckle Theresa down with clear jubilation. She secured her limbs and body, but left her head suspiciously free. Pelakh stepped into the bath and sat astride Theresa’s chest with her knees on either side of the slave’s shoulders. Looking up at the gorgeous body rising above her, Theresa kept her words of begging firmly behind clenched teeth.

Begging only made Pelakh more vicious.

Pelakh chuckled, stopped up the plug, and turned the water on. Taking up the tap, she pulled it out and revealed the hose that fed it before a jet of cold water splashed into Theresa’s face. The chill subdued the angry heat of her bruises, but cut off her access to air.

Theresa tried to turn her head from the flow, but Pelakh only laughed and followed her with the spray.

“Oh, no, you don’t, slave.”

Theresa choked and fought to get free of her bonds.

The sensation was one of darkest animal fear. A brief break allowed her to gain some air amidst hacking coughs and splutters. Her wheezes were mixed with a few incoherent begs that only encouraged Pelakh to continue.

The water thundered into her face, making her 203

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squirm. Theresa threw her head from side to side as she frantically sought to gain a breath, her mind swimming in mortal jeopardy. Pelakh continued with elated satisfaction, applying the hose in prolonged bursts, giving only a mere moment for recovery before starting again.

The waters were soon rising about her ears and the level dragged at Theresa’s hair to inhibit her impotent attempts to evade the flow. Pelakh just laughed with euphoria and leaned back to force the nozzle into Theresa’s rear. The cold flood speedily began to fill her. It bloated the canals of her intestines and with a strain, she tried to expel the volumes before they overwhelmed her, but Pelakh merely turned up the flow to counter this seepage. Grim memories of a similar encounter aboard the vessel that brought her here arose as the pressure welled within her. She opened her mouth to complain, but Pelakh merely slapped her hand across Theresa’s mouth. Leaning weight to her palm, the girl held Theresa’s head firmly back and stopped her from speaking while she was internally flooded.

The pipe was tugged free and Theresa was permitted a chance to expunge the measures injected.

The waters were pure and untainted. After all, there had been nothing solid in her stomach for what seemed like years. A moment later, the waters were pounding her face once more. Her mind was aching from the assault when

Pelakh finally dropped the hose into the water and stood up. Theresa stared up at the image of the youth looming over her as lines of water ran down the impermeable skin that always 204

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separated them from each other.

Pelakh climbed out and left Theresa coughing while she tried to expel the water that had slyly entered her throat. A dizzying, stamping pound marched in her head from the effects of the near drowning.

Pelakh stretched out along the edge of the bath and turned up the flow. The level rose quickly, making Theresa yank vainly against her bonds as it rose over her cheeks. She strained her head towards the surface and pouted her lips out while the water continued to rise. Just as it was about to submerge her, the girl turned the flow from a flood to trickle, one that caused a most gradual but inexorable filling of the bath.

“If you want to live, you had best get gulping, slave,” advised the girl with a delighted smile.

Theresa felt the tickle of the surface creeping upwards. If she guzzled she could check the languid flow, but for how long? Would she just be putting off the inevitable? She had to trust that the girl’s father wanted her intact, and thus she would not be slain out of hand just yet. However, she had endured such profligate savagery at the hands of the daughter, and so she had to consider just what the father was capable of.

Pulling her craned forward head back below the surface, she began to gulp down water to try to defeat the volume. Her stomach was soon protesting the quantities that were gaining ingress and her bloated stomach developed a strangling suffering that soon made each mouthful a hell of torment. It became 205

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harder and harder to keep the rising tide in check.

Pelakh watched studiously and found felicity in the sight of Theresa fighting to swallow the ceaseless swell. Occasionally she reached out and pushed her down with a finger. Her jubilation at seeing Theresa's horrified face while it tried to reach the surface was obviously a source of no small satisfaction.

"Please! Miss! Don't!" she burbled. The ripples in the water made the words come out in portions because she was forced to spit water out so she could release them.

"And why not, slave? You think you're something special?"

"I... I'll do anything you want!"

"But say I want to see you slowly drown?"

"Y...You...Your...father!"

"And what about Warmaster Eldral Thaine, my father?"

"H...he...w...w...wa..."

"Wants you?"

Theresa nodded frantically and took a few more gulps that seemed to lodge in her throat because her belly was too full.

"You think he'd notice if I just tutored another slave to take your place? He'd never know. We have thousands of slaves. He's killed and captured tens of thousands more. I can do whatever I want and he'd never...ever... know."

The waters rose higher and Theresa pushed on. It was a futile effort and soon the waters were pouring in over her lips to seal her beneath the rippling surface.

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Like a maenad, Theresa fought against her bonds while Pelakh's leering face was distorted through the silver pane above her. Her heart thundered and her mind boiled. She could feel blackout swimming up from the depths of her soul, slashing away at her thoughts. As reason faded, her lungs reacted and rashly sought to draw in anything as though the mere need for oxygen would cause it to be present. Fluid flowed down her throat and entered her lungs as suddenly the restraints were being opened.

Theresa jerked upright and doubled over. Retching and expunging the quantity of water, her giddy thoughts concentrated on this one singular task. Once enough space had been made, she drew in a breath with such verve that it could have been her very first.

The gases were like nectar and once a maximum amount was in, she hurled them out amidst croaking coughs and splutters.

Wallowing in the bath, she wheezed and let the fog leave her terrified mind. The girl had almost ended her, and all she could do was endure it and hope the predilection for her faded sooner rather than later.

Her legs were set free and she was hoisted out of the bath and allowed to curl on the floor. A growing puddle formed beneath her water-soaked body and the occasional spluttering cough rose from her lips.

A hiss drew her attention and Theresa was dismayed to see the box emerging from its secretive hatch. Pelakh grabbed her and began to haul her slack form towards it.

“No! Please, Miss! Not again!” she begged.

Theresa tried to make her limbs stop or at least 207

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impede her passage. Nevertheless, her fight to get free of the bath had badly pulled her muscles and they were not co-operating.

“I’ll do anything you want! Haven’t you tortured me enough, Miss?” she implored.

“No, and I can have you do anything anyway. So I want you here, where I’ll know you’ll stay!”

Theresa was slotted into the tight confines and she continued to weep for clemency, even though she knew it was a pointless task. Pelakh proceeded as though she could hear nothing and selected a catheter. Threading it into Theresa, the girl gave her a slap to silence her.

“Keep quiet, and stop wriggling unless you want me to attach the other end of this to your mouth!” she warned.

Tears ran down Theresa’s cheeks to mix with the rivulets of bathwater, and she obeyed. The tube was affixed to a bag and a food tube was shoved into her.

Both pipes were glued into place and the girl paused to stroke the quaking form inside the tight prison.

“So now you go back into isolation again, slave,”

she said.

Pelakh began to caress the sides of the box while she continued to address her favored subject.

“So while you dwell in this little home, just think of me heading upstairs to have some fun with my friends. All sorts of pleasure and all sorts of fun. In addition, I’ll be thinking of you as I enjoy myself.

Thinking of you squashed in here and crying out against the darkness. Mmmmm, that’ll definitely give me a hearty orgasm, my little slave. Just the thought 208

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of your suffering makes me want to attend myself right here and right now, but it wouldn’t do to have you see that, not while you have some torment to endure for me.”

The girl dropped the lid and locked the box as the hydraulic arms drew it back into the wall and hid Theresa from view.

The isolation was more demanding on her this time. Her body ached terribly from the multiple abuses and her angst grew at the realization that the sessions were getting steadily worse. She could not endure them much longer, but how could she even resist? Their advanced medicine kept her aware and healthy and could heal any trauma. There was also no agency on the entire planet that she could plead with or escape to. They were all as twisted and depraved as the Thaines, or were even worse. The thought that she was actually lucky to have been enslaved by a family that was as benevolent as the Thaines seemed absurd, considering what she had gone through since her arrival.

Entombed in the unforgiving jail, the waves of demented semi-awareness began to envelop her. She could not sleep for true in this nightmare prison and this left her to exist in a perpetual twilight dream state where her breath and her pulse counted off the infinity of seconds.

Time was again scrambled, leaving her unsure as to whether weeks were passing or days. She succumbed to the need to urinate and the monstrous

wet feast she had been forced to take in was expelled.

At least she was free of the consequences of felonious 209

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ingestion.

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Chapter Seven

hen the box jolted forward, Theresa refused to believe that release was being granted until the W

lid lifted up and blinding light once more stung her eyes. Blinking and squinting against the glare, she watched Pelakh apply the solvent. The girl removed the bulging catheter bag and the immersed food tube.

The direct line into her stomach had once again sustained her without her knowledge, confounding her attempts to judge time after she had finished expelling the processed waters.

“Time to get up, slave.”

Pelakh paused and watched the almost imperceptible movements that Theresa made to get out.

“Well,” she said with a sigh. “I guess you’ll be needing some incentive.”

The vindictive girl lit a pyramidal candle and watched as the flame cultivated a pool of wax. Then she began to tip it and let molten droplets pitter-patter upon Theresa's back. Each drip cast a hot storm of angry sensation through the skin that it fell upon.

The layers began to dry and Pelakh added more drooling lines to her flesh. Theresa's jerks of response 211

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started to crack the crust with every motion she made to try to get out of the box. Theresa squeaked and fought even harder to gain egress. Her stolid body started to emerge from the prison and the trickles continued to fall without mercy to randomly dot her body. Frozen splashes sent streaks down her sides that covered fresh and sensitive zones. Theresa's squawk of shock just made the girl laugh and continue.

With a final yell of conviction, Theresa cleared the lip and slapped upon the floor. With weak movements, she crawled away from the baleful box while it retreated into the wall. With a soft hum, the hatch again closed and locked until the next time she was destined to live in the closed and secret coffin.

The girl blew out the candle and drew a small, curved bone handle from its perch on the wall. A long, wicked blade sprang out of a slit along one side and snapped into position. Pelakh checked that it was secure, and then started to use it as though she was shaving Theresa. She peeled the layer of wax from Theresa's skin and picked at the stubborn areas.

Pelakh smiled at the anxiety on Theresa's face as she watched the deadly weapon perform this minor task.

The pain was insignificant and felt like the light scratch of nails, but the mental trauma was very much more defined, because at any second it could be far more horrendous. Theresa's heart raced, and again, a strange sense of

exhilaration at the threat of such danger wafted her libido into a heightened state.

Taking advantage of her enervated condition, the spiteful youth began to slow her actions and scrape 212

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away the splashes with more force. Pelakh grazed and scratched lightly, but still failed to break the skin; she just increased the threat level. This made Theresa scowl and fight back her lustful responses so she might stay absolutely still while withstanding the cleaning process. The girl put the edge to Theresa's cheek, impassively watching her chagrin while the captive stared wide-eyed at the weapon.

"Such fragile creatures," she commented.

Pelakh arose and walked away. With a touch, the blade shot back into the handle and it was placed back on the wall.

"Get up, slave. My father will be here in a few hours and he wants you prepared for him."

Theresa jerked her head to regard Pelakh. She thought for a moment that she might have misheard.

Was she finally going to see the face behind the mask?

The anonymous Lord of this estate had brutally ravished her, branded her with his symbol, and sent her to this terrible world to live under the capricious savage depravity of his family, and she had never even seen the visage responsible for her enslavement.

The girl was waiting for her when she got back onto her feet. Pelakh reached over and summarily enclosed a flat metal collar about Theresa's

throat.

The silver skin-tight band was without feature once it was sealed, save for a ring at the front. Pelakh snapped a leash to it and took hold of the leather hoop that was its handle.

Her dress was superfluous to Eldral's design and was merely handed to her to be carried. With a yank to the lead, Pelakh took her to her front door where 213

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the Housekeeper stood ready to take charge. The uniformed woman accepted the leash with a slight bow and then brought Theresa behind her and further upstairs.

Movement was still difficult for Theresa. Her body was accustomed to the only posture the box granted but with each step, she was shrugging the cobwebs from her muscles. Whatever was in the nutrient sludge that stopped the decorative slaves from atrophying had also kept her muscles supple and rejuvenated. It made her also consider what other effects it might be having.

Ketak led her through myriad halls and passed the other maids that were diligently cleaning, polishing, and readying the house to impress its owner after his long absence. It riled Theresa when it occurred to her that the human captives were seeking to dazzle the very man that had orchestrated their abduction and the devastation of Earth.

She was taken to some large double doors that were set slightly in a shallow alcove. The surfaces were etched with swirling designs and complex patterns and the thick portals slid apart into the walls to reveal a huge bedroom beyond them.

The bed was large and circular. The perimeter had a wooden ledge that was set with sturdy rings at regular intervals. Five struts were equally spaced along this perimeter and supported the bed's velvet canopy. Five women, covered in fine denier catsuits, had been strapped to the slender poles to augment the strength of the struts.

All the furniture in the chamber was partially 214

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organic because of the women that had been forced to become one with it. The chairs were human females twisted by a frame and metal bands to serve them up as seat and backrest. Cushions lay on their laps and across their chests, and food tubes sustained them in their imprisoned doom. Some kneeling forms were curled into balls to serve as a central support for tables. Some were kept kneeling upright while the frames that held them forced them to hold the fixtures for lights. A pair of women were fastened erect and reached out to hold hands. Their extended limbs were speckled with rings that were used as a rack to hold coat hangers and a selection of somber clothing. Ketak added Theresa's dress to the array and she was shown through to an adjacent octagonal chamber.

The walls were mirrored so that it appeared much like Morschka's wardrobe room, save that here the ceiling and floor were similarly reflective. Two vertical pillars rose between the mirrored surfaces at the heart of the room. The columns looked like neon bulbs and cast a surgical glow across the entire strange room. The inner surface of the incandescent poles bore fetters and manacles, each one dangling from a thick cord. The cord was black and greasy in appearance, and the substance was frighteningly familiar.

The Housekeeper delivered her between the pillars and began to fasten the restraints about her joints.

Small locks upon the cuffs ensured that Theresa had no way to be free of them. The woman placed one hand to Theresa's jaw line and lifted her head up so she could remove the leash, but leave the slim collar 215

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in place.

“Lord Eldral will be here shortly. I advise you to please him. The Master's time is exceedingly precious and he does not like to be disappointed,” warned Ketak.

The Housekeeper deserted her without further conversation. The door slid shut once the latex-attired woman sauntered out and with some soft clicks, the portal locked itself to seal Theresa within the eerie prism and await the entrance of her one true master.

The fiber lengths that snaked to her joints were long, and allowed her to sit down if she let her arms stretch over her head. Theresa knew that the artificial muscles were capable of extreme contraction so she could surmise that the pillars were going to become a dreadful rack. She had to trust that Eldral would not have shipped her all the way from Earth just to end her here, and she prayed that he would not be as cruel as his daughter.

Thinking back to her first encounter with him, she hoped that a session of bondage and then intercourse would be her lot, because she was starting to find such things extremely pleasant against all her best wishes to deny such ridiculous desires.

When she recalled his incredible strength, she wondered if the same fake muscles that were attached to her body were located within the alien suits of armor. It would finally explain their monstrous strength, even though such information was no longer relevant or even useful.

Seeing her naked body presented in every facet of the room was not a pleasant vision. The saturnine 216

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makeup was still virtually unmarred by her ordeals and the stockings were still firmly part of her. The collar about her throat told undeniably that she was property, a slave that was owned and had to accept any depraved whim from those that ruled her.

Being constantly shown what she had become, when she was so fervently trying to forget, was not helping her state of mind. Theresa was diligently trying to suppress her fury, but the endless reflections made it rise and plague her thoughts. She did not need to be torn with resentment right now, not when she would need to be at her most submissive to placate the monster about to visit her.

Theresa looked up when she heard clicks emerge from the door, and then they began to part. The portal revealed a tall figure that strode in with majestic boldness. He had a toned and athletic form with a mane of black hair that fell behind his head. The sides had been shaven away, and several silver rings dotted his lobeless ears.

The handsome face exuded pure power, an authority that instantly crushed all her thoughts of rebellion and seemed to make her wilt before his scrupulous gaze. This Dregakk warrior controlled whole armies of troops and fleets of battleships. He had subjugated at least one planet and probably assisted in countless others. Such authority created an almost tangible aura of undeniable command.

Eldral wore snug leather trousers and a pair of tall boots with subtle knee guards. In one hand, he held a black case that he set down and opened while the main doors once again slithered shut and locked 217

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automatically. From within the case he removed one of the osmotic syringes and moved towards her.

Theresa cowered back instinctively, because she knew that even a mere hand spanking would be considerably more traumatic once the venomous drug was in her system and tightening her nerve endings.

“I see you are familiar with this, Theresa,” he said with a smile.

Theresa nodded. The use of her name rather than a title or insult caught her completely by surprise.

“Bend over and present your rear to me so I can give you your dose, then.”

Intimidated by his glare, Theresa turned herself over and offered her naked buttocks to the Warmaster. He moved in, pressed the osmotic syringe to her left cheek, and then fired a significant dose into her. Theresa’s head arched up and she groaned as she felt the large dose swell beneath her skin and then start to spread into her system. She could already feel her skin becoming more sensitive. The slightest disturbance of the air, the coldness of the floor, and the slick nature of the bonds were all becoming greatly enhanced to her.

Returning to the case, he changed the canister and gave himself a shot of the new contents. Eldral shuddered and took a deep long breath before he put the device back and took out the most formidable whip Theresa had ever seen. The handle was long, with a large pommel that was shaped like a screaming skull. The eye sockets held the buttons that would regulate her implanted internal nemesis. The hooked hilt broke into nine curling serpentine heads, 218

and each one threw open its jaws to permit the exit for a woven thong. The nine scourging tendrils swung with menace with each of his strides and struck added fear into her heart. The thought of the tongues lapping at her body quickly encroached into her already significant mental turmoil.

The Dregakk General stomped before her and touched one of the pillars as he passed it. The ropes instantly shortened with a whip crack. They snapped her to her feet, and spread-eagled her between them with such acute might that her heels barely scraped the ground.

Eldral looked down at her. Even suspended above the height of her heels, the towering form of her master was still greater than her own.

An inquisitive hand explored her breasts. Theresa writhed against her restraints as the delicate touch brushed her nipples. The enhancement chemical made the usual pleasure at such a touch rise to unimaginable levels, and when he pinched the tips of her stiffening assets, the discomfort was as equally intense. Theresa stifled a cry and grimaced when he turned the peaks.

Without a word, he walked behind her and as she watched him in the mirrors, she saw his arm rise and cast the thongs back. Theresa braced for the pain and listened to the whistling thongs streak towards her back. The nine lines of effulgent wrath were joined by a jolt of electric suffering. Her jaws jerked open and she let out a howl of startled pain. The thongs were mildly electrified! How could she hope to weather this storm?

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Another blow fell, returning her to the zone of unendurable suffering. The ropes began to tighten when she struggled and they pulled her all the more tightly. This made her arms and legs accompany the searing torment of her back while her joints gurgled with scathing maelstroms, yet she could not

move in the slightest. The whip was hardly the most pernicious weapon, even with the light sting of the electric shock added to it, but the drug was making them more grievous than she could stand.

Theresa hollered as he continued to deliver his mordant strokes with terrible strength and regular timing, allowing her to expect and dread each imminent slash.

Tears trundled down her face, her teeth chattered and her heart fluttered in her chest. She could not cope with the strain being placed upon her.

The horror was worse for seeing the welts he was inflicting. The multitude of images before her gaze allowed her to witness every aspect of the room, just as Eldral could see his captive's pain from any angle he wished. The angry streaks the whip imparted rose like small trenches as her skin reacted to the shock and the whip. As he continued to apply an endless deluge of oscillating sweeps, the pain grew worse.

Her already hypersensitive skin was made even more acutely susceptible by the blows, and each one added further to her woe.

Several areas that had been repeatedly hit opened small scratches. Theresa panicked when she saw them and began to scream and beg, calling to anything and anyone to deliver her from this curse until after an 220

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infinity of insufferable pain, Eldral eventually stopped.

Theresa sagged against her tugging bonds and panted for breath. Her respiration was ragged and uneven. The shock of the abuse was still plain and caused nervous twitches to travel her frame. Sweat ran down her face and body in voluminous quantities and dripped from the toes of her suspended shoes.

The rubber stockings seemed to squirm upon her flesh because of the trapped volumes of sweat.

As though breaking free of a distressed shell, her mind suddenly lifted up into nirvana. Her mind seethed with a glorious rapture, a titillating delightful storm of masochistic lust brought from the merciless assault. Her jaws trembled as her loins grew humid with fresh craving. The ache in her limbs was a blissful one that was now being magnified by the chemical that had been such a bane.

The bonds began to loosen and Theresa was gently lowered to the floor where she settled into whatever position gravity chose for her.

Returning to the case, her assailant carefully replaced the whip and drew out a mesh of black straps that jingled malevolently when they appeared.

Theresa was unable to stop him and he began to buckle the strapping about her with well-practiced expertise.

The harness locked firmly across her body and she found that the inner surface was comprised of latex that sprouted a dense bristling array of tiny rubber studs.

Her arms were bound together behind her back 221

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and a set of straps from her wrists and hips connected to a set of stirrups. A web of tight prickly straps squeezed her breasts, then flattened them to her chest.

The nest of tiny pliant spines pressed to her passable skin and made her whimper with a mixture of relish and dismay.

Eldral rolled her onto her front and lifted her arms so that he could slip into the hoop they presented. He brought his feet up and slotted them into the stirrups and then she felt him part the cheeks of her rear. With a vicious plunge, he drove into her and Theresa shrieked. Her body seemed to explode with riots of fire and ecstasy. The pull that his feet established caused the harness to drag its numerous tiny fangs against her ultra-sensitive skin. They were not sharp enough to penetrate or even scratch, but their jabbing shuffle against her super-tender hide was hideously unbearable and yet exquisitely savage.

With a kick into the stirrups, he drew her down onto each ramming jab of his member and each pull made the harness tighten into a searing clinch. The blunt-toothed straps wrung her breasts and a million rending spots of hot anguish coursed over her tightly bound body. In addition to the mayhem, there was the rhapsody of him driving into her rear. Each shuffle of his erect length through her sphincter was a splendid feeling that mingled with her misery and tore her apart with the dizzying blend of anguish and elation. The ravishment was driving her insane and her struggles were only making it worse; prematurely causing the straps to shrink even quicker. The tighter they grew, the more controlled she felt and the more 222

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gratification she was able to extract from her ravishment.

Theresa felt the villain's cock swell slightly and his drives became more rash. He forced his legs straight out with a growl the moment he climaxed and she felt him fill her rear with his seed. The drug made the sensation of the influx incredibly detailed and it took her delight even higher even as her pain was also brought to a zenith. Her cries rose to a piercing crescendo while the dull fangs clawed upon her writhing physique and her anus chewed on his rampant length.

Eldral threw his head back and roared onto the air to echo her confused pain with his own elation. His drives became slower and he continued to relish

the manipulation brought by the convulsing opening.

Finally, he slowed to a halt and paused. He caught his breath and gave some soft purrs of appreciation while Theresa continued to flex and clench against him. The feeling of such invasion into her body was thrilling her, as was the heat from his shaft, the feel of his semen, the stretching of her sphincter, and the choking of her tracts with a domineering tyrannical cock.

Her enslaver removed himself from her contorted frame and made Theresa jolt to attention and cry out as the sudden flight brought a blast of recovered sensation. With slow and unhurried motions, her master began to unbind her while she quaked from the ghostly sensation haunting her anus.

Theresa could only lie there, her body reverberating from the abuse.
However, physical 223

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anguish was not the only kind Eldral liked to inflict and as he removed the copious strapping, he cut at her with words to offend her very psyche.

“That was most pleasing, Theresa. You are quite a catch. In fact, you’re probably the last true free-range catch I’ll make. No more wild humans left, you see. I left your planet dead, Theresa. A barren husk. We stripped it of its population and its valuables, crushed your home, and left the dregs that we don’t want or can’t be bothered with. The remnants of your race are now slaves of our rule. Homo Sapiens are now kept alive at our whim. How does this make you feel?” he gloated.

“You...you are lying! Lord,” said Theresa. She grimaced when a rubber strap clung to her nipple as it was drawn away to reveal the slight imprints the studs had left.

“Am I? You think your feeble, backward planet could withstand the might of the Phed Dregakk Theocracy? The strong thrive by suppressing the weak. It is the way the universe wants it. Don’t you agree?”

“If I speak my mind, you will punish me, Lord,”

she whispered softly. Theresa wanted to retort, to try to counter his words, but she wanted to evade a fresh session of amerce more.

“Speak your mind freely, slave. Such as it is,” he said, confident that she would not be able to refute his words.

“You are evil, corrupt, insane. What you are doing is an abomination. You and your twisted, perverted society are an abomination. What gives you the right 224

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to oppress and enslave?”

“What right? You act as though you’ve never seen this occur before. You forget. We studied your world before we decided to take it from you. We’ve seen your bloody history. Every ‘civilized’ society, every great empire and world power has built its spires upon the bones of its indigenous races.

“However, where you so freely slaughtered, we preserve. Where you deny your dark nature, we revel and encourage it. You humans bleat at oppression, yet you secretly relish being controlled. You revolted against decadent monarchs and then created stifling, secretly decadent governments and catalogues of laws you ached to break. We are giving you the control that you so fundamentally crave. You ape-creatures should be grateful.”

“For what? Pain? Humiliation?”

“For your life and the continued existence of your species. You would have wiped yourselves out eventually, either through war, accident, greed or neglect. We are merging you into our culture, and although your generation is too accustomed to your previous life to see it, the generations raised under our heel will be taught to appreciate us and the security we offer.”

“The breeding program?”

“Was passed two days ago. We are selecting the finest specimens from those we have not sterilized and are using them to bring forth a new generation.

You should be honored. We have not considered a race worthy of maintaining for centuries.”

Theresa recoiled at the thought of her entire race 225

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reduced to puppets for the corrupt desires of this species. Who could have ever foreseen such a grave end for her people? The Warmaster knelt down beside her and his hand traced up her inner thigh.

Theresa quivered and bit her lip lest a long ululating moan escape.

“But I must admit, I do like your species this way—tearful, whining, maintaining a shred of hope for your rescue. And yet, I saw from your reactions that this is not entirely abhorrent to you. Your slave gland cannot have lifted you to such levels by this time; it normally takes a year at the very least. It seems that when I selected you on a whim, destiny had decided to reward me with a true prize.”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

Theresa’s head dropped back and her jaws spread wide. She hissed as his finger swirled against her clit with such dexterous skill that the room seemed to turn over from the ferocious flood of pleasure that he constructed at a mere touch. It seemed that Eldral was as skilled with pleasure as he was with pain.

“You have heard mention of the gland. It takes time, but it makes those we harvest more amiable to their lot. Not completely obedient; we still like the resentment, the loathing, but the fear is accentuated to help keep you in line. You however, must have some hidden predilections for what we do to you. Take hidden submissive leanings and subject them to the gland, and you have a situation similar to what the enhancing drug does for pleasure and pain.”

Theresa’s back arched up and his finger started to stroke with slow and steady gusto. Her arms dropped

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to the floor and her digits began to claw at the ground. She wanted to beg him to stop, but she told herself that she was seeking information and should keep quite. The truth was that she was having too much fun under his hand, under his control, under his absolute ownership of the body that he could punish or tease on a capricious fancy. She started to draw her thighs closed and his other hand slapped to one and pinned it down to enforce his regnant.

“You will find that your cravings will grow with time, Theresa. The treatment you once despised so acutely will become your most pressing fantasy.

Already I can see that you are beginning to enjoy being trussed and being disciplined, and there is so much more for you to experience here.”

A last volley of meticulous swirls brought Theresa to climax. Eldral watched her jerk and mewl under his ministrations, and then finally slowed his actions before stopping and moving back.

“Since you, and those we have taken before you, were the guide by which we came to a decision, it is only fitting that you come with us to the Temple and see the religion that will bind your coming generations. Perhaps they will find the secret pleasure that you have, but then again, perhaps not.”

The thought of seeing their sick faith was not a nice one. Theresa had heard other hints of what went on there, from the other maids, and seen how the other slaves dreaded such a location. Yet, a morbid curiosity skulked at the back of her mind, one that wanted to see what it was that inspired the Dregakk to such pious cruelty.

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Eldral packed away the abominable harness and closed the box. Theresa rose to her feet and swayed on her heels. She was still a little unsteady from the taxing drain of the assault. The Warmaster entered the other room, retrieved her dress, and cast it to her.

“Ready yourself, slave,” he commanded.

The door slid shut and sealed her in with only a thousand reflections of her abused physique as company. Wherever the straps had lain there were myriad rosy indentations and some shallow scratches.

The speckled roads crossed her body and ran over the stern welts that were still darkening upon her back.

Seeing the trauma that had been visited on her flesh was almost as distressing as their infliction.

When she tried to wriggle into the dress, she bucked and sobbed from the pressure that rode upon her wounds. Theresa started to don the garment more slowly and gave herself time to brace for each tug of the material. It was a horrendous chore, but she finally managed it.

It was also a useful by-product of dressing because her orgasm had eased her libido and in the cold aftermath, she was looking with rancor upon how she had squirmed for him, how she had proven his words with her reactions. The pain helped distract her from this. She now had three enemies within her body. The implant was a technological fiend, the gland was forging a psychological cage and her own previously hidden and unknown vices were a sentence of damnation for her. If she could not find a way to keep them in check, they would consume her.

Moments later, Eldral stomped back into the 228

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chamber. His body was now clad in sections of black armor that fitted and accentuated the curves of his muscles. Awards and braids adorned his chest and shoulder, and his rank and insignia were displayed with pride.

“Ready, slave?” he enquired tersely.

Theresa wheeled and presented her zip. The Warmaster removed the thin collar and tugged it upwards. Theresa gave a muted moan of pain when the fist of latex squeezed her abused body. He fastened her collar and locked it, sealing her once more within the uniform.

“Did you enjoy our little session, slave?” he asked while assessing her haggard manner.

“No, Lord,” was her frank but not entirely honest reply.

The Warmaster walked around her, trailing his hands upon her body and following the curve of a latex-entombed buttock or breast.

“But you will soon enough. I intend to sculpt your psyche, slave. To rewrite it. When I finish, you will either be insane or an Epicurean whore begging me for abuse.”

“Then I would prefer madness,” she stated insipidly.

His gauntlet-covered hand clapped across her chin from behind and yanked her back against his chest.

The bump of her back against his breastplate made the deep weals shriek afresh, and she trembled because she felt herself sink against him with adoring compliance. She hated him so, yet because of this and because of his power, she was undeniably his doting 229

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servant.

“Forget something, slave?” he said softly and tightened his grip.

“Sorry...I meant...I would prefer madness...Lord!”

“Better,” he commented.

After fixing a leash of barbed chain to the collar of her uniform, he drew her behind him with a sharp tug and marched downstairs and out of the house.

Outside was a large and sleek craft that hovered a foot from the soil, hanging as though it were suspended by invisible strings. A hatch in the midnight and fully opaque hull yawned and rolled out a tongue of steps so they might enter. Her guiding owner turned to a passing groom.

“Arrange a hunt for my return,” he ordered.

“Any particular quarry, Lord?”

“Ones with spirit. I want the hounds to have a good chase before the capture.”

The groom bowed and moved off to implement the orders and to make Theresa suspect what or more precisely, who, the prey might be. Certainly they would not be normal beasts, because none lived on this planet, only humans taught to behave as such.

The Warmaster tugged her leash and drew her into the waiting craft.

The other members of the family occupied the soft bucket seats that were arrayed neatly inside and towards the back sat the staff—the Housekeeper, Head Groom, and several of the agricultural overseers.

Eldral sat at the vacant space in front and made Theresa abase herself beside him like a pet. She 230

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crouched down and formed into a ball. She could feel the stare of the other Dregakk on her back and it was disturbing to know that they were not thinking of her in a sexual manner, only what demonic things they could do to her body to amuse them. Nevertheless, she was with Eldral now, the master of the House, and was exclusively his. For now, she was out of their reach. Setchak and Pelakh would have to just sit and fantasize for now.

Theresa shifted a little to wiggle and tease them with her physique. They would be yearning to see her thrashed, to watch her wail, but for now, she was in charge, and she could torment them with what they could not have. It was almost flattering to realize that a being that had free choice of any life form, any male, any female on Earth, had actually taken a brief fancy to her.

The hatch sealed and with a purring hum, the vessel began to lift into the skies. Large windows were revealed along the sides of the craft when the material drained of color and revealed that they were one-way so as to hide the interior from outside view.

They also permitted Theresa to watch the land drop away once the material had become fully transparent.

Clouds were shredded upon the craft's nose and it began to rapidly accelerate. The broad expanse of an ocean zipped past in seconds, and after only a few minutes of travel they were slowing again as towering black spires began to flash past.

Once they were traveling at a fairly normal speed, Theresa began to see other vehicles buzzing across the misty sky like mechanized gnats. The ship began to 231

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wind downwards into the heart of the city and the towers began to swell and were joined by smaller peaks.

Theresa stared with awe at the colossal city, but she was also mortified by its construction and decoration. The sky-piercing shards were encased in twisted columns and a latticework of uneven windows. Mutant statues could be seen lurking on pedestals and made the most hideous gargoyle seem like a creature of beauty. Thorn-encrusted flagpoles had long flapping banners that displayed the House symbol of its owners. Others dangled the living bodies of human and alien, each bound in painful and demeaning poses while they swayed helplessly in the high altitude gusts.

Other craft became more readily visible as they also traveled slowly through the maze of titanic stalagmites. The traffic moved at an idle pace, unaffected by gravity or the need for haste. Some looked like flying shards of darkness. Others were more bulbous, or had an appearance akin to huge raptors or manta rays.

Through this labyrinth loomed a colossal structure.

It looked like a collection of jagged obsidian knives that shot up beyond the height of any other structure.

No flag donned this porcupine mountain, only endless legions of suspended living bondage wretches.

With a soft bump, the craft stopped and the exit opened. The vessel was one of several that were using a vast landing pad that stretched before the church.

Elevated above the main streets on tall ornate pillars, 232

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only Dregakk of the most elevated status were evident upon it. Theresa was taken from the ship and with the rest of the family, she scaled the black flight of steps and moved into the splendid arches of this satanic cathedral. Streams of congregating Dregakk flowed with them from the area and more could be seen pouring in from the ground level entrances far below.

The avenues before the Temple were packed with pedestrians, many of them keeping slaves at their heels. The sight of the city slaves was appalling, for while some were in the function of maids and servants, many were contorted and twisted with vengeful harnesses that pulled, restricted, nipped, compressed, and pierced with any movement. Others were completely sealed inside latex or leather tombs that oppressively fitted to their body. Others were weighed down in copious layers to make them lurch like zombies under the voluminous folds of their garments. It seemed that living in this megalopolis of perversity had inspired the resident Dregakk to even greater heights of insane vindictiveness.

The vast hall was lined with dense rows of pews between monstrous pillars, each with a crooked living being bound in misery at the end. The seats were filled with Dregakk in their most exotic splendor and fetishistic finery.

The high, vaulted ceiling depicted a fresco of an albino woman of astounding beauty sat upon a throne of skulls. About this religious depiction hung many hundreds of living and bound captives that were gathered from just as many worlds.

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The sides of the chamber were lost amidst the rows of columns that were ringed with inverted forms.

Each prisoner was lost in cruciform position upon beds of toothed wire to deny them any chance of escape or reprieve from their woe. The far end of

the hall was a plinth given over to a colossal statue that was sculpted to present the same pale Amazon deity behind a row of eight metal stakes.

The Thaines acquired seats near the first rank at the front, and Theresa knelt on the floor to peer between the gap presented by the two worshippers before her.

From the wings of the stage emerged rows of beautiful women. Each had a wild mane of white hair and was clad only in the most meager clothing and thigh-high stiletto boots. The enticing leather lingerie was dotted with dissuading spines and studs.

The women drew out nine weeping naked forms that they swiftly bound to the stakes. The human captives quailed with absolute terror. The salacious females moved to their sides and drew various instruments of torture. Each Dregakk had one single specialty device that devoted them to a singular mode of torment.

From behind the statue marched a regal form that was without doubt the High Theocrat of the Temple.

Theresa's jaw dropped open and she felt a licentious blizzard rise through her along with an equal amount of terrified fear. Goosebumps flickered across her body, a chill ran up her spine, and she felt her sex growing humid with desire. The woman was tall, and her exquisite allure was matched by her grace and aura of absolute malevolence and supremacy.

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A jeweled spider of a headdress stroked her braided hair back with its hooked legs. A thorn-flecked collar encircled her slender neck while a basque of sculpted black clung lovingly about her torso and cupped her teasingly exposed breasts together. Two straps wound around her hips to

join and then snake between her legs. Stiletto thigh boots gripped her exquisitely shaped legs, and gloves of the same polished leather ran up her arms. A flowing velvet cloak tumbled about her shoulders and dragged along the floor behind her.

The woman stopped at the front of the plinth and began her address in a voice that resounded through the hall in a sibilant, yet silken tone. Each word resonated in Theresa's ears to both entrance and frighten to degrees she would have thought mere speech impossible to achieve.

“Loyal Phed Dregakk. We have gathered to witness this sacrifice to our Goddess and to thank her for the bountiful crop of flesh she has given us, by which we can assure ourselves that we are indeed the chosen of the universe.”

“Revel in these blessed cries, for they appease our Goddess. Find pleasure in destroying the dignity and composure of those beneath you, because mercy and compassion are the traits that have ruined our conquered victims.”

“We of the Phed Dregakk must endure for all time, for there must always be a pinnacle of ultimate unflinching being for others to fear and look up to.

We of the Phed Dregakk Theocracy *are* that pinnacle.”

“We of the Phed Dregakk must be strong. We must 235

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be cruel. We must sate our whims without compunction for the flesh we use for our holy purposes. To show clemency or restraint is to show weakness, and to risk devolving into one of the pathetic breeds we crush so readily for our amusement.”

“Let the sacrifice commence, and fill your hearts with the rapture brought forth by the agony of an inferior.”

The woman withdrew and left her phalanx of followers to initiate their task. Theresa had to focus her eyes elsewhere as they worked and the entire Temple echoed with howls of soul-torn torment. The acts that were being conducted were without equal and the Dregakk gazed on. They were enthralled and captivated by the wails that they were listening to as though they were the sweetest choir. Theresa, on the other hand, became nauseous with horror.

It took hours for the cries to finally end and the last mangled body to go limp and sink with a gurgling croak. As the tattered soul departed with a final rattle, Theresa gave a silent prayer of thanks that it was over.

The sights and sounds were ingrained upon her psyche more deeply than any other memory she had, and were now a deterrent that made her pledge to avoid the fate of those unfortunate sacrifices, no matter what she had to bear.

The Dregakk began to rise and file out and as the Warmaster took up Theresa's lead to leave the charnel cathedral, she realized now that she was more their slave than ever. She was frightened into her 236

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submission by the extremes of what this malignant race's infernal clergy were capable of. It also meant that she could embrace her covert iniquity with ease, because it would be the force that would help her survive by avoiding the dreadful fate of those brought to this place.

A further cause for concern could be noticed in the inspired and lecherous glimmer in the eyes of the Thaine family. It was a light that told her own ordeals were far from over.

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Chapter Eight

eanwhile, light years from where Theresa is held...

MThe midnight ocean of deep space winked back at her with a million flickering, silvery eyes. However, where others might find awe or wonderment at this grand vault of creation, Lady Tytax could only see worlds to conquer, new races to subdue and eradicate, and new flesh to bring home to serve the Theocracy of the Phed Dregakk.

Bitterness touched her shriveled and blackened heart. It was an abiding resentment that she was being denied the advancement in career that she so richly deserved. Nevertheless, all those in the military knew that once command of a warship was gained, further promotion only came when a world or species was found. Only then could the Captain lead forces in the ravaging of that planet, and thus fully earn and keep the title, standing, and authority, of a Warmaster.

Even her former lieutenant, the man who had served on her ship for ten years before gaining a command of his own, had overtaken her. Lord Thaine had located the succulent morsel that was Earth and 238

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had earned his promotion with ease. His discovery was not even due to skill, merely luck. One of his fighters had collided with a derelict space module of some sort during battle exercises. Upon inspecting the alien artifact, they had found a crude gold map that led back to the home planet

of the depicted race, along with some token information on them. After initiating the search, he had stumbled upon broadcasts and radio transmissions and had followed the messages back to their source to find a world ripe for the taking.

The bridge of her warship was quiet and still. The crew idly watched their stations but found little of interest in the cold vacuum that their vessel majestically drifted through. Their vapid stares were bathed in the somber colors being cast forth by their screens and controls, and made them seem only half-alive. Perhaps they were. The Phed Dregakk thrived on conquest, be it of worlds or of a slave at their feet.

To do any less seemed to leave them hollow or two-dimensional.

Turning sharply, Lady Tytax marched back to her throne and slumped down into the cushioned folds after casting her cloak aside. The metal shell of her armor rattled against the carved obsidian of the armrests.

Reaching across, she patted her pet. The trained beast knelt snugly beside the towering seat and looked up at her with an adoring stare. The creature was a gift from Eldral. It was the leader of some powerful nation of Earth that had been captured and broken. It was supposedly a gift to show respect to his 239

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old commander, but she suspected that it was given more to gloat than to show any actual fondness. Her ex-subordinate was just showing off his achievements.

The sector in which she traveled was dead. It was nothing but dying gas giants and worlds so ancient that any life must have long since left them or perished.

“Any inhabitants in this system?” she hissed.

Undercurrents of anger sifted through into the soft purr of her voice. She felt like ordering a battle drill, just to get some life flowing. That, or go to her quarters and put on a nice big strap-on and violate her pet until it squealed.

“No signs of current residence, my Lady,” was the swift and harried reply from one of the sensor teams.

Turning slowly to face the young officer, she frowned and regarded him scornfully.

“What do you mean, *current*? If you’ve found something, tell me!” she growled.

“There are traces of cities and other structures, but it has clearly been deserted for millennia, my Lady.”

With a long and soothing exhale, Lady Tytax lay back and knotted her fingers. After loosening her clenched teeth, the impotent rage dwindled and she restored her calm visage.

“Signal the other cruisers that we are leaving.

Helm...take us about and get us away from these barren antiques. If anyone wants me, I’ll be in my quarters, fucking my pet,” she said.

With a leering scowl, she took in the shocked expression of her humbled and degraded slave. The 240

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view of the stars began to turn, revealing a dark orange gas giant. A dozen or so moons were locked about the whirling orb of amber hues, each of them imprisoned and as lifeless as the massive sphere.

“Disturbance at vector two-three-one, starboard side!” announced one of the crew.

Leaping to her feet, her heart fluttered with excitement at the prospect of something to relieve the tedium.

“Main screen!”

The view of the gas giant flickered and as though blinking, opened its electronic gaze onto a new sight.

Lady Tytax threw a hand over her eyes when the full glare of the red sun flashed through the interior of the bridge and dazzled those who had looked upon its full and terrible radiance.

“Solar filters! Before I execute you myself!” she roared.

Choosing not to draw attention to himself with apologies, the crewman activated the screen and skulked in his anonymity. The glare dwindled when a darkened shade fell across the scene. It revealed three white discs, their structures lost inside flowing rays of anemic white. The cold, incandescent nature of the craft lent them an almost ethereal quality.

“Threat assessment?” she questioned, stroking her chin while they continued to close in.

“Unknown power source. Sensors are not penetrating their hull. All readings are inconclusive at this time.”

Peaceful contact was the medium through which the Dregakk had subdued countless races, and thus 241

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she knew the folly of trying to remain passive and open negotiations with a new species. Besides, they needed nothing else, only more of what they already had. Allies and friends who could turn on them were not required. All that was not Dregakk was an enemy, and enemies were shown no mercy.

“Power to the weapons systems. Activate forward defense screens. Open all fighter launch tubes. Attack on my command. Contact the other ships and tell them to fall in about us. Once we attack, I want them sweeping out to attack at the flanks.”

The bridge welled with sound. Commands were issued and duties hastily undertaken. The wailing siren of battle stations drifted throughout the massive flagship and called the swarming minions of the craft to scramble to their allotted positions.

“All systems engaged and operating at full capacity. All sections report full battle status.”

“All captains have acknowledged your command and are slotting into tactical attack formation.”

The discs were moving steadily toward them and Lady Tytax sneered. Whatever they were, they would be no match for the legions of the Phed Dregakk.

With a broad grin of satisfaction and contentment, she carefully stared at her opponents and mentally conjured images of their imminent fiery doom.

“Launch fighters. Forward batteries...fire at will.

Engage and obliterate. For the Goddess.”

“For the Goddess!” echoed the bridge crew.

The lights dimmed when the bristling turrets of energy cannon that coated the vessel began to spit their bolts of viridescent force in stuttering bursts.

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The power drain leeches from the rest of the craft while its reactor struggled to keep up with demand.

The gunners went wild with their assault. The boredom of the last few months had finally found a homicidal outlet.

The streaking barrage lanced through space and plunged at the foe, only to fade into the white shell that surrounded the craft. Every smile on every Phed Dregakk suddenly faltered.

“Damage report!” hissed Lady Tytax.

A sudden sinking feeling rolled into her stomach.

She had just watched the alien vessels shrug off a blizzard of fire that would have cracked a vessel ten times their size.

“No visible effect. They may be absorbing the energy discharge.”

“Suggestions?” she snapped.

“Tactical retreat and contact Prime to appraise them of hostile conta—,”

Lady Tytax swung her arm out and fired a single bolt into the crewmember. The warrior jerked back against the wall. After briefly looking at the steaming hole in the center of his chest, he collapsed.

“We are Phed Dregakk, we do not flee from an opportunity to conquer!” she growled. “Suggestions!”

“Transfer to heavy weapons and solid offensive batteries,” offered another warrior.

“Power to missile tubes and energy lances. All fighters engage. All warships lock on center target and fire!” she yelled.

Lady Tytax arose from her throne and stepped closer to the screen to glare at the enemy. Beads of 243

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fearful sweat were rising upon her brow. The six attack cruisers of her fleet were arcing around and moving in on them from every angle, while a storm of tiny black dots shrieked forth in precisely organized waves. The fighters moved to engage at full thrust. It would take precious moments for the energy lances of the flagship to build to full power and as the lights dwindled to almost imperceptible levels, Lady Tytax continued to observe the battle.

Convoys of small tubes dove into the hectic scene.

The jagged rockets were pushed through the night atop brief crimson plumes of light. The void then smothered the burning tail fire moments after it left the spewing cone of radiance. The missiles twisted and turned like eels, etching flaming paths towards the foe, their internal arrays of sensors peering at their singular duty.

The enemy was now no longer of the disposition to remain silent against this aggression. They instantly banked and split up with a speed and grace that was impossible to display in space. The discs skipped outward to dash forward, then veer and cavort amongst the cruisers.

Their halo of candescent force began to swell and it swiftly hid them amidst a nova burst of blinding light. When this lucent well grew to proportions where it hurt the eyes to bear witness to, weaving crackling arcs of lightning screamed from their hull.

The crooked tendrils crossed the distance between them and their target in an instant. The discharge caressed the cruisers and seeped insidiously into their black shells. It crawled into their superstructure and 244

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rapidly built to intolerable levels.

The feed of power quickly became too much to bear and the titanic craft seemed to swell when a balloon of light blossomed within them, forcing them outward. Light poured through the first cracks and the lightning continued to dance freely across their hulls. Like some incendiary cancer, the fingers of ragged energy then clawed them open and the warships detonated with a dazzling nova pulse. The entire ship scattered outward into a billion tumbling particles. Each tiny chunk of debris trailed an arc of fire in its wake until the vacuum snatched them and smothered their brief display. The fireball at the heart of the eruption devoured the unleashed fuel and oxygen, guzzling the cocktail and living a hasty but impressive life before withering and plunging the twisted spine of the craft back into eternal void. The tombstone of its existence was then lost amidst the impenetrable blackness of space and was only visible as a slight blotting of the stars.

Flickering sparks of lightning groped across the battlefield, flitting from fighter to fighter. Wherever they touched, a bright plume of fire opened and marked the dark ships with a blare of light before this winked out as well.

“How long until the energy lances are at full power?” she said with angst.

“Capacitors are still building, estimate fi—“

“Transfer all power to the lances, including life support and gravity! Move it!”

The soft whine of magnetic soles automatically activating was lost amidst the panic of combat. The 245

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artificial gravity ailed and fled, and the air almost instantly started to take on a stagnant quality.

The missiles turned and followed the foe, doggedly pursuing them while the discs drifted through the masses of tangled shrapnel that were once Phed Dregakk cruisers. When they neared the ships, they began to veer and rock, their goal becoming unclear to them. Their electronic eyes went blind when invisible waves buffeted their sensors and confused their sophisticated computer brains. Some began to detonate, others turned and started to make for pieces of the fallen cruisers where they erupted and shattered the few final remnants. With this weapon proving futile against them, the discs began to turn to the flagship.

“Status on energy lances!” she shrieked.

The sanguinary discs were starting their approach on her ship. They were destroying the remaining fighters with almost casual indifference and the rapid fire of the tiny insects that so fervently assailed them did not even affect their angelic surfaces.

“Still building... “ was the reply. The officer was speaking wistfully, his attention still firmly fixed on the screen before him.

“Any second now... “

Clenching her hands into fists, she watched the enemy begin to vanish amidst fulgent balls of light.

Their craft were building to lethal capabilities.

“Full power! Energy lances active!”

“Fire!” she yelled.

Lady Tytax knew that the others would be upon her before the weapon had recharged to operating 246

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capacity, but she would rather die fighting than retreat.

The superstructure of the warship shuddered while it strove to endure the unleashing of so much power. The screen lit up with a riot of red and a trio of churning beams of purest ruby shrieked across the stars. The beams congregated and slammed into the lead disc and the others dove aside after being forewarned by this strike upon their lead vessel.

For a moment, it appeared that the same defenses that had foiled the energy cannon were dissipating the beam. Then their cloak of light was stained with incarnadine tints that rolled out to coat the craft when the energy overpowered their aura. Amidst a scintillating burst of crazy rainbow colors, the enemy craft vanished into a curling sphere of fire and light.

A great cheer rocked the bridge at this meager victory. It was a sound that trailed off into numbed disbelief when the rest of the enemy force emerged through the fading nebula that had been forged by the explosion.

“Take the engines off line. Pour everything we have back into the lances. Reactor to critical output, take off the safeties, I want the core at double capacity!”

It was too late. Two columns of lightning spanned the gap between the opponents and the bursts crashed into the flagship. The monstrous craft jerked and quaked. The bridge lit up. Bright coughs of sparks tore open

instrument panels and showered the decks with scorched particles. Several officers fell back screaming, their skin ripped and shredded by 247

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the shrapnel discharge that the overload had wrought. The air filled with the sickly acrid stink of ozone, burning hair, smoke, and blood. Fire suppression equipment was swiftly deployed when the rising blazes that had been kindled in the torn controls started to spread and devour the precious oxygen.

“Damage report!” yelled Lady Tytax.

“All systems down. Reactor off line. Hull breaches in levels...in...basically everywhere. Fires. The ship...we’re defenseless, my Lady,” stammered the crewman while his readout revealed the impossible extent of the trauma to the ship.

The main screen was flickering and rolling, the picture crippled by static and feedback. Yet, even through this crippled eye she could see that the enemy meant to board them. They were not re-powering their main weapons and were slowly moving in toward the punished flanks of the flagship.

Lady Tytax removed a spare power cell and slapped it into the blaster on her forearm. She snatched her assault cannon and sword from behind her throne and slung the ceremonial blade over her shoulder before she activated the lengthy firearm.

With a grim tone, she gave the command to repel boarders before turning and making for the main corridor. The enemy had bested her in the space battle, now she would see how they fared in the bloody heat of hand-to-hand combat.

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Chapter Nine

neeling at the feet of her owner in mockery of Ksome faithful pet, Theresa sat shuddering with trepidation and shock during the return journey. The family was eagerly talking over the sights they had seen, the ingenious methods used, and ideas on how to incorporate them amidst their everyday atrocities.

Such ghastly esoteric topics prompted fearful cold shivers to cavort across her skin, for should such brutality touch her frame she knew she would not survive, even with the medicinal marvels that this aesthetic race had conjured to extend the longevity of their victims.

The infernal passions of the extra-terrestrial breed could now be seen flowing from their faith like strings from puppet to puppet master. The religion that each zealously followed was one of such shocking nightmare profanity and hatred that she could scarcely comprehend how such a thing could have come into existence. Compared to the capacity for torture displayed by the clergy of the grim church, the sadistic vices of the lay members were novice dalliances at best. They may have aspired to such prowess with physical distress, but they scarcely 249

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managed to brush it.

Theresa cringed beside the head of this cruel household. The male who had led the shattering of her world, the meticulous genocide of humanity, and the enslavement of those they had taken as sentient trophies. She watched

with forlorn mood while the twisted spires of the city zipped past and the sleek craft streaked back through the skies towards the country estate.

The city had been a hive of anguish, a Stygian domain where the Dregakk citizens openly displayed their most heinous intemperate passions. It seemed that the heights of horror they could achieve were the means to awe their fellows. Just as humans had worshipped the talented and fashionable, so to the Dregakk elevated their most skilled brethren, yet they did so only for what evil they could bring upon an ill-fated servile.

Ignoring their discussion of theory and practice, she tried to distract herself with pleasant recollections. She dredged them up from within the distant past to soothe her frayed nerves. It was a difficult task. The time spent in hiding while her planet was pillaged, in addition to the subsequent rigors of her captivity that had bloated that small measure of time cast all other memories into a haze of forgetfulness. It was almost as though they were dreams to be discarded upon awakening. When she started to claw free a few shallow mockeries of reminiscence, a flash of nausea destroyed the assuaging thoughts when her shocked brain slipped in a frame from the fell Temple. The things she had 250

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been forced to witness were more fresh and vibrant in her mind than any other scene.

With her vain hope of calming, nostalgia polluted with calamity, she closed her eyes and tried to place herself elsewhere. Anywhere other than her current position would be preferable, because at the feet of her owner she could only expect unreserved suffering and iniquitous use.

Her legs were going numb from being folded beneath her. The firm cinch of her impermeable stockings was being magnified while they were drawn over her bent knees, causing the glued hem to drag at the flesh of her thighs. Theresa longed to be free of this accursed uniform, free of the affixed hose

whose incorporated footwear brooked no release from the high heels, and the dress that squeezed her torso and kept firm reign on the gloves so as to deny her any true feeling from her fingers.

Sitting up straighter, she tried to move her legs outward and settle into a less uncomfortable pose.

The movement was noticed and found irritating, an opinion that brought about a stern pull on her leash.

The chain snapped taut and her collar dragged her to the side of the chair, forcing her to nuzzle up against the cold metal in false adoration of her oppressor.

The vessel touched down before the sprawling farmlands, settling amidst broiling clouds of dust that rode the chaotic turbulence the craft forced out with its landing. The windows again darkened until they were fully opaque and with a smooth mechanized grace the doors slid open. The shadows of the interior were cast back and the diffused daylight of the world 251

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trickled in. From the lip of the floor emerged the set of steps, rolling outward like a tongue from a maw to expunge the bellyful of occupants.

Eldral took up the slack of Theresa's lead and wound it about his gauntlet-covered hand so he might more easily exercise control over her movements. A sharp tug brought her to her feet. She swayed upon her heels and then he marched forward, bringing her in his wake. Briefly bathed in the thin amber sunlight, Theresa was given no time to accustom to the soft glare because a yank had her tottering forward towards the main doors and into the hall beyond.

As her stiletto heels clattered upon the flagstones, her fight to reacquire balance was easily won because Eldral paused to survey the scene. Theresa

was already familiar with the sight and because of this remembrance, she declined to regard it again. She needed no second reminder of the human furniture and decorations. They were forever stamped upon her mind's eye with an indelible clarity.

“Ah. Home. After seeing nothing but Earth's feeble attempts at construction, it really makes you appreciate a good Dregakk estate.”

The armored form stomped aside and the sudden wrench at her neck made her sway again and strive to keep pace with the gaunt tyrant. His gait was speedy, suggesting haste, a notion that made Theresa quail at the prospect of what he might be intending for her.

Was the Warmaster eager to exercise his libido after the arousal wrought by the sickening display at the Temple? As this possibility became ever more certain 252

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in her thoughts, the prospect of wanton desire fuelling her next session of use quickly filled Theresa with an even greater sense of jeopardy.

She was towed through several winding passageways, where the other maids bowed and groveled at his approach. Their respect was increased by the sight of Theresa, who reminded them of what could happen should they fail to please their spiteful overlords. In addition, it showed what might occur at any time, should they be noticed during a moment when one of the Dregakk was of a disposition to inflict pain for their own dark fun. Their fears were well based but currently groundless, because Eldral was fixed on taking Theresa to her fate. For the moment, he was ignorant of all that transpired before him and his fiendish mind was no doubt checking through the dubious treats he had concocted during the return flight.

Theresa was delivered to a plain door, whereupon the alien clapped his free hand to his shoulder. The portal gave a merry pip of approval before sliding

back to unveil a small chamber.

The room appeared barren, but from experience, she knew that this race loved to hide away their implements so that they might call them forth from disguised nooks and crannies when they required them. The foul implements that lurked behind the featureless black walls would remain a mystery to her, and it was this enigma that was all the more frightening. In some ways she would have preferred to see them, so she might know what to expect, to realize what the limits of her sovereign might be and 253

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prepare herself for them.

The lights intensified with their entry and revealed through increasing shades the single ring dangling from the center of the ceiling. She stared at the band as she was presented beneath it and her pulse started to quicken in expectation of the tribulations awaiting her.

With celerity, Eldral began to roughly remove her dress and with equal lack of care, he forced her down to the floor and into an acute spread-eagle. Her ligaments and muscles ached from the position she had been molded into, but she dared not wilt or slacken in her allotted task, lest she exponentially increase her suffering by angering her tormentor.

The ceiling ring dangled above her navel and when a secret control was thumbed, similar examples arose from pits in the floor. The weighty copies emerged at her extremities and each was laden with coils of rubber-covered wire. The outer surfaces of the metallic cords were lined with jagged latex studs that suggested the crafted brambles were about to entwine her.

Inspired to haste by his volcanic lust, Eldral began his persecution at a meteoric pace. Ensnaring an adjacent wrist with the wire, he began to wind the vicious coils up her arm. He tightened each loop until the flesh bulged about it and Theresa murmured in discomfort. The length snagged her

shoulder and leapt forth to loop each breast and wring them in a plexus of cruel spirals. As her struggles began to manifest, the wire traversed the opposite arm and anchored to the ring before the secondary store of 254

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awaiting cable was taken up and commenced the return voyage. It traced its route over her body and bisected the bonds of the first passage to create stern diamond patterns.

The same method was used to snare her legs. A line wound up across her hose to loop at her hips and then descend to capture the neighboring ring before the other returned across the first. The dull, pliant fangs bit into the material but because they were not sharpened or rigid, they failed to pierce it.

Theresa grew concerned as to what effects the blunt-toothed cocoon would have if she should be flogged, as was customary during these affairs. Then the alien began to wind a final mesh about her waist and then thread it through the ceiling hoop. At this point, Theresa gained insight into what his devilish intentions were. Malaise blossomed at the conjecture where the slight pressure of the wire would soon be elevated far beyond the mild pricking of her skin, and she feared what pinnacles the Warmaster might take her to.

After winding the end of the final line about his armored palm, Eldral drew in the excess and began to hoist her up. His strength was amplified by the cybernetic potency within his suit and this made the task easy to perform. The dull studs rattled upon the hoop as they ran over it and the grip about her waist drew inward until her body left the floor to be suspended solely by the mordant circles.

Another yank had her limbs flailing on the ground like serpents, fighting to slip free. The final drastic pull drew them sharply to the wires and stretched

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her. The myriad studs and the wire strangled her body while the caustic rack subdued all movement.

A howl of distress that was drenched in despair suddenly filled the room. The twisting, strangling hold caused the wails to continue unabated when he opened a panel beneath her airborne frame and pulled free the array of devious clamps on offer within. Each was formed like a fang-filled maw with extending mandibles to attack at the sides of the tiny beast's desired meal. The demonic head itself was borne by a neck of black cable that fed into the submerged nest responsible for spawning them.

Clawing for the floor, Theresa felt hot lines of sweat winding down her flesh. The fulgent pulse of the studs and the wire grew whenever they shifted on her flesh. They tickled her bruises and made her wriggles elevate her suffering all the more.

One of the manikins sank its jaws onto each of her nipples. The exposed teat was crushed within a hold that made her cries jump to a new and fervid pitch.

As she howled against this terrible bite, a swarm of the monstrous contrivances dove inward to attach around her engorged breasts. They grasped at the skin that was swollen between the garroting toothed lines and each held firm.

Others snapped onto her rear and took great and painful pinches with their unrelenting hold. The remainder could find no place between the others and instead focused their singular attentions to the underside of her limbs and back. They applied less savage havoc, but rapidly became a baleful presence nonetheless.

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The kindled throb of the ardent tweaks added new intensity to her sorrow. Theresa wept for release and threw her head back and forth, whipping her hair around in delirium because it was the only portion of her that she still had the option of moving.

Suddenly her hair was snagged and wrenched back. Eldral pulled her head to the limits, making her scalp shriek. Cord entwined the base and forged a stern ponytail. He then transformed it into an anchor when the cord was knotted upon one of the wires at her waist. Any fight to raise her face now brought added harm to her abdomen when the wires were drawn down.

With the captive totally immobilized, the conjurer of these abuses took up a long switch and began to flex the weapon before her inverted eyes.

“Well, Theresa, shall we begin, or do you want more bondage before we get started?” he asked calmly.

With all dignity lost under the torrent of distress, she begged for mercy. Theresa groveled without reserve to try to placate his bestial wrath, but it was useless.

The Warmaster moved with impossible speed while she spoke and grabbed her tongue in a stern pinch. He held the organ and began to draw it further out through her quaking jaws.

“No more words for you, Theresa,” he said and pulled more forcefully.

Eldral put the crop down and reached back down into the pit, whereupon he drew out two small stems of black wood. She could see that were hinged at one

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end, much like a set of chopsticks. He opened the pincers and put the root of her outstretched tongue in the middle. Closing them tightly, he used the small clip at the end to fasten them together and then slide that clasp along towards her tongue to tighten their effects. Theresa hollered when the flesh was squeezed and she found that she could not retract her tongue.

The crushing grip at the base made it flop uselessly in her mouth and course with mayhem but there was nothing she could do to stop it.

“Much better,” he commented.

With a dark smile creeping across his slender features, she watched him pace around her body in assessment and scrutiny before closing in between her parted legs.

“So invitingly helpless,” he said.

Theresa was startled to feel the tip of the crop brush against her sex and stroke it. Eldral tickled her belly for a moment, and then slid the stem of the weapon through her sex lips. Theresa shivered as she felt a hint of pleasure creep through her body. It was not much, but it captured her anguish and exploited her growing submission. Again, Theresa was feeling her surrender to the rule of the Dregakk taking over.

She was still in hideous pain, but the strokes to her loins were bringing about a bizarre masochistic delight in her predicament. The luscious manipulation fanned her libido to degree where she longed for *any* sensual input.

A whistle of displaced air preceded the impact of the crop. The hooped tip slapped into her loins and Eldral then began to swat at her body with
zealous 258

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spite. The bombardment was accompanied with a poisonous dual assault when an electric charge spewed through the fangs and the orgasmic pulse of her implant ripped into her abdomen. The radical contrast of conflicting sensations made her mind turn within a whirlwind of pleasure and pain. The two forces threatened to crack the thin veneer of sanity this race had thus far left unsevered.

Theresa squealed in high-pitched tones. She was unable to cope with such powerful feelings. The phenomenal cocktail prompted her to implore for a cessation, no matter how fleeting, but her flesh no longer listened to her mind and instead chose to vent all its energies on struggles and keening hollers.

A glaze of manic sweat began to glisten across her frame. Eldral continued slashing into her with such force that she could have deemed him intent on trying to reach down to her bare bones. The soft skin opened for his fervor several times and let thin trickles of crimson wind down across the welt painted regions he was so methodically targeting. The dark weaving trails mingled with the sweat that her studded captors and distress had unleashed, and her wriggling made the blunt spines shift against her raw skin. Electrical arcs of cyan danced from the clamps and ran along the wires and upon the conductive blanket of sweat.

The sparks and strobe flashes cast back the gloom and cavorting serpents of energy encased her body.

The gross offensive of the whip ended only once it had tasted her flesh several dozen times. Flinging the weapon aside, the alien clamped his enhanced grip to her bruised pelvis and threw himself into her. Despite 259

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the torture, the thundering ecstasy of the implant had made her wet with lascivious need and Eldral's rigid shaft poured back into her with ease.

The unexpected virulence of the ravishment took her scream to a fresh pitch. She bucked from the attack of opposing energies in her nervous system, and the Warmaster thrust into her with cold-blooded fury.

"Yes! Take me, Lord!" she managed to holler.

Every time he sheathed himself, the momentum forced her back and forth. The oscillating side effect of his violation made the wires escalate Theresa's distress to new and lucid degrees.

Screwing her eyes shut, she tried to weather the storm. Theresa prayed only for an end, be it from death or merely just an end to the session, she cared not which. It was not just because of the pain, but also because of the dark algolagnic rapture that she was extracting from the session. It was again taking complete control of her. The wanton rhapsody of her ordeal was more undeniable than ever before. Every time she was taken to such levels, it reinforced her addiction to it, strengthened it in her psyche, and made her secretly yearn for it.

She was becoming a helpless slave to sensation, and the more intense and barbarous it was, the more she needed it and the more vicious she wanted it. She could not allow herself to continue on this depraved helter-skelter of masochistic seduction. Who knew where it would lead and what sort of base creature she would be when she got there?

Entering a crescendo of apoplectic thrusts, he 260

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grabbed her shoulders and squeezed to keep firm reign on her. The hold then slipped to the sides of her ribs where its potency was like that of a boa constrictor. The last thing she managed to do before the grip was fully in

place and prevented her easily snatching air was to give a dissolute wail from welcoming the hypoxia that would enhance her own pleasure to apocalyptic levels.

As he continued to wring her torso in his cybernetic grasp, her face burned and her struggles elevated. Theresa fought to slip free of her accursed bonds. A horrendous sound accentuated her distress when she heard the soft pitter-patter of droplets raining down from her cruelly suspended form, painting the floor with crazy patterns. Was it her blood or was it just sweat? She had no idea but her paranoia was currently making the choice for her.

Her lungs felt as though they were aflame. They fought to squeeze even the tiniest measure in, and her pulse stamped out a frantic beat in her mind. As darkness began to gather like a storm in her vision, he eventually sated his infernal passion. His deadly grip dropped away and the infernal voltage charge broke off.

Theresa's screech made the room swell with the sound when her own natural orgasm was coupled with a sudden rush of oxygen. The implant continued to churn her nervous system with giddy ecstasy and the feel of her owner thundering into her and ejaculating into her deepest recesses brought a phenomenal bliss the likes of which she could not even conceive of as being humanly possible.

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The implant became dormant again and with the removal of his tumescent member, she was forced to go through a second, less virulent version. The end of the pounding coitus eased the strain on her limbs.

Although the pain in her bonds remained a terrible one, it was enough of a decline to bring a glint of reprieve.

Theresa hung in her bondage. Her sight was swimming and her mind felt like jelly as she whimpered softly to herself. She could barely even feel her own body anymore.

Treated as though she was no more than a dangling slab of twitching meat, she was released.

The fleeing clamps caused her to groan from the feeling that ran back into the punished morsels. Then the departing loops of barbed bondage made her wail.

Her body was covered in flows of salty sweat that pained her many shallow cuts and coated the floor with pools of glistening perspiration. Eldral removed all the wire from her limbs and left them hanging lifeless and limp before he lowered her to the floor.

Theresa dropped into the slick glaze and languished in it as Eldral removed the coils from her waist.

Theresa was riding on an ethereal cloud of physical joy. Her body raged with endorphins that now left her utterly intoxicated and which rivaled the most potent and luscious of natural orgasms.

Through the dense vortex of her delirium, Theresa saw an emerald light and her minor lacerations were sealed with a tissue regenerator. It was an act that healed her wounds but did little to restore her

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depleted vitality, or revive her hoarse and contused throat.

Lying hunched upon the floor with her body throbbing from the pulses of residual pain, she twitched and shook because of what her body had been forced through. Her senses were useless and could barely process her

surroundings. Breathing softly, Theresa drifted in and out of a confused swoon.

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Chapter Ten

Theresa's dress smacked against her side, casually hurled at her. She vaguely processed the words T

that commanded her to don the garment and then the tools of suffering were packed away by the satisfied and uncaring Eldral.

Gathering up the heavy folds of black, shimmering fabric, she almost cried out in alarm. When she reached down for her legs to draw on the dress, she noticed for the first time that her hips and inner thighs were tattooed with a dense interlocked mesh of welts. The vivid purple shades and patterns of raised mayhem made her mind recoil at the sight of such trauma.

Theresa tentatively slipped into the tight fitting apparel. She imprisoned her screams behind clenched teeth when the hug of the uniform caressed her bruised body. The fight to endure something as simple as the act of getting dressed, made her frame quiver with strain.

Once more restored to the cloned image of the family's servants and playthings, Theresa was promptly escorted back towards the main hall on a lead. The chain links that connected her collar to 264

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Eldral's commanding fist were there not through any need for guidance, but rather to openly display her as a chosen slave.

Theresa could barely notice her fellow servile beings while she was drawn away from the chamber.

Her mind was numb, almost paralyzed by the events that had transpired within the small room. Her dazed state caused her to move like an automaton. Her pace was maintained only through fear of annoying her master and thereby restarting the entire cycle of infernal chastisement.

After scarcely detecting the main hall, she was led out into the day. The sight that awaited her was the only thing capable of stirring her from mental torpor.

Before the house stood a pack of males. Their loins were sealed within belts of leather and steel. Their penises emerged via a small aperture and the erect members were bent upwards to be grabbed by the embrace of four automated cock rings. The mechanical jaws held tight to maintain total control.

Constructed of black segmented metal, and dotted with spines for a suitably intimidating visage, the style of the belts was echoed by their shackles, fetters, stout collars, and the hoods they wore. The hoods allowed their eyes to peer out through slender slits and left them with an almost bestial replicated appearance.

Several armored overseers held the pack on a set of connected leashes and they constantly strained towards a small group of cowering women. Lines of drool could be seen emerging from beneath the hem of their hoods and their eyes glittered with a raging

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prurient frenzy.

The females were also restrained upon leads. Their naked forms were lithe and tensed and their eyes were full of fear at the sight of the libidinous males.

The women were almost feral, and their wildness was conspicuously evident from their darting eyes and perpetual growling sneer. Theresa wondered as to what terrible ordeals had stripped them of their humanity and also pondered whether she would end up finding out first hand.

Although the slobbering beasts briefly looked at the newly presented servants with their rabid wants, their attentions were firmly kept to the females because it was they who were the legitimate quarries.

“Start the hunt,” announced Eldral with a shade of jubilation.

The women were simultaneously set free and Theresa watched the panicked humans streak forth.

Their naked bounding steps immediately carried them out into the fields of crops and the workers could not help but pause for a moment to watch the sprinting nubile female forms charging past them.

The brief delay brought the swift use of implant and whip to get their attentions back to their tasks.

The women dashed towards the distant lines of trees that marked the end of the estates’ cultivated zone and the miles of wild forest beyond. Their frenetic dash was no doubt given increased stamina and dedication by the grunts and growls that they had heard coming from the poised pursuit.

The pack of males scrutinized the women, straining at their tethers so much so that their

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eagerness had to be curbed with riding crop. The hounds yelped and lowered to the ground in submission, but kept their eyes firmly fixed to each of the vanishing slender bodies.

An open vehicle hovered into view. It banked around the house, cruised before the Warmaster, and then stopped. The wide expanse of the back was filled with empty seats, while two solemn alien chauffeurs guided it from a sunken cockpit at the front.

The craft settled down upon a bank of invisible force, the shard of polished metal never once touching the ground. The perimeter opened to permit ingress and Eldral sauntered aboard with his captive in tow.

After settling in a forward seat, he forced Theresa down onto her knees, removed the leash, and then employed her as a footrest.

From her position beneath his boots, Theresa saw that the inside of the craft bore lines of mounted firearms. The flowing, sculpted weapons were smooth and elegant and seemed more like art than armament. Eldral took up a strange elongated rifle from a rack of similar examples and activated it.

Several areas of the apparatus lit up from within and the device gave a dull steady hum.

By now the women had dissolved into tiny specks in the distance or had vanished into concealing foliage altogether, after their numbers divided to seek individual routes. Satisfied that enough of a head start had been granted, the villainous general sat back and set the rifle across his lap. He remained oblivious to Theresa, who was huddled beneath his boots and grinding her teeth because his weight was pressing to

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her fresh marks of sadistic attention.

“Release the hounds,” he shouted.

The depreciated males thundered off with a collective bellow. The floating craft murmured quietly and followed in their passage with a gliding magnificence. The primary passenger checked over the mechanism of his eldritch weapon and toyed with the scope until it was set to his particular satisfaction.

It took less than an hour to clear the expanse of the estate and enter the wild regions. Although Theresa had not been able to watch the fields because of her crouching position on the floor, she could see the treetops passing when the pursuit slipped into the deep woodland. The perimeter of the vessel was insufficient to deny her this halcyon view and she stared longingly at the wilderness while dreaming of making her escape into it and living far from the cruelty of the Thaines.

Theresa’s thoughts of escape had been growing stronger of late, because she knew that the ownership of these beings was seducing and corrupting her. If she did not find some way to flee soon, she would never manage to. In addition, it would be far easier to make a successful escape as a maid than as a trained and bound pony or even worse, as a restrained and helpless piece of inanimate furniture.

The thick forests and rolling hills would make for an excellent refuge for harried slaves, but would it be enough to elude the hunters? Theresa could not help but consider that this was some sort of lesson to impress upon her the futility of attempted escape.

However, it was doubtful that any Dregakk would go 268

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to such lengths to ensure obedience. They seemed to greatly prefer breaking a spirit through degradation and constant mistreatment with the threat of terrible condemnation at the Temple hanging over every deed.

Eldral removed his feet from her spine and stood up. He brought the rifle to his shoulder and watched the wilderness with a piercing intensity.

Freed of her burden, Theresa stiffly hauled herself upright after a few failed attempts. Her body was still raw from the session and her back was aching from its misuse as a support. Theresa lounged against the wall for assistance because she was too afraid of what might happen should she attempt anything as bold as trying to sit in a chair. With the low barrier helping her stay upright, she peered surreptitiously over the lip and looked into the tangled sight of lush vegetation.

The ugly apparitions of the hounds marred the serene vision. They scrambled recklessly through the undergrowth, ignoring the cuts and grazes that the green talons opened on their skin. They were intent only on finding the elusive prey and their zeal left them oblivious to all else.

Theresa studied them with a tremulous pulse in her veins. She was afraid of what would transpire should one of the hunted be uncovered. However, she could not avert her eyes from the salubrious surroundings, even though such calm was a deceptive thing. This was a pleasant stage at first glance, but one where the most heinous molestation was ready to be played out.

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The vessel continued to weave its deft path through the tangled maze, effortlessly slinking through the labyrinth with no more than a purring whine. Eldral suddenly whirled, put a boot to the barrier for support, and tightened his hold on the rifle.

“Just like back on Earth,” he muttered merrily.

Eldral jolted with the recoil and a bolt of cyan force leapt from the muzzle amidst a soft and barely audible crackle. The energy pulse ripped into a

bush and the air was pierced by a startled shriek. One of the hunted tumbled back, her body slack from the effects of temporary neural disruption.

Her cries continued when the hounds darted forth.

They swiftly closed in upon her helpless frame and she fought unsuccessfully to slough off the effects so she could make her escape.

Theresa had to turn her head away when the drivers of the craft brought them closer to the scene and the first dogs leapt onto the persecuted woman.

They opened her to their desires, and the rings imprisoning their members sprang apart in her proximity.

The howl of the female was stifled with erect and eager flesh that dragged the sounds of anguish into a low gurgling. The only thing that mitigated the nightmare was that the women were no longer apparently sentient. As kept pets, they now lived as such and were available no matter what their non-existent opinion was.

Eldral grabbed Theresa's collar and yanked her over to the side of the vehicle. He presented her face

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to the sight of the ordeal and showed her the naked form held apart as she was taken by a horde of rampant cocks. The look of pure repulsion and rage on the female's face was beyond anything she had ever seen and it caused Theresa to realize that the Dregakk responsible for turning her into a beast would have taught her to be nauseated by this very outcome. It would make them more eager for flight and an even more entertaining spectacle once cornered and taken.

“You see what has become of your precious species? How easily we have stripped away your cherished civilized shell. Would you like to mingle with

your fellow humans and see if they even listen to your words of revolt?” he laughed.

Eldral opened the perimeter and shoved her forward until her dragging heels left the floating platform. Theresa clawed to keep hold of the edge, but his grip was too strong and she could do nothing to stop him as he held her out in the air. Theresa dangled and grabbed his wrists. She yelled in panic when those hounds on the edge of the throng behaved as beasts would and began to leap up as though she were some proffered tidbit. Their fingers brushed her feet, trying to snag an ankle and drag her down so they might make use of her.

Theresa struggled in abject terror, not only from the threat of such violent usage, but from seeing how easily the Phed Dregakk had broken her race and how simple it would be for them to do the same to her.

Teasing and scaring with uninhibited malice, the alien General lowered her a little and loosened his 271

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grip to make Theresa fret and appeal for him to spare her. After several such promises of being fed to the hungry pack, he gave a heartless chuckle and tossed her back into the interior like a landed fish.

Theresa struck the floor after a brief flight and skidded onward until she bumped against the opposite side. Rather than move, she remained still and trembled from the terribly close brush with her own derogated people.

She looked at Eldral when his attention returned to the hunt. He was a magnificent sight and as her eyes fawned up and down his body, she could not stop herself from succumbing to wanton and dissolute thoughts. Her libido poured through her masochistic urges and had her aching to be at his mercy again.

Theresa yearned to be bound, punished, and ravished by the being that had destroyed her entire world.

In seconds, her hand was covertly sliding under her skirt and starting to caress her eager pussy. Her passion was like a possessing spirit that had occupied her body and was controlling it.

Surrendering to her fervid arousal, Theresa filled her eyes with the image of her one true owner and likewise filled her mind with every deviant depraved thing he could do to her. The illicit onanism was even more succulent because of its covert nature. She was stealing her pleasure from right under his nose and should she be discovered, she was sure he would be terribly vicious in his retribution. He might even render her forcibly chaste with some nasty Dregakk device.

The notion of applied chastity that she could not 272

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defeat was almost appealing to Theresa, and she danced her latex-smothered fingertips to her clit.

Only Eldral could take her in such a state. She would be his and his alone, her pussy kept sealed and reserved for his cock alone. She would not be able to touch herself, would have her own pleasure taken away and meted out as he saw fit.

The drivers descended from the cockpit and kicked away the first of the human beasts. They used implant encouragement where unquenched desires created an obstinate defiance and with hollers of starvation and pain, the hounds scuttled aside.

After peeling away the last layers of sweating hounds, they finally exposed the ravished female at the heart of the swarm. The drivers sedated the semiconscious victim and manacled her wrists to the side of the vessel. The

prize hung as a limp trophy from her post and the pilots returned to their seats to continue with the grim pastime.

The ship meandered through the wilderness and continued the search, while the hounds charged around in its shadow and wake. Theresa could not help but continue to masturbate when Eldral's attention was elsewhere. Several times, while she watched the man flex and render a woman limp and available, she had to stop and fight back the urge to finish.

Trembling from the imminent orgasm that she was denying herself, she tried to stop her outward appearance from betraying what she was doing.

Fortunately, when Eldral saw her sweating and quaking on the floor he must have assumed it was 273

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through fear, nausea, or some other dark response to the hunt, because he simply smiled and turned his attention back to the events unfolding below.

Three more unfortunates were stunned by Eldral's marksmanship and suffered the mass attack of the pack before joining the others upon the side of the craft. The craft homed in on the sounds of distress where they found the other women barely conscious beneath pockets of Epicurean hounds. None of them had escaped.

Suitably entertained by this deranged safari, the Warmaster ordered the chauffeurs to take him back.

The full catch of slaves was suspended along the sides of the craft and the hounds were tethered at the back to ensure they could not take flight.

Eldral deactivated the rifle and set it back on its rack. After sliding back into his seat, he set his legs apart and reclined into the soft surfaces.

“Slave, attend me,” stated Eldral.

His intentions were clear and Theresa quickly pulled herself up and crawled over. Her hands unfastened his trousers and gently drew his rapidly swelling manhood free. Licking her lips with anxious expectation, she swallowed him and began a slow and savoring fellatio. Theresa kept her thighs clamped together and her own lust continued to grow while she sat kneeling before him, servicing him with gusto.

She tickled her tongue to the tip of his shaft and plunged her head down until she felt him touch the back of her throat. Her hands massaged his thighs and testicles and rolled up and down his legs to relish 274

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the muscular limbs.

“Hmmm, I see that you’re starting to appreciate us at last, slave,” mused the Warmaster.

Eldral grabbed the back of her hair and tightened his fist so that her roots started to swell with discomfort. Theresa stiffened with pleasure at his control and offered several turns of her head to try to struggle against his hold, not to truly resist, but rather to feel his dominance.

Theresa continued her oral dedication with new passion and Eldral started to use her hair as the reins by which he could exercise command of her motions.

Mostly he was content to just keep his fist in place, but sometimes he churned her head around on the invading shaft of flesh or pulled her all the way down so that she gave soft wriggles as his cock threatened to plunge down her throat. Her gurgling croaks and weak struggles made his erect length stiffen with new arousal every time from taking new satisfaction in her sounds of dismay.

As he began to detect just how much Theresa was enjoying her worship, he started to tease her. Eldral would wait until she had drawn back to the point where he was about to fall free of her lips and then keep his arm firmly in place. Theresa would try to devour him again, but would find herself prevented by the hold in her hair. She fought to try to continue while he found fresh pleasure in depriving her. Eldral waited and watched her endeavor to serve him for a moment and then loosened his grip so that she could continue.

Despite such delaying tactics, Eldral's jaw was 275

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soon clenched and his head draped back when he felt orgasm beckoning. During his climax, he pulled her down and held her there while she gulped and devoured everything he was going to give her. Even as she drew out his bliss, she curled her tongue around him to exaggerate his delight.

Eldral pulled her off and pushed her back so that she again dropped onto all fours. He then placed his feet back onto her. With this indication, she settled into a firm position and willingly allowed herself to be used as his footstool. She was livid with desire and rolled her tongue around her mouth to relish the flavor of him. Theresa yearned to touch herself and ease her frustrations but there was nothing she could do.

The sun was slowly sliding down behind the horizon to silhouette the house and make its salient features appear all the more malignant. The deep thrum of the vessel, the dazed moan of the captured women, and the panting growls of the dogs, accentuated the stark ambience with their supplementary chorus.

The leash was reapplied and Eldral stood up. The vessel settled down onto the main courtyard and the awaiting teams of maids and grooms sprang into action. The captured and defiled pet women were taken down. Their

exhausted bodies were quickly bound and they were forced into the row of small individual cages that waited for them.

The cells were comprised of lines of bars with a hinged lid and wheels beneath to allow them to be moved easily. The minute interior kept the women in 276

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a perpetual squat and with their arms sealed behind their backs in tight sheaths of leather, they could do nothing to try to effect escape. The grooms locked the cells and maids began to push them towards the lines of stables. The males were set on the multiple leashes and with the threat of whips, they to were taken away for similar storage.

Several maids flanked the exit and stood with heads lowered. Eldral stepped down and drew Theresa after him. She kept her own gaze low and tried to calm her thoughts as to what her owner was planning next. The Warmaster ignored the servants and proceeded directly into the main building.

Theresa was taken upstairs and to another corridor where alcoves bore women bound in bizarre configurations to serve as organic art for Dregakk appreciation. At the end of the passage was a set of double doors that swung open at their approach.

“Did you have a good hunt?” asked Morschka.

Theresa looked up from the floor and saw a travesty of a bed upon which reclined the nubile naked forms of Eldral’s two wives. The frame of the bed was comprised of dense poles of metal. Rings were riveted along the perimeter and these were connected to stern leather shackles. The entire mattress was comprised of voluptuous female slaves that were racked in tight orderly rows. They were all encased from head to toe in form-fitting leather and their slight chubbiness ensured a comfortable surface for the alien despots. Immersed within the hoods were the covert lines of food

tubes that signified that this was no temporary assignment for the women, but 277

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a permanent post.

The rest of the room was devoid of furnishings.

The clothes and equipment that the two wives had worn when they came here was stacked neatly beside the bed. The plastic and latex glimmered in the dim light.

The ceiling was comprised of a series of large transparent panes that afforded a view of the sky and the stars that were starting to appear on the darkening vault.

“Most enjoyable,” replied Eldral.

Theresa was drawn closer to the living bed and positioned at the foot.

“Stand still, slave. You get to watch, that’s all,” said Eldral.

The Warmaster began to remove his clothing and once he had stripped naked, he stepped forward and moved onto the bed. The human women beneath him managed to answer the added weight and pushed some soft muted whimpers through their gagging hoods.

“Have you had enough fun with the humans? Or are you ready for some *real* females?” said Beiox, and she stretched out to reveal her full luxurious figure.

“Always,” said Eldral with a broad smile.

He entered Beiox’s arms and the two of them began to kiss passionately. Morschka moved in and began to place pecks and licks across his body. Her

slender hands poured across his muscles and followed every part of his body.

Eldral moved back a little and started to take Beiox's nipples in his mouth. Licking the tips and 278

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then sucking on them, his hands wandered around the rest of her assets while Morschka slithered under him. The woman began to stroke his member and then once he was sufficiently hard enough for her liking, she moved in and swallowed up his length. As she plunged her head back and forth, her hands reached up and found Beiox's pussy. The first wife let her digits stroke and fondle the woman, tickle her inner thighs, and tease her clit while Eldral attended her breasts.

After a few minutes of such play, Morschka extracted herself and took hold of Eldral's rampant cock. Eldral once more began to kiss Beiox and Morschka guided him into the other woman's roused and ravenous pussy. Beiox arched beneath her husband and released a long satisfied moan of pleasure when he began to drive into her with smooth rocking motions.

Morschka moved along and entered the exchange.

Her lips briefly touched Beiox's and then took Eldral's. The trio of tongues danced and traced lips for long minutes of wanton frenzied play.

Beiox and Eldral focused on one another for a prolonged kiss and then straightened up. Eldral moved down for a moment to nibble on Morschka's nipples while the woman shifted around and straddled Beiox's features. Beiox reached up, grabbed around the thighs of the first wife, and pulled her down into position.

Eldral moved up and while still driving into the splayed form of Beiox, he returned to kissing Morschka. Taking hold of Beiox's legs, he lifted them

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up so that she hooked her shins over his shoulders.

The position allowed him to thrust into her with greater urgency and power. The burbling whimpers of delight from the smothered Beiox grew in volume and her tongue became more energetic against Morschka's inviting tracts.

Eldral's fingers cavorted across the breasts of both women, moving from one to another while he kissed Morschka and continued to thrust into the wriggling, sultry Beiox.

The light began to fade during their idle indulgence and was replaced by the silvery glow of the stars and the rising twin moons. The larger moon was full and hung heavy in the sky, like a giant coin.

The other was smaller and had a slight purple tint to it. The coruscating rays began to bathe the interior of the room and its occupants so that their pale skin gleamed like quicksilver.

Theresa watched the entire affair with wide eyes.

She was aflame from within because of her frustration. The sensual show was making her livid with desire that she could not act on or quench. Every second spent watching the three tyrants enjoy each other's bodies, made her fiercely desire to join them.

Every cell of her being wanted to experience the simple decadent pleasures that they were so freely indulging, or even to just touch herself and engineer some personal bliss.

It was worse for the fact that she was not even bound. She had the chance to act but dared not. She was being made to exhibit a level of self-control and restraint that was worse than any torture she had thus 280

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far undergone. Temptation was out of reach when she was bound, whereas now all she had to do was grab it. The dilemma was galling.

Standing in the light of the alien moons, Theresa felt tears run down her cheek. Her envy made her misery and sense of deprivation rise to impossible levels.

Morschka climaxed loudly and lengthily while she writhed upon Beiox's toiling features. The sight of them brought Eldral to his own orgasm and his potent dives into the smothered form of Beiox delivered them both to a hearty relief, where they broke into spasmodic shuffles and quaking responses to each and every touch. The trio were gluttons for pleasure and continued to drown themselves in climax for a prolonged time so that their hollers and sighs reverberated throughout the room.

The three of them sank down onto the bed and entered comforting embraces. Occasional kisses and caresses continued to stimulate while they recovered their breath and composure.

“So what shall we do now, my precious wives?”

asked Eldral.

He leaned back and folded his arms behind his head. The two women sidled up against his flanks and let their hands wander across his physique.

“After conquering planets, species, and us?”

mused Beiox.

“Ah, Earth isn’t so hard to conquer, or to miss when I’m away from it.”

“So after all those humans you still enjoy some good hearty Phed Dregakk female flesh?”

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“How could I not? Foreign cuisine is always nice to try, but home cooking is always my favorite dish.”

“If your palate desires a dessert dish, maybe you had best whip the maid and send her to bed,” said Morschka and she looked up to catch sight of Theresa.

“That sounds like a good idea,” uttered Eldral.

“We’ll hold her for you. I’ve a paddle under my dress that you can use on her,” said Beiox.

“And I have a cane for once she’s nice and warmed up,” suggested Morschka.

Theresa watched with anxiety while her three naked owners slithered from the bed and moved upon her. Beiox and Morschka each grabbed a shoulder and wrist and brought her over to the wall where the beams of moonlight were at their strongest.

Pinning her face first to the wall, they looked at each other with a playful smile. Their hands reached down, took each side of her skirt, and then hoisted it up.

Theresa put her forehead to the cool stone and closed her eyes when she heard Eldral arm himself and then head back. The soft hum of the paddle

upon the air sounded and a stern smack afflicted her rear.

Theresa stiffened and her mouth dropped open from the hot havoc that swelled within her buttock.

“She definitely likes that,” commented Beiox.

“No wonder you chose her,” added Morschka.

The paddle returned to assail the other cheek and Eldral began a swift and remorseless paddling of Theresa’s rear. Theresa shook and pressed herself against the wall and the two naked women tightened their grip. The stinging applications started to grow 282

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more intense as her skin became more delicate. The old weals were revived and the steady application distended her seat with a potent effulgent glow.

“And now for some real fun,” hissed Eldral.

Theresa fought back her words and she readied to accept the cane. The paddle had left her bottom burning and she knew that the cane would be even more unendurable because of it.

The delicate swish of the slender scepter was barely noticed over her concern and her thumping pulse. The impact preceded a sudden flashing eruption of havoc and Theresa jumped onto tiptoe before she wailed against the wall.

“There, that’s much better,” said Beiox.

Eldral curled his arm back and readied to repeat the infernal stroke. The second line crossed the first and made Theresa jolt against the grip of the women, then sag when strength seemed to leave her legs.

Whimpering and whining to herself, she was supported by the stern hold of the women, and their strength easily defeated her berserk struggles and her inert physique.

The slash of the cane into the base of her rear brought her back to life and Theresa jerked upright with a screeching howl before she sagged again.

Sobbing and offering sedate wiggles against the holds of Eldral's wives, she swayed slightly and then was brought to a tensed pose when the weapon again ate into her vulnerable rear.

Eldral applied the cane until the level of distress was such that Theresa was incoherently begging and squalling from the assault. The eyes of his wives
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glittered in the light while they savored her pain and defenseless state.

Eldral finished with a swift volley of six searing strokes and then stopped. The women simultaneously let go of Theresa and her legs instantly folded beneath her. Theresa collapsed into a tangled heap and then flopped onto her side. One of the women nudged her with a bare foot, but Theresa could not offer any movement. She lay still and continued to try to endure the unbearable throbbing in her rear and to recover some shade of normal respiration.

“I think that’s enough for tonight,” said Eldral.

“Shall we sleep here, under the stars that our darling husband crushes for the Theocracy?” offered Morschka.

“That sounds divine,” he replied.

The leash was removed from Theresa's throat and the alien villains returned to the bed. The living mattress mewled as they contemplated a long night of supporting their persecutors.

"You are excused, Theresa," said Eldral. "Back to the maids' quarters with you."

Theresa gathered her strength and pushed herself up. The quicker she got out, the sooner she would avoid any further capricious use of her body. If she did not hurry, they might find use for her as a pillow or as some other form of demeaning utility.

She staggered a tremulous path towards the door.

Her senses were still reeling from the sessions of the day and her fatigue was quickly beginning to overwhelm her. With a hasty march, she carried her wounded body down into the maid's quarters. She 284

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was worried about coming back so late. Ketak might have found her bunk empty during her inspection and was now waiting to again impart some serious domestic discipline.

Since her arrival, Theresa had encountered an unusual amount of bad luck and specific attention.

For the first time, she felt a wash of relief when a portion of good fortune was handed over. Despite the late hour, she was surprised to see that many of the bunks were empty. The sight made her apprehensive.

It meant that something big was occurring that required almost the entire maid contingent. It may have simply been a routine mass tidying and cleaning of the house, or some decorating, but Theresa could not be certain. In addition, if she prematurely succumbed to the trammels, she would be

defenseless against those who might wish her harm. Theresa had learned that lesson once already and if there was one thing life as a Dregakk slave had taught her, it was that one did not seek a repeat lesson in anything.

Choosing to rest and fight off the waves of sleep that she so desperately needed, Theresa continued to wait while her sense of paranoia started to gradually fade. Eventually the influx of weary maids began to dwindle and the chamber filled almost to capacity with the uniform images.

When they were suckling upon their food tubes, she felt safe enough to let her limbs be captured. The bonds sealed with a weighty clunk and pinned her down to enforce the same pose until dawn, and she watched the food tube emerge. Theresa pulled the tip in and drank of the grotesque ooze before it vanished 285

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into the wall. She closed her eyes and dropped into an instant and deep coma. She briefly heard the staccato click of Ketak's heels while she wandered down the line of bunks and applied her arbitrary hack of a crop, but Theresa did not gain a stroke this time. For now, her luck was holding.

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Chapter Eleven

er dreams were momentarily warped into intense Hcarnal affairs when the implant kicked into life.

She pulled at her restraints and started to crawl out of sleep. For a time, she was unsure of her location because her dreams and the real world swirled and merged. Images of Eldral stormed through her psyche and she thought for a moment that he was with her on her bunk, thrusting into her with his usual callous gratification. The images started to clear and like a ghost, he faded from her mind. Theresa opened her eyes and found that she was staring up at the ceiling.

The bliss became more powerful and a long panel opened in the wall to allow a thin arm to emerge and lock into position. The arm lit up with an emerald luminescence and began to move along her entire frame. The regenerative aura poured its energy into her body and she felt her numerous bruises fading away. The discomfort that had been hounding her during the night and throughout the day trickled from her frame.

It made sense that when a maid's body reached a certain level of residual damage, the automated facets of the house would remove it so that they could 287

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continue to serve effectively. It also worried her as to what trials were being planned that required her in an unblemished and more susceptible state.

The implants became more vibrant and Theresa and all the other maids moaned and cried out in rapture before being denied their final pleasure. The blast of agony jumped through them all and brushed their orgasm away like so many dry leaves upon a sudden gust.

When the restraints snapped open to permit exit she slid from the bunk and perused the instructions that had been left for her. Theresa screwed up her eyes and cursed her fates.

Slave: Theresa Thaine 25

Status: House MaidCode: 221/496/C

Year of the Goddess: 3626

Season: UhrhnaDay: Ghthnahh Initial Duties...

1/ Attend Thaine family breakfast. Tasks to be allotted on location.

2/ Proceed to 2nd Primary Dining Chamber.

3/ Access panel 12/34/D.

4/ Clean and tidy entire chamber.

5/ Insert body into unlocked body cage left of main window.

6/ Ensure dildo devices and gag are both inserted and functioning.

7/ Await inspection.

8/ Discipline or Reward to be bestowed, depending on results.

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Maps and location schematics appeared beneath the commands to show her everything she needed to know. The body cage was holographically revealed and Theresa cringed at the sight of it. The cage was a standing up device with two large phalluses built into a crotch band. A faceplate bore a self inflating bulb that she guessed would expand to traumatizing degrees before leaving her to await approval for her work.

Before she reached that task, she still had the assignment to serve breakfast. The assignment had her recalling the last such experience in all its humiliating and excruciating detail.

Resigning herself to Pelakh's meanness, Theresa began to thread a route up to the conservatory.

Theresa muttered private prayers for clemency and strength under her breath as she went. She checked her rear and found that the weals were all gone and her skin looked as though it had never even tasted a lash. She also traced her fingers against the brand on her shoulder, but found that even through the latex the symbol was still distinct. Perhaps the regenerative power of the machines could not touch burns or else the ring that had created it had done something to prevent the symbol from being interfered with.

The heady aromas of the myriad strange plants again tickled her nostrils with their clouds of delicate pollen and as before, she found the central clearing ready to serve the family members their morning fare.

It took a few moments to notice the difference because the haze of sleep was still making her a little 289

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ignorant of her surroundings. When she saw the neat rows of new additions to the indoor garden, she tottered back in shocked revulsion.

Lain down upon a cleared area were a number of female slaves. Their arms were locked behind their back and a single buckled sheath sealed their forearms along one another. Their collars were anchored to the soil and this kept their hooded heads to the ground and their rumps cast upward by their kneeling pose. Their shins were each wrapped in a similar sheath to the one containing their arms then they were splayed wide and staked into the flowerbed. A small pole was wedged beneath them, pressing to their belly and keeping it up to display the crop in full because from their rears exploded a burst of the most beautiful blooms Theresa had ever seen.

They were a dazzling array of bright hues and each flower was sculpted as a flowing masterpiece of organic splendor.

Nevertheless, like all Dregakk beauty, it was a dark and sinister pulchritude, for the plants were only thriving because of the human pots in which they lived. No doubt the roots had taken firm hold to prevent expulsion and the tubes that entered the slaves' hoods almost certainly kept a constant supply to keep both slave fertilizer and parasitic plant alive.

It was only a very faint sound, but she could hear their groans and murmurs of pain and degradation as the growth within them spread its arms in search of sustenance. The sound made her nauseous with fright and although she tried to block it from her mind, it was too little effect until the others arrived to provide 290

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a distraction.

Two other maids entered, and this time Theresa could prove more useful, having watched the ceremony of this meal before. Stepping back to the perimeter, she heard the soft hiss as the door opened.

Theresa's heart sank as the lithe adolescent form of Pelakh roamed in. Her chosen clothing had been inspired by the mode of dress that had been seen at the church. She wore rapier heeled thigh boots that clutched her tall legs and only a thong and bra of dark hide provided modesty. She wore a studded choker with wristbands that embellished the penurious apparel with ranks of cruel spines.

In her slender hands, she held a stern gag, a device that she dumped conspicuously on the table before slipping into the seat that had been held out for her.

Taking a lengthy draught of blue juice, she beckoned to Theresa, who complied with a fearful flutter in her belly. Her knowledge of the girl's sadistic temperament helped dissuade any delay.

A hand clamped to her hair and dragged her down to her knees. Theresa's scalp was aflame from being wrenched so severely and she looked up into the glaring eyes of the girl. A tug drew back her head and lifted her face to accept the gag while the girl placed a foot to the subdued slave's lap. A forefinger and thumb dug into her cheeks and prized open her maw for the bulb's unopposed entry. The thick plate that bore the limp balloon was pushed down and the straps were buckled firmly in place. The gag compressed her jaws and left her biting fiercely to the deflated sac.

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An inflator bulb was screwed on and a rapid volley of pumps made the intruder swell and demand a wide rictus that was denied by the mesh of straps.

Her tongue was ground into the base of her mouth and a painful ache lit up in every assailed muscle. The discomfort prompted the instinctive response of lifting her hands to remove it and the gag stifled her pained shriek as the girl snatched a two-pronged fork and jabbed it into her rising forearm. Pelakh caused two stern wells of bruised pain with the savagery of her attack and then set the implement back down. The latex of the uniform was not breached, but the material did little to ease the mayhem. Nursing the wound, Theresa ceased her futile rebellion and slouched back down. She was defeated and resigned to her lot.

“Make the most of this task, slave. It will be your last as a maid,” attested Pelakh with a wicked grin.

The girl drew down Theresa's head, where she could only stare at her trembling legs and the thigh boot intruding upon her field of vision. Pelakh pressed the heel into her flesh with increasing severity. The dimple in her hem grew as more weight was applied. The sheen of the fabric upon the girl's leg changed and the material flexed over the taut muscles. Theresa bit onto the gag and strove to endure while several soft clicks betrayed the use of locks to prevent removal of the gag. Rendered mute, a rough shove had her drop onto all fours and scamper back to retake her place at the side of the clearing. She rubbed the throbbing imprint that made the leg trail lazily and tried to accustom to the ardor of the gag.

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Morschka and Beiox entered together. Chatting about various irreverent topics, they sat down and absently called upon to be served. Theresa's gag was given a fleeting second glance but not questioned. The application of such a standard tool was not even worth questioning because it was such a common implement of correction.

Morschka was wearing a stern leather corset that molded itself into two long leather flaps that tapered to points at mid calf. The flaps were embroidered with silver patterns and revealed the woman's long elegant legs. They were adorned in fishnet stockings with a leather band and knee-high boots that were laced down the front. Opera length gauntlet gloves were laced onto her arms and she wore an ornate headdress that helped hold back her mane of hair that had been split into two pigtail eruptions of black.

Beiox was dressed in a full catsuit of something that resembled Lycra with a set of patent shorts, a matching bra, and tall thigh boots laid over it. Beiox paused in her conversation and the woman looked to Theresa and then to Pelakh.

“Considering her restricted breathing, I have something that you may wish to add, dear Pelakh.

May I?” she asked.

“By all means. It’s been done to her before, but I think she'd like a repeat,” replied the girl with an intrigued smirk.

The woman promptly summoned another maid via her intercom. A raven-haired slave appeared in moments at a pell-mell dash. She was tall and lithe.

Her eyes were like glimmering ice and her delicate 293

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features were exceedingly pretty. The panting maid stopped before her summoner and bowed until she was on her knees, whereupon she reverently kissed the boots that were lifted out before her. Beiox panned her gaze slowly around to acknowledge the arrival and spoke in a soft purr.

“How long have you been wearing the garment I gave you, slave?”

“Five weeks, Mistress,” was the solemn reply.

“Take it off and fasten it over that maid’s nose.

Ensure that the crotch is nice and tight against her nostrils or I’ll have them put on your face instead,”

demanding the female.

Theresa’s eyes widened in shock. This very same act of humiliation had been wrought during the first hours of her life as a maid, save that on the previous occasion the action had been instigated by Morschka.

It startled her because of how different she was regarding the incident. Back then it had been a terrible degradation, now the thought of snuffling into the intimate garment of the attractive slave girl was firing her incessantly hungry libido.

Acting as though she had no will of her own the maid reached up under the hem of her skirt and drew down the black thong. Without taking in Theresa's chagrined stare, she stepped forward and pulled them down over her head, guiding them so that the leg holes permitted vision and the gusset was correctly placed. A knot at the back tightened them and left Theresa with the pungent aroma that perpetual wear had forged. The scent was overpowering, almost dizzying through sheer 294

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potency, causing Theresa to cough and splutter. The muffled sounds of distress made the trio of alien viragos laugh heartily before returning to their previous topics.

Eldral marched in, his bold step signaling his approach long before his countenance was spied. The family greeted him respectfully and the tyrant seated himself to partake of the food with his family.

The scathing gag and choking, arousing scent of the underwear were trivial concerns compared to the worry as to what the girl was intending. It was clear that she was to be forced into committing some crime, one that would have her dismissed from the house and condemned to the stables or worse.

Studying the idle youth with covert intensity, Theresa suddenly noticed her removing a small cylinder. The twin buttons atop it were the blatantly obvious source of her orchestrated felony. There was nothing she could do to stop it. The pain of the implant could not be endured, and Pelakh's silencing of any protests would leave her unable to allocate blame elsewhere.

The miscreant girl played the tiny control through her fingers, knowing that only Theresa could see it beneath the table. Toying with her slave's fear, the alien youth rubbed the buttons, but never pressed them so she could draw out the distress of the mute maid.

Eldral called for the refilling of his glass and the task was bequeathed to Theresa. Knowing that this was the moment Pelakh had been waiting for and aware that to disobey would carry the same 295

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consequences as pain induced clumsiness, she stepped forward and decided to try to contain her paroxysms as best she could.

With the first steps she took, she could see Pelakh's nefarious smirk in her peripheral vision. As she neared Eldral, a flash of white blinded her and a jolt of untamed agony rocked her abdomen. The implant had exploded with a momentary spark of excruciating life. Despite all her resolve to remain stalwart, Theresa jerked and sprawled forward, dumping the contents of the jug upon her owner.

With an incensed snarl, Eldral delivered a truculent backhand slap across her face. The swat stripped her from her feet and sent her tumbling to the floor. After rolling to a halt, her concussion ebbed and her senses began to return. She instantly noticed her enslaver depressing his own control by way of retribution. A moment later, Theresa was cast back to the apogee of pain that was the implant's most frequent gift.

She squirmed and bucked as voltage poured into her nervous system and made every cell declare its suffering via a muffled frenzied yowl until her mind felt as though it were boiling. Clawing at her sex in delirium, as though she could tear free the infernal culprit, her spasmodic fit had her whirling in circles and knots. The gag crippled her screams and left them to emerge as high-pitched whines.

The vindictive reprisal passed and left her an emasculated heap. Her body was laced with beads of cold sweat that remained trapped beneath the thick external layer of her uniform. The thong that still lay across her nostrils tainted her long breaths of recovery 296

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but she lacked the strength to pull it free so that she might respire more easily. Unable to even shift her twitching limbs, she listened as her fate was sealed.

“I told you she was too clumsy to be a maid,” said Pelakh, aiming her words at no one in particular.

“Well, she clearly has no place in our household, unless it is as furniture,” suggested Beiox. Her terse voice indicated that she wanted the most severe consequences bestowed for this crime against the master of the house.

“Let us see if she can fulfill another role first. That of a filly might suit her more,” proclaimed Eldral, and as an intercom was used to summon a groom, Theresa wept tears of self-pity at the injustice of her lot.

Panting with difficulty through the restricted and filtered vents of her nose, the smell stung her senses with its power. Theresa lay where she was and waited patiently as the groom answered the call. Setchak had promised to demolish her mind when her inevitable fall from the lofty position of maid eventually came, and though the threat had intimidated her greatly at the time, she had not even considered that she would so swiftly be demoted to the caste of beast. Similarly, Eldral had sworn to break her personally and no matter what horrors Setchak might be capable of, they would be as nothing compared to the capacity for horror the Warmaster would be inflicting should she remain a maid. Perhaps it was for the best that Pelakh had done what she had done.

The celestial trainer entered with a lively step, gave a curt bow to his superiors, and grabbed her collar 297

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before drawing her away. The family ignored the entire process as they returned to the interrupted meal. Pelakh broke this casual indifference and cast a final gloating glance back at Theresa as she was hauled to her doom. It was a look that made the condemned slave's rancor broil.

With her limbs still unresponsive, Theresa was dragged most of the way. The groom's strength was formidable enough to tow her inert frame without difficulty or need for aid.

Knowing full well what such an eviction meant, the other maids evaded her passage and beseeching gaze, all conscience having been cut from them with Dregakk abuse.

What manner of pains awaited her in the stables?

She had only ever seen the finished product. What indignities produced such supplicant ponies? Could she resist such indoctrination? The questions continued to mount while her route out of the mansion continued and her experiences as a slave of the Phed Dregakk Theocracy continued to unfurl.

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About the Author

orn and raised in London, Bruce was a Royal BMarine Cadet, has worked in demolition, rainforest preservation, and for the Ministry of Defense, Harvey Nichols, and Selfridges, but writing was always his one true

passion. He encountered a wonderful Californian and after marrying, they moved to San Francisco in '98 where he worked and played in the S&M community before relocating to Seattle a few years later. He has written a number of books and illustrated others for the House of Gord, Chimera books, and Olympia press. Several works are under development into graphic novels and computer animated series/films.

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